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JANUARY—JUNE 1878.



WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH;

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WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS, EDINBURGH

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MINE IS THINE.

PART VII.—CHAPTER XXVI.

AT the conclusion of our last chapter, Mrs Ravenhall had just broken up, with a considerable display of animation, a *tête-à-tête* between Esmè and Cosmo, which had been pleasantly progressing in the music-room of Dunerlacht Castle. When she and they rejoined the rest of the party in the drawing-room, Lord Germistoun was not present, but returned shortly afterwards, with many suave apologies for detaining them all. It would thus almost appear that Mrs Ravenhall had drawn, to a considerable extent, on her imagination in describing his lordship's extreme vexation at Esmè's prolonged absence. Be that as it may, he certainly made no unpleasant remarks, but led the way to the grand function of the evening, in the blandest of moods.

The visit to the tenantry and gillies, on that annual occasion, was timed so as to take place at the conclusion of the supper, which formed part of the evening's enter-

tainment; or, to speak more correctly, the supper did not technically terminate until the visit had been paid, and until, the healths of Esmè and her father having been toasted in their presence, a speech from the latter, acknowledging the compliment, had terminated with a formal invitation to commence the revels; for all the arrangements at Dunerlacht were as liturgical as possible.

The dance was to take place in a spacious barn forming part of the offices, which were close to the house, and had, at one time, been connected with it; the supper was served within the castle, in an ancient stone-hall of imposing dimensions, which had stood, in the olden time, for the baronial hall of banquet. In a corridor in the vicinity of this apartment the party were met by Mr M'Kenzie, the factor—a plethoric, red-faced man, with a very important manner—who, acting as a sort of marshal, formed them into a regular procession; and

at the head of this, Lord Germistoun, who loved all sorts of pomp and ritual, placed himself, and gave his arm to Esmè, apologising to the other ladies for this selection, on the ground that the entire proceedings were feudal, and therefore exempt from the social ordinances of modern life. A couple of pipers were then, after a good deal of tugging and jostling, got into their due position in front of his lordship, and, all being ready, Mr M'Kenzie placed himself in front of the minstrelsy, and gave a guttural shriek (echoed from the rear of the column by a miniature view-halloo from Tom Wyedale), and hereupon, in a storm of pipe-music, the procession started. As it entered the hall, another shriek from the factor brought the assembled guests—who, to the number of about a hundred, were ranged round two long tables—to their feet, and the party advanced, with immense solemnity, half-way down the hall, to a low platform, which was opposite the great central fireplace. The pipers marched on round the hall till they faced this *estrade*, when they halted, continuing to play while the party took their places on it. This done, the music was silenced by a signal from the factor, who then cried out, in Gaelic—

“You will give three great strong cheers for his lordship, and three more for Miss Esmè, and three more for the ladies and gentlemen—that is nine altogether; and let there be no mistakes.”

“Suas i! suas i! suas i! Hurrah! &c.

A rithist! a rithist! sa rithist! Hurrah! &c.

Aon uair eile! Hurrah! &c.”*

The cheers were loud and hearty,

and executed with only a few irregularities on the part of the females, noted by Mr M'Kenzie, and brought home to the offenders by menacing gestures on his part, which seemed to produce a profound impression, the factor being evidently terrible and autocratic, as is the way of those who wield delegated authority. The people were then commanded to sit down, and a silence ensued—a silence of expectation—which lasted so long as to suggest that a hitch had taken place. And this was indeed the case; for it turned out that Mr M'Haffie, the senior tenant, whose duty it now was to let off the speech of the evening, was so overwhelmed by the terrors of the situation, that he had subsided into a state of partial coma, from which neither the remonstrances of his friends nor divers small “exhibitions” of whisky had been as yet able to recover him.

“Mr M'Haffie!” shouted the factor sternly, but without effect. “Mr M'Haffie!” he repeated in a still more dangerous voice; and when this also was unavailing, he descended into the body of the house, and, after a good deal of moral, and even physical, hustling, succeeded in getting the old fellow on to his legs, who at last, in a quavering voice, contrived to deliver himself as follows:—

“My lord and Miss Esmè, and my lord and all the ither gentry—and—and Mr M'Kenzie too—and the tenantry and ither folk. Miss Esmè was born to-day; and I do not mean that she was born this ferry day, but some years back: and it was a ferry good day for us that day when Miss Esmè was born” (cheers started by M'Kenzie); “and I will say, and we will aal be

* “Up with it! up with it! up with it!
Again! again! again!
Once more!”

saying always in the glens, that she is the Flower of this Glens, and that is not a great deal, to be sure; but then I will say more, and say that she is the Flower of aal Scotland, for I suppose there is not annybody annywhere into this whole world, that is like to Miss Esmè, and we aal love her, and we would aal die for her ferry gladly, —and that is true, and iverybody kens that that is true” (loud uninspired cheers). “Miss Esmè, I am drinking to Miss Esmè’s health and to her happiness, and may God bless you, Miss Esmè. My lord, his lordship was not born to-day, but it is a good day for us when we see you” (cheers led by factor), “and it is a ferry great honour to me to be his tinantry, and to every one here to be it; and I do not mean the leddies and gentlemen, because they are not the tinantry, but the tinantry; and he has been ferry good to us when the big spates was, and —” (here a long pause, no doubt of fruitless effort to recall other good deeds on the part of his lordship, interrupted at last by an impatient cheer from Mr M’Kenzie, which sent the old fellow on with a jerk)—“and that was ferry good for us; and I hope, and we aal hope, that his lordship will live for a great long time; and when he is taken away—because I am afraid even his lordship himsel will have to be taken away some day” (pursings of the factor’s mouth and elevations of his eyebrows, as though this position were, perhaps, debatable, but in any case offensive)—“I hope that Miss Esmè will take a good nobleman for her husband; and it is ferry certain that aal the nobeility will be trying to get her, so that she will be able to pick the best out of it, and bring a fine lord to be the lord at Dunerlacht; and I am drinking his lordship’s health, and I do not mean Miss Esmè’s

husband, because it is too soon to be drinking at *him* to-night; but I mean our own lordship that is still alive and here to-night; and I could have said all this readier in the Gaelic, because I am an old man, and have not got anny book-learning, but that would not do, because it is not a genteel kind of language to be talking before the leddies and gentry; so I will say no more to them, but I am drinking aal their healths, and Mr M’Kenzie’s too. Here is Miss Esmè and his lordship, and the ither leddies and gentry—and Mr M’Kenzie too. Suas i! suas i! suas i! hurrah!” &c., &c. When the cheering had subsided, Lord Germistoun stood forth, looking awfully feudal, and though one might have heard a pin drop, Mr M’Kenzie shouted for silence in a terrible voice, and his lordship began, and spoke words stately and sonorous, being about as intelligible to the majority of his audience as if he had addressed them in Arabic.

“My good tenantry and friends, I am always glad to meet you on these annual occasions, and to receive these evidences of your loyalty and gratitude, which are as creditable to you as they are agreeable to me. It ought to be the wish of the lords of the soil to see their dependants happy. It is the duty of those dependants to be happy and grateful. I am distinctly anxious that my people should be contented and prosperous, and I am glad to say that you, my people, recognising this, show yourselves to be happy, grateful, and obedient. To such seemly relations existing between us, are due many of the blessings enjoyed on these estates. We have to be thankful that Radicalism is unknown in this district; we have to rejoice that the upastree of dissent has been uprooted here; we have to congratulate ourselves upon a head of game which

shows proudly in the statistics of northern sport; nor is it indifferent to me that the noble red deer descend into the arable parts of the property, with perfect confidence, and in enormous numbers, for this shows that my people welcome their presence, and regard them as a picturesque adjunct to our unrivalled scenery. This is as it ought to be; this is worthy of a humane and enlightened tenantry." (At this point the cheering being a little languid, Mr M'Kenzie descended into the body of the hall and resolved himself into a sort of patrol of observation). His lordship went on: "The feeling on these estates has always been, that what is good for the landlord is best for the tenant. It is this sentiment which guarantees the harmony of a community like ours, and I am glad to say that it continues unabated. While this is so, the voice of controversy and discontent will not disturb us; and while in other districts we have to deplore the progress of selfishness and disloyalty among the lower classes, here all will be peace, happiness, and contentment.

"My good tenantry, I am touched by the enthusiasm of your personal affection for Miss Douglas and myself. Miss Douglas, I may venture to assure you, is also touched.

"Mr M'Haffie has permitted himself to indulge in certain rather irrelevant speculations as to the duration of my life, and as to certain arrangements for Miss Douglas, into which it may or may not be thought expedient to enter at some future time. I feel bound to say that Mr M'Haffie did not display his usual discretion in making these remarks." (Here the factor "moved into position" near M'Haffie, and opened on him with a battery of indignant and scornful looks.) "I may say that they were

wanting in that good taste and reverence which I have a right to expect from the oldest tenant on these estates." (Hear! hear! hear! from the factor.) "Mr M'Haffie ought to remember that my life is in the hands of the Almighty, and that Miss Douglas's future destiny is not a subject which should be approached in a spirit of reckless levity, at any time, and least of all in my presence. Mr M'Haffie has distinctly disappointed me to-night. I am willing, however, to forget the incident, in the expectation that he will probably refrain from such ebullitions for the future."

There was very little doubt that Mr M'Haffie would. The poor old man, though he but half understood his lordship's tremendous sentences, was horribly aware that he was, so to speak, in the dock; and sat, the picture of conscious guilt, rolling his eyes fearfully from his lord to the factor, who was glaring and puffing at him, like a cobra about to strike.

"And now, my friends," his lordship concluded, "you will do me the favour to go and spend a happy evening in the ball-room which has been prepared for you, and where I shall have the satisfaction of visiting you in a few minutes. Mr M'Kenzie, have the goodness to conduct the tenantry at once to the ball-room."

The factor, with the assistance of some of his subordinates, got the people away with great promptitude, moving them off in single file by successive benches, and when all had departed, Lord Germistoun led his guests round the hall, and explained it to them, architecturally and historically.

Mrs Ravenhall thought it was "quite too delightfully medieval." "I can see," she exclaimed, "the knights in armour ranged around these tables."

"I can distinctly see them," said Lady Bugles.

"How are they looking?" cried Lord Ribston—"pretty jolly?"

"Do sit down, Lord Ribston," murmured Mrs Crock, "and then I shall know exactly how the knights looked."

"Am I your idea of a knight—of—old, Mrs Crock?" laughed Lord Ribston.

"Don't fish for compliments, Lord Ribston," replied the widow, with a glance which made any sort of fishing superfluous.

"This hall," said Lord Germistoune, "served also as the baronial court of justice, and the 'tree of dule,' or 'hanging tree,' is close at hand; so that my ancestors were able to adjust any little difficulties with their people very conveniently."

This was duly explained in French to the Marquis, who, however, continued to be very dense about the patriarchal system, and rose freely to Tom Wyedale's suggestion, that what he called the "affaire M'Hafiz" might probably have disastrous consequences for the aged vassal.

Presently the thunder of a cannon shook the castle. "That," said Lord Germistoune, "indicates that the bonfire on Dunerlacht is lighted, and that they are ready for us in the ball-room. Let us go."

They moved out into the courtyard, and halted there to admire the bonfire, which had blazed up into sudden maturity on the neighbouring height, illuminating the woods and the fall with a splendid effect, and casting a weird light upon the castle walls. As they looked, there shot up, in rapid succession, and apparently from the heart of the fire, nineteen rockets of various colours. The sound of distant cheering followed.

"My clock has struck," said

Esmè. "I never feel that my birthday has really come, until the rockets have gone up."

"Why is that?" said Ribston.

"Oh, don't you know? Because there is a rocket for each year of my life. So that now all the great world of Glenelacht knows what a formidable age I have reached. Nineteen! It *does* feel formidable!"

"I had no conception that there was so much difference between our ages," simpered Mrs Crock.

"Are you younger, or older, Mrs Crock?" asked Tom Wyedale, with profound gravity.

"Oh! ever so much older. Five years, at least."

"So that Mrs Crock," Lady Bugles whispered to Lord Ribston—"so that Mrs Crock must have married at eleven, and become a widow at thirteen! Astonishing precocity!"

Whereat Lord Ribston laughed out with hearty frankness, after his kind.

"It is a pretty fancy," said Mrs Ravenhall, "recording your age in this way, darling Esmè; but, by-and-by, you will shrink from such public admissions."

"Some of us here would do so to-night, I am *very* sure," says Mrs Crock, with a withering glance at Lady Bugles, whose whisper she had pretty fairly interpreted by Lord Ribston's mirth.

"If we were honest enough to send up the right number of rockets, which surely *you* would never recommend, dear Mrs Crock," replied her ladyship.

"I have not yet offered my congratulations," said Cosmo, who now joined the group. "I hope all the future years of your life will be as bright as the rockets which chronicle them when they are past."

Mrs Ravenhall's sharp ears caught the words. "That is another pretty

fancy!" she cried, with a ring of sarcasm in her voice, and closing in upon Esmè.

"Let us now go and see the people," said Lord Germistoune, who had just concluded a long mystifying statement to the Marquis concerning Highland war-beacons and the fiery cross.

"Allons! marchons! partons! marchons!" sang the gay Frenchman.

The pipers struck up "Lord Dunerlacht's March," and a few paces brought them to the scene of the revel, where they were received with the same liturgical salute, under the fugledom of Mr M'Kenzie, "Ni sibh iolach tri uairean—ard agus ladair—airson a mhoralachd," &c.

The barn was large and brilliantly lighted; it had an excellent wooden floor, and the walls were ornamented with such simple yet picturesque decorations as hills and glens afford. Each light, with its sconce, formed the centre of some floral device, in which heather and broom played prominent parts; and, every here and there, Esmè's monogram was displayed, or the crowned heart of the Douglasses, woven in heather, white and purple, and inclosed in wreaths of bog-myrtle—the family badge of Dunerlacht. The company assembled included many who had not been present at the supper—"old established people" from neighbouring estates, and others, who had no feudal title to sit at meat in the baronial hall. In all, not less than two hundred men, women, and children were present, many of them in the Highland garb; so that, what with the brilliant light, and the colours on the walls, and the bright hues of the tartan, the *coup d'œil* of the room was most striking and effective.

At its upper end there was an *estrade* similar to that in the hall,

upon which chairs were arranged, and over it, all the decorations in the room culminated in a tremendous work of art, wherein claymore, dirk, and spear formed a glory round the word "ESMÈ," which blazed colossal in variegated lights.

At the opposite end, three or four fiddlers seemed to cower apologetically, dwarfed, as it were, by the splendid swagger and general efflorescence of a good many brother minstrels of the pipe, who had congregated from near and far, to support Lord Germistoune's piper, old Hector Douglas, a magnificent patriarch, who wore countless medals, trophies won at every "gathering" in Scotland, and wore them with an air which would have done credit to the insignia of the Garter.

The castle party moved up to the *estrade*, Esmè stopping now and then to shake hands with, or say a kind word to, some special favourite; and when they were established in their places, eight pipers, under the leadership of the great Hector, swept round the room with that combination of *élan*, grace, and dignity distinctive of first-rate pipers, in rapid march. They played the "Dunerlacht Gathering," and after three circuits of the room, wheeled up, with military precision, and, fronting the *estrade*, changed the measure to that of a strathspey. The *morceau* was Hector's own production; it had been inspired by Esmè's twelfth birthday, and was known to more than local fame as "Miss Douglas's Favourite." The music was most spirited, and nothing could be more admirable than its execution, for the performers were together like one man. The effect on the company was electric—literally electric; for, on three-fourths of the people, some kind of spasm was observable,—some twitching of the hands, or movement of the feet, or

vibration of the head, obedient to the irresistible rhythm of the pipes. Obviously, but for the awful presence of the magnates, the dance would have burst forth spontaneously all over the room, like the eruption of a volcano. Nor were they unaffected by it. The most benighted Sassenachs on the *estrade* owned its spell.

"It sounds like devil's music," said Tom Wyedale; "but it would make an oyster dance. Hector must be own brother to the 'pied piper of Hamelin.'" The Marquis, who had stopped his ears at the first blast, presently uncorked them, and fell into a state of dangerous ecstasy.

"I must *dance*; I *must* dance," cried Mrs Ravenhall.

"I *positively* must dance," echoed Lady Bugles, whose desire to ditto Mrs Ravenhall occasionally ran away with her discretion.

"If every one is so impetuous," said Lord Germistounne, "we had better begin at once;" and he made a signal to the pipers, who stopped automatically, and, scooping the atmosphere away from their faces with their right hands by way of salute, faced to the right about, and retired down the hall.

"M'Kenzie!" cried his lordship. "Meester M'Ken-see," echoed a score of voices, and the factor came up and got his orders. "We are ready now. Form the sets in the usual way, and when all is prepared bring up Mrs M'Haffie. You will dance opposite Miss Douglas, as usual." Then he explained to the circle that this dance also was hedged in with feudal restrictions, so that no one could participate in it, save himself, his daughter, and immediate dependants. "I am afraid, therefore, ladies, that you will have to repress your ardour for a little." Whereupon Mrs Ravenhall assured him that she had been only joking, and had no

thought of dancing, which naturally evoked from Lady Bugles the confession that her dancing project was also but the figment of a sportive fancy. The Marquis, however, announced his firm resolution to assist in the second dance; "*À la guerre!*" he cried; "*comme à la guerre!*"

The factor seemed to have got the people into a marvellous state of drill. All eyes followed his movements, and as he turned from the *estrade*, he gave a slight signal. Whereupon, without any hunting for partners or other confusion, twenty sets of four at once fell regularly into their places, and when this was done, the factor lifted up his voice and cried "Mrs M'Haffie!" "Meestress M'Haffie!" echoed the room. "Maintenant," murmured the Marquis, "*l'affaire M'Haffiz va se dénouer!*" But he was again cast back into the mists, when a little, elderly, respectable-looking woman made her appearance on the floor, and advanced timidly, with downcast eyes, towards the factor. Mr M'Kenzie awaited her, looking very awful and uncompromising, as though it were now his duty to pinion Mrs M'Haffie, before conducting her to "the drop;" and, indeed, the poor woman looked every inch the terror-stricken criminal, her nervous agitation being evidenced by the trembling of her lips, the twitching of her fingers, and the quivering of a perfect forest of wholly unreasonable spikes and pendicles of ribbon which garnished her head-gear. When Mr M'Kenzie had, so to speak, taken Mrs M'Haffie's body over, he conveyed it to the *estrade*, on the edge of which Lord Germistounne stood, looking still more awful and uncompromising than the factor.

"How do you do, Mrs M'Haffie? how do you do?" said his lordship.

"You will do me the favour to dance in the reel with me. Esmè, we are ready; M'Kenzie, take your place, and give the signal to the pipers."

M'Kenzie obeyed and clapped his hands; the sets sprang to "attention;" "Miss Esmè's Favourite" burst from the pipes with tremendous volume; the spell of restraint which hung over the party vanished as by magic; the delirium of the dance seized every one at once, and in an instant the room was alive with rhythmic motion. There were many fine performers on the floor, and every style had its representative, from the "orgiastic" dancer, who danced with all his body, and waved his arms, and shouted like a bacchanalian, to the disciple of a chaster school, who kept his body rigid, and with thoughtful eyes watched the movements of his own feet, as though each dainty step and twitch and twirl expressed some *nuance* of an artistic conception. But varied as the styles were, all the dancers were "together" as far as time went; and what with this, and the music of eight pipers, and the *thudding* and shouting of eighty performers, all "going like steam," and the swinging and fluttering of kilts and plaids, and the flashing eyes and animated faces, it would have been difficult to find a scene more infectiously gay and exhilarating. The ladies and gentlemen were all enthusiastic, and on the *estrade* there were cries of "Bravo!" and little view-halloos, and clappings of hands, responsive to the tumult of the dancers.

The Marquis gradually worked himself into a state of terrific excitement, and was for beginning at once.

"Maintenant j'y suis!" he cried. "Madame de Bugells—Miladi Bugells! il faut commencer! allons donc! allons! commençons!" And

he would have haled her ladyship to the floor, had she not beaten him off with her fan. In front of the *estrade* Lord Germistoun's set had its station, and, notwithstanding that Esmè's fairy form adorned it, no dispassionate observer could have beheld it with gravity. Lord Germistoun, stiff as a ramrod, his left hand on his left haunch, his right perpendicularly aloft in the air, in the attitude of a fakir under a vow, shuffled his feet about, with no reference to the music, but like, as the Scotch saying is, "a hen on a het girdle;" while, opposite to him, Mrs M'Haffie, with her gown "kilted" so as to afford a liberal view of a pair of white woollen pasterns, and all the sensitive paraphernalia of her head in the wildest tumult, let loose her nervous excitement in a perfect cataract of nimble steps, astounding in a person of her years and demeanour. On the other side, Esmè's ethereal movements were in fine contrast to the performances of Mr M'Kenzie, who danced in the most apoplectic manner, with both his arms held straight above his head, his eyes fixed and protruding, and his feet hammering away without variation of step, like the feet of a man going through the treadmill at "the double."

The strathspey turned into the reel proper, and, with the change, the spirit of the dance became, as usual, faster and more furious; and when his lordship shouted for the "Hoolichan," and the music changed to that most frenzied of all the measures, it seemed as though every one had suddenly acquired a new lease of fire and vigour. "Hoolichan! Hoolichan!" shouted the dancers. "Ouragan! Ouragan!" shrieked the Marquis; and, no longer able to restrain his ardour, he dived into the very centre of Lord Germistoun's set, and, reckless of the feudal system, cut in between him

and Mrs M'Haffie, whose performances had excited his liveliest admiration. "À moi, Madame M'Haffiz!" he cried; "à moi! Ouragan! Ouragan!" and proceeded to execute in front of the bewildered woman a frantic combination of the "Tarantella," the "Cancan," and other dances of ecstasy. There was a shout of laughter on the dais. Lord Germistoune halted, looking black as thunder. "M. le Marquis!" he cried, sternly. "Ha! ha! ha! Ouragan! Ouragan!" screamed the Marquis; and seizing Mrs M'Haffie, in the turning figure, swung her off her feet, and round and round and round, till her white woollen extremities colliding frankly with his lordship's legs, all but levelled that awful potentate with the floor. "M'Kenzie! M'Kenzie!" cried his lordship, with a gesture of rage and despair. Whereupon M'Kenzie shouted and waved to the pipers, and, with the sudden collapse of a tropical hurricane, the hurly-burly closed.

Lord Germistoune, ascending gloomily to the dais, was met with a torrent of congratulations. The dance had been either "soul-stirring" or "fetching" to the last degree; while his lordship's share in the transaction had, of course, been worthy of himself and of a great nation.

"But I think," said Ribston, who had no reverence, not even for Lord

Germistoune, "the Marquis has the highest score." The Marquis could, at this moment, be seen in the distance, adding to his score by gallantly kissing Mrs M'Haffie's hand in the way of adieu.

"The Marquis," said his lordship, severely, "has certainly made himself conspicuous; but I should be sorry to hazard a repetition of his buffoonery, so I think it will be discreet if we now withdraw, and leave the people to themselves. M'Kenzie, we are going.

Way was at once made, the pipers formed, the march struck up, and the party moved out of the hall, under another salute of "three great strong cheers." In so far, however, as the repression of the Marquis's buffoonery was concerned, the move was not a success, for neither he nor Tom Wyedale retired with "the quality," but continued with the proletariat till far into the night, winning golden opinions, especially the Marquis, who, in performing "The Flowers of Edinburgh," twice achieved the feat of throwing his right leg clean over Mrs M'Haffie's head, without disturbing a single pinnacle of the mysterious edifice which crowned it, and added about a foot or so to her legitimate stature.

"He's an awfu' man, yon!" was invariably the remark of Mrs M'Haffie for several years after, when this ball was alluded to.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The abbreviation of the state visit to the people's ball, left some part of the evening still to be disposed of, and when the party returned to the drawing-room, dancing was proposed. Mrs Ravenhall, always obliging, and an indefatigable player of dance-music, volunteered for the piano, and in a few minutes

eight or nine couples were floating round the room in the dreamy rapture of the valse.

Cosmo, full of courage, would have entered the lists for Esmé's partnership, but Lord Ribston was too quick for him, and bore her off triumphantly just as he approached. He fell back, therefore, upon Mrs

Crock, the only disengaged alternative being Lady Bugles, whose complex mechanism was not the sort of thing to involve one's self with unnecessarily.

"Only for a turn or two, of course," said Mrs Crock; "it is the fun of an impromptu that there are no formal partnerships, but that every one keeps changing about continually." Her eye rested upon Esmè and Lord Ribston as she spoke; and Cosmo, with *his* eye on the same couple, said that he quite understood the theory, inwardly hoping to carry it into practice with the smallest possible delay. Then he took Mrs Crock for a circuit of the room. She danced badly, and was a little cross, and inclined, as is the wont of bad dancers, to blame her partner, and soon intimated to Cosmo that she thought the moment had arrived for a change, which he promptly admitted, and left her gazing, with her eyes full of vain expectation, across the room to Lord Ribston. Cosmo had a turn or two with Miss Snapsley, and one with Miss Milkington, and one with another damsel; and still Lord Ribston monopolised Esmè, either dancing, or sitting apart, with her, in apparently confidential intercourse — still doing so, although the dancing had gone on so long that Mrs Ravenhall had already had an interval of rest. Mrs Crock and Cosmo were both afflicted; a common sorrow drew them together; or, to speak more correctly, Mrs Crock having no one else to dance with, signalled to Cosmo, and he went to her.

"Pray, give me another turn," she said; "none of these wretches will look at me."

There was a straightforwardness about this which was irresistible, and Cosmo complied. When they stopped, his partner said, "I never saw anything like this before; they

are all as faithful to each other as if they were under a vow to dance with no one else. It spoils all the fun."

Cosmo fully sympathised with her complaint, though, as a matter of fact, the system of change, except in so far as Esmè and Lord Ribston were concerned, was carried out very regularly. They had another turn. At its conclusion, the situation was unaltered. Mrs Crock glared at the offending couple, and then said, with considerable venom, "Miss Douglas really ought to know better. It is her part to set the example. No doubt her present temptation *is* great; still a girl in her position ought to know better. It is against all etiquette monopolising one man in this sort of way."

Cosmo felt that it was against all etiquette, monopolising one *woman* in this sort of way, but practically they were agreed.

"We really ought to break up that *tête-à-tête*," said the widow. "Let us go and look at them, and make them ashamed of themselves."

Cosmo made no objection, and they went and looked. The manoeuvre was, however, on the whole, abortive. The couple were not ashamed; and though Mrs Crock took her partner twice past them, and delivered a broadside of meaning glances on each occasion, the only effect produced was that Ribston, on receiving the second volley, said, sleepily, "The widow looks as if she were on the war-path, don't she? She'll have her knife into some one soon, I expect."

Mrs Crock then changed her tactics. "After all," she said, "I dare say Miss Douglas is not to blame. I suppose she is too unsophisticated to know how to get away from Lord Ribston; and he is so lazy he will sit still for hours wherever he is planted. I do think it would be a kindness to her if you were to go and ask her to dance; besides, it

will take the drag off the evening : it is dragging dismally now ; don't you think so ? ”

Cosmo entirely agreed with her, and did as she suggested.

“ Miss Douglas,” he said, presenting himself in front of the couple, “ will you have a turn with me now ? ”

“ No, no, no ! ” cried Lord Ribston ; “ Miss Douglas is engaged to me—is dancing with me.”

“ Has been,” said Cosmo, laughing ; “ and I am told that there are no engagements, and that every one dances promiscuously with every one, change and change about ; I have twice received my *cong  * on this principle, and if I have been taken back, I quite felt that it was as a *pis aller*. The fact is humbling ; still I am entitled to use it in my favour now.”

“ No, no ! ” cried Ribston, rather hotly ; “ my good sir, one don't argufy about such things. It's a matter of choice.”

“ Well, that is true, of course,” said Cosmo ; “ and as I could hardly expect you to choose to give Miss Douglas up, I lay the matter before her. May I have one turn, Miss Douglas ? Think,” he added, laughing, “ of Mrs Crock's disgust, if I have to inflict myself a third time upon her.”

“ I shall be delighted,” said Esm  , rising. Whereupon Lord Ribston, unaccustomed to be thwarted, glared furiously at Cosmo, muttered something to the discredit of Mrs Crock, and, without so much as a glance at that lady, retired to sulk over a book at the other end of the room.

And then Cosmo, dancing with Esm  , had his first true experience of the poetry of motion, seeming to glide through some rare medium of existence and movement, apart from this gross earth, suspended above it, in an atmosphere of melody.

After three circuits of the long room they stopped, and Cosmo, without speaking, looked into Esm  's eyes. There was no tumult or trouble in his gaze, only an expression of rapt serenity and love and happiness, which gave great beauty to his always noble but often too sombre face. Esm   did not turn away her eyes, in which there was a look of half-dreamy bewilderment and inquiry.

“ Heavenly ! ” Still looking into her eyes, Cosmo uttered the word, so that, unconsciously perhaps to himself, it had the force of a double significance. Esm   made no reply for a moment ; then she hurriedly withdrew her gaze, looked down, and said, with a manifest effort to return to the commonplace—

“ Yes ; I delight in the ‘ Doctrinen ; ’ and does not Mrs Ravenhall play charmingly ? ”

“ Charming ! ” echoed Cosmo ; and then there was an abrupt and lengthened pause in the conversation. Presently the music changed. Mrs Ravenhall now played the ‘ Geliebt und Verloren,’ and, at a certain passage of thrilling pathos, which all who know that exquisite valse will at once identify, Esm   and Cosmo turned to each other, as if by a mutual instinct, and, without any words, again floated away together into the mystical realms of beatified reverie.

They came back to the cold world of fact ; again, but intensified, there were the same phenomena—looks of rapture meeting looks of shy bewilderment, meaningless phrases merging in silences full of meaning ; all these things being the outward and visible signs either of tumultuous thoughts, vague and indefinable as yet, or of tumultuous thoughts fully comprehended, but as yet unutterable. Mrs Ravenhall, playing with her back towards the dancers,

little knew what spells she was helping to weave with her deft fingers, little recked what irony for herself there was in every note of the music which she made.

She had looked round once and seen Esmè and Cosmo dancing together; she had looked round a second time, and observed them standing in apparently harmless silence; but, on the third investigation, she beheld them at the moment of their arrival from dream-land, and detected the perfectly frank revelation, which to any interested on-looker could not have failed to be discernible in Cosmo's face. And then the plaint of the "*Geliebt und Verloren*" came to a sudden and rather spasmodic termination.

"Esmè!" cried Mrs Ravenhall, "I am *so* sorry to stop, but my right wrist is dreadfully cramped. Would you get some kind person to take my place? or will you take it yourself, dear, for a little? So sorry!"

Whereupon Esmè ran to the piano with an alacrity which rather pained Cosmo, and began to play with an energy that had something feverish in it. And now, if Cosmo had been discreet, he would probably have paid Mrs Ravenhall the cheap compliment of asking her to dance; or similarly mollified Mrs Crock, who, like a lioness bereft of her cub, was furious with everybody and everything; or even harnessed himself to the risky complexities of Lady Bugles; or, in fact, done anything rather than what he did—which was to go and stand at the piano and look at the fair performer, not wisely, but too well. For Mrs Ravenhall, sitting with the two other malcontents, saw it all, and pointed it out to them, and ~~was~~ was ferociously merry at the expense of "*The Foundling*," and said epigrammatic things about him, which were too good not to be repeated; and,

in short, being now thoroughly convinced that Cosmo meant mischief, and might be mischievous, began seriously to mobilise her forces of reprisal.

There was a pause in the music, and a conversation took place at the piano which *looked*, in the distance, far more serious than it sounded—and another pause, similarly occupied; and at last Mrs Ravenhall could stand it no longer.

"It is dreadfully late, I am sure," she exclaimed; and it is quite evident that *that* man has no intention of going." So saying, she rose and went over to Lord Germistoune—who had just sustained a series of crushing defeats at "*Gobang*" from Dr Pentacle, his pupil in the game, and was rather cross in consequence—and said that it was dreadfully late, and that she, being much fatigued, would now say good-night, and slip away, without a word to the others, so as not to disturb the revels. Lord Germistoune detested (as she knew) late hours, and he at once rose and said it was time for them all to be in bed.

"But," objected Mrs Ravenhall, "Mr Glencairn has not gone yet; and indeed he looks as if he had *very* little inclination to go."

"I suppose," said Lord Germistoune, "he can take a hint. Esmè! Esmè! I think, my dear, that will be enough of music. Every one is tired, and it is time for so many fair ladies with bright complexions to be in bed."

Upon this there was a general move; and Cosmo, at once making his adieux to Esmè, said hurriedly, and in a low voice—

"I have to thank you for the happiest evening in my life. You will not forget the song?"

"No. I will copy it for you to-morrow."

"And when may I hope to get it?"

"The next time you come here."

"I am afraid I am dreadfully impatient. When may I come?"

"Whenever you please, Mr Glencairn, of course. The song will be copied to-morrow morning."

"Good night; and I wish," he murmured, "I had words to thank you with." Then he turned away, concentrating, in one long look, all his gratitude and love and worship. The rest of his adieus were quickly made to a cold or hostile company, and he left the room accompanied by Lord Germistoun, who went, less with the air of a host performing a hospitable courtesy, than of a man uncertain of the honesty of his departing guest.

"I thought," said Mrs Ravenhall, rubbing her hands and beaming on the company, as if in congratulation on their relief from so terrible an incubus—"I thought that *dreadful* man was never going!"

"I confess I feared the stupid creature was going to be a fixture," echoed Lady Bugles.

"And neither a useful nor an ornamental one," added Mrs Crock; "he talks like a stick, and dances like a poker."

"A fellow of that sort is not meant to dance," said Lord Ribston; "and he certainly doesn't seem to know when he's in the way."

This sudden attack upon one absent—upon one so quiet and inoffensive to others, so gentle and chivalrous in manner (she put it thus) to herself, so superior to these small people—she felt at the moment, that they were very very small—who were sneering at him, roused Esmè's generous indignation so that her colour rose, and there was a flash of dangerous light in her eyes. Mrs Ravenhall continued the attack. "I would have saved you from him if I could, dear Esmè, but I really could not offer to take the

piano again, because of my stupid wrist. I felt for you, however, I assure you; I did, indeed—deeply; so did Lady Bugles."

"Deeply, deeply," moaned Lady Bugles. Whereupon all the conventionals sustained a shock to their moral and nervous systems, for Esmè answered, with much spirit—

"I am afraid you have been sadly wasting your compassion, Mrs Ravenhall. I was in no sort of distress, I assure you. Mr Glencairn is by far the best dancer I ever danced with in my life, to begin with; and I certainly think him the last person I ever met with who could be called stupid. Of course that may be because I am stupid myself. Still I think so; so I have no right to your compassion."

Mrs Ravenhall's countenance changed. Here she found herself, for the first time, confronted with those characteristics in Esmè of which, as she had told Tom in the early days of their association, she feared that she beheld the symptoms—her straightforwardness and self-reliance and independence of conventional considerations, when these interfered with what she thought was just and generous and true. Mrs Ravenhall's sense of the proprieties was, of course, terribly lacerated by what she inwardly called "this exhibition;" but she was far more affected to find that she had made a grave tactical blunder.

"Darling Esmè!" she replied, in cooing tones of conciliation, "I *really* thought you looked dismally bored; but now that I know I was mistaken, I am penitent for having, under a misapprehension, depreciated your *new protégé*." This little stab was also dealt with in the same thorough style.

"Thanks, Mrs Ravenhall—I am

sure you are; for I am sure you know me well enough to know that I do not like to hear absent friends run down—any more than you would yourself."

And now, Lord Germistoun returning, the party broke up, and the ladies went to bed.

But Mrs Ravenhall entered Esmè's room with her, and tried to retrieve the error in her tactics by another little demonstration against Cosmo.

"You are not vexed with me, my love?" she said, sweetly.

"No, dear Mrs Ravenhall; how can you think so? If I had any cause to be so, you have made the *amende*."

Then they embraced.

"You see, darling," resumed Mrs Ravenhall, "I naturally thought you must be bored with *him*."

"Why '*naturally*,' Mrs Ravenhall?"

"Well, *unnaturally*, dear," laughed Mrs Ravenhall, with another kiss; "and perhaps—though, of course, *here* it does not matter in the least, not in the very least—I was just a little annoyed to see you so conspicuous with so hopeless an ineligible,—so hopeless that I *need not*, of course, have worried myself, if I had only reflected; but if I spoke sharply of him, it was only out of my love for you. I am a silly

old goose; but it's your own fault for being so lovable. Now, darling, good night."

"But what do you mean by '*conspicuous*,' Mrs Ravenhall? I don't understand how one is to avoid being so, if it is '*conspicuous*' to take two or three turns of a valse with one gentleman in the drawing-room of one's own home. At all events, I can't see that, if that sort of thing does make one conspicuous, it can do one any harm. I am sure I did the same thing with Mr Wyedale the other night, and to-night with Lord Ribston. Was I conspicuous with them, too? How often ought one to change partners so as to avoid this dreadful calamity?"

"The lady doth protest too much, methinks,"

thought Mrs Ravenhall; but she had shot her bolt about Cosmo's ineligibility, which was all she intended, so she cried gaily, "You shall dance for a hundred or a thousand turns, darling, with one man and with the same man if you please, and I shall always vow that you are right. I had no idea that you could take things *au sérieux* like this, you silly child. Now I must go to bed;" and, with another silencing embrace, she escaped in flight from further discussion.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

If Esmè had been brought up with the advantages which so many girls conventionally educated enjoy—that is to say, of being surrounded by female mentors for ever (and often prematurely) inculcating the precepts of that diplomacy which concerns itself about the relations between the sexes,—for ever and often prematurely harping upon matrimony in all the ramifications

of that important subject,—Mrs Ravenhall would not, perhaps, have had so much cause to complain of Esmè's loveliness, and Esmè herself would have been saved from many of the confusions in which she now found herself involved. For, in addition to the fine arts of "drawing on," "discouraging," "holding in suspense," and otherwise "playing" the suitor, in addition to a

correct appreciation of the matrimonial tables of weights and measures, she would have had, codified, so to speak, and at her fingers' ends, the various symptoms, in all their *nuances*, which bespeak the presence of the tender passion. But Lord Germistoun was not a likely source from whence to derive lore of this sort, nor yet was the admirable lady who had brought her up from her earliest years, and who, in educating her young charge, had acted on the old-world principle that it was her duty to develop a rational being, rather than to construct a marrying automaton. And thus it befell that the events of to-day and yesterday, and a world of new emotions and problems arising from them, suddenly confronting this inexperienced young heart, overwhelmed it with a bewilderment inconceivable, perhaps, and certainly laughable, to girls her juniors in age, but moulded, which Esmè certainly was not, "to the fashion of these times."

Cosmo had interested her from the very first; so much will be remembered. There was something unusual about him, and his ways of life and thought, and even in his manner, which touched her imagination and her sense of the romantic. Then the strange revelation of his troubles had, in the very confession of his weakness, not only disclosed the nobleness of his aspirations, but thrown a bridge of sympathy over the distance which separated her from him, intellectually, as she believed. Nor could it fail to touch her that this man, whose somewhat proud reserve kept him apart from others, had unbent for *her*; that he had given to her the secret of his moral conflicts, and thereby interpreted to her much in him that was enigmatical, perhaps to every one else. She had felt much interest in him during the brief period of their first acquaint-

anceship; she had constantly remembered him with interest during their separation, and perhaps it was not merely on Cosmo's part that the feeling of a *rapproch* existing between them had grown in the interval. She was very happy to meet him again; but since they had met—in these two short days—what had happened to make him no longer the object of a tranquil, if of a warm, interest? This perplexed her. She did not consciously put the question to herself, but the perplexity which it represented was there. What had happened? What *had* happened was, that Cosmo had thrown into evidence before her the full volume of his unspoken passion; that, without restraint, he had expressed it in every look, and implied it in every tone, and, even involuntarily, conveyed its declaration through the mysterious medium of magnetic sympathy. What *had* happened and what *was* happening was naturally producing a change in the character of the interest which she felt for Cosmo Glencairn. But she was perplexed, knowing not the signs and symbols of these strange matters. She tried to formulate her impressions and her feelings. "He likes me very much, and I am glad that he likes me. I am sure that he likes me, because he looks as if he were very happy to be with me. He said that my song had been always ringing in his ears, and that he had thought of me very often. He thanked me for the happiest evening of his life. But why should he like me? and why should he have been so happy? I only sang him that trifling little song. Could *that* make him happy? But I am sure that he likes me, and I am very happy that he likes me. And I am sure that I like him; and I am glad that I said he was my friend—because he *is* my friend,—

and defended him against all these ill-natured people. What right had they to speak of him so? They don't know what he is. If they only knew what I know of him, they could not speak so. I wonder why he likes me more than he did at Como!—if he *does* like me more, and I think he does. Yet it is only two days! And I wonder why I seem to know him so much better, and to like him more, I think—I *do* think—much more—and that is so strange, because it is only two days! And I wonder if he likes many other people *much*! And—but surely I have thought enough about him.”

“I wonder, and I wonder, and I wonder!”—to this refrain the innocent young heart explored a labyrinth without a clue; and through all her wonderings, the eyes of Cosmo haunted her bewilderingly, and his sweet, grave smile seemed to lead her on; and, though the eyes wore not the look of a *friend*, and though that sweet smile was not *friendship's* smile, yet was the ever-recurring conclusion of her guileless reverie only this, “I am sure that he likes me very much, and I am sure that I like him. And I wonder why it seems so strange to-night!” It will be seen that she was as ignorant of the philosophy of love, as she was unlettered in the science of matrimony; and that “ineligibles,” “conspicuousness,” and so forth, were terms of a language which had little meaning for her ear.

Was Cosmo acting heroically? Was he true to himself?—to his principles?—to his resolution? Let us remember that he had decided that the only condition on which any sort of hope of winning Esmè was admissible—even to himself—was the achievement of personal distinction so complete as to obliterate the stigma on his birth,

which seemed at present to place a barrier between her and him. How, then, could he reconcile with this his presence here? or, if that were explained away, how could he reconcile with it his demeanour towards her, whom his every look and tone wooed with the fervour of a master-passion? It must be admitted that he could not reconcile these things. It must be further owned that he did not attempt to reconcile them. The casuistry of love had gradually levelled his pedestal, till now, heroic no more, but altogether human, he moved only in obedience to the dictates of the divine delirium, and not to those of reason. The nearest approach to a compromise with his own resolve which he had made was this—and he soon saw and was ashamed of its selfishness,—that if, by any means short of an *éclaircissement*, he could assure himself of Esmè's love, then he would be satisfied; then he would go silently away, and, strong in this inspiring certainty, achieve that renown whose alchemy, transmuting baseness to nobility, should entitle him to approach her worthily. But, when this was condemned, he sought no substitute; and though he was now following his father's advice, he did so unconsciously, abandoning himself upon no principle whatever to the swift rushing current of delight, concentrated on the present, reckless of the future, fearless of all the catastrophes to which he might be gliding.

Alas! there is no defence for him, although Esmè's surpassing charms might perhaps be admitted as extenuating circumstances of special force; no defence, save that contained in the trite old aphorism (old, probably, as Love itself) which levels the hero with the hind, and confounds the simple with the sage—“Love conquers all.”

CHAPTER XXIX.

Old Davidson would have required the patience of Job to stand the various disappointments to which Cosmo subjected him. The morning after the ball at Dunerlacht was as fine as its two predecessors, and at last, the keeper thought, there would be an end of "nonsense" and half-measures. He had quite decided in his own mind that this morning he would take his master over one of the wilder and more distant beats, which would be less easily and productively shot after "the weather broke"—that contingency which hangs like a nightmare over Scotch keepers. Deep, then, was his disgust when, in reply to a suggestive message which he sent up to Cosmo's bedroom, and by which he craved to know "whether the Captain would take Craig-Rona that day, or content himself with the Kaims," he was informed that the Captain, for his content, required neither the one nor the other, nor *any* other beat, not being minded to go out at all that day. Davidson turned his face heavenwards, and raised both his arms high in the air, as if calling heaven to witness that he washed his hands of this squanderer of its bounty. "Maist notawrius!" were his only words, as he went sadly away.

The idea of shooting had never crossed Cosmo's mind, because he assured himself that it was absolutely necessary that he should call at Dunerlacht that day, as the merest matter of etiquette; but, independently of that, the song was to be ready that morning, and if he did not reclaim it at the earliest opportunity, would not his indifference be justly regarded as brutal? There was but one obvious answer to this; and, with difficulty restrain-

ing his impatience till something like the canonical hours of visitation had arrived, he went. He went on foot, and he had a delightful walk, albeit moving at speed; for, buoyed up with blessed anticipations, he trode upon air, and beheld the outer world by a beautifying inner light which no cloud veiled.

The door is reached; the bell is rung; there appears to be a delay of about six calendar months; and at last a leisurely footman, who has obviously been disturbed at a meal, and is still in the act of mastication, appears. The insensate being seems to be a little aggrieved, and almost to take a malicious pleasure in delivering his overwhelming announcement. Not at home! No one: not even Lord Germistoun; not even Mrs Ravenhall, for whom actually, in his desperation, Cosmo asks! Most of the gentlemen have gone shooting, the rest, with *all* the ladies, have gone for a picnic.

"A picnic!—what! another picnic!" cried Cosmo, in a tone of such frank disapprobation, that it brought the rudiments of a grin to the footman's face; and after trying that official's patience by remaining for some time silent and motionless, he woke up, and saying that he would not leave cards, but return to-morrow, went away, moving with a crushed and bewildered air, in strange contrast to the energy and eagerness of his arrival. Slowly and purposeless he loitered down the glen. The progress of his life was virtually arrested for twenty-four hours. The only event worthy of the name, or which could advance his history by ever so short a stage, was postponed for that time, and the interval—that long and weary interval—must be passed in a fever-

ish middle state, between dream-life and waking consciousness, monotonous but without repose,—monotonous from the domination of one idea, but of an idea whose fierce activity reigned in perpetual tumult. Slowly he went down the glen, held by love's attraction within sight of Esmè's home; lingering in the scene upon which her beautiful eyes constantly rested; making oracles of the hills and woods which had mingled with her thoughts; seeking association with her in every leaf and flower, and indulging in all the wild and picturesque fantasies of a poet-lover's pantheism.

Hours passed, and still he lingered—now down by the river, now up among the woods. At last, descending to the highroad, where it was in the middle of an ascent, he heard the distant sound of wheels, and turning, beheld a large carriage slowly ascending towards him. It was a brake, full of people, and blossoming with the bright hues of ladies' hats and parasols. There could be no doubt that this was the Dunerlacht party, nor any that they would be up with him in about three minutes—a limited allowance of time wherein to recover one's senses, after a descent from the visionary world; and flight to the thickets was his first impulse.

But *she* must be of the company, so that flight was impossible; and feeling that it would not do to be found mooning and stationary on the highroad, he compromised the matter by turning back in the direction of the castle.

They gained on him; the sound of many voices grew more and more distinct; the breathing of the horses was audible above the beating of his heart; he drew aside; they were abreast; he looked round. And first he saw Lord Ribston, who took no notice of him; and then Mrs Ravenhall who sweetly and silently bowed

to him; and then—a lowered parasol; and then Lord Germistoun, who rolled out his usual formula, "How do you do, sir?—how do you do?" and this attracted the attention of all, and compelled the elevation of the parasol and the disclosure of Esmè's beautiful face, made all the more beautiful by a vivid blush, which it seems almost brutal to chronicle, but which, as a matter of fact, had been taking place for some little time, behind the parasol, indeed from the moment when her eyes (before all other eyes) had caught sight of Cosmo. He, keeping pace with the carriage, saluted the party comprehensively; and then, crossing to Esmè's side, made special inquiries as to her condition after the ball, also as to that of "the eternal Mrs Ravenhall," who sat beside her—all in orthodox form, astonishing in a man whose thoughts were the merest chaos.

"I called at the castle this forenoon," he said, after walking along for a little in silence; "but as I hope to do so again to-morrow, I did not leave my card."

"We shall be at home to-morrow, I think," said Esmè, "though most of the gentlemen will be, of course, on the hill."

"You cannot be such a devotee to sport as your friend Tom, Mr Glencairn. Two days away from the hill in succession! that sounds very lukewarm—quite *surprisingly* so!" said Mrs Ravenhall.

"Oh, I have had so much of it in my time—I am no longer a ravenous sportsman; but my keeper quite agrees with you, Mrs Ravenhall; he thinks me a monster of insensibility. By the by, would you kindly say to Tom that, if he cares to go, and will go and shoot at Finmore to-morrow, I shall be very much obliged to him. If some one doesn't shoot there, I don't know what will happen to

old Davidson: I believe he will shoot *himself*. But if Tom can go, he will be appeased. Tom is a great hero of his."

"It can't be a stratagem," thought Mrs Ravenhall; "for that wretch" (Tom had become "that wretch" since "the Twelfth") "could make no one take the trouble to scheme against him." Then she said aloud, "I will give him your message," speaking glumly, feeling how hard it was that this man should come and take so naturally to the part which all her skill and tactics could not get Tom to play with the slightest life or continuity.

"I suppose," she continued, "Tom is to go to your lodge? I suppose you will shoot the first part of the day with him?"

"Unfortunately," said Cosmo, "I expect that a friend will probably arrive from town to-morrow forenoon, and I must be at home to receive him. If he should arrive, Miss Douglas, may I bring him over with me to the castle? He has not been in Scotland before, and I should like particularly to show him so very fine a specimen of the old Scotch architecture. He will be greatly interested in it."

"Pray bring him," said Esmè; "and won't you come to luncheon?"

"Thanks, I shall be delighted, if he arrives in time."

"And then," she said, "he can see all our lions outside and in. Papa," she continued, turning to her father, who always contrived to abstract himself aggressively, by alien conversation or otherwise, from any sort of intercourse with Cosmo—"papa, Mr Glencairn is perhaps going to bring a friend who is much interested in architecture" (Phil Denwick!) "to see the castle to-morrow, and perhaps they will be able to come to lunch. Shall you be at home?"

"You know, my dear, it is impossible for me, short of a definite engagement, to say that I shall certainly be at luncheon on any given day; but if Mr Glencairn does us the favour to visit the castle with his friend, there will be luncheon for him whether I am at home or not."

And with this somewhat ungracious ratification, delivered without a look at Cosmo, the summit of the ascent was reached, the horses broke into a trot, and Cosmo was again alone with the music of her "good-bye" ringing in his ears, and the ineffable witchery of her smile thrilling in every fibre of his heart.

"So much for the FOUNDLING!" said Mrs Crock; whereat there was boisterous merriment, all over the party.

"Who?" said Lord Germistoun.

"The Foundling," repeated Mrs Crock, amid renewed mirth.

"And may I ask who the Foundling is?" said his lordship.

"That man we have just left behind. He still looks a little lost, doesn't he?"

"As if he would be the better of being found over again? Eh? ha! ha! ha! ha!" cried Lord Ribston.

"But why do you call him 'the Foundling?'" asked Lord Germistoun.

"I? Oh, I don't know; because he is one, I suppose. Didn't some one say so?" said Mrs Crock.

"Mrs Ravenhall knew the people who found him, I believe," said Lady Bugles.

"My dear Lady Bugles, how *can* you say so?" said Mrs Ravenhall, aghast at being involved so far beyond what her diplomacy contemplated.

"In the cart, you know," suggested Lady Bugles; but this hazy *aide-mémoire* threw a fresh mist over the subject; for Lord Germistoun cried out, impatiently—

"Yes, yes; but *who* found him in the cart? that's what I want to know."

"Mrs Ravenhall——" began Lady Bugles; and the loud laughter of the whole party stopped the inquiry for a time.

"Indeed I didn't," laughed Mrs Ravenhall; "but I said—and it just shows how foolish one is to say things—that I *fancied* I had heard that there *was* a sort of suspicion, that there *was* some little mystery about Mr Glencairn's birth. If I used the word 'foundling,' it could, of course, have only been as a joke, for I know nothing about it."

"Hum!" said Lord Germistoune, delighted to scent something to Cosmo's disadvantage; "this is mysterious; you don't know what his origin is?"

"No," said Mrs Ravenhall; "I cannot say that I do."

"And your brother does not know?"

"I should suppose not."

"Oh, then, he may be a foundling after all. There is no smoke without fire. Now, Mrs Ravenhall, does it not occur to you that there is a slight recklessness in all this, on your brother's part—I think I may say, an unpardonable recklessness—in introducing, right and left, a man he knows nothing of? Wyedale should not have done this. I must speak to him about it. I am distinctly disappointed in Wyedale."

"But, dear Lord Germistoune," said Mrs Ravenhall, beginning to get alarmed, "*did* Tom introduce him to you?"

"I—I apprehend so. Well, let me recollect; perhaps not precisely, but practically, your brother was his voucher. Now Wyedale takes upon himself a heavy responsibility. Wyedale doesn't know what he may be answering for. At this rate Wyedale may find himself

standing sponsor for crime, even,—what?"

But now the matter was getting much too serious, and Mrs Ravenhall was obliged absolutely to dispel the mist, as far as in her lay, not only for Tom's sake, but for her own, as the launcher of the unfortunate epithet. "My dear Lord Germistoune," she said, "you are altogether mistaken; Tom and Mr Glencairn have been friends since their childhood—at school, at college, and in society. Mr Glencairn is perfectly well known in society. He has been in the army; he is received everywhere. His uncle, Colonel Wildgrave, was extremely well known in London. This nephew of his inherited his fortune and his social position. You are really taking the matter far, far too much *au grand sérieux*; and all because I can't say that I know Mr Glencairn's origin; or rather, because of this comical mistake of Lady Bugles."

There was really nothing to be said after this; but Lord Germistoune had taken kindly to the "foundling" theory, and parted with it unwillingly. Besides which, when he had boiled up to the pitch of the didactic and the awful, he could not be expected to boil down again all in a moment. He remarked, therefore, that that was, no doubt, all very satisfactory and very true, so far; but, for his part, he thought Wyedale was bound "to probe the mystery,"—for he adhered tenaciously to the existence of a mystery. Then, *apropos*, he related an anecdote of a ticket-of-leave man, who had been recently going about in London society as a foreign nobleman. "So," he concluded (and thus perversely suggesting a possible connection between Cosmo and the ticket-of-leave class), "we can never be too careful. I shall certainly speak to Wyedale."

This he accordingly did, in the drawing-room, before dinner.

"I wish, Wyedale, to ask you something."

"Not a conundrum, my lord, I hope?" said Tom, gaily.

"Not a conundrum," said his lordship, in a tone which discouraged levity, "though it concerns what appears to be somewhat enigmatical. There was a good deal of discussion to-day, in the carriage, about your friend Mr Glencairn, and my curiosity is piqued about him. Ahem! Lady Bugles and Mrs Crock appeared to have the impression that he was—ahem!—a foundling."

Here Tom burst into an extravagant fit of laughter, which could not be quenched for some time, and during which Lord Germistoun began to stiffen palpably about the neck, and to look dangerously aquiline.

"This seems to amuse you," he said, grimly.

"Oh yes, indeed it does; and I beg your pardon," gasped Tom, with the tears running down his cheeks. "I *must* tell Cosmo. It is the awful dignity of his face, when he hears his origin, that I am thinking of, and that kills me. A foundling! ha! ha! ha! Capital! Lady Bugles, you deserve a medal."

"But——" Lady Bugles began, in remonstrance.

"The whole thing, Tom," said Mrs Ravenhall, eagerly, "was simply a misunderstanding arising from my being unable to say exactly what Mr Glencairn's origin is; the word 'foundling' was simply a little joke of Lady Bugles's—or—or some one else's—it doesn't matter who."

Lady Bugles was astounded to find herself being shoved deeper and deeper into the "foundling" *imbroglio*; but she never could get a chance of righting herself.

"If you will allow me to say, Wyedale," said his lordship, with his ears well back, in resentment at having the word taken out of his mouth,—“if you will allow me to say—what I would have said some time ago, *if* I had been permitted,—there was no serious question as to his being a—ahem!—a foundling. That, I believe, was admitted to be a pleasantry which Lady Bugles allowed herself. But, leaving that aside, I venture to say, and I venture to repeat, that there is a certain recklessness in answering socially for a man about whom there is a mystery. You understand me?"

"Certainly; but where is the mystery?"

"About this friend of yours."

"There is no mystery about him."

"No!"

"None whatever. I have known him all my life."

"But his family?"

"Well, I knew his uncle—capital fellow his uncle! tipped Cosmo's friends with a catholic hand; and his aunt too—a capital specimen of the aunt—and——"

"Yes, yes, yes, Wyedale; but had your friend a father of his own? and if so, who was he?"

"You asked me that, I remember, once before, Lord Germistoun; and I can only say, what I said before, that he not only had, but has, a father, though I don't happen to know him. After all, there's nothing mysterious in that. I don't know everybody's father. Very glad I don't. Fathers, as a rule, are a mistake. Present company always honourably excepted."

"Then," said Lord Germistoun, "I suppose we must give him the benefit of the doubt. We must conclude that Lady Bugles's jest had no serious foundation."

"There's no doubt about Cosmo

Glencairn," cried Tom, heartily; "and no mystery, except that he is a mysteriously good fellow to be going about loose nowadays; and Lady Bugles must have dreamt —"

"But" cried Lady Bugles, "I never——"

Here, however, dinner was announced, and the conversation was broken off, Lord Germistounne perversely nourishing a sort of hazy half-belief that there was something amiss about Cosmo's antecedents, and that Lady Bugles could unfold a tale, if she only chose to do so. So that this one little spiteful word of Mrs Ravenhall's, let slip in a moment of undiplomatic vexation, was near producing a dangerous commotion without doing anything to further her views—indeed, probably much the reverse. For the abuse of the absent—even of the absent unknown—is always distasteful to a generous nature; and Esmè was beginning to think that there was a general disposition to attack and decry Mr Glen-

cairn, whom she knew and—and respected; and what the effect of this upon her feelings towards Cosmo might be, it is unnecessary to discuss. It may be mentioned, however, that the same evening, when Tom Wyedale was making one of his light cynical speeches as to the general inexpediency and hollowness of human friendship, she said to him with great warmth, "No, Mr Wyedale, I am sure you don't think so, because *you* don't turn your back upon absent friends; and I can easily forgive your theories when your practice is—is what I admire." Tom opened his eyes: he had forgotten all about the Cosmo episode, and merely said, "I'm so glad you're glad I'm admirable;" but, after all, he was entitled to some credit for disappointing Lord Germistounne's palpable prejudice, when we recollect that the great bulk of the "mixed shooting" was still unexhausted, and that the "Three Kimmers" were a certainty for him, in any case.

CHAPTER XXX.

On his return home Cosmo found a telegram from Phil Denwick, announcing that he would leave town that night and be at Finmore on the following forenoon; and on the following forenoon Phil made his appearance accordingly. He was a very different-looking individual from the shabby loungeur whom his friend had so recently found on the brink of the abyss, and rescued with so much promptitude; and as Cosmo recognised that the true cheery ring had come back to his voice, and saw the old light sparkling again in his merry eyes, he felt a thrill of pure unselfish happiness, which, as he said to himself, was the best return his

money had brought him for many a long day.

"Here you are, old Phil!" he cried heartily, as his friend drove up; "awfully good of you to come!"

"Here I am, Cosmo, with commercial promptitude and despatch—also as per invoice, wired. I didn't lose a single train, you see."

"No, that was right. The grouse want shooting, and the sooner they get it the better. Come in; have you breakfasted, and can you hold on till luncheon?"

"Breakfasted! yes—and I can hold on till midnight. I say, what a glorious country! what air! what scenery!"

"Yes, and I am glad you have

it so fine for your first experience."

"Fine! it's heavenly." Then he went on with his old boyish eagerness. "And I've already seen grouse! grouse upon the wing! A covey of fourteen actually raced with the train—kept up with it too. It was a thrilling spectacle for a Cockney sportsman. It quite set me trembling all over. By the by, what queer fellows your Scotch second-class passengers seem to be! I playfully confided my agitation about the grouse to a fellow-traveller. He looked me all over very carefully for about two minutes, and then said, judicially, 'A rack'n ye'll be easy fley't!' which, whatever he may have meant, seemed inconsequent, and to a foreign ear has a truculent sound, has it not?"

"What did you say to him?" asked Cosmo, laughing.

"Say to him? Oh! I said, that for the matter of that, I fancied I was pretty well able to take care of my skin—which seemed to puzzle him, for he shut up. But then another fellow stood in, and shouted at me what might have been a war-cry, and which sounded like 'Whaur-i-ye-fae,' and kept shouting it at me over and over again, and louder each time, till at last it was a regular bellow, 'WHAUR-I-YE-FAE?' I told him that he might howl away till he was blue in the face, but that if he expected to get a rise out of me he was mistaken; and that choked him off too, but he seemed pretty savage. They appear to be a rum lot. I say, old boy, you're looking awfully thin. What have you been about? Taking it out of yourself on the hill?"

"No, not too much; haven't had time yet. But tell me all about yourself, Phil."

Then, as they walked about the

garden, Phil gave his friend an account of his educational progress, and made him laugh with several funny stories about Mr Hopper in his capacity of commercial mentor, and the compliments which Mr Hopper paid his disciple, and the "prodigious trading instinct" which he had discovered him to possess; and rattled away in his exuberant vein till he had exhausted the topic, and then said—

"Now, Cosmo, I'm not a bit tired. Is there any just cause why we should not go out and have a shoot this afternoon? Splendid day! pity to waste it!"

Whereupon Cosmo blushed and explained that they were engaged to lunch at Dunerlacht Castle, and looking at his watch, said that they must start in twenty minutes; so that if Phil wished to freshen himself up a little after his journey, now was the time. Then Phil's face fell as he begged off, swearing that he abhorred castles, and abominated society, and would rather stay behind, and enter himself with the grouse. He was overruled, however, and of course carried off.

"You are supposed," said Cosmo, as they drove along, "to be going expressly to lionise the castle, and to be deeply interested in architecture; so mind you be interested."

"All right," said Phil. "Who does the place belong to?"

"Lord Germistoun."

"Never heard of him."

"You'd better not let him know that. He is rather a dangerous old gentleman. In fact, generally speaking, you had better be very careful."

"Oh, hang it, Cosmo! you speak as if I were going into the witness-box. You'd better let me down, and I'll go back to the grouse. Remember I don't know the ways of the country."

"Don't be alarmed, Phil. All

you've got to do, is to be very amiable—which comes natural to you."

"I see; employ the soothing system; agree with everything he says."

"That," said Cosmo, laughing, "will certainly be the safest plan."

"All right; even if he says 'whaur i-ye-fae,' I shall say that that exactly represents my view of the matter, and that the sentiment does him credit. I would rather have tackled the grouse, though."

"You shall tackle them to-morrow, to your heart's content."

They arrived rather late, and luncheon was already in progress. The party was not in strong force. Some departures had taken place, and most of the gentlemen were on the hill. Lord Germistoun was, however, present, and his capricious temper appeared to be in unusually good order. Things looked promising. Cosmo found a seat near Esmé, and Phil was installed beside her father.

Phil was one of those lucky fellows who prepossess most people they come across, even the most dissimilar people. He had that frank simplicity of manner and expression, which is the charm of children, and irresistible in the grown up, when, as in Phil's case, combined with intelligence and geniality. At present he showed to great advantage, for he was brimming over with the happiness of reaction, and as fresh and eager as a schoolboy out for his holiday. Even Lord Germistoun, notwithstanding the auspices under which Phil was his guest, soon unbent, and became very civil and even cordial; and it was fortunate that Phil knew nothing of the relations between his introducer and his host, so that he was quite unconstrained, and had only a humorous recollection that it was his duty to coincide

with his lordship's opinions upon things in general.

"Your first visit to Scotland, Mr Fenwick, I believe?" said Lord Germistoun, after he had quite thawed down.

"I am ashamed to say that it is," said Phil, "though I won't say that I am sorry, for I am enjoying all the pleasures of a first experience, and they are very great. This is a glorious country!"

"I think that we may consider it a glorious country."

"I would give anything to have a property here."

"Ah! that is a different question: that is a very prevalent feeling. Our land is very much sought after in the market,—offensively so."

"Indeed!"

"Hucksters from Manchester are always on the watch—the harpies! They bid anything for land in this quarter."

"Ah! I'm not surprised at that."

"They swoop on us like vultures, with their ill-gotten gains."

"And purchase the land?"

"And mob out people who are entitled to be landholders. The whole of the neighbouring parish of Auchinfeoch has recently been acquired by a huckster."

"Really! From Manchester?" asked Phil, sympathetically.

"From Manchester; of the name of Runnicles—which might account for almost anything. I flatter myself Mr Runnicles knows very distinctly the view I take of *his* conduct."

"You resented the purchase as—as an intrusion?"

"I resented it, sir, as a scandalous abomination. How would you like to have German Jews walking about in kilts in your district?"

"It would be highly unpleasant, of course," said Phil, stifling his laughter with great difficulty.

“Unpleasant! It’s enough to demoralise the whole district. You are comparatively exempt from such pests in the south. I presume, however, you are what in England is called from ‘the North?’ There is no mistaking your name; it has the true Border ring.”

“Still, Lord Germistoun, I am not a Borderer.”

“Not perhaps immediately, but certainly of Border lineage.”

“I am not aware of it.”

“Oh, but there is no question about it. I interest myself in family history, and your name is simply a corruption from ‘Of Alnwick;’ drop the ‘O’ and you get Falnwick and Fenwick.”

“But you have mistaken my name, Lord Germistoun, which is not Fenwick, but Denwick.”

“Ah, really! Well, but my dear sir, is it not obvious to you that they are the same? Denwick is simply d’Alnwick, so that you don’t get away from the Border, nor from the Fenwicks. It only throws you a stage further back, and proves you to be a Fenwick and a Borderer of the oldest and most inveterate description. I am never at fault in such matters. Your family possessions are not in that district, however?”

“No,” said Phil, thinking that, if anything, he was for the time a Highland proprietor, all his worldly possessions being contained in a battered old portmanteau now at Cosmo’s lodge. “No, but I should be happy to re-establish that sort of connection with the Border.”

“There may be openings there. I understand you are greatly interested in architecture. Any building projects in view at your own place?”

“The old fellow is determined to make a swell of me,” thought Phil, as he laughed, and disclaimed both place and project.

“Only an abstract lover of the

art? Well, I shall be happy to show you our old house. There is a bit which goes back certainly to the twelfth, some say the eleventh century. I shall be pleased to get the opinion of an expert.”

Phil was a good deal puzzled by the unexpected consideration which he was receiving; but the explanation was very simple. Lord Germistoun was, as we have amply seen, a man of sudden personal prejudices—violent and unreasonable for, or against, their objects. Fair examples of his system were to be found in the cases of Cosmo Glencairn and Tom Wyedale respectively; and Phil Denwick was fortunate enough to share the happier experiences of the latter. Hence this complaisant garrulity, and this mysterious imputation of pedigree, property, and lore; which were merely so many ways of expressing that his lordship fancied him, and therefore assumed him to possess the advantages to which a man thus distinguished was entitled, according to the fitness of things.

Meantime, at the other end of the table, there was no great flow of conversation. The talking men of the party were on the moor; many of the ladies only took the trouble to talk when the right men were present. Esmè was somewhat silent and constrained; conversation languished and flickered; and Cosmo felt a certain chill creep over his spirit. He began to feel that coming to luncheon had been a mistake—the meal had better have been omitted. After divers flashes of silence, Mrs Ravenhall, who had made gallant efforts to keep things going, at last said, pettishly—

“How deadly-lively we all are today! I wish these tiresome men would sometimes stay at home and amuse us.”

“If it were *only* for a change,” moaned Lady Bugles.

"Some of them are coming back early to play lawn-tennis," said Mrs Crock.

"I should be sorry to count upon *that*," said Lady Bugles, who watched for Mrs Crock.

"Oh, but it's a promise!"

"I wouldn't give much for their promises."

"Very likely not; but my faith is stronger than yours. I suppose faith depends a good deal upon experience." With which trump it was felt that Mrs Crock took the trick from her ladyship, who had not long ago figured disastrously in a rather racy breach of promise case.

"Well, what *are* we to do this afternoon?" said Miss Hungerford Snapsley.

"I'm going sketching," mewed Miss Milkington.

"Sir, she said—sir, she said," hummed Miss Snapsley; "but that won't amuse *us*."

"And I shan't amuse you by writing letters, of which I have a bushel to get through," said Mrs Ravenhall. "Why not play lawn tennis *en attendant*? I daresay Mr Glencairn will help you."

She now saw the necessity of being more circumspect in her measures as to Cosmo; and besides, it is obvious that a man who means mischief can do less of it when panting at lawn-tennis than in quieter aspects.

"I shall be delighted," said Cosmo.

"Till the others come," said Mrs Crock, quickly, and added, "because when they do, it's a fixed match, you know. Perhaps your friend plays?"

"Oh yes, he does."

"Very well, then, I will take you, and we'll challenge Miss Douglas and your friend."

When they went out, however, Lord Germistoun, finding Phil a

sympathetic peg on which to hang his prose, claimed him for his prey, and carried him off for lionising purposes; so one of the "cripples" was taken instead; and another set was made up by Miss Snapsley, who had, however, to content herself with the same unsatisfactory *personnel*.

"I can't play very long," said Esmè, "because I have promised to take Miss Milkington to her sketching-ground."

"How you sacrifice yourself to that creature!" said Mrs Ravenhall, beaming approval, however.

Then the game took place, but it was a hollow affair, Cosmo and Mrs Crock being both experts, and Esmè unable to support the heavy handicapping of the "cripple."

Other games were played, the "cripple" being tried in every combination, but with the same results; and when it was beginning to get a little hopeless, joy suddenly flashed into the face of Mrs Crock, for Lord Ribston and two other "nice" men falsified the predictions of Lady Bugles by appearing on the scene.

"They sent whisky instead of brandy, and forgot soda altogether," explained Ribston, with his usual candour, "so we were obliged to come home. But now that we've refreshed, we're on for a match. Miss Douglas, you and I against Mrs Crock and Berkeley."

"Oh, *that* isn't the match, Lord Ribston! it was you and I against Miss Snapsley and Captain Berkeley."

"That isn't a law of the Swedes and Prussians, is it?"

"I can't play, Lord Ribston; I have another engagement," said Esmè.

Whereat the noble lord, who had descended the mountain partly for her sake, though mainly for the brandy, was mightily disgusted,

and was not at all a pleasant partner for the widow Crook.

"I am afraid I must say 'good-bye' now, Mr Glencairn," said Esmè. "I have kept poor Miss Milkington waiting so very long."

This was terrible! Cosmo had hardly exchanged a word with her during the whole visit; so he took heart of grace, and said—"Will you think me too importunate?—but I daresay you have forgotten all about it—the song——"

"Oh, indeed I have not forgotten it; it is copied, and if you care to have it now, I will give it you. Will you come up to the house, or shall I send it down to you here?"

"Pray let me go to the house," said Cosmo, eagerly. "How very good of you to remember it!"

"Oh no," said Esmè. "I promised, and though I have rather repented of my promise, I am going to keep it, of course."

"But why have you repented?"

She did not answer for a moment, and then said, "I never meant any one to know anything about it, and—and I don't know why I told you—and I think—you know there *is* really nothing in the song—and so it seems absurd to give it to any one."

Cosmo felt an indescribable restraint; and when he said that there was much in the song, and that he should value it very highly, the words sounded, even to himself, dry and chilly.

They walked to the house in

silence; and when they reached the door, Esmè begged him to wait while she went up and fetched the copy. Presently she returned, accompanied by Miss Milkington, and presented him with the song, saying, "You will keep my secret," and then checked his raptures which threatened to break out, by adding, with a laugh, to Miss Milkington, "You don't know what a confession of guilt I have been making to Mr Glencairn!"

"Tell me about it," said Miss Milkington, lackadaisically; "I do so like to hear about guilt!"

And this made both Esmè and Cosmo laugh, and the cloud rose a little.

"I wonder where my friend has hidden himself?" said Cosmo.

"I think," said Esmè, "it is quite certain that papa has taken him to the ruin. No one escapes the ruin."

"Are you going in that direction?"

"Yes, we are. Miss Milkington wishes to sketch the Fall from a point in that quarter."

"Then may I be allowed to place myself under your guidance, so far? I must go and look for Lord Germinstoun and Denwick."

"Oh, certainly; but would you not rather stay and play lawn-tennis till your friend returns?"

"No," said Cosmo. "I can play tennis any day, but I can't walk with a composer and an artist any day."

"Hush!" said Esmè, laughing. "Remember."

CHAPTER XXXI.

They wound up the hill-side, through the woods, by a path which was unfortunately so narrow that they were obliged to move in single file, in which formation, with

the strong non-conductor of Miss Milkington's person interpolated between Esmè and himself, Cosmo felt that he might as well be promenading alone on the other side

of the glen. But, after about ten minutes of silent pilgrimage, they diverged by another path to the right, and, again descending, came upon an open plateau, where they halted. Far beneath them, the river was just escaping from the eddies of the Fall; over against them, on a higher level, it made its first leap towards the abyss; and higher still, ivy-bound, and encircled by a few ancient and withered trees, the venerable keep seemed mournfully to contemplate its impending doom in the anguish of the caldron down below.

The great and solemn sound of the waters lent a fitting voice to the weird sublimity of the scene.

For a moment they all contemplated the grand *coup d'œil* without speaking; but Miss Milkington, who was a sketcher, and not an artist, rather impatiently broke the silence, and clamoured for her "point of view"—the point of view whence as much as possible of the scene could be utilised and condensed into her caricature.

Esmè took her away some little distance, placed her in position, set her to work, and then, returning to Cosmo, said—"If you think you have time, and don't object to a scramble, you can get down from here to the level of the river, where there is a splendid view of the Fall. But I warn you that the path, which is known as 'Jacob's Ladder,' is difficult; still, if you care to venture it, I will show you where to begin the descent."

As there seemed no prospect of angelic society on the descent, Cosmo felt that he had better adhere to the heavenward end of the "Ladder," so excused himself on the plea of time.

"How," he asked, "can I get round, and up, from this to the ruin?"

Esmè described the route, which

was rather intricate, but Cosmo feigned stupidity with great success; and after many attempts to make him understand, she desisted, laughingly, and said—

"I see you have no bump of locality, and would inevitably lose yourself, so I will take you to a point, after which you can't make a mistake."

This was, of course, exactly what Cosmo had been scheming for, and they started. He was resolved to break down from the first the sort of constraint which seemed threatening to rise between them, so he forced himself, with an effort, to talk fluently.

"We seem destined," he said, "to meet 'on the heights,' and to meet in wonderful scenery."

"You are thinking of Lake Como, and that lovely walk behind the Villa Bianca?"

"Yes; I got quite a new view of the lake by that walk: I never really knew its beauties before."

"I think it is the most beautiful view I know of the lake."

"And I have got quite a new view of the Erlacht Fall to-day."

"I think here, too, we are fortunate, and have the best of it beside us."

"So that I have to thank you for twice 'lifting the veil.'"

"Or rather, for the humble fact of living behind the veil in these two cases. What a different scene this is!"

"Yes," said Cosmo, "and how characteristic of the two countries! There, there was nothing hard, or sharp, or obtrusive; hundreds of beauties, of different kinds, lay around us, but diffused, and disposed in a sort of easy, languid grace, so that nothing was insisted upon. Here it is all concentration, eagerness, energy—like the national character. It is a battle. Look at the malignant fury of the waters;

the rocks are the very picture of stern and cruel resolution, and these sombre woods and that sad old ruin can be nothing but the grim spectators of the tragedy. Everything is forced upon you; you can't forget it for an instant, for the roar of the water cries everlastingly, 'Come and see our combat!'"

"And which do you like best?"

"Like you, I have my moods, and every mood has a different preference."

Esmè looked up and laughed. "How," she asked, "do you know that I have moods?"

"Do you forget that I am a *clair-voyant*? Don't you remember our conversation about the picture the other night? or rather, do you think I forget our conversation on the last walk I had with you?"

"Oh, Mr Glencairn, do tell me more about the Sassoferrato picture!"

Cosmo, nothing loath, complied, and there ensued a long conversation of dialogue and dissertation which, lightly floating over a hundred subjects, extracted from each some subtle implication of Cosmo's love and homage.

Conversations of the sort are apt to be engrossing, so it is not wonderful that Miss Milkington came to be forgotten, and that, without observation on either side, Esmè ended in being Cosmo's guide all the way to the ruin. Recalled by reaching it, she was for hurrying back at once, but Cosmo suggested that now she was here, a few minutes more or less could make no difference, and assured her laughingly that, since her father and Phil were not visible, he gravely mistrusted his unaided bump of locality to guide him back again. So she consented to remain for a few minutes, during which they explored the old castle and its precincts.

"This takes one very far back into the old world," said Cosmo.

"I think," replied Esmè, "about six hundred years."

"It has always been in your family, I suppose?"

"Yes," said Esmè; "or rather, it has always come back to us, for it has been confiscated four or five times—which shows that we have not been a well-conducted race, does it not?"

"Or rather, it shows that you have not been a neutral race. It shows that your ancestors have been mixed up (which every one knows) with the history of the country, and helped to make it. To me there is something most enviable in such a descent."

"Do you think it so very enviable?"

"Perhaps because I do not possess it."

Esmè, with all the innuendos about Cosmo's birth so fresh in her recollection, involuntarily betrayed her interest by something like a start.

"No," Cosmo continued, "I won't give that as my reason, for I am convinced of its real advantages. I think that ancient and honourable birth must be a great incitement to nobility of life, and a great help in reaching it. The man who possesses it must feel an inspiration when he looks into the past. The past must have a special voice for him, to encourage and warn him. It is impossible that he can forget that his fame or dis-fame affects a grand series of traditions and not merely himself. If he has any loyalty or reverence in his nature, he can't help feeling that he is the latest link in a chain of pure metal, and that *he* must not be the first to debase it."

"If every one felt so, how noble nobility would be!" said Esmè.

"But depend upon it, that if

vast numbers did not feel so in some degree, nobility would be much less noble than it is. I do not possess it, but I can see its value. For a man like me, of brief and obscure pedigree, the past has no special voice appealing to the reverence or the romance of his character; there is no accumulated force of traditions to propel him. He must rely on himself alone. Like the more fortunate, he has, of course, the *supreme* inducements to lead a noble life; but they have a host of minor ones which touch human nature very attractively, and help it, and add something of the picturesque to duty." Cosmo paused for a moment, and then added—"Therefore, I envy the fortunate people who possess it."

Esmè said, "No doubt, if looked on as you look on it, it would be a very ennobling thing; but if one does not require such incitements—and I am sure *you* do not—I do not see that there is much to regret in the want of a long pedigree; it is only a romantic sentiment—provided, of course, one is of gentle birth."

"And what constitutes that?"

"Mr Glencairn, surely you know better than I."

"No, I don't, Miss Douglas—indeed I don't. I wish I did. Do you suppose that *I* am of gentle birth?"

Esmè looked terribly confused, and changed colour and said—"Of course, Mr Glencairn. How can you ask such a question?"

"Because I have grave doubts about my own case. You shall have it before you. I am well-born—extremely well-born, on the mother's side; on the father's, my pedigree is untraceable after three generations. There may be surmises, but I have no right to think of my pedigree except as absolutely a blank beyond that limit. Now,

how do I stand? Is that enough? Am I of gentle birth?"

Esmè half smiled at his vehemence. "I should think," she said, "that no one could deny it; for it cannot matter on which side the ancient descent is, and the worst side is—is" (she was thinking of its remoteness from the disgrace alleged by the foundling story) "respectable. You must be very difficult to satisfy."

"It is enough?" repeated Cosmo—"you say that it is enough?"

"Of course I do, Mr Glencairn."

"Then, for myself, I am satisfied. I require no higher patent."

"I fear," she said, smiling, "it is not a patent of much authority. My father, for instance, always accuses me of being a Radical—ever since, in a rash moment, I quoted to him that 'kind hearts are more than coronets.'"

A change came over Cosmo's face, and he said, involuntarily, and almost with a groan, "I can well imagine it."

"Well," she said, as if defending herself against Cosmo himself, "I suspect I *am* a Radical, if that kind of sentiment makes a Radical. I suppose the length of my pedigree entitles me to say what I think about the claims of long descent?"

"Undoubtedly so."

"Well, you have spoken of its advantages. I say nothing against what you say; I only doubt that they are used as you think (and I think) they ought to be, and might be used; but I retain my radical opinion."

"What?" said Cosmo; "'The rank is but the guinea stamp?'"

"I say nothing against the rank; it is a splendid thing—because it is a great power—if it is nobly used; but it is a pitiable thing—and still because it is a great power—if it is *not* nobly used. Do you agree with me?"

"Indeed I do."

"And I *do* believe in that kind of nobility and gentlemanhood which patents and pedigrees cannot make—of heart and actions and manners. I place them above the others. I *do* prefer the substance to the symbol. You shudder at me as an unromantic Radical. I can't help it."

"You forget, Miss Douglas, that I am not entitled to shudder at such sentiments; but, if I could be supposed to speak impartially, I should say that they were very generous and noble. As to their being unromantic, however, I am afraid that is the last description they would receive in the world you live in, and which I also—perhaps on sufferance, perhaps only because I have money—inhabit."

"Oh, money! that is a dreadful passport to depend upon!"

"Yes, it is—though it is the passport in this country, nowadays, to most things; and I find now, in that conviction—that it is a despicable, and, in my case, even an insufficient passport—the incitement, which I cannot derive from old traditions, to try to reach, by my own achievements, a standing-ground in the world which cannot be gainsaid."

"Of course I think it is admirable to wish to be great, to determine to be great; but if it is only to assure a position in society—which, after all, is quite assured already—that seems rather a small

ending for a great beginning. But I am sure I have mistaken you; *you cannot mean that?*"

She looked quickly up at him at last; for in all this time there had been none of those strange meetings of the eyes which had filled her with so much bewilderment,—she had avoided them by a conscious effort,—and, looking up at him, she met his gaze, intensified beyond all its former intensity, so that it held her riveted with a power which she could not resist.

"You are right," said Cosmo, speaking in a low and earnest voice which was full of music and pathos, "and you are wrong. I desire it, not for the petty advantages of social life, but as a means to an end—an end which I *must* reach, or life, with all its aspirations, and hopes, and promises, and possibilities, will become to me only a longer or shorter interval of pain or torpor,—it will be death in life."

He paused; they remained silent and motionless, rapt each on each; and to each it seemed that the beating of their own hearts was audible above the thunder of the waters shouting their battle-cry far below.

Silent and motionless, and desperately in earnest. What would he say? what would she say? who would speak first?

These problems were not solved. The irony of Fate brought an interruption.

MURDER OF COMMISSIONER FRASER—DELHI, 1835.

A TALE OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

IN the grounds of Easter Monick, the seat of the ancient family of Fraser of Reelig, near Inverness, there stands, under the shade of a wide-spreading cedar of Lebanon, a small cenotaph, sacred to the memory of four sons of the family, three of whom were in the service of the Honourable East India Company, and died in India.

The circumstances attending the death of one of the sons—William Fraser—are so curious, that a narrative of them may not be without interest to your readers.

William Fraser was a distinguished member of the Bengal Civil Service, and held, in 1835, the important office of Commissioner of Delhi, under which denomination was included an area of some twenty thousand square miles, and a population of probably not less than three millions of people, besides several small *quasi* independent chiefships. He was a man deservedly popular with the natives of all ranks, and was beloved by them, more particularly by the lower classes, with whom, on many occasions, he showed strong sympathy; but being a man of considerable force of character and decision of purpose, he sometimes made enemies.

Upon the 22d March 1835, between six and seven o'clock in the evening, Mr Fraser was returning on horseback, attended only by an unarmed servant mounted on one of his spare horses, from an official visit to the Rajah of Kishengurh, and was just entering his own grounds, when a native trooper rode up, and, as he passed, discharged his carbine into Mr Fraser's back. So close was the

assassin when he fired, that Mr Fraser's coat was singed with the powder. The balls passed through his body, he sprang up in his saddle, and then fell dead on the ground. The trooper was seen by the terror-stricken servant to ride off at speed in the direction of the city of Delhi, situated about a mile distant. The servant rode to Mr Fraser's house, gave the alarm, and his people hastening to the spot found their master dead, but his body still warm. All that the servant, a lad of about sixteen years of age, could say was, that the assassin was a horseman armed with a sword and carbine.

Mr (now Lord) Lawrence happened to be at the time magistrate of the adjoining district of Paneeput. Early on the morning of the 23d March he received a brief note in Persian from one of his police officers, stating that news had just arrived to the effect that on the previous evening a trooper had ridden up to the Commissioner as he was returning from his ride, and fired his carbine into his "sacred body," killing him on the spot.

Mr Lawrence was much shocked at this tragic intelligence; and thinking that, as he was intimately acquainted with Delhi, he might be of use to Mr T. Metcalfe, the senior civil officer, and to the magistrate, Mr Simon Fraser, in tracing the murderer, he instantly ordered his horse, and rode off to Mr Metcalfe's house, a distance of forty miles. In reply to his inquiries, Mr Metcalfe told him that no satisfactory traces of the murderer had been found; that no one was suspected; and that, further, some men of the Goojur caste, well known for their

skill in tracking, had been sent to the scene of the murder, to follow up, if possible, the tracks of the assassin's horse. They had succeeded in doing so to a spot where the road divided into three branches, two leading into the country, and the third to the Cabul gate of the city of Delhi.

The Goojurs apparently considered it very improbable that any man in his senses, after the commission of such a crime, would venture himself into Delhi, full as it was of Government police, and where he could scarcely hope to escape observation and arrest; they therefore did not think it worth while to examine the road leading to the city, but tried, without success, to follow up the tracks along the two roads branching into the country. It was too dark when they abandoned their ineffectual search for further examination toward the city. Recommencing the search the next morning, they found that all marks of the previous night had been obliterated by the footsteps of early travellers passing to and from the town. The Goojurs were therefore completely at fault, and could give no further assistance. Mr Metcalfe, however, informed Mr Lawrence that an old chief—Futteh Khan, a resident of Delhi (who was in receipt of a pension for good service under the Duke of Wellington in the pursuit of the celebrated outlaw Doondiah Waugh in 1804)—had just been calling on him, and, after expressing his deep sorrow for the sad fate of Mr Fraser, observed that it might possibly turn out that his own nephew, Shumshooden Khan, the Nawab of Ferozepore, had been implicated in the murder. Mr Metcalfe, however, expressed his doubts of the Nawab having any share in the affair, and said that he thought very likely the old pensioner's accusing his nephew

arose from some motives of private enmity. Mr Lawrence remarked that it might be so; but as in hunting, when the scent is lost, one casts about at a venture to recover it, so in this case they must take up any chance clue which might present itself, in the hope of its leading to the object sought for. Therefore he would advise that in the absence of anything more tangible, it would be well to follow the clue suggested by Nawab Futteh Khan.

Accordingly, Mr Lawrence left Mr Metcalfe's house, and went to that of the magistrate, Mr Simon Fraser, to whom he told the conversation that had passed between Mr Metcalfe and the old pensioner. The magistrate stated that he was aware that the Nawab of Ferozepore was at enmity with the late Commissioner, in consequence of some proceedings of that officer in connection with the Ferozepore State. The late Nawab had left two sons: the elder illegitimate, who had succeeded his father; and the younger, the son of his married wife, for whom no provision had been made. The late Commissioner, thinking the case a very hard one, had been endeavouring to force the ruling Nawab, Shumshooden, to assign a portion of his territory for the support of his younger brother, which the Nawab bitterly resented, and hence his enmity to Mr William Fraser.

Thinking that these facts, added to the suspicions expressed by the old pensioner, gave them a clue which they should at once follow up, Mr Lawrence and Mr Simon Fraser proceeded together to visit the house in the city of Delhi belonging to the Nawab Shumshooden, in the hope of obtaining information which might lead to the detection of the murderer. On arriving at the house, and entering

the courtyard in which it stood, they found no one, nor did any person respond to their repeated calls. Mr Fraser then proposed to Mr Lawrence that they should enter the house; that Mr Lawrence should remain and watch below, while he went up-stairs and looked about him. This they did. Mr Lawrence, to occupy the time, sauntered about the courtyard, and came upon a very good-looking chestnut horse standing at his picket.

Being fond of horses, Mr Lawrence went up and began to examine the animal, and had reason to admire some of his points. While so doing, a man of the Goojur caste, whom until then he had not observed, joined Mr Lawrence, who praised the animal to him. The Goojur, while admitting the merits of the horse, somewhat abruptly remarked, "Yes, sir; but do you not perceive that the hind hoofs are wider than the front ones?" And then, taking up a straw, he measured a hoof before and behind with it; and holding it up to view, said, "There is just one straw's difference between the one and the other; and the same difference was seen in the tracks of the horse which the murderer of Mr Fraser rode. I am certain that this is the animal that was ridden by the murderer."

As the Goojur was saying this, a native trooper, in undress, lounged up. On Mr Lawrence beginning to question him, he said that the horse belonged to him; that he was an orderly of Shumshodeen Khan, the Nawab of Ferozepore—a district some ninety miles south of Delhi; and that he had been sent on a special duty to the city.

Mr Lawrence said, "This is a nice horse."

"Yes," said the man, "he is a fine horse; but he is very sick, and has not been able to eat much for a week, nor to do his work."

Upon this, Mr Lawrence feeling strong doubts as to the truth of the statement, and espying the saddle and other furniture of the horse at a little distance on the ground, walked up to them, and moving them with his foot, observed the *tobrāh*, or nose-bag, full of grain, ready for the animal. He picked it up, and slung it on the horse's head, who commenced at once feeding greedily, proving that the trooper's statement was evidently not very correct. As Mr Lawrence stood watching the animal, he was joined by the magistrate, who said he could find no one in the house, but that, as he came down the staircase, his eye lighted on some fragments of paper floating on the top of a large bucket of water. These fragments, on taking them up, bore all the appearance, to him, of a Persian letter, which had been read, torn up, squeezed together, and then thrown away. Even in their then condition, the magistrate, who was a man of quick apprehension, and a good Persian scholar, could discern words in that language indicating instructions as to some transaction. He therefore put the papers into his pocket, with a view to further examination. Mr Lawrence then told Mr Fraser of the peculiarity in the horse's feet pointed out by the Goojur, and his own suspicion that the trooper was probably connected with the murder. Mr Lawrence got into a conversation with the trooper about the late murder, as to who might have been connected with it, without making any special allusion to the Nawab, his master; and without arousing his suspicions he induced the man to accompany him out of the Nawab's premises, down the Chandeny Chowk (or great market-place) of Delhi, past the Begum Sumroo's garden, until they reached the magistrate's *kutcherri* and treasury, where there was a guard of sepoy posted under a native officer.

Mr Lawrence then suggested to Mr Fraser that it would be expedient to arrest the trooper, to which the latter consenting, they summoned the subhadar, who came up with two or three sepoy. Mr Lawrence then turning to the trooper said to him: "This is an awkward business, this murder of the Commissioner; and as it strikes me you must know something of the matter, you shall remain here under restraint until our doubts regarding you are cleared up." They then handed over the trooper, whose name was Wassil Khan, to the subhadar, with directions to keep him in confinement until further orders.* Subsequently, the Nawab's house being searched, Wassil Khan's sword, which had been recently sharpened, was found among his clothes; but no trace of the carbine with which the murder had apparently been committed was forthcoming.

They then proceeded to Mr Metcalfe's house, and reported to him all that had occurred, pointing out how, to their minds, it corroborated the old pensioner Futteh Khan's suspicions. It struck them both that in all probability the trooper had perpetrated the deed; that he, as a trusty follower of the Nawab, had been instigated to it by his master, he himself having no motive of his own to engage in such an affair. At nightfall Mr Lawrence again met the magistrate at his house, who informed him that, on coming home, he had tried to put the pieces of the Persian letter together, and to fix them with gum, but that they so stuck together, and the ink was so faded by the action

of the water, that he was inclined to give up as useless any attempt to decipher the writing, and was about to do so, when Dr Graham, civil surgeon of Delhi, called upon him, and, seeing how he was engaged, proposed to go for some chemicals which would restore the colour of the ink. This was done; the letters became clear, and the writing proved to be a note from the Nawab Shumshooden Khan to his servant Wassil Khan, to the following purport: "You know the object for which I sent you into Delhi; and I have repeatedly told you since, how important it is for me that you should buy 'the dogs.' If you have not yet done so, you must do it without delay; it is most urgent and necessary." It was then repeated, "It is necessary, it is very necessary, to buy the dogs."

The magistrate read the letter to Mr Lawrence, and asked his opinion about it. He immediately replied: "I am certain 'the dogs' mean the Commissioner, William Fraser, whom the trooper was sent by his master, the Nawab, to waylay and murder; and as there was some delay on the trooper's part, the Nawab wrote this letter to him, enjoining him to do the work speedily." The magistrate concurred in this view, and Mr Lawrence then left, and with this fresh evidence of the Nawab's complicity, returned to the Commissioner, telling him what had transpired, and urging him to send for the Nawab at once, on the plea of wishing to consult him, as suspicions had arisen against one of his servants, the trooper Wassil Khan, in connection with the murder. The Commissioner demurred,

* Wassil Khan was a Mogul, tall and well made: he was known as an expert horseman and an excellent shot; just such a fellow as was capable of making a desperate resistance had time and opportunity availed; but taken at disadvantage, he probably thought it was his best chance to succumb to circumstances, and trust that no evidence of any importance would be found against him. He proved to be a desperate villain; but, nevertheless, undeniably possessed great courage, fortitude, and devotion to the cause of his master.

on account of the Nawab's position and influence in the country, thinking it possible also that he would not obey the summons; but Mr Lawrence continued to urge the measure, saying, "The Nawab would either come or not come: if he did *not*, his refusal would give reasonable ground for believing that he was implicated—a result which he would probably be careful to avoid; and if *he came*, there would be this great advantage, that being out of his own territory, the Nawab could not use his influence, as he otherwise certainly would do, to stifle the inquiries which ought at once to be instituted in the Ferozepore State, by a special officer deputed for that purpose." Mr Metcalfe then agreed to send for the Nawab, and to depute Mr C. Gubbins, magistrate of the adjoining district of Goorgaon, to prosecute inquiries. The Nawab obeyed the Commissioner's summons; and the coast being thus clear, Mr Gubbins was able to pick up gradually, in conversation with the people, bits of intelligence throwing light on the case. He thus ascertained that it was the general impression there was a man on foot with the trooper on the fatal night, which had not hitherto been supposed. Mr Gubbins learnt his name and abode, but could not get hold of him; as, for some reason or other not then clear, he had taken to the adjacent hills, and would not come in. This man was said to be Unyah Meo, a noted freebooter, well known for his power of enduring great fatigue, and for his swiftness of foot. Every endeavour was made by the Government officers, but in vain, to arrest Unyah, or to induce him to surrender himself; and it was supposed that, fearing the vengeance of the Nawab on himself and family if he gave evidence against him, and also the punishment which would be inflicted

by the Government if he admitted his complicity in the murder, Unyah continued to elude pursuit.

Colonel Skinner, the well-known commander of the corps of irregular cavalry called "*Skinner's Horse*," and a most intimate friend of William Fraser, had from the first exerted himself to help the magistrate in this difficult matter. With that view, Skinner had used every means in his power to induce Unyah to come in, but for a long time without success. At last Skinner received an anonymous Persian letter stating that the writer was well acquainted with the man whom he was in search of; and as he (the writer) was also desirous of bringing the murderer to justice, he would aid Mr Skinner in his endeavours to secure the man. If, therefore, Skinner would send a party of horse under a native officer to a certain village in Bulundshuhur district, some twelve miles from Delhi, on a certain night, he would find the man he wanted. Whether this letter was written at Unyah's suggestion or otherwise, never transpired. Skinner acted on the information of the anonymous writer, and sent the party, which duly arrived in the village, but could find no one answering to the description of Unyah Meo. The party was just about quitting the village on their return to Delhi when suddenly a man appeared, and walking up to the native officer said, "I know whom you are seeking; I am Unyah Meo. I will go with you."

On being made over to the magistrate, Unyah agreed to tell all he knew of the murder. He stated that the Nawab Shumshoodeen Khan, being at enmity with the late Commissioner, had instructed his servant Wassil Khan to go to Delhi, to watch his opportunity, and to kill Mr Fraser some night as he was returning in the

dusk from his customary evening ride. As William Fraser was well known to the natives for his great strength and remarkable courage, the Nawab did not consider it prudent to devolve the task of murdering him on one single man, as in that case there would be a great chance of failure. The Nawab had therefore sent Unyah Meo to remain in Delhi with the trooper, and to accompany him on all occasions when he went out with the intention of waylaying the Commissioner. Unyah's instructions were to remain close by, so that when the carbine was fired, in the event of the shot not proving fatal, he could run up and help to despatch the Commissioner: however, as the shot killed the Commissioner on the spot, there was no occasion for Unyah to interfere. At the suggestion of the assassin he at once started off to convey the intelligence to the Nawab. Unyah ran all that night and the next day, arriving on the following evening at Ferozepore, a distance of ninety miles. He entered the fort, and going straight to the door of the Nawab's room, which was only closed by a thick curtain, told the orderly on duty to go in and inform the Nawab that Unyah Meo had arrived and wanted to see him immediately, as he had very important news for him. The man went in, and Unyah, with the natural caution and suspicion of his profession, crouching down lifted the corner of the curtain which closed the door to see what would follow, and hear what the Nawab might say. The servant woke the Nawab, who, on hearing of Unyah's arrival, ordered him to be admitted at once, but at the same time warned the servant in a low voice to take especial care, that when the Nawab dismissed Unyah, that he should on no pretext be allowed to leave the fort.

Unyah went in and told the Nawab of the successful murder of the Commissioner,—at which he expressed great delight, and promised Unyah a handsome reward. He was then dismissed, and told to wait in the fort until the next morning, when he should receive the promised present, and he might then be allowed to go to his home.

But Unyah, remembering the orders he had overheard not to allow him to leave the fort, and surmising that they boded no good to him, slipped down to the gateway, and making some excuse to the sentry on duty there to allow him to pass through, sped away as fast as he could to his own house, situated in the jungle at a distance of seven miles from the fort, which he very soon reached. Unyah had two wives; he explained his situation to them, and said he must hide himself as best he could, for he was too tired to go further; it was pretty certain the Nawab's horsemen would be sent to seize him. He then made a hasty meal, and going up to the flat roof of the house, his wives covered him up with some sheaves of straw placed there to dry.

Unyah's surmises were correct, for shortly after the Nawab's horsemen arrived, as he had expected, and questioned the women as to whether they had seen Unyah. They, of course, denied all knowledge of him; and the horsemen, having searched the house in vain, returned to the fort, having made the women promise that should Unyah return he was to go at once to the Nawab, who was anxious to reward him for his good services. Next morning Unyah, refreshed by his night's rest, fled to the hills, and defied every effort to find him, until he surrendered himself, as already related, to Skinner's troopers.

Ever since the murder of Mr

Fraser search had been made by the police, but in vain, to find the carbine used by Wassil Khan. It happened, however, that one evening, some time after the murder, a woman was drawing water from a deep well close to the Cabul gate of Delhi. While so employed, the rope broke, and the vessel attached to it sank into the water. She called her husband to her assistance; and he, letting a hook down fastened to a rope, pulled up not the lost vessel but a carbine, scarcely at all rusted, and bearing the appearance of having been recently discharged. On it being shown to Unyah, he at once recognised it as the weapon used by Wassil Khan.

Other evidence, tending to establish the guilt of the Nawab and the trooper, was procured by degrees. Thus the grain-merchant who had supplied forage for the horse deposed that he had done so at the trooper's request for several days preceding the murder; then people of the bazaar adjacent to the Nawab's house at Delhi, gave evidence that Wassil Khan had been in the habit of riding the animal out every afternoon, and that on the night of the murder he had returned with his horse in a lather, showing he had ridden hard. There happened to be a mosque near the scene of the murder, in which it was proved Wassil Khan had been seen on the very evening in question saying his prayers for an unusually long time, and that on their completion he had ridden his horse sharply off, as if intent on business of importance. It further appeared, that on the fatal night the Commissioner had been detained later than usual, owing to the visit he had paid to the Rajah of Kishengurh.

Both the Nawab and the trooper

were tried by a special Commissioner, deputed by the Government for the purpose, and their guilt being clearly proved, they were condemned to death. They were hanged close to the Cashmere gate of the city, and both retained their resolution to the last, and denied all knowledge of the murder.

Thus perished Nawab Shumshooden Khan, a chief of considerable position and wealth, all of which he owed to the British Government, who had raised his father from comparatively humble circumstances for his services during the wars with the Mahrattas in the years 1802-3. The father was a man of ability, and was bred up in a school which demanded the exercise of the virtues of moderation, vigilance, and industry. In his old age he was highly respected and even honoured; whilst the son, having no such inducements to self-restraint, passed a life of self-indulgence and recklessness, and came to an untimely and disgraceful death.

Some of the Mohammedans of Delhi regarded the Nawab as a martyr, and erected a tomb to his memory, which was in due time regarded as a sacred shrine, to which numbers resorted to worship.

Of all the Government officers employed in the investigation of this case, Lord Lawrence is now the sole survivor. Of those who have died, Mr S. Fraser the magistrate, and Dr Graham, met with violent deaths. Mr S. Fraser, then holding the office of Commissioner of Delhi, was killed in the king's palace by the mutineers on the morning of 11th May 1857; and Dr Graham was shot dead about the same time by the rebels at Seal-kote in the Punjab, both falling in the execution of their duty.

THE TENDER RECOLLECTIONS OF IRENE MACGILLICUDDY.

PART II.

For the next two years after my misfortune with Chowder, I oscillated a good deal. Sometimes I sought distraction in gaiety, and then swung back into study. One of my principal excitements was fighting papa in the matter of my settlement, which, now that there was to be no Chowder, he wanted me to consent to cancel. This I stubbornly refused to do, and, as will appear later, to good purpose. By degrees, I found myself becoming rather an awe-inspiring creature to the young man of the period, which was all the more aggravating to him, because, pecuniarily, I was so desirable. Now and then one in a shy, timid sort of way would muster up courage enough to propose to me on quite inadequate encouragement; and one pertinacious man would not be content with four refusals. This made me rather cynical; and when I was not cynical, I was learned, with a materialistic tendency, and a theory of evolution of my own. Decidedly I was rapidly becoming disagreeable, and so, finally, I found myself drifting away from my old associates into a sort of literary *coterie*, where my talents were more appreciated, and where I could meet men whose conversation was more congenial to me than that usually indulged in by the Spuyten Duyvellers. And here I would wish, *par parenthèse*, to say a few words to those young gentlemen, for whom I have a cordial and tender feeling. In the words of the old song, "We have lived and loved together;" so I am sure, if I venture to give them a little wholesome advice, they will take it in the spirit in which it is

offered. I am speaking not only for their good, but in behalf of my own sex. I remember one evening half-a-dozen of us girls counting up the young men who could converse intelligently on any of the literary, scientific, or even political, questions of the day. When we had got up to two, we were obliged to stop. Now this is very hard upon us. We don't want to be driven to resort to old married men or foreigners for intellectual recreation: but what are we to do? When you are not down in your eternal Wall Streets, you are out at Jerome Park, or looking out of the club windows; but as for informing your minds, and giving your naturally bright intellects some wholesome food to digest, which should make you instructive as well as agreeable members of society, you won't do it. No wonder we have to fall back on English dukes, or any distinguished stranger we can find, when our own countrymen will not qualify themselves properly to be the husbands of intelligent and well-educated girls. I am sorry to have to speak so sharply, but nobody seems likely to do it if I don't, and I feel that I owe you some explanation for having taken an Englishman when I had the whole Spuyten Duyvel Club to choose from. I have made it, and I hope you will ponder over it, and profit by it.

Thus it happened that, dining one evening with the celebrated Professor Bivalve, whose researches have done so much to throw light upon the early history of the human race in connection with the remains of jackasses recently discovered in a transition state in the western part

of this continent, I found myself sitting next to a remarkably handsome man of about thirty; evidently, from his accent, English, and from his haughty look and polished manners, aristocratic. There was a breadth and power in his massive forehead, a light in his grey eye, and a decision in his strong, firm mouth and jaw, which captivated me at once; in a word, he was a magnificent illustration of the survival of the fittest. I was evidently still susceptible, whatever I might have thought to the contrary. The brilliancy of his conversation was quite in keeping with his intellectual appearance, though it had not as yet been addressed to me, as we had not been introduced. My kind host, however, soon relieved us from all embarrassment on this score, by presenting him to me as Mr Tompkins. It took me a minute or two to recover from the blow which this very plebeian name inflicted upon my feelings, and in my confusion I quite lost some very curious facts which the Professor was narrating to us regarding his own special origin as bearing upon natural selection in general. However, I soon recovered, and, as an agreeable preliminary remark, I opened the conversation by asking my companion whether he did or did not consider the existence of *Batrybius* put in doubt by the voyage of the *Challenger*. It is needless for me to attempt to give here, in my imperfect language, the entirely new and startling theory in regard to the past history, the present condition, and the future prospects of the human race, which absorbed me by its entrancing interest throughout the whole of dinner.

Mr Tompkins found me such an intelligent disciple and listener, that he readily agreed to take me with him on the following day to

investigate some curious geological phenomena which have heretofore been overlooked on the banks of the Hudson, in connection with the Palisades. Indeed, all round New York, if people only knew it, there is an immense field of inquiry for the scientific mind. Mr Tompkins and I, regardless of the risk of chills and fever, examined it thoroughly. There was nobody to interfere with us; he never went near the gay and fashionable world. I was too happy to abandon it utterly in such delightful company, and thus keep him away from the snares of the other girls, who, although they could not have appreciated his lofty intellect, would certainly have been fully alive to his manly beauty. Mamma had apparently given me up as hopeless; I was quite out of her depth; and I did not think it worth while to introduce Mr Tompkins to her during the early stages of our acquaintance, as I felt sure they would not suit each other. The only aggravating thing about him was, that he never would for a moment leave the ground of science for that of sentiment. We chipped rocks and dissected molluscs together, but he appeared to be profoundly unconscious of the fact that he was chipping my heart and dissecting my feelings all the time in the most ruthless manner, and it seemed quite impossible to make him take a hint. He was apparently absorbed in working out his theory to the exclusion of every other consideration, till I got quite to hate it; for, after all, whatever our origin may have been, or whatever may be in reserve for us in the future, it is evident that if the "species" is to be kept going at all, it must occupy itself with the present. I often tried in the most delicate way in the world to suggest this view of the question to him. Theory is valueless if we neglect the most favourable oppor-

tunities of practical experiment and test. Imagine my horror when, one day, in answer to these hints, he gave me to understand that he had completed his labours in the neighbourhood of New York; but that there was still a missing link of which he was in search, and that he could only hope to discover it by going out west and living among the Indians, where he could make the acquaintance of a squaw.

That afternoon I brought Obadiah—I forgot to say that was his dreadful name—to our house, introduced him to papa and mamma, and made him stay to dinner; it was getting too serious. The idea of his continuing his ridiculous investigations at the price of the most treasured feelings of my nature was insupportable. Moreover, I felt sure that he was under some extraordinary delusion. It was nonsense to tell me he did not care for me. It was impossible for two such congenial souls to be thrown together as we were, having every thought and interest in life in common, and not to care for each other. As for myself, I have been so frank hitherto, that I may continue my confessions recklessly. I never knew what love meant till I met Obadiah. When I compared my weakness for Charlie, my inclination towards Chowder, with my devouring passion for Mr Tompkins, I felt indeed how little there was in name, in family, in wealth, or in rank. By the way, it had never occurred to me to ask him about either his family or his means; and when mamma cross-examined me about them, I was obliged to plead total ignorance. This alone shows pretty plainly how genuine my affection was for him. Next day we went by the ferry across to Staten Island, in order to examine a rock undergoing the process of spontaneous concentric exfoliation. He told me it would

probably be our last excursion together. This announcement brought matters to a crisis. We were going up a steep hill, and he had given me his arm, when he told me this. I suppose he felt some kind of pressure on it. I know I did on my heart. I thought I should have dropped. Then he stopped, and looked kindly and gravely into my face. My eyes filled with tears, and I made a desperate but unavailing effort to look as if I was absorbed by the magnificent view; but I could see nothing except through a watery mist; and all the time I felt so angry with myself that I could have boxed his ears. Well, it could not be helped. He felt he had to say something; and, as he was a very cool, composed sort of person, he suggested that we should look for a nice comfortable place to sit down. So we found a tree big enough for both our backs to lean against; and then he said, as he was going away so soon and might never see me again, and as we had become such great friends, he would tell me all about himself and his plans. Then the real cause of his indifference flashed upon me suddenly, and I felt sure that he was married; so I said, impulsively, "Oh, don't!"

"Don't what?" he asked.

"Don't tell me about her; where is she?" I almost sobbed.

"Either in Utah or New Mexico," he said; "I don't know exactly which; but it does not much matter. I can easily find the ones I want out West."

It was too awful. My wildest imagination had never pictured such a fearful catastrophe. It was all explained now; Mr Tompkins was a Mormon. He had been afraid to break it to me before, because he had not been sure of the extent of my passion; but now that I had been unable to conceal it, he was

evidently going to propose to take me to Salt Lake City; and from there we should go on and join his other wives, about whom he apparently cared so little that he did not know whether the particular ones he wanted were in Utah or New Mexico. The wily and artful way in which he had lured me into his toils, his wonderful devotion to science, had all been a snare by which to entrap my young affections. All this passed through my mind like a flash of lightning. All the hearts I had tried to break, all the affections I had deliberately blighted of youths whom I had wantonly encouraged to propose, rose up in judgment against me. How fearful was this retribution! In what a cruel form had my Nemesis overtaken me! sitting on the grassy hillside, just above that well-known village called, with a ghastly sort of appositeness, Tompkinsville. Mr Tompkins paused as if he had nothing more for the moment to say; and I felt that he was purposely giving me time to make up my mind. I was too fond of him to decide hastily in the negative. I know this may seem very horrible to some of my readers, but they must really make allowance for the vehemence of my feelings. I knew that if I did not marry him I should never wed. It was impossible for me ever to feel for another what I felt for him, and it became a serious question with me whether I should blight my whole existence in consequence of a mere prejudice against a custom practised by all the patriarchs most eminent for piety, and by the inspired prophets of the Bible. I thought it would all depend upon the share I should be likely to have to myself of Obadiah; but then, how could I ask him how many he had got? He evidently did not care about them all, for he had spoken only of the "ones he

wanted." Now they might possibly be only two, in which case I should have a third of him; and besides, I could trust to my own wit for establishing myself in the first place, and I had little doubt of forcing them both into the position of "ones he did not want," in time. Still, if instead of being two, there were six or eight whom he wanted, the case would be entirely altered. It was evidently of the first importance, before making up my mind, to find this out accurately. I internally decided that I would go if he could offer me one-fourth share of himself, or more; but that for anything less than that I should refuse positively. As he maintained a persistent silence, when I had fully made up my mind to this I had nothing for it but to try and obtain the desired information.

"Are you very fond of those you want?" I asked, timidly.

"I am fond of every object in nature which helps to produce the desired results," he said, with a smile.

I was not surprised that he alluded to his wives in this Platonic sort of way, as he was so absorbed in science that I had ceased to expect anything in the shape of sentiment from him; but I did not like his allusion to the desired results.

"Have you many?" I asked, with some hesitation.

"Many what?" he inquired.

"Many results."

Obadiah looked for the first time during our acquaintance thoroughly puzzled, and, I thought, a little confused.

"Very few," he replied; "and those are, so far, very imperfect. Ah," he went on, with his eye kindling with enthusiasm, and yet with a certain sadness, "how delightful it would be if you could come with me, to help me to dis-

cover the reason of the abnormal formation of their skulls!"

I was inexpressibly shocked. So this was all he wanted me to go West with him for! and this was his way of proposing to me!

"Never!" I exclaimed, with a passionate cry; "the very idea of such a thing fills me with disgust and indignation."

He seemed surprised and pained at my vehemence.

"You compel me to explain myself in my own justification," he said, in a more agitated tone than he had yet used. "I am aware I was to blame for inadvertently allowing an expression of a desire for your company to escape me, which may have betrayed a sentiment I have hitherto striven resolutely to conceal. Irene," he went on, "you do not know how much I have suffered during the past month, and how difficult it has been for me to disguise my feelings. If I have refrained from telling you how dear you are to me, it is because I felt I had nothing to offer you."

Nothing to offer me, indeed! I thought, savagely. Does he call his wives and his results nothing? But it was pleasant even to hear him confess his love, so I was silent.

"You force me to tell you what I had determined to conceal," he continued, "for I cannot bear to leave you under the impression that I am cold or insensible to your attractions; but, situated as I am, I felt that it would be dishonourable to take advantage of our intimacy, and allow it to ripen into any warmer feeling."

Well, I thought, he seems to have some feelings of decency left in him after all; and yet I confess to a tinge of anxiety at the notion that he might prove too honourable to take me with him, though I had not quite made up my mind to go.

"At one time, I confess," he added, "I had almost determined to make a clean breast of it to Mr Macgillicuddy, and throw myself upon his mercy."

"Mercy!" exclaimed I, by way rather of an oath than an echo. "What madness! Why, how could you expect that either he or mamma would even listen to such a proposal? Under no circumstances must you ever breathe to them what you have told me."

"Ah," he said, mournfully, "then I was right, and I should only have put myself in a false position; so there is no hope."

"It seems to me," said I, sharply, "that you are in rather a false position already."

"Irene," he replied, pleadingly, "how cruel of you to taunt me with it, when you yourself have forced from me an avowal that I had resolved should be for ever buried in the most secret recesses of my heart!"

A bright thought struck me: perhaps he loved me so much that he would abandon all his other wives and their wretched little results, and his peculiar views, conceal the whole story, and agree that we should be married like reasonable people, and go and live decently in Europe, instead of in Utah.

I looked tenderly and tearfully into his face. His large expressive eyes seemed melting with the glow of his ardent love as he returned my gaze.

"Darling," he murmured.

It gave me courage; I would frankly tell him my thought. This was not a moment to stand upon ceremony; so I said, and I found myself blushing and stammering painfully—

"Don't you think you could give up your pe—pe—peculiar views?"

"My peculiar views!" he replied;

"why, what can they have to do with it? I know I have a somewhat different theory from Darwin and Huxley, and perhaps it is not altogether orthodox theologically, but surely that need not be a barrier."

"Oh, I don't mean those," I said, pettishly, and perhaps a little incoherently; but I thought he was trifling or trying to deceive me. "I mean *them*;" and I placed a stinging emphasis on "*them*."

"Them!" he replied; "who are 'them'?"

His obtuseness was more than exasperating—it was brutal. Why should he force me to name the creatures I loathed? But he had goaded me beyond the bounds of delicacy.

"Your wives," I almost screamed.

If he had been struck with a bullet through the heart he could not have given a more spasmodic start, and then his eyes expanded and his lips trembled, and his whole face expressed such terrified amazement, that I thought he had gone mad. He afterwards explained that he thought I had.

"I don't understand you," he gasped at last.

A ray of hope shot into my heart.

"Oh, tell me, you're not a Mormon!"

I was literally panting by this time in an agony of suspense, for upon his reply my future happiness depended.

It came at last in the form of an uncontrollable burst of laughter. I have seen many large men laugh, but I never saw any one laugh as Obadiah did when I made this announcement. Certainly my experiences with Englishmen on the two occasions when they have offered me their hearts have been very peculiar. One chooses the moment when we are so drenched

and blinded with the spray of Niagara that we can scarcely speak, precipitately to propose, and try to embrace me; and the other, at the very crisis when his happiness is secured, and I am dying to be pressed to his heart, is rolling on his back on the grass in convulsions of stentorian laughter. As soon as he could control himself, Obadiah put my hand to his lips, and then claspng it firmly, and with the tears resulting from the violence of his risible emotions still streaming from his eyes, began to apologise. He explained to me that the women he wanted to go to the southern part of Utah to find, were the squaws of the Piute Indians; that it was rumoured that their skulls were differently formed from the skulls of any other family of the human race, and presented very marked peculiarities when compared with the male skulls of their own tribe—a type quite unknown not merely among American Indians, but among people anywhere else. At least I think he said all this, but I may be mistaken, for I was a prey to such mixed emotions that I could not attend to him very closely. Mortification at the extraordinary and ludicrous mistake into which I had been led almost overpowered my delight at discovering it to be one, while my anger with Obadiah for laughing at me so immoderately was more than counterbalanced by the certainty that he loved me quite as immoderately. I never imagined it possible I could have been so humiliated, and at the same time so happy. Still, I felt rather indignant with him for having misled me into such an absurd position, and made me appear so ridiculous. What could this insuperable difficulty have been which had made it impossible for him to tell me that he loved me, and even made him try to prevent me from car-

ing about him, if it was not that he was already married? What was this awful mystery which raised so terrible a barrier between us? Indeed, before he had done telling me about the Piute squaws' skulls, he had gently dropped my hand, a shade of melancholy stole over the countenance so lately convulsed with merriment, and he heaved a deep sigh.

There was no need of reserve between us now: we knew we loved each other—for he could not be mistaken in regard to my sentiments—so I boldly said—

“Dear Obadiah, what is this fearful secret that you could not venture even to tell my father, that has made you suffer so much while we have been together, that has been the cause of the terrible misunderstanding to which I have been a victim?” At this I saw the corners of his mouth twitch, but I suppressed my irritation and went on: “Tell me, dear, what it is that you feel must keep us apart? I can bear anything, only do not leave me in this dreadful doubt and suspense.”

“Dear one,” he answered, “it is very simple, and there is very little mystery about it: the fact is, I have not got any money excepting what I can earn by my pen, while you are very rich; and among gentlemen it is not considered honourable for a poor man to engage the affections of a girl who has a fortune, without first discovering whether it would be agreeable to the parents. Now, from what I had heard of Mr and Mrs Macgillicuddy, I felt quite certain that they destined you either for an American millionaire or a foreign nobleman; and as I supposed you would not marry without your parents' consent, and as I knew that it would be impossible to obtain this—and as, moreover, if it could be obtained, I should shrink

from the suspicion, either on their part or yours, that your fortune had influenced me in the matter—I determined, as soon as I felt that our intercourse, which has been so delightful to me, was leading to danger, to start off at once on my search for the missing skull, upon which, I may say, one whole theory in regard to our origin is built.”

I am afraid I very nearly said, “Oh, hang our origin!” I know I felt it; for I was so completely puzzled by his novel and ridiculous theory about my being rich and his being poor, that I could not bother with his other theory. I had never heard of such a thing as a man, because he was poor, thinking he ought to keep away from a girl who was rich, or first ask her parents' consent, and absurd rubbish of that sort. Why, with us the rich girls are besieged by the poor men, who do all they can to engage their affections; and the girls, as a rule, take tolerably good care not to marry them, though they don't mind getting engaged, just for the excitement of the thing. Edith Persimmon, for instance, has been engaged five times, and has never been jilted herself once; in every case she threw over the man. The notion struck me as so truly ludicrous that I thought I would pay off Obadiah in his own coin; and when he had finished his explanation, in tones of great solemnity and propriety, I went off into quite as violent convulsions of laughter as he had. The fact was, the objection was in reality so utterly absurd, that I saw that our union was secured, and I felt so happy that I really had something to laugh about.

“Oh, you goosey!” I cried; “all my money is my own, and nobody can prevent my giving it all to you; and I don't care about anybody's consent;” and I felt inclined to

scream with delight and enjoyment. What a relief it all was! What fools we had both of us been!—he, through not knowing the manners and customs of the country, and I through impetuously rushing to conclusions, and acting upon them, which is also one of its manners and customs. However, all is well that ends well; and when he found I had actually been prepared to sacrifice everything to my love for him—even to being content with only a share of him—he consented to waive his scruples, and take my money and use it as if it was his own. Why, as I knew I had plenty for both, it had never entered into my head to inquire whether he had money or not till mamma had asked me about it; and this reminded me that I had not said anything to him about his family; so I remarked—

“Well, now, we may consider all that foolish pecuniary matter settled; because, although papa and mamma may raise objections, I am master of the situation, thanks to the almighty dollar. I suppose, however, you will have to write home to your family about it?”

My experience with Chowder led me to suppose that this was an inevitable part of the performance.

“Oh dear, no,” he said; “that will not be at all necessary. The fact is, I have, so to speak, no family to write to; my parents are both dead. My father was a civil engineer, and had just money enough to send me to Eton and Oxford; but I have had to make my own way since then, as he died a poor man. I have a brother, who is on some Indian railway, and some more distant relations, who do not trouble themselves about my fortunes.”

This was a great comfort. The only thing remaining to be done was to announce it to my respected parents; but they were both out when I reached home.

“Mamma,” I said, as soon as she came in from her drive, “I am engaged to be married to Mr Tompkins.”

As I fully expected, she was furious.

“Irene!” she broke out, “I thought you were a girl to be trusted. You know I never interfere with your flirtations; but, in return, I don’t expect you to engage yourself in this way to the first obscure Englishman that comes along. You have refused at least six men since Chowder’s affair was broken off, the poorest of whom was worth half a million, and some of them worth a great deal more; and now, with all your experience, you go and throw yourself away on this Tompkins,—what Tompkins is he, anyhow? and what fortune has he got? Why, even if he was a Sir, or an Honourable, unless he had a large fortune, or was a distinguished statesman, or something of that sort, I never imagined you could have thought of him.”

Just then the bell rung; it was Obadiah himself, who, in his blunt, straightforward way, would not wait until I had prepared matters, but must needs come and beard the lioness in her den.

“Here he is, mamma, to speak for himself,” I said, as he entered the room.

“So, Mr Tompkins,” she abruptly commenced, “it seems you and my daughter are engaged to be married?”

“Not without your consent,” he replied, calmly.

This rather took mamma by surprise; she did not expect so meek a response, and continued, in a milder tone—

“You know, we American mothers have a strong prejudice against our daughters marrying foreigners.”

“I was not aware of it,” he said.

"I mean, of course, foreigners who are not persons of distinction in their own country."

"I am sorry I can lay no claim to any such distinction," he observed.

Mamma got rather exasperated by these calm, brief answers.

"You are aware my daughter has a large fortune of her own?" she went on, with something approaching a sneer in her voice.

"It has been a matter of regret to me for the last month that it is so," he replied, "as I am absolutely penniless."

This remark struck me not only as illogical, but entirely wanting in common-sense, so I indignantly interposed. "This is a matter between Mr Tompkins and myself, mamma, with which neither you nor papa has any concern whatever."

"Well, my dear, I will leave you to discuss that question with your father. And now, Mr Tompkins," continued mamma, "as you have told us so frankly that you have nothing in the way of money, would you kindly inform us what you have in the way of family?"

I again rushed to the rescue before he had time to say anything.

"All the Tompkinses belong to the same family, mamma. You know the Virginia Tompkinses spell their name with a "y," and claim to be descended from the original Tompkins who came over to Virginia with Captain Smith. It is now historically proved that he was best man on the occasion of the Captain's marriage with Pocahontas: don't you remember, dear mamma?"

I know the history of her own country was not her strong point, and that she could not contradict me. "Obadiah is a younger branch of the same family," I continued; "are you not?" And I turned to him with an expression as nearly

conveying a wink, as I thought safe.

"Very much younger indeed," he replied. "I am afraid my branch only goes back one generation."

"Only one generation!" exclaimed mamma. "What do you mean? you must have had a grandfather!"

"Two, madam," said Obadiah, very stiffly; "but I only know the name of one, and it was not Tompkins, it was Jones, which was my mother's name."

"Then you don't know who your father's father was?"

"I do not," said Obadiah, and he drew himself up with an air of haughty dignity which made him look superb, as if in his absence of pedigree he defied the world. It proved to me that the pride of no birth could be more commanding even than the pride of birth. It seemed to cow mamma for an instant, and I took advantage of the pause to exclaim enthusiastically, "Why, I know my grandfather was only a gardener; and though you don't know it, perhaps yours was a lord." Then I got very red, and felt somehow I ought not to have said it.

"Irene, I am ashamed of you," said mamma, sternly. "You see, Mr Tompkins," she went on, "while in our own democratic country we are not usually very particular in making inquiries into the origin of the families with which we contract alliances, provided the money is forthcoming, it is not the same where foreigners are concerned. We wish our daughters to move in the very highest circles in the country of their adoption by marriage. With our democratic views it is very disagreeable for a girl to encounter the possibility of having to walk in after anybody because of the accident of her husband's birth. This is why really no American girl should by rights ever marry any one less than a duke; and then,"

she added, thoughtfully, "supposing he was not the premier duke, she might still be placed in an inferior position to the premier duchess. Now here is Irene's own cousin Flora married to Lord Huckleberry; just think if she were to meet Irene in society as Mrs Tompkins, what a difference there would be in the position of the two girls! I am quite sure, Irene, you could not bear it," and she turned to me.

"Your daughter would never be called upon to bear it," said Obadiah; "she would never, as my wife, be likely to move in any society where she would meet Lady Huckleberry."

"Worse and worse," said mamma—and I confess I did not much relish the prospect; but it was far better than that other fate I had nerved myself to encounter for Obadiah's sake, so I determined to put a bold face on the matter.

"If ex-President Grant could stand going in after people, I suppose I could," I said, with a pout; "at any rate, I am not going to give up Obadiah for all the Lady Huckleberrys in the world." You see I was becoming desperate. I was rewarded by the grateful look my lover turned upon me.

"Well, my dear," said mamma, with a bitter sneer, "I have said everything that as a mother it was my duty to say; you may please yourself—only don't reproach me if you are unhappy in your degradation, and don't expect me to come and pay you a visit, to be looked down upon as the mother of Mrs Obadiah Tompkins. I shall go and stay with Flora at Huckleberry Castle, and we can meet at railway stations or in picture-galleries."

With this my mother marched solemnly from the room, and left me to console myself with my darling. Obadiah was a good deal surprised at the suddenness with which she collapsed, and said Eng-

lish mothers did not give in so easily; but I explained that as the daughters here never give in at all, and as, after all, it was I, and not she, who was going to be married, she knew very well that sooner or later she would have to beat a retreat, and, like a wise woman, she saved her dignity by not allowing herself to be drawn any further into a struggle which could only end in defeat. He was very much relieved at the unexpected turn affairs had taken, and we sat together on the couch and had a lovely time.

In spite of my mother's threat, my father directly avoided any encounter with me on the subject of finance. Where she had been vanquished, he felt that he had no chance, and he contented himself with behaving as rudely as possible to my intended upon all occasions.

Obadiah at once agreed to postpone indefinitely his journey to the country of the Piutes, and content himself with the skull which I offered him as a substitute; and in order to avoid any protracted gossip in regard to our affairs, we determined that our marriage should take place with the least possible delay, and in the most private manner. Mamma, of course, would have nothing to do with the preparations, though my parents were both to be present at the ceremony; and I contented myself with Rose Poppinjay and Edith Persimmon as bridesmaids; while Charlie, who, I must say, is always willing to make himself useful, did duty for Obadiah, to whom I had introduced him some time before, in the hope that he might take advantage of the opportunity to improve his mind.

We were married in the little church round the corner, and started immediately afterwards to spend a quiet fortnight at Levox. As my

fortune produced an income of about £12,000 sterling a-year, Obadiah agreed with me that there was no spot better adapted than London for spending it. So in due time we took our passage in a Cunarder; and I once more turned my back upon my native city, to begin life under entirely new conditions. Almost the first person I met upon the deck was, to my amazement, Edith Persimmon.

"Why, Edith!"

"Why, Irene!"

These two words, ejaculated with immense emphasis, is our invariable mode of expressing surprise and delight at an unexpected meeting of this sort. Then I saw a number of young men hovering around her, and her hands full of bouquets; and I knew that she was bound for Europe, and that all her beaux, married and single, had come to see her off. Under ordinary circumstances, we should have been similarly attended. I should think, for instance, when we went to see the Huckleberrys off, we must have been a party of fifty or sixty. But Obadiah was of a very retiring disposition, and hated what he called "functions" of this kind. Since our marriage, all our thoughts had been in common; so I, of course, quite agreed with him, and we had slipped on board quite quietly. However, as all Edith's friends were mine, there was no escape now; so we had a grand kissing, and hand-shaking, and leave-taking. The young men rather like these occasions, as they can take advantage of the pretext of sudden and overwhelming emotion to steal the chaste salute from the departing fair one, for which they have so long been pining in vain. The poor thing being in a kissing, tearful mood, grows confused with so much embracing, and thus gets taken advantage of. I saw it hap-

pen to Edith in three different cases, and she seemed scarcely to have known what she was doing. Obadiah, who was looking on with a view of discovering "the hidden principle of nature which was at work," said she was perfectly well aware all the time what she was about; but I think science makes people a little cynical. However, as he said it, of course it must have been true. "Why, my dear," said Edith, as soon as all her admirers had hurried down the gangway, at the imminent risk of jostling one another into the water—for they had clung to the ship to the last—"why, my dear, only to think of our going over together in the same steamer! why, it's perfectly splendid!"

"But are you going over alone?" I asked. "I don't see Mr and Mrs Persimmon."

"Didn't you hear, dear, that Flora sent to invite me to pay her a visit at Huckleberry Castle. She said there was no room for papa and mamma, but that she would be glad to see me alone, and they were expecting a visit from Lord Chowder. So, as dear Captain Codd is such a friend of ours,—you know, we made our last passage with him,—he agreed to take me under his charge. Besides, Iky Bullstock, and old Mr and Mrs Barebones, and Mary, are crossing with us; so I shall not feel a bit alone; and now I shall have you as well—and I am never sick; so I expect to have a beautiful time."

And here I should observe that I had received a letter from Flora, couched in rather cool terms, congratulating me on my marriage; but regretting that it should have happened just at the moment when she was going to invite me to pay her a visit. Now that I was married, she supposed I was too much absorbed in my husband to care

about paying visits,—which was a delicate way of insinuating, that though she would have been glad to see me alone, she did not want Obadiah. Thus it came to pass that Edith Persimmon was asked in my stead, and that I now found her on board the same steamer with myself, starting in pursuit of Chowder. I was standing with my arm through Obadiah's, as I made this reflection, and thought how nearly Chowder had been my fate; and when I compared what it really was with what it might have been, I felt inclined, then and there, to fall on my knees with gratitude; for I would not have exchanged my Obadiah for a million Chowders, or have descended from my lofty position as Mrs Tompkins, to be her Grace the Duchess of Gumbo, for anything the world could offer. Obadiah said that this sentiment arose from a hidden law, which had been prevented by the intellectual forces of nature from development in the most civilised portion of the human race, but that in my case it was struggling to find expression; and he hoped in time I should be morally as much superior to the rest of my sex as the recently-discovered male aborigines of the eastern part of New Guinea are to the most advanced men of science in Paris, or London, or New York. This may give the reader a hint as to my husband's evolution theory. I may be able to refer to it more fully on another occasion; for the present I must return to Edith. She was extremely anxious to know all about Chowder. In other words, she wanted what in America are called "points," and in England "tips," from the one person who, of all others, could give them from personal experience. She evidently considered it in a manner providential that she, bent upon the capture of that special coronet, should find

herself making a passage in the same steamer with one who had already captured the heart to which it was supposed to belong.

"Edith," I said, "you don't need any instruction of this kind. You have had enough experience, goodness knows, without asking me. You can't catch him under a waterfall, as I did, because there are no waterfalls worth talking about in England; but if you can't get into difficulties in the hunting-field, for instance, and sprain your ancle, and both lose your way, and then—oh, Edith," I broke off, "how silly you are—or rather, I am! I will not go on talking such nonsense. There is only one thing I will tell you: it is not Chowder that you will find any difficulty with, but the Duchess. She will be your Plevna. Take the Duchess, my dear,—assault her, sap her, mine her, starve her—anything you like—only capture her. She and you together must then lay siege to the Duke, and the walls of Chowder, like those of Jericho, will fall down the moment you blow your trumpet, if your flag is floating triumphantly from the parental battlements."

Obadiah came up just as I had exploded in this magnificent burst of allegory, and I felt so dreadfully ashamed of myself when I remembered how differently a Papuan woman would have advised any young aboriginal female in regard to matrimony, that I found my eyes filling with tears at this descent from my high ideal.

Two years previously, as the Countess of Chowder, I should have looked forward to a London season with a delight bordering upon frenzy. Now, as Mrs Obadiah Tompkins, deeply interested in the problem of humanity, I anticipated, with a far keener and more real enjoyment, a quiet life with my husband in a suburban villa, sur-

rounded by a congenial society of his literary and scientific friends. I will not describe the intensity of my devotion to him, nor the absolute unity of our feelings and aspirations, for there are none of my married acquaintances who could sympathise with or understand it. He always insisted upon my sitting near him when he wrote, because, he said, I inspired him ; but I dare not flatter myself that it is due to this that the remarkable series of articles which have appeared in the 'Nineteenth Century,' signed "Obadiah Tompkins," on "The Moral Attributes of Physical Forces," should have produced so profound a sensation. Their importance may be gathered from the fact that we are credibly informed that Mr Gladstone is at this moment writing a reply to them in a series of articles entitled "The Physical Attributes of Moral Forces," and that the entire subject is to be discussed at a later period in a "Symposium." The more I think of it, however, the more I feel that the true arena for debating topics of this kind is the House of Commons. It is only natural that, being an American, I should be strongly Conservative ; and I need scarcely add that Obadiah entirely shares my views. He feels with me that it is not to be tolerated that all the scientific talent should be on the Liberal side of the House, and that Dr Lyon Playfair and Sir John Lubbock are to be allowed to have it all their own way on a certain class of questions. We have therefore made up our minds that he is to stand at the next general election. I confess that it is not without a certain feeling of triumph that I am looking forward to the day when Obadiah will be called upon to join a cabinet, of which Huckleberry will probably be a member.

Meantime, Flora has fully justifi-

fied my expectations. Her beauty, her brilliant talent, her great adaptability and powers of imitation, enabled her to assume her new rôle with eminent success, and she soon secured the admiration, I had almost said devotion, of the leading personages of London society. Thus she gallantly fought her way into the front rank of that set in which Lady Twickenham and the Hon. Mrs Hurlingham are such distinguished ornaments. Before the first season was over, she had got herself enormously talked about ; and there was a certain reckless dash about her, which captivated all who found themselves drawn within the influence of her magic circle. Chowder was one of her most assiduous worshippers, and Edith had some difficulty in luring him off. Flora, however, far from being jealous, made use of her friend as a sort of decoy, and the two were inseparable. By these means Edith made a round of country-house visits under most favourable circumstances, for no one thought of inviting the Huckleberrys without Miss Persimmon ; and thus it happened that she found herself a guest at "Clam Towers," the seat of the Duke of Gumbo, and in the most advantageous position for laying siege to the Duchess. Curiously enough, I had, in advising Edith, underestimated the lasting nature of the impression which I had produced upon the susceptibilities of his lordship. When that enterprising young woman, after infinite exertion, had vanquished the Duchess, she found her blandishments altogether powerless to captivate Chowder, who has given out that he never intends to marry, and who entertains a sincere and respectful friendship for Obadiah and myself. Edith, therefore, has abandoned the pursuit, and, as she has made a sufficient number of aristocratic friends of her own, has

parted company with Flora, and has obtained quite an independent position both in London and Paris, at which gay capital she is at present disporting herself with some newly-arrived Americans, to whom she is temporarily attached. It remains, therefore, still a matter for conjecture to what nationality her noble husband, when she finally captures him, will belong. Mamma has written to Flora, proposing a visit; but Flora wrote back that she had not a single room in the house to spare. When the latter heard that all London was talking about the remarkable lecture which Obadiah delivered the other night at the Royal Institution, she was foolish enough to give us an opportunity of refusing an invitation to Huckleberry, with which she thought fit to honour us. We finally met at the South Kensington School of Arts. Perhaps I ought to have said, what my modesty shrinks from, that I was as much talked about by this time as Obadiah. In fact, without meaning it, we had suddenly appeared upon the social horizon of a certain class of London society which prides itself upon its intellectual attainments, and had taken it by storm. This led to our being forced upwards, whether we liked it or not; and upon the evening in question I was conscious of a sort of buzz of admiration going on in my immediate vicinity, when Flora

rushed into my arms; and I was further conscious that it was I, and not she, who caused it. I went and saw her next day, and made the discovery which suggested this record of my tender recollections, for I thus became aware that I had developed a great deal more heart than I ever imagined I possessed, while she seemed entirely to have lost any she ever had; so I went home to Obadiah a sadder and a wiser woman.

I thought my little history would convey a moral if it were written, which my readers could find out for themselves, the more especially as Obadiah said he did not mind the publicity of so much that is usually considered confidential, if I thought it would do any good. So I have written because I hope it may; not to the society of London—I almost fear that is past redemption; but my own old society, to which these tender recollections more especially refer, is still young and fresh enough to improve. I have not meant to expose its faults ungenerously, or to dwell too severely upon its weaknesses. At all events, I will comfort myself with the reflection that those who honestly feel that I have maligned them will be far more likely to forgive me than those whose consciences convict them, and to whose forgiveness, therefore, I am indifferent.

FRENCH HOME LIFE.

(Second Series.)

NO. I.—RELIGION.

Or all the influences which have contributed throughout the world to the formation of national character, there is, assuredly, not one which has been more powerful than religion. Its effects have varied so widely with the particular faith which has happened to be at work, its incitations and its issues have been so different amongst different groups of believers, that the very divergences of the results produced by it suffice to prove, by their number and their contrasts, how vigorous and how all-embracing must be the cause that could provoke them. Wherever we look about the earth, wherever we seek in history, we find diversities of temperaments induced by diversities of religious opinions. Origin and offspring hold so distinctly together, that it is not possible to deny their relationship. Religion has been, everywhere, an active and visible procreator of the special characteristics of races: its handiwork stands glaringly before us in the multiform and contradictory outgrowths of the creeds of the East; we observe the working of its fecundations amongst ourselves in the variations of the fruits which grow on the branches of Christianity. Even if we limit the comparison to Catholics and Protestants, we recognise at once that perceptibly different harvests of life are resulting, all around us, from the opposite guidances to which the members of the two Churches have been subjected. Catholicism, taken as a whole and excluding exceptions, is a religion of brightness; it is based, especially in its higher developments, upon a

joyful and affectionate intimacy with divine things; it is a system which gladdens toil, which lightens pain, which suppresses doubts and responsibilities, which seeks to render its daily usage attractive, and to surround with charm the obligations which it imposes. In Protestantism, on the contrary, particularly in some of its Continental forms, there is often a certain voluntary building up of severity and gloom around the practice of religion, an obtrusiveness of the uglier aspects of morals, a disposition to render duty unpleasant: it does little to adorn existence; in many of its advanced phases, indeed, it sets purposely to work to blunt away imagination as a danger, and to dim out cheerfulness as a foe.

With such markedly opposing causalities in operation, it is but natural that, even between close neighbours, the resultants should also be dissimilar; and though it would be an exaggeration to pretend that the effects are as varied in Europe as in Asia, and that each great Christian communion has developed—like the leading oriental faiths—a special outline of character which is proper to itself alone, there is no denying the general fact that the national idiosyncrasies of many countries of the Western world have been largely stimulated by religious leverage. The temperament of the French, for instance, is due most certainly, in part, to religious causes. Their peculiar emotional faculties cannot fail to have been quickened by the working of their creed. When we

remember that for centuries after their constitution as a people, their faith and their practice of it remained not only unchanged, but virtually unweakened—that the brightening influences of that faith operated almost unchecked upon the entire nation—we are forced to own that so unceasing an action must have excited and have fortified certain peculiarities of their national temper, and that dispositions which were inherent in the Franco-Gallic blood must have been amplified and developed by the constant pressure of a congenial religion.

No other general cause can have exercised more sway than this one on the constitution of the interior life of France. No cause is more worthy of examination in a study of that life, especially as we are not limited in our investigation of it to the unchanging absolutism of a long-existing domination, but, on the contrary, are at once introduced to new springs of movement, and are brought face to face with the most eager actualities of our time. A survey of the question, however circumscribed it be, obliges us to take account not only of the stored-up energies of old forces, but also of the recent intervention of new ones,—not only of the inherited derivations of the past, but also of the tentative operations of the present. Our purpose is to try to measure the movement of these various potentialities in the home life of France. With that object before us, the simplest plan will probably be to attempt to value the energies at work before we seek to determine their effects. Let us try, then, first of all, to estimate the general position of religious opinion in the country, and the actual form and force of its action.

We encounter a difficulty at the outset. We have two distinct and

conflicting agencies before us: the past, which acts on the national character as a whole; the present, which presses on each individual separately. The sequences of the past we can measure with tolerable precision, but the achievements of the present are more knotty to determine. The old doings of French faith are written, in full light, in the history of the land; but the burrowings of the new workers are under ground. We can see without an effort what religion did formerly for France,—we can point to its magnificent action on the formation and the unification of the character of the race; but it is not so easy to detect with certainty what the competing forces of Ultramontaniam and irreligion are effecting in her now. Consequently, in approaching this vast and delicate question of the action of religion on the contemporary life of a great people, it is prudent to begin by proclaiming that there is a grave obstacle in our way, that no convincing evidence is obtainable, that personal experiences are all that can be offered here, and that the results of personal inquiries cannot be expected to be regarded as satisfactory testimony by others: they may, indeed, be contemptuously denied by those whose opinions or whose interests lie in another direction. Private investigations on such a subject are limited to the area which private means of action may be able to cover; and though, in the present case, they have been continued through years of intimate contact with all classes of French society, and though their results have been confirmed by the declarations of careful observers to whom they have been communicated for purposes of verification, they produce, after all, nothing more than individual statements, which it is not possible to advance authoritatively or to control effec-

tively. But still, though it is not pretended that they offer conclusive proof, it is not unreasonable to claim for them such value as long questioning can create, such force as patient scrutiny can bestow.

There are, however, fortunately, certain essential points of the subject on which disaccord or discussion is not likely to arise, for they have already acquired the character of generally accepted truths. No one, for instance, whatever be his standpoint, will deny that active faith is growing rarer and feebler in France, and that a gradual but continuous diminution of the religious sentiment is occurring there. No one acquainted with the realities of French life will doubt that the men of the working classes, taken as a whole, have almost lost all religious convictions whatever. No one will seriously urge that what are called "practising" Catholic men can be found, in any appreciable number, outside the educated strata. And even within that limited circle, after excluding nine-tenths of the population from the calculation, it would be exaggeration to pretend that any important number of men retain a publicly avowed faith, that any serious proportion really "practise" religious forms. It is true that this situation is not limited to France—it is true that it extends, with slight variations of shape and of degree, to all the countries of Europe; but it is its existence in France which alone interests us here.

It is also clear to most lookers-on, that nearly the whole of the clergy of France, and a small but impetuous portion of the laity, are animated by a strong Ultramontane spirit; that is to say—in order to define the sense in which the word Ultramontane is habitually used in France—with an intense desire to claim and to obtain

for the Church and for its ministers a recognised right of action and interference in political, social, and worldly matters. The efforts which have been made of late years to bring the entire priesthood of France into one mould of thought have now borne such full fruit that almost all the younger and more energetic members of the clergy have joined the Ultramontane movement; while such of the bishops and older priests who formerly held out against it are giving way in appearance, if not in conviction, and no longer offer any opposition to it.

So far all observers will probably agree in substance; but at the next step in the description, difficulties may arise, for a thorough knowledge of the under-currents of French life is needed in order to enable foreign spectators to perceive that while the mass of the clergy, under the pressure of seminary teaching and of episcopal direction, has been growing towards Ultramontanism, the mass of the educated laity, under the pressure of public opinion, has been growing away from it. It needs close watching to enable us to recognise that believing Frenchmen are becoming more and more moderate in everything which lies outside strict faith: that while they resist the tendency to indifference or to active unbelief which fills the air around them, they are deeply pained and irritated by the aggressive attitude of the Ultramontane minority at their side. Influenced, as they cannot fail to be, by the generally progressive tone of the society in which they live, the greater part of the French Catholics regard religion, not as a state which provokes them to struggle for any political or special objects, but as a purely personal condition which they adopt and work out for their own satisfaction exclusively. Of course, there

are many obvious exceptions; there are, manifestly, in France as elsewhere, enthusiasts who graft some outside purpose on to their faith. But, taking the Catholic gentlemen of France as a whole, it will certainly be recognised, by those who really know them, that their use of their religion does not generally stretch beyond the discharge of regular duties and the pursuit of their own moral amelioration. They hope that Ultramontanism is a passing accident, not a permanent principle of Catholicism; and that there may be some day, at last, a final separation between faith and politics.

This is the essential result of the personal inquiries which were alluded to just now. It is a result which may easily be denied, for it cannot be proved; it is a result which lies outside our ordinary touch, which can only be attained by long and careful personal research; but whatever may be said against it—however much it may be called false—it does express the truth of the situation to many earnest and honest watchers, who have sought patiently and anxiously for an insight into the true present condition of French opinion on the question. It shows a state of feeling which is very different from what is supposed by many foreigners to prevail in France; it stands out in absolute contradiction of the impression which exists in many minds, that Catholic France is, essentially, an ally of Ultramontanism. So far as it has been possible to ascertain the truth, for the purposes of this article, the truth lies directly the other way. There appears to be strong ground for confidently believing that, with the exception of the Legitimists, who support Ultramontanism because it fits in with their political ambitions, and of a small minority of excited

Catholics who do not permit themselves to indulge a single idea which has not been previously ratified at Rome, the men who form the bulk of the Catholic body of France are heartily Liberal.

It must, however, be added at once, distinctly, that, with all this irritation as regards Ultramontane claims, no French Catholic who really is a Catholic would consent to abandon his faith, or to cease to be a dutiful son of the Church.

Whatever be the present difficulty of the struggle to unite dogmatic fidelity with absolutely independent thought on every subject which is not "of faith," nearly all moderate French Catholics are remaining Catholics. Some amongst them, it is true, are unable to withstand the pressure, and lose their faith altogether; but by far the greater part of them hold on steadfastly. Their obedience on matters of dogma is complete and unrejecting, but it is neither blind nor unreasoning; and furthermore, it is indisputably attended, in innumerable cases, by extreme sorrow that filial and dutiful affection should be subjected to the afflicting tests which Ultramontanism is now so ruthlessly applying to it. The old spirit of Gallicanism has left deep marks on France; the new spirit of social and political inquiry is gaining immense force there, not only amongst the lower classes, but in the upper circles too; and neither of those spirits is of a nature to allow men who are animated by them to abdicate free thought. On the contrary, the yearnings of the mass of Catholic Frenchmen are towards progress, not towards restriction—towards freedom of popular action, not towards the enforcement of clerical preponderance—towards the ennobling and enlarging of the human objects of life, not towards the concentration of those objects in the unquestion-

ing acceptance of a politico-theological pretension.

Such is, according to carefully collected and wide-spreading evidence, the condition of a large majority of the Catholic men of France. It is not possible to determine, even approximately, the proportion of that majority, for no figures and no facts can be quoted with respect to it; but it does not appear to be unreasonable to guess, from the testimony accumulated, that they may perhaps constitute three-fourths of the whole. Their state is one of passive duty and of sorrowful obedience, coupled with an instinctive resolve to give up nothing of the love of social and political liberty, which has become the distinguishing mark of our time. And such being the situation of those men, is it not just to call them "moderate," and to draw a sharp line between them and the Ultramontane minority, which pretends that it alone represents the Catholic sentiment in its dealings with the outside world? It is essential to preface what is to be said here by asserting the existence of this great mass of honest Catholics; for though it has no voice in the matter of Ultramontanism—though it remains respectfully and mournfully silent—there is still a weight in numbers, which may perhaps some day exert its influence in this case as in others.

Of course, the Ultramontanes will not admit that three-fourths of the small total of practising Catholic Frenchmen have opinions of their own on every point on which they are not strictly tied down by dogma; but how are they to prove that the statement is false? No statistics exist of the state of consciences; private information and personal inquiry are open to one side as well as to the other: individual assertion is all that can be put forward; but, assertion for assertion, is it not alto-

gether reasonable and in accordance with the great teachings and the general experience of our time, that the mass of Catholics should, like all other people, think for themselves on every point on which their conscience is free? Would it not be a manifest improbability, as well as an act of injustice to a class, to suppose that a system like Ultramontanism, which is purely political in its main characteristics, and which is in violent opposition to all the enlarging tendencies of the epoch, can be supported by more than a minority? The mass of Catholics most certainly do not support it. They do want to save their souls by doing their duty silently and quietly; they do want to preserve for Rome the direction of their faith and the spiritual control of the great body to which they belong; but they do *not* want to diminish, in any shape or degree, the political power, the political rights, or the political freedom, of Governments or of peoples. And this, whatever Ultramontanes may say to the contrary, appears to be the point of view of millions of earnest though suffering Catholics, not only in France, but throughout the entire Continent.

Of course, these Catholics claim for the Church the right of protesting, not only against irreligion, but also, subsidiarily, against such political principles as are direct products of irreligion. Without such a right, the direction of souls by the Church would be a mere illusion. But they limit that claim to theory, and recognise that its practice is surrounded, for the moment, by so many difficulties, that the greater part of the moderate group turn away from those difficulties in silence, and leave them to the future, in the hope that a different manner of dealing with them may arise hereafter at the Vatican, and

that what is now declared to be impossible may be found possible in coming time. The necessity of discovering and applying some practical working understanding between the Catholic Church and modern society appears to them to be so absolute and so indisputable, that, if they could do anything whatever in the matter, it is certain that their whole efforts and influence would be employed to obtain an immediate modification of the Ultramontane views, to which they are respectfully but most steadily opposed.

Unfortunately they can do nothing; their position condemns them to immobility; they remain in silence; they have no organisation, no organs, and no chiefs; they carry their non-intervention to such a point, that they encourage the Ultramontanes to assert that they do not exist. And yet, as we have already said and repeated, there is good reason for believing that it is they who constitute the true Catholic body of France. Some day this fact will be at last recognised; some day it will be seen that Ultramontanes, who are as noisy as Radicals, have not numbers behind them, and that the mass of Catholics stand steadily against them.

And to supply one more argument in support of this view, is it not fair to assert that the position described here is precisely that which would most naturally and most logically result from the long struggle which France has carried on against Ultramontanism? Is it not in the order of things that the French should be, of all the Catholic nations of Europe, the least inclined to favour Ultramontane theories? They know that no Government has fought so vigorously as their own against those theories, and that their history, for the last two hundred years, is full of com-

bats against them. They know perfectly that, centuries ago, Ultramontanism was for a time a triumphant reality; that it once represented to France and to Europe not only the idea, but also the realisation, of a general public good—as public good was then comprehended; they know that it was then regarded as a legitimate expression of power and right. They know also that it gradually lost its position in the opinion of the world; that it became gradually separated more and more from the idea of public good; and that France had, in many ways, the largest share in destroying it—especially by the personal resistance of Louis XIV., and by the action of the Revolution and the Empire. They know that in the time of Pius VII. it was suppressed so thoroughly that Cardinal Gonsalvi was able to declare with truth that the Church “occupied itself exclusively with the salvation of souls and the spiritual good of nations.” They know, too, that French events revived the Ultramontane theory, that it was partially resumed on the return of the Bourbons, and that the fears provoked by the Revolution of 1848 led to the attempt to once more apply it vigorously. But what they know best of all is, that this new effort has been made under conditions totally different from those in which the Church had found itself at any previous moment of its history; that the events of the last eighty years have changed the entire nature of the relations between Continental Governments and their peoples, as well as between the Church and Governments; that people now legislate for themselves, that they oblige their Governments to adopt their views, and that Governments have become powerless to enforce their will against the people; that the Church is conse-

quently no longer face to face with Governments which have the power of dealing with it as they alone think fit, but with Governments controlled by legislatures, which legislatures are, in their turn, controlled by public opinion. Knowing all this, the French can see that the struggle of to-day is no longer, as it was in former days, a fight between the Ultramontane idea and a monarch or a minister; that it is now between that idea and nations as a whole—between it and the entire opinions, tendencies, and will of our epoch; that the circumstances of to-day are therefore new in history, and that they are rendered still more new by the simultaneous outburst of liberty and education; that Ultramontaniam, which hitherto has had to treat with absolute sovereigns and ignorant populations, now finds itself at last face to face with powerless sovereigns and intelligent populations; that it can no longer appeal to single men, to personal ambitions, or to individual fears, but that it has to-day to come to terms with societies as a whole, with societies in all the emotion of newly-acquired rights, agitated by throbbing opinions and by ardent claims. They see all this; and yet it is with this spectacle before their eyes,—it is in this new state of public life—in the midst of this effervescence, after the whole conditions of existence have been changed,—that Ultramontaniam is thrust again before them, and that they are asked to once more accept an obsolete political system, which was only rendered possible centuries ago because there were no books, no newspapers, no liberty, and no opinion.

Surely it is reasonable to urge that the entire probabilities of the position are against the acceptance of such a system. Surely those probabilities may be referred

to in confirmation of the opinions which have been expressed here. Surely they are of a nature to support the assertion that, whatever small minorities may say to the contrary, the Catholics of France are not, and are not likely to become at any future time, allies of Ultramontaniam. Not one-hundredth of the nation, taken as a whole, is now in favour of it.

And yet Ultramontaniam is, at this moment, one of the greatest and the most immediate of the perils of France—as great and more immediate than the much-talked-of Radicalism. Its supporters, though so few in number, though regarded with keen suspicion by nearly all their fellow-countrymen, and with bitter hatred by a good many amongst them, are rich, high-placed, energetic, and astute; they possess the advantages of position, wealth, birth, and intelligence. But they are using these powers to disturb the interior peace of the country, and, what is just now infinitely graver, its international position too. They do not represent a force, but they incontestably constitute a danger. They are powerless to lead France to any effective action, but they divide her against herself and place her before her neighbours as a menace. The movement which they have undertaken will end in nothing, for the mass of the French people is publicly and resolutely opposed to it; but, so long as it continues, it will create difficulties between France and other countries, it will embitter the political struggle at home, and it will be a cause of pain and trial to the immense majority of French believers.

It is the main stumbling-block in the road of the moderate Catholics of France, for direct attacks against their faith affect them but little: they suffer from the exaggerations of their own party, not from the

onslaughts of avowed enemies. Religion and irreligion are two conditions which stand apart in France; they both are active states, but yet they manage to avoid any struggle with each other in daily life. The members of the two bands move side by side in constant contact; but, in ordinary times, they keep their opinions to themselves and have no personal quarrels. The indifferent form a third class around and amongst them, but not one of the three seriously attempts to act upon the others. The fight between them is public and political, it has no existence in private. Each man follows his own road with that perfect independence of his neighbour, that absolute freedom of individual action, which cast so much simplicity and so bright an atmosphere of social liberty over the life of the French. For this reason the bearings and the functions of irreligion in France might almost be left outside the present subject. But, though it is producing no perceptible effect on the ways and thoughts of the fraction of the nation which still holds to and practises a creed, another and a larger portion is, on the contrary, keenly animated by it. On that portion the effect of its working is manifest and vigorous, for the situation of the country has had the effect of attributing such exceptional importance to the collective public action of French irreligion, that it incontestably exhibits to us the most acute and the most energetic of the contemporary phases of the combat between belief and unbelief. The forms of French incredulity are substantially the same as those which offer themselves elsewhere; but its results are special, for they almost invariably lead the unbeliever, whatever be the causes of his unbelief, to become a political partisan and to join the attack against

"clericalism." Indeed it is but natural that, in the face of such a political provocation as Ultramontanism presents, the other side also should give to their resistance a political form. We see the consequence in the curious fact that irreligion in France is becoming more and more a bond of organised political union, and less and less an individual condition affecting a particular person, or the society in which particular persons live. Irreligion leads Frenchmen to vote at an election for one candidate rather than for another, but it has extremely little influence on the separate or the social position of the man. It cannot, therefore, be too often repeated, that in France, unbelief, though a purely personal state, constitutes a purely political force, and that it possesses scarcely any social characteristics or influences. Its action on society is practically null. Unbelievers are as well-behaved as believers; they are good fathers, honest men, and obedient citizens; they are not disturbers of the peace in any shape whatever. When it has been said of them that they do not go to Mass, and that they oppose the claims of the Church to interfere in politics, nothing more can be laid at their door as regards their external performances. French infidelity is to-day, in its personal aspects, a calm condition which shocks nobody; but politically it is growing into a force.

Thus far every word that has been employed has been applied to men—to men alone. Now let us turn to women. Through them we shall get on at last to the home-life side of the question.

The women of the Christian races are intuitively believers; negations offend their instincts; the nature of their education frequently suppresses in them the critical faculty; scarcely

any of them have either the courage or the need to think out a faith for themselves ; whatever be their land, their colour, or their tongue, nearly all of them hold fast to the idea that religion is a necessity for women. It is so in France, as elsewhere ; and for this reason we find the nation divided, religiously, into two great classes, men and women, almost as distinct in faith as they are in sex. Here it is that we find, conspicuously, the issues of the two great conflicting forces which were indicated at the commencement of this article—the power of the present and the power of the past : the men, as a mass, are under the dominion of the present, with its doubts ; the women, as a mass, are still under the grasp of the past, with its faith.

The women of France, taken as a group, are gentle undoubters, rather than ardent believers. There are amongst them, particularly in the higher classes, superb examples of passionate and ecstatic enthusiasm. There are amongst them all the varieties and all the degrees and shades of devotion ; but the mass of them are calmly and moderately pious people, neither curious nor learned, performing each of their spiritual obligations with temperate regularity, as a function which nothing could induce them to neglect, partly because it involves a recognised and accepted responsibility, very much because it supplies them with a pleasure and with the gratifying sentiment of liabilities discharged. Their religion is at once an occupation, an allegiance, and a gladness. It supplies to them a solace, a duty, and a joy. It does not, usually, exalt their intellectual faculties, but it both stimulates and contents their fealty, their conscience, and their heart. As Catholicism is, essentially and fundamentally, a creed of love ; as no Christians love God

—in the sweet, soft, familiar sense of love—as Catholics do ; so also are Frenchwomen indisputably the tenderest of Catholics. A thoroughly religious Frenchwoman supplies the most striking example of Catholic affection that the earth can show. Her inborn impressibility, her peculiar naturalness and simplicity of motives, her unchecked outpouring emotionality, her constant longing for satisfaction of the sympathies, her vague but unceasing yearning for sensations, her very disposition to play a rôle and to act a part, most of her qualities and even some of her faults—all these find contentment in religion. But the contentment is in most cases instinctive. It is perceptive, not objective—felt, not reasoned. Frenchwomen handle their religion with intimacy, with fondness, with caresses ; they treat it as a faithful friend whom they can thoroughly trust, with whom they can talk over their sorrows and their delights, and who is too nobly unselfish, too grandly sincere, to be offended by occasional negligences or momentary forgettings.

Of course, there are numbers of varieties ; of course, there are quantities of women in France who have no faith at all ; of course, there are crowds of others who are pleasantly careless about the entire subject. There are also thousands who attain exalted sanctity, and who wait for death in enraptured enthusiasm. But the majority are such as have been just described,—tender, loving, honest women, clinging tightly to religion as a cherished companion, clinging to it for its own sake, and also for the sweet excitement with which it provides them. At the same time, it cannot be denied that, notwithstanding the universality and the accessibility of its succours, religion is nevertheless, in France

as elsewhere, somewhat of a class luxury; and that its intenser and more prolific growths are, for the greater part, a monopoly of the higher ranks of Frenchwomen. There are exceptions, of course, at both ends of the scale; but, speaking generally, the poor scarcely ever get beyond the elementary emotions of religion. Very few of them are prepared by teaching or are fitted by position to attain its more fervid and more passionate developments; and though the object and the interest with which they pursue it may be substantially identical with those of the more ardent women above them, they have neither the leisure, the training, nor the imagination which are essential for distilling out its full perfumes. Women who have to earn their own bread find it difficult to indulge in the elevating stimulations which are induced by the practice of the culminating forms of Catholic piety. Labour stifles unction. The result is, that though the wives and daughters of the working men of France have infinitely more faith than their husbands and their fathers, still the usual fashioning of their practice remains incomparably less finished than that of women of the better-educated and richer classes. It might, indeed, be almost asserted, that the active sentiment of feminine religion, and the eagerness of its dilating aspirations, gain strength in France in a ratio corresponding to the rise of social position. There are, it must be repeated, most numerous exceptions in every grade; but it may be said with safety that, as a rule, the dry bread of religion is all that the mass of women of the lower strata can manage to consume—and that its more delicate aromas, its subtler tastes, its more exciting savours, its more intoxicating fragrances, are

the almost exclusive privilege of the idle. And yet the women of France, taken as a whole, are a very Christian race.

The general state of religion throughout the land may be roughly summed up as follows. On the side of the men, the lower and lower-middle sections live in a general unbelief which presents all the conceivable shades of irreligiousness, from mere thoughtlessness to bitter, active, militant hatred of religion, as a detested enemy. In the middle and upper divisions of society faith is, relatively, frequent; it is not general, but its acceptors constitute a recognisable minority. There is a good deal of scientific or philosophic atheism, and a still larger proportion of indifference; but the professing Catholics count for something in the country, the mass of them being nineteenth-century Christians, with a small portion of ardent Ultramontanes thrown in around them. With the women, on the contrary, religion may be said to be really, not relatively, general. In their case it is the minority which is unconcerned, which raises difficulties and puts questions. Amongst the poor, in town and country, there is naturally plenty of callousness; but there is also a vast deal of simple, patient, unreflecting, trustful faith, rising rarely to strong emotion, but remaining absolutely untouched by doubt, because it has nothing to do with reason. In the upper strata, on the contrary, doubt is found, for there the intellectual forces come into play. Still, the educated Frenchwoman feels almost always an irresistible need of a creed which guides, of a doctrine which lights up, of a sentiment which warms, arouses, and cements together her affections, her aspirations, her imaginations, and her convictions. She finds all this

in the practice of Catholicism ; and she throws herself into it with the eagerness of a fond woman, of an excited artist, and of a hoping soul.

And now, after this attempt to roughly sketch the present situation of the religious sentiment in France, let us try to go further, and to measure the working and the influence of that sentiment on the life of the people.

The first symptoms which offer themselves to the observer would seem to indicate, if taken alone, that religion is exercising very little appreciable action on that life. It appears, to the casual beholder, to lie outside the march of the visible occupations and the ordinary thoughts of the nation ; to occupy a place by itself, away from everyday concerns ; to direct its workings, its teachings, and its efforts to other objects than the guidance and the amelioration of existence in common. The signs of its operation are essentially personal and private ; they have scarcely any public aspects ; they must be looked for behind and apart from the active movements of society ; they are hidden out of sight in hearts. The religion of the French—of those amongst them, that is, who have any at all—is, like family affection, a sentiment which is usually kept to themselves by those who feel it ; it is an unaffected, simple, natural expression. Its marked tendency is to be modest and quiet : it does not thrust itself forward in the market-places ; it does not cry out in the streets ; it does not advertise its existence in newspapers.

But the absence of demonstrative obtrusive godliness is compensated for most efficiently and advantageously by silent forms of devotion, by frequent visits to church, by constant, reverential intercourse

with the love-arousing mysteries of Catholicism. Close examination proves that a good many of these light-hearted people, whose religion is rarely easy to be perceived by Englishmen (partly because it is generally kept out of sight, partly because its shapes and fashions are so unlike those to which they are accustomed at home that they have difficulty in recognising them), are, in reality, occupied by a singularly elevating type of devotion. And yet nobody says one word about it. Religious practices, even when passionate and absorbing, even when perpetual and profound, are regarded in France as the private affair of each one, and not as the business of the community at large.

The French, as a rule, do not, like some of their neighbours, regard their religion as a duty which they wish other people to see them perform. On the contrary, it stands distinctly before them as a responsibility which is strictly proper to each believer separately. It is not, in their eyes, an obligation to be discharged in public as a satisfaction of vanity ; they view it as a sweet private comforter, as a secret gladness which they cherish for themselves alone, which they fondle in delightful solitude in their hearts. Each one of them treats it as a personal feast, and handles it as a self-belonging delight. Even when rough winds begin to blow—even when, in trial or in pain, they turn to it as a beacon or a compass, and seek to use it as a breakwater, a refuge, or an anchor,—even then it retains, in the majority of cases, its character of an individual resource—even then it preserves its marked idiosyncrasies of tender intimacy, of the affectionate sentiment of specific possession. At no time does it fall into the position of a mere general right or of a social propriety.

It is for these reasons that it is so difficult to discover demonstrations of the influence of religion as a patent national fact in France. Ultramontanist, of course, shows glaringly before us, with its purely political objects; official religion is there too, with its budget, its hierarchy, its schools, its convents, and its institutions: but of the comprehensive public action of religion as a sentiment—of the working of religion properly so called—of the religion which moralises, cheers, and brightens—we can detect scarcely any out-of-door signs. Just as irreligion manifests its effective national action in a public and political shape, so, in contradistinction, does religion produce its fruits in a purely private and individual form.

But if religion has so little footing in France as a visible external force, it constitutes, on the other hand, an indoor power of distinctly tangible effect. The very individuality and affectionateness of action which deprive it, in so great a degree, of the faculty of collective pressure on the people at large, bestow upon it an ample and a real ascendancy in homes. At firesides it takes a foremost place amongst the sovereignties which rule the life of France. Here, at last, we find it manifestly at work; here, at all events, we can seize hold of it, and can try to see what it is doing for this generation.

The attempt is not very difficult. Provided we limit ourselves to the general outlines of the picture, omit all exceptions (save one), and resist the temptation to take individual cases as average examples, the main facts of this part of the situation are relatively easy to ascertain. No one can fail to recognise, for instance, after a little inquiry, that, in the vast majority of cases, with-

out distinction of rank, all children are submitted to the action of religion. The feelings of parents, whatever those feelings may be, scarcely ever prevent children from receiving some sort of religious teaching. Of the upper classes it is surely needless to say anything; a well-born child would be ostracised amongst its play-fellows, and even be disgraced for life, if its parents failed to send it to the catechism-classes at which the young are prepared for their first communion by special instruction extending over two or three years. In the country districts the same rule applies, with nearly the same rigour: a boy or girl who fails to make a first communion is pointed at and pitied. And even amongst the combatantly unbelieving workmen of the towns,—even amongst those very Radicals who are accused, by some of their fellow-countrymen, of an inclination to burn the churches and to shoot the priests—we find that an analogous feeling exists in curious abundance. There are, of course, exceptions; but, considering the hostility to religion which is so widely prevalent amongst the men of the lower classes, these exceptions are, proportionately, few in number. It is calculated by the clergy that, on an average, about nineteen-twentieths of the children in the country, and about five-sixths of those in the towns, are sent in, at twelve years old, for their first communion. If this estimate be correct, it would follow that, out of a male population of which a considerable majority admits no religious opinions whatever, and of which a notable portion is apparently animated by bitter animosity against the Church, only a small portion carries its opinions to the point of preventing its children from coming into contact with spiritual instruction.

The fact is strange. It shows that many fathers in the working classes adopt for their children a line of action different from that which they personally pursue, and that very few of them, comparatively, accept the responsibility of allowing their children to grow up without some instruction in, and some practice of, that religion which, in their own case, they profess to despise and to attack. Does it not seem fair to attribute this contradictory attitude to a latent action of religion in themselves? Does it not look as if they, like most other French fathers, are unable to resist its influence when brought to bear upon them in a true home form? Out of doors, in their own individual proceedings, they scoff at it, insult it, menace it; but when it comes before them as an accessory of the education of their children, when it presents itself to their eyes as a family observance, when it holds out its hand to their own boy and girl, then they find something in their hearts which prevents themselves from shutting the door in its face. In spite of their loudly-declared mistrust and disdain, they allow their children to answer its call.

Surely there is something here which merits to be considered. If men who proclaim that they hate religion, and who act in many ways as if they really did hate it, can be led to suspend their hate, and to accept contact with the hated object directly it makes a sign of friendship to their offspring, it becomes difficult to admit that their hate can be as deep and positive as they pretend. We cannot help asking ourselves, in the face of such a situation, whether a hate which can be laid aside for a moment in deference to one touching consideration, could not be further stayed by the application of other similarly

acting motives—whether the temporary could not be rendered lasting? The answer raises issues which cannot be dealt with here; they are too vast. All that can be done, in the space at present disposable, is to point to the fact which lies here before us; to the thought suggested by it that the mass of the French people cannot be, after all, entirely unsusceptible of religious emotion; to the consequent probability that it may still be reached through certain channels of attack; and to the seeming certainty that, if all the rest be true, the road to follow lies through the heart. It cannot be seriously pretended that, with a religion which is essentially a tenderness, and with a nation of which all the members are, theoretically, equal in their natural capacities of tenderness, the faculty of feeling that religion ought to be, as it now virtually is, amongst the men of France, an affair of class. Of course we know that it is developed in the higher strata by the combined influences of comfort, of softening education, of social habit, and of exercised perceptions. We also know that it is suffocated below by ignorance, by suffering, and by political teaching. But with the evidence we have here that it can be partially re-aroused by an appeal to the sentiment of paternity, it seems reasonable to imagine that a good deal more might be effected if the indication thus supplied were utilised with tact. If the priest is ever to acquire amongst the labouring men of France the position and the power of a trusted friend, of an inspirer of elevating thoughts, of a real moraliser, he must begin by changing his own attitude, by ceasing to act as an Ultramontane agent, by doing everything for religion as a system of love, and nothing for it as a system of politics.

This is all that can be said upon the subject here. And yet one word more may usefully be added—we can scarcely go on accusing of really dangerous Radicalism a set of men who send their children to their first communion.

Nearly all the boys and girls of France experience, then, in the middle of their childhood, the deep emotion which a first communion awakes even in the most careless heart. The effect wears off with time; the religious impress which it provokes rarely retains its first intensity against the hardening contacts of outside life; in many cases—in most cases, indeed—it disappears altogether: but in its home influence, in its character as a family event, in its special operation as creating a new bond between old and young, it preserves unweakened its position in French existence. The portrait of the daughter in her long white veil and frock, of the son in his white trousers and *brasard*, hangs in the cottage and the chateau; and with sweet remembrances, with undefinable impressions of purity, with unwontedly lofty thoughts of love, the mother gazes at it and feels unfadingly that the day of which that portrait is a record has left an ineffaceable mark in her heart. How, indeed, could she forget it? for it represents to her the moment at which her child achieved its first acceptance of responsibility, its first public discharge of comprehended and acknowledged moral action.

It may be said with tolerable exactness that these deep-working thinkings are common, in varying degrees, to nearly all French mothers, without distinction of rank, and that consequently the great majority of the women pass successively through them. And yet, in spite of the vigour and the alluringness of the

sensations which they so generally arouse, it can scarcely be alleged that they help, as a rule, to render the women who are subjected to them more permanently, more solidly religious, in the practically applied sense of the word. Like most of the other elements of spiritual ardour in France, they seem to produce effects in the sentiments rather than in the conduct. They undoubtedly make the mother even more passionately fond than she was before; they evidently provide her with glowing emotions and with delicious memories; they incontestably establish a fresh tie between her child and herself: but it would be difficult to pretend that they habitually convert her into a better woman. And this brings us to the moral of the subject, for it leads us, naturally, to inquire whether these women really gain in character, in duty, and in attitude towards others, by the charming affectionateness of their religionism.

Such a question can only be answered by international comparisons; and comparisons of that sort are not always easy to effect impartially. Let us remember, however, that many competent travellers appear to arrive at the conviction that, much as the shapes and natures of feminine merits and defects may vary about the world, the totals presented by their respective additions in each Christian land come out everywhere in remarkable equality with each other. And let us recognise that there is in this conviction a *primâ facie* argument against the probability of the possession of any appreciable superiority of moral and religious worth by the women of any particular race whatever. This being so, the Frenchwoman can scarcely be offended if she is counted to be as

good as, but no better than, everybody else, and to be no more capable than her neighbours of extracting particular virtue from the religion which she practises. She evidently gets more pleasure out of it than others do; for, as she feels immensely, she frequently attains, as a natural result of her peculiar aptitude for emotions, a variety of spiritual joys which do not seem to be generally accorded to women of other creeds, or even to Catholic women of other lands. But it cannot be pretended that she climbs higher than those others; that she is either gentler, truer, more self-sacrificing and more trustable than they. She furnishes one proof more that the capacity of feeling religion with ardour does not necessarily bestow upon us any exceptional power of curing our personal faults. Religion does help her undeniably to become a most admirable mother; it fortifies and increases her innate disposition towards works of charity; but there is very little satisfactory evidence to show that it assists her more than other women in the ordinary functions and relations of life—that it aids her to become a better daughter, wife, or friend. Religion succours her interiorly, not exteriorly; it soothes, it satisfies, it encourages, or it excites her. But it seldom seems to particularly enlarge her capacity for self-reform.

It ties her to her home, though. It serves extraordinarily there, for there its glowings can be effectively translated without exertion into meritoriously profitable acts. No virtuous effort is needed to enable a woman to love her parents, her husband, and her children as a duty, provided she already loves them as a joy; the consciousness of having amalgamated joy and duty, doubles indeed the value of each.

In this fashion it is that religion strengthens and develops the home ties of France. Not only does it fortify and encourage, not only does it sanctify and hallow, but, furthermore, it decorates duties, adorns labours, and throws pleasure over pains. It does not show itself in chilly ceremonies in French houses; there are no conventional formalities about it; there are no cold household prayers (excepting in infinitely rare cases), no gloomy Bible-readings, no dismal psalm-singsings, no affectations of austere piety before the servants, no sanctimoniousness, no cant. But great quantities of women (and some men) go each day to Mass—often in the earliest morning—and tens of thousands of them never pass before the always-open churches without going into them for two minutes to say a whispered prayer, and to reap the privilege of entering the immediate presence of God; and all of them habituate their children to the same soft touching customs, and to the exalting sensations which these customs arouse. And all this is done so naturally and so simply, so cordially and so heartily, that there is no oppression and no *ennui* about it: with these women religion is neither a show nor a mask. Neither is it so with such of the men as “practise;” for the reason, that as it is easy and usual for a man to have no religion at all, no purpose can be served, and no advantage gained, by merely pretending to have it.

It is, then, in its power of gilding indoor obligations, of creating new forms of linkings in families, of illuminating and inspiring the fireside, that religion produces its realest, sweetest, and most evident effects in French homes. It is essentially, in this as in its other social aspects, a brightener rather than an improver, a cheering friend

rather than a teaching master, an allurements rather than a behest.

But there is one exception—the one exception which was reserved when we began just now to talk of the action of religion on home life. There is one actual form of French religious sentiment in which bitterness, violence, and uncharitable hate replace the delightful exaltations of mere simple, joyous piety, in which human passions drive out spiritual enthusiasms, in which politics suppress Christian generosity. That form is Ultramontaniam.

Just as it has been easy to describe, in large round lines, the main external characters of the tender loving faith of the ordinary woman of France, so is it difficult, if not indeed impossible, to select words which would accurately convey a sense of the fierce contempt, the wrathful enmities, the unpardonable abhorrences, which animate a large proportion of those other women who, by birth, by position, or by social affectation, belong, or pretend to belong, to the Ultramontane group. The men of this set are violent enough in their bitter hostility to all who do not think like them; but the women are immeasurably more excited and destructive. Families are at this moment being broken up, ancient friendships are being crushed out, new hates are supplanting old affections,—all this because a certain number of French gentlemen and ladies have adopted a particular form of politico-religious opinion, and will permit nobody who has the honour of approaching them to express in their presence, or even to silently entertain, any sentiments which differ from their own. It must, however, be added at once, that the particular ferocity of tone and attitude which is at this moment so pain-

fully prominent in Ultramontane drawing-rooms, is, in great part at least, a product of the special agitation which has been at work since the 16th May. It is an exceptional, not a normal state. The Ultramontanes form always a band apart; they are always unquiet, irritable, and impetuous; but they are not, habitually, so strangely raging as they are just now. Under the best of circumstances the ladies of the party do not generally present to the spectator the pleasant pictures of religious manner which many other women offer; but it is just to them to recognise that their actual exasperation is altogether unprecedented, and that, for that reason, it may perhaps be only temporary.

Here must end this slender sketch; but it is scarcely possible to quit the subject without a glance at one other of its elements, without a brief allusion to the influence of the clergy; for it has been indignantly asserted by Michelet, and by other writers of his school,—it is now again asserted, with equal indignation, by writers in the Radical press,—that the priest is constantly exercising a disastrous predominance on families, and that the home life of France is poisoned by the insidious but irresistible power of “the men in black.”

Now it may possibly be that there really are some families in which the confessor does wield a veritable control; but, all the same, there are singularly few observers who, in all their memory, can find an undeniable example of such a case. Most women and children go, more or less often, to confession. So do some men. But the relations of these persons with their confessor are habitually limited to the confessional; at the most do they, in unfrequent cases, exchange an occasional visit. The longest and most widespread know-

ledge of French life fails usually to supply evidence of the single direction of a family by a priest. Not only do women habitually and instinctively shrink away from the influence of a stranger, whoever he be, in their private concerns, but, furthermore, the priest is scarcely ever personally capable of obtaining such an influence. The mass of the French clergy is composed of well-intentioned, worthy, laborious men, who do their duty, more or less mechanically, within certain clearly-defined limits, which nobody would permit them to exceed, even if they wished to do so. They are generally men of no initiative, of no inventivity, and of little tact; not one in fifty thousand of them is capable of playing, even if opportunity occurred, the wonderfully able and prodigiously difficult part which is so liberally attributed to the "Jesuit confessor" in Protestant novels and in Radical newspapers. Their own incapacity, their want of manners, their narrowness of views, suffice alone to shut the door against any efforts of the kind. They live apart from the nation, quietly and

rather stupidly, but usefully, with an evident desire to interfere awkwardly in politics, if they find a chance, but with no desire whatever to meddle in households, because they know they cannot. It is ridiculous to pretend that such men offer, or are capable of offering, the very faintest danger to society. There are, of course, in so large a body, many high-bred gentlemen, many graceful scholars, many thinkers of elevated intellect; there may be even, here and there, amongst them, some schemers or some intriguers; but the immense mass of them are even-going, unaspiring nullities, to whom it suits the political purposes of the Radicals to attribute profound conspiracies which they are hopelessly incapable of either conceiving or executing.

The influence of religion in the home life of France lies virtually outside the action of the clergy; it assumes a personal form which is special to the country; it is one of the brightest of the many brightening causes that are at work there; and no true friend of France can fail to wish that that influence may extend and multiply.

SCHOOLS OF MIND AND MANNERS.

THE word education has always carried with it two distinct ideas—the acquisition of knowledge, and the discipline which fits for society. One man means by it the power that stimulates thought and brings it in relation with the past; another, the training which adapts the individual for intercourse with his kind. The education of knowledge is compatible with an utter deficiency in the habits and qualities which help men socially; the education which takes the body in hand, and the mind as it regulates temper and manners, may accomplish its object with little help from large and accurate knowledge, or culture of the purely intellectual faculties. We say culture, as distinct from native sense, for a basis of understanding is indispensable for all success: nor can the merest external training effect its purpose unless the intellect works even energetically towards the aim in view. The brain has its part in every effort—nothing is well done without its sustaining action. In old days we find these two modes of training had their appropriate spheres and seasons rigidly assigned to them. Collegiate life drilled the mind: the court—if the pupil had to be made a fine gentleman—took the body and manners in hand, and educated through the outside and the contagion of example; through deportment, expression, action, voice—all that manifestation of self that acts on others, and which is caught by observation, and by contact with what is decorous and graceful in manner and phrase. In universities men were made learned; in high-bred society they were taught to please: neither sphere infringed on the other. Those who passed their lives in colleges thought polite so-

ciety frivolous; and fine gentlemen and ladies regarded the seats of learning as the homes of “rusticity and morosity.” Of course there were acknowledged exceptions—the scholars who were also men of the world, and men of distinguished manners who were also deeply read; but it used to be assumed that learning and manners could not be learned in the same school. The satirists of last century delighted in showing up the uncouth pedantry of the one class, and the ignorance, levity, and affectation of the other. The accomplished gentleman must first learn from books, and then set forth on his travels; from which, if we may judge from the notices of the time, more marvels were expected than were often compassed. The bear and the bear-leader, fresh from the seat of learning, made a poor figure to practised eyes. “Most of our travelling youth,” writes Lady Pomfret from Florence (1740), “neither improve themselves nor credit their country. This, I believe, is often owing to the strange creatures that are made their governors, but as often to the strange creatures that are to be governed.” But the system was an acknowledged one. This “inundation of poor creatures” had a recognised claim on their compatriots; and the great lady, in fact, made her drawing-room at Florence a school of manners, when, to provide against the inconveniences of this inundation as a constant invasion, she opened it for a general reception once a-week. “I shall be at home every Friday evening, and at no other time, when I shall also have the pleasure of seeing all the Florentine nobility, whose hospitality and politeness I can never enough commend.” But

this all belongs to a past day. Learning and propriety of manners have agreed to a compromise. If we have fewer prodigies of erudition, we have fewer prodigies of another sort. Our scholars have learnt even to dispute and quarrel in polite terms; and college training, if it does not accomplish what nothing but intercourse with good general society can accomplish, at least does not overlay its pupils with a rust hard to be rubbed off.

So far, however, in our remarks, education has meant only the education of men. In the last century, at any rate, the one prevailing idea of education for women scarcely included learning at all. It meant simply and emphatically the discipline which fits for society. Through more than half that period manners were the thing in question—manners, and how to improve them; for clearly there was everywhere a great falling off from what had been, whether in France or England. We find Madame de Maintenon (in 1707) confiding to her friend, the Princesse des Ursins, in very plain language, her feelings on this point. "I confess to you that the females of the present day are to me insupportable: their ridiculous and immodest dress—their snuff, wine, gluttony, coarseness, and indolence—are all so opposite to my taste, that it is natural for me to dislike them." The 'Spectator,' at a date two or three years later, remarks upon the same characteristics, and dreads the conclusion of the war for the influence peace may have upon English ladies. "The whole discourse and behaviour," he writes, "of the French, is to make the sex more fantastical, or, as they are pleased to term it, more 'awakened,' than is convenient either with virtue or discretion. To speak loud in public assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of things

that should only be mentioned in private or in a whisper, are looked upon as parts of a refined education. At the same time, a blush is unfashionable, and silence more ill-bred than anything that can be spoken." Under this teaching he records the behaviour of a fine lady, newly returned from France, at the performance of 'Macbeth,' who, before the rising of the curtain, breaks out in a loud soliloquy, "When will the dear witches enter?" and before the play was half through, has formed a little audience for herself. "This pretty childishness," he says, "is not to be attained in perfection by ladies who do not travel for their improvement," to add, as it were, point to their ignorance; in imitation of those ladies of the court of France who thought it ill-breeding to pronounce a hard word right—for which reason they took frequent occasion to use hard words, that they might murder them. This authority further adds, "That a lady of some quality at court having accidentally made use of a hard word in a proper place, and pronounced it right, the whole assembly was out of countenance for her."

We are not to wonder, when the acknowledged school of politeness had fallen into this decadence, that English manners should be open to criticism. A writer in the 'Tatler' laments (Aug. 1709) "the unaccountable wild method in the education of the better half of the world—the women. We have no such thing as a standard of good breeding." "I was the other day at my Lady Wealthy's, and asked one of her daughters how she did. She answered, she never conversed with men. The same day I visited at Lady Plantwell's, and asked her daughter the same question; she answers, 'What is that to you, you old thief?' and gives me a slap on

the shoulder." "Certain it is," he adds, "that the taste of grace and beauty is very much lowered. The fine women they show me nowadays are at best but pretty girls to me, who have seen Sacharissa, when all the world repeated the poems she inspired. They tell me I am old : I am glad I am so, for I do not like your present young ladies." He is apt to think that parents imagine their daughters will be accomplished enough if nothing interferes with their growth or their shape. He sees with indignation crowds of the female world lost to society, or condemned to a laziness which makes life pass away with less relish than in the hardest labour, and forms the idea of a female library, for the cultivation of their minds, with the promise, however, that the books shall not be so deep as to hurt a single feature by the austerity of their reflections. Books, however, came very little into the popular ideas of the right training for girls. Needlework, and a good carriage, were the two points aimed at as the important things. The father wants to send his little girl of nine to a boarding-school in a good air. "I would endeavour," he writes, "she might have education—I mean, such as may be useful, as working well, and a good deportment." The wife opposes "that she is too much a woman, and understands the formalities of visiting and a tea-table so very nicely, that none, though much older, can exceed her." All that is said or implied by Swift of the ignorance of women of this period is borne out by the essayists. He complains that "not one gentleman's daughter in a thousand can read or understand her own natural tongue, as any one may judge who can have the patience to hear them when they are disposed to mangle a play or a novel. They are not so much as taught to spell in their

childhood, nor can ever attain to it in their whole lives."

But women, as a fact, being so much more independent than men of regular hard head-training, we mean in everyday social intercourse,—having, as we see, such a knack of catching the prevailing tone of thought,—this ignorance did not really press on the literary public mind to the same extent as hoydenish manners. The finely-mannered woman, whether she could spell or not, being necessarily a woman of good understanding, held her own wherever she found herself.

But all this while there was a tradition of better teaching. One lady wrote an essay to revive the ancient education of gentlewomen in religion, manners, arts, and tongues, with an answer to the objection against this way of education; and the few women who were educated in book education were taught on a thorough plan. Dr Carter, father of *the* Miss Carter, gave to all his children alike a learned education. The daughters showed a singular aptitude. "My sister Margaret," writes the distinguished Elizabeth, "is studying, or rather seizing upon, Greek." But how extraordinary these pursuits were in women we may gather from the fact, that it was gravely put about in Deal that Miss Carter was going to be a member of Parliament. "Here's all Deal," writes a member of her family, "is in amazement that you want to be a member of the Parliament House; and Mrs ——— was told it, but so strongly affirmed that it was no such thing, that she came to our house to ask." All learning in those days, indeed, all literary taste, turned a woman into a celebrity with the drawbacks of the position. Thus Johnson amuses himself with Lady Hartford's poetical turn in his life of Thomson. "'Spring,'" he writes,

"was published in 1728, with a dedication to Lady Hartford; whose practice it was to invite, every summer, some poet into the country, to hear her verses and assist her studies. This honour was one summer conferred on Thomson, who took more delight in carousing with Lord Hartford and his friends than assisting her ladyship's poetical operations, and therefore never received another summons." And yet this lady, besides being a good wife who nursed her husband tenderly in the frequent fits of gout earned by these carousals, was a woman of cultivation and intelligence, as we see from her correspondence with her friend Lady Pomfret, whose experience of travellers of the grand tour we have quoted above. But the rarity of literary distinction in the women of her day, gave a tone to those who cultivated their minds which provokes a smile in the modern reader. These two retired ladies of the bed-chamber compliment one another on the excellence of each other's letters, in a strain which sounds almost fulsome to our ears, but is really honest surprise in both that so much thought, observation, and accuracy of expression should flow from a female pen. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, more witty and less estimable, comes into their circle. It was an intellectual set of fine ladies, distinct and by themselves. More popular than art, poetry, or the classics, or the books that dealt with such matters, was a volume from the French, 'The Art of being Easy at all Times and in all Places, written chiefly for the use of a Lady of Quality'—a work which, if it only succeeded in imparting its lessons to the reader, was not only a useful study for that time, but one which none, even of our more enlightened day, would willingly be without. No age is without its examples of women who have left

their mark on literature beyond their own time; but we gather that the Countesses and Lady Marys, the Miss Carters and Miss Talbots, did not advocate for the use of their sex the same teaching they had acquired for themselves. There is no doubt that the clever women who wrote or led society thought manners the most material point for young ladies with whom they were concerned. Dignity of deportment and behaviour, the graces which set off women in society, the good breeding that made home peaceful and delightful, the piety which regulated private conduct without disturbing social life, formed the ideal of the most thoughtful and serious. Some did not go so far in their requirements; and with these there probably was not wanting a sense of complacency in being singular in their attainments. But also there was no machinery for a diffused higher education for girls. We do not doubt that the *unlearning* was more valuable than the teaching of the ordinary school.

"I am glad," writes Mrs Montague, as late as 1773, "you intend sending my eldest niece to a boarding-school. What girls learn at these schools is trifling, but they unlearn what would be a great disservice—a provincial dialect, which is extremely ungenteel, and other tricks that they learn in the nursery. The carriage of the person, which is of great importance, is well attended to, and dancing is well taught. As for the French language, I do not think it necessary unless for persons in very high life. All the boarding-schools are on very much the same plan, so that you may place her wherever there is a good air and a good dancing-master."

This seems worldly enough. Whatever a woman's actuating principles, they would now have been veiled by a decorous reference to religion and morals. But, in truth, manners were the paramount consideration

in all polite circles, as constituting the only distinction—as they will always be the main distinction—between classes: and how to shine in the drawing-room was the test of them. It was this prevalent idea that stirred the republican spirit of Day to write his ‘Sandford and Merton,’ and provoked the sting of the epilogue—

“Hearts may be black, but all should wear
clean faces;

The graces, boys! the graces, graces,
graces!”

But good people, with whom religion was a reality, laid much the same stress upon good breeding. It was a virtue as well as a grace. Mrs Delany is almost as serious as the worldly fine lady when she comes to the dancing-master. “Dunoyer,” she writes to her sister, who consults her on education, “is now, I believe, the best dancing-master in London. His price is high, but he will give the Pauline a better air in a month than a less skilful dancing-master would in three. I believe Lady Cowper has good interest with him, and that may make him take more pains.” And she adds, “There is nothing I wish so much for Mary, *next* to right religious principles, as a *proper* knowledge of the polite world.” The ordinary teaching that girls were put under she takes for granted; but clearly, to be perfectly well-bred both at home and abroad was a point of more weight with her than accuracy and extent of knowledge. “Nobody can do so much good in the world who is *not* well-bred as those that *are*.” These were the days, indeed, when superficial teaching was thought the proper teaching for girls; when every science had its feminine language, as Hindu ladies talk with a difference and with softer terminations than their lords; as ‘The Young Ladies’ Geography,’ which is to be read instead

of novels, ‘A Young Ladies’ Guide to Astronomy,’ ‘The Use of the Globe for Girls’ Schools,’ and ‘The Ladies’ Polite Letter-Writer,’ and so on. At a date when men learnt to be scholars and gentlemen, not simultaneously, but in a course, it was not unnaturally taken for granted that thoroughness of knowledge in girls was incompatible with the prime essential in woman, perfect manners,—that she should look well, hold herself well, behave herself with dignity and grace. Ruling in her own sphere, she must be content with an entirely subordinate place where dry knowledge was in question. If she knew more than other women, she was to conceal it, and beware of the example of

“The reasoning maid, above her sex’s
dread,
Had dared and read, and dared to say she
read.”

We have changed all this, not only in tone but in practice. There is no more condescension to feminine weakness in the teaching of girls; what they learn under the modern fashionable system they may learn thoroughly. But as it does not belong to human nature, stationary or progressive, to observe a golden mean—as it is inevitable, where one thing is in the ascendant, that something else should go down—we are not sure that the supreme point now made of mental cultivation, as we see in the modern literature of education, does not threaten a very serious falling off in manners. It is not only neglect but a positive counter-teaching in certain quarters that strikes us, as though the old rules of good behaviour, and any strict discipline on this point, stood in the way of intellectual development. It speaks for itself that good teaching must be better than bad, and that good teaching disposes to a love of learning; nor do we see any necessary connection between

advance of knowledge and decay of manners. To us, indeed, it seems that unless the training of manners, in the full sense of the word, goes along with the teaching of knowledge, the teaching fails of its main purpose as culture.

As one may say that there is a way of learning trifles which strengthens mind and will, all depending on the learner's view of life as a performance or a duty, so there may be a way of acquiring knowledge which yet makes very little impression on character and conduct. In this sense a cultivated manner may be as good a guarantee of a cultivated mind as the most well-chosen list of books plodded through under the stimulus of emulation or some imminent examination; or even for the love of it, if the social duties and checks of good breeding are untaught and disregarded. For, in fact, what a great deal of study of motives and character and of self-study also, what a training of sympathies, goes to the formation of a courteous and engaging manner! Separate learning from discipline, and we really do not know where we are, or what benefit we are conferring on the pupil. To the run of people the use of learning is, in some sense, remote from the lessons learnt, and may be resolved into discipline rather than knowledge. How few people have to do in after-life with the precise teaching of their childhood and youth! What difference, we might ask, does it make to most women whether the astronomy they learnt as girls was called 'The Use of the Globes' or not? Let us not be understood as undervaluing that inestimable advantage, exact knowledge; only we believe the common experience will justify our impression that fruitifying knowledge of this high order is for the few. The majority of people learn through the reading

of others, not through their own: one part of mankind browses among books for the intellectual nourishment of the species. It is not what most people acquire for themselves at first hand which places them above their ignorant forefathers, but the atmosphere they breathe, the enlightenment of the age, through the influence of its choicer or more laborious spirits. What they read or skim for themselves—or perhaps we should say, what they might read, what they are politely assumed to read—tells little on them; they cannot assimilate it, their private stock of learning being mainly of use in helping to conceal their ignorance; but they hear others talk, they catch a tone, and thus learn unconsciously and accidentally, aided no doubt by glimmerings of once faintly apprehended truth.

What, then, becomes of those who have never been taught that great fundamental in good manners, the habit and art of listening? an art which, to judge by the training of some children, threatens to become obsolete, an art which no people can learn late in life. Writers on the duties of the religious life tell us that contemplation is a habit of mind difficult of acquirement, and needing much practice and self-control. Listening is the same to children, when the talk that passes is not addressed to them individually, when their attention is not courted by lowering the tone to their taste. Yet for certain spaces of time, to listen both to conversation and reading as a discipline, we think all who were ever subjected to it will allow to have been a very strengthening, invigorating process. The human voice conveys ideas which, read in books, would excite no interest, make no impression; and even dullness, compulsory quiet, often stimulates thought, by com-

pulling the mind to turn to itself, which desultory reading, to escape from it, would never have stirred. There is an activity and inventiveness of mind especially induced by inevitable quiet, of which biography furnishes striking examples, and which we believe many a private experience can bear witness to; and there is a study of character which can scarcely take its rise early enough for the finer perceptions without this condition.

This train of thought has been stimulated, not so much by the absence of old-fashioned discipline in manners and the first principles of good breeding in modern households, as by the tone now adopted in books for the young; books written not merely for amusement, but instruction—books not addressed to the parents, but their children;—ridiculing old restraints; assuming that the race has been oppressed long enough by absurd restrictions; that children have come into the world to make a noise; that it is the part of good parents to put up with it, and to make every household arrangement with a view to their sole pleasure and convenience. Hitherto manners have always been considered one of the ends of education; but we see tokens of abatement of that jealous care on the subject which alone can succeed in its object. Neglected manners are rarely good manners. No doubt in fiction, and in descriptions of childhood for older readers, a certain wildness and defiance of rule is treated as a proof of spirit, and so far of promise; but it is comparatively lately that books written for children with a didactic purpose, represent disregard of proprieties as the natural indications of mental and moral superiority. At the risk of being thought to make a bugbear of trifles, we will illustrate our argument by an extract from a popular

child's serial, we do not doubt in the nursery or schoolroom of very many of our readers; and bearing on its title-page the name of a clergyman in deservedly high and general esteem:—

“It was one of the great conveniences of Redburn vicarage, that you could make yourself heard all over the house without the least trouble. For example, if there were not enough bread-and-butter cut for the school-room tea, you had only to shout ‘Bread-and-butter!’ at the top of your voice, and Dinah quickly brought up a fresh supply from the kitchen; or if Perry was up on the top of the house administering a worm to a particularly interesting family of starlings in the chimney-pot, and did not notice the time, and eight o'clock struck, Hugh had just to call out ‘Prayers!’ at the foot of the stairs, and down came Perry, leaving a worm wriggling out of a wide-open yellow mouth. Dr Guest was of opinion that this was owing much more to the strong lungs and loud voices of his family than anything especially convenient about the house; but the children differed from him. So bells became quite unnecessary articles at the vicarage, which was a good thing, as there was scarcely one that was not broken.”

The father, it goes on to say, does not like this state of things, and when he comes home tired from parish visiting, complains to his wife “somewhat bitterly” that the house is a bear-garden. “My dear, what are these children about? it is really almost intolerable.” Mrs Guest looked at him, and only smiled. She was the gentlest, sweetest, best little mother in the world. You know what a good mother means? It means, among other things, “no nerves,” “no headaches,” “no fancies,” “no thought of self;” and so she only smiled at the racket going on. Is not this as much as to say that the children of the house are masters of the house; that if the father

complains that his house is turned into a bear-garden, he is a grumbler; that the real, true, and admirable mother prefers her children's pleasure to her husband's comfort; that if the mother has "nerves" and "headaches," it is her duty to suppress them, and not damp her children's spirits by using them as a plea for suppressed voices and cautious treading; that no one with admitted infirmities can fulfil the mother's part; that consideration is due, not from children to their parents, but from parents to their children; that home is to be ruled by boy-and-girlhood suffrage? We know that some will think we are turning a joke into a serious matter; but it is not a joke to instil into children's minds that this is a pleasant state of things, and that those boys and girls are fortunate who can shout for bread-and-butter, and bawl "Prayers!" from the bottom of the house to its chimney-pots. Of course these unruly young folks are clever, and conscientious, and so on; but what we complain of is, that they are supposed to be cleverer and more studious and more high-principled *because* they lead this wild, rude life. We are quite willing to allow that children should have their own region for noise and licence, because their minds are cramped without it; but the moment this region is extended beyond proper limits—the moment, at least, when the sense of a barrier is lost—their education takes a retrograde step. The children whose father and mother are also gentleman and lady, and who are yet allowed to shout, bawl, and riot unreprieved, are losing caste, and fitting themselves for a lower social level. In cases where the Government schools have good and able teachers, the checks imposed by the civilities and refinements of social life constitute the main difference be-

tween the education of distinct classes. A clever child of the artisan class has, wherever there is a free library, access to the best books on all subjects, and has perhaps better grounding than, at any rate, the girls of a class many grades above it; *but* it has no restraints. No eye regulates its movement, no sensitiveness modulates the intonation, no authority interposes with its rules. There is no spot sacred to order, decorum, subdued voice, and periods of inevitable silence. What we fear in the present concentration of attention upon book-learning in our leading authorities and administrators of general education (in reaction for a like concentration upon manners in the last century which followed the collapse spoken of), is the deposition of the drawing-room from its place as an educator. Sydney Smith somewhere remarks on the superiority he has observed in point of behaviour and manners of the children of people of rank. He does not go into causes,—the view is suggested by a particular instance; but the superiority, such as it is, is surely due to the sense of respect which all surroundings must infuse into the minds of children who see their elders live in state, in a solemnity of splendour and order which their wildest spirits cannot dream of turning into Bedlam. But every drawing-room—every room, indeed, the peculiar seat and throne of father and mother—the room where that mysterious outlet to the world, "company," is received and entertained, exercises this awe-inspiring sense in its degree. It is not the positive splendour but the relative which impresses the child's imagination. Manners have no sanctuary in the labourer's cottage, as ordinarily ruled, nor in the long rows of artisan dwellings; but wherever the mother presides in her proper do-

main, there she may set up—if she has the art, and, much more, the patience—may set up a school which shall fit her child for society, in its graceful civilised sense, by inculcating habits which go farther than books in adapting not only manners but mind, we will say, for this arena.

The apprehension of society as an idea is one of the distinctions between gentility and the commonalty. The younger members of the working classes have more intercourse with each other out of family life than their social betters; but they have not the idea of a social sphere instilled into their minds, as it is upon those whose early observation is set to work—of a sphere where they are to be viewed on all sides, and judged by a general opinion. The necessity of self-repression makes room for thought, which those children miss who have no formalities to observe and no customs to respect—who blurt out every irrelevance—who interpose at will with question and opinion as it enters the brain. It is this unrestraint which lays the foundation of that self-centred view of life to be observed in the socially untrained. It is by listening, not by talking, that sympathy is acquired—that intellectual sympathy that makes men companionable. This abandonment of old restraints, of which we are jealous, may be one of the reasons why conversation as an art is going out. Children don't learn to talk by chattering to one another, and saying what comes uppermost; neither does reading suffice to this end, single-handed. Good talk should first be recognised as such in others. Attention is the most influential tutor in the fitting use of the tongue. Where we see good talk disregarded by a party of young people, there, we may be sure, the chances of their ever shining

socially are small indeed. Mere listening with intelligence involves an exercise of mental speech. Not, of course, that we would confine children to the act of attention; but good talk cannot be maintained under interruption, and observant silence opens the pores of the mind as impatient demands for explanation never do.

Taking all this into account, while freely admitting the superiority of modern teaching from books, we yet regard them as only partial educators. Now and then, even, the sight of children brought up in the old system, which put behaviour first—not because it *is* a system, but that the tastes of the mother lean that way—awakes a tender though blind regret for the old relation of lessons to the day's work. For still there are children who accept their lessons as tasks to be learnt, without much considering the future use they are to be put to; whose keener interests are for what they see and hear; whose minds are present to the scene around them; who respond with dutiful alacrity to the training of manners; who are obedient to rule, courteous, friendly, hospitable to strangers in their small innocent way; who greet with a smile welcome company, and brighten under it; who watch their mother's eye and obey her behests, and so doing catch her grace of air and movement. These are children, whatever their literary attainments, who will grow into gentle, refining influences; who will perpetuate good traditions, and maintain the charm as well as the virtues of family life. And, moreover, whatever their store of exact knowledge, they will have a diction and facility of expression which perhaps will more than stand comparison with others deeper read but less practised in social intercourse. It all comes to this: on the one hand, children cannot learn

manners without being trained to them; on the other, it is equally certain that want of thoroughness in early teaching is a defect scarcely to be got over in after-life, and often bitterly resented as well as regretted by the sufferer. But each day will have its notions of the relative importance of the two, and throw the weight of its influence on the popular side.

While we generalise, our real subject, and often our argument, relates mainly to the education of women. It has been in this that the distinction between the two principles of training with which we began is seen in most marked contrast. The ordinary education of the last century and that of the modern high school presents this contrast in its most pointed divergence of aim. It cannot be denied that the advocates of thoroughness are supported by the success of girl students in many an unaccustomed field of competition. But the stimulus of emulation, in their case so potent, has its period, and wants that succeeding goad of necessity which follows the boy into life. He has all along known that his learning is means towards a very intelligible end. If the girl (not required to work for a living) thinks so in the class-room, society soon undeceives her. Only a genuine love of knowledge (and the rarity of this, in the universal experience, shows that it must always be rare) will sustain her enthusiasm. Hence we see, in so many cases, that the girl whose education has been one of exceptional severity of strain both in its subjects and thoroughness in battling with them, collapses at once when thrown into the natural interests of her age, and cannot be distinguished from other girls either in the interests that absorb her or the aims she works towards. It may be that she is even less fitted for

the new scene, the spirit of emulation following her into the fresh arena. The strong excitements of girlhood find her less prepared than where the moral grounding of manners, with all their unconscious yet ever-binding restraints, has been the especial object of the educator. All we would argue is, that these restraints should have been inculcated along with the cultivation of intellect, that it is as great injustice to the child to permit licence in manners, as to leave it to scramble into knowledge or to miss the road for want of an adequate guide. It is an especial injustice to the girl of merely average intelligence to assume that if the teaching is but sound, and morals duly inculcated, manners may go to the wall, and be treated as a joke; for if accurate knowledge and grasp of what is once acquired is beyond the learner's intellectual calibre, and the manners have been left to themselves, where is she?

But in treating matters thus seriously, we may be doing our plea injustice. The school of manners, like all other schools, must have its recreation-time, its playgrounds, its theatre of performance. In these days of boating, cricket, football, and athletic games of boys and men — games which take up the time from graver studies, and yet excite the emulation not only of the players, but of tutors and governors in our seats and high places of learning, and which interest the public more than intellectual contests and successes, which are their more proper concern — we do not think it necessary to apologise for the place dancing held in the old system of girls' training. All notices of the last century both as regards the bringing up of girls and the habits of social family life, show that dancing was an education in a sense quite different from what it is,

and indeed can be, now, under the changes fashion has accomplished. When Dr Guthrie slipped a bank-note into a poor scholar's hand, discovering his talent, and pitying the awkwardness which would stand in the way of its development, and told him he would be "much the better of a quarter at the dancing," he had not "round dances" in his mind, but the acknowledged discipline of another school of the art. Dancing had in fact two aspects. It was a grave study, as the main road to a graceful action and carriage; and it was a domestic habit and constant resource; a standing diversion, not confined to ball-rooms and state days, nor to the girlhood and boyhood of life, but a universal relaxation and exercise up to middle life, and almost beyond, to judge by the fiction of the period. The accomplishment, once acquired, was a distinction; nor was it allowed to rust for want of use. The *chaperones* of that day were not condemned to sit in dazed, yawning rows. It was possible, nay, expected of mothers—even in supreme family ceremonials, of grandmothers—to give the sanction of their participation in the performance. Mrs Delany, who represents for her sex the mind and accomplishments of her century—admired, respected, imitated in youth and venerated in age—brings the full weight of her *prestige* to bear upon the uses and importance of dancing in this twofold character. No tutor or head of a house in our day can more keenly appreciate a boating triumph than she the ordeal of a State ball successfully passed by some youthful favourite. Whether it is Lady Betty Bentinck rehearsing her clothes and jewels, and practising dancing in her train, under the tender scrutiny of mother and friend, "looking mighty well, and a very genteel figure," who finds the ball, for which these studies

were made, very delightful, for all the heat and crowding; or Miss Wesley (aunt of the Duke of Wellington), "the finest girl I ever saw," "performing miracles at the Castle, and much the best dancer there." Her frequent notices of the Wesley family show that this crowning distinction was not won without care. If the Duke ever said that the battle of Waterloo was won at Eton and Harrow, something of the same kind might be said of his own share in the victory. One does not immediately see the connection between generalship and iron will, and that success in the arts of music and dancing which distinguished his progenitors; but the fact remains. "I never met," Mrs Delany writes, "so delightful a man as my hero, Mr Wesley (first Lord Mornington); so much goodness and friendliness combined." At one time he is her partner in a dance of twenty couple; at another, he and she entertain the young people. "I was placed at the harpsichord, and after jangling a little, Mr Wesley took his fiddle and played to his daughters' dancing." Again: "We mustered up five couple, and danced two hours. The master of the house (Mr Wesley) fiddled and danced the whole time." This cheerful family only followed the fashion. She looks forward one Christmas to a fortnight in the country, where there is to be company enough to make six couple for country-dances; and "we are to dance every night." Dancing was so habitual a resource, that fiddles were apparently as readily at hand as in Molière's comedies. "While we were eating, fiddles were sent for—a sudden thought. We began before eleven, and held briskly to it till half an hour after two. We were eight couple of as clever dancers as ever eye beheld, though I say it that should not." The ball-

room was an arena, and also a spectacle for the lookers-on. People complimented one another, and received the felicitations of friends. "First you must know," writes Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, "that I led up the ball, which you will stare at; but what is more, I believe in my conscience I made one of the best figures there." These records belong to much the same time that the learned Elizabeth Carter relieved her severer youthful studies by similar relaxations in less courtly scenes. "I walked three miles yesterday," she writes, "in a wind that I thought would have blown me out of this planet, and afterwards danced nine hours, and then walked back again."

That this training of the person in a particular exercise had success in its own line, and results in keeping with the care and time devoted to it, we gather from a description of this same country-dance, in its most finished performance, given by De Quincey in his impressions of a State ball at Windsor, to which he, with an Eton schoolfellow, was invited by Queen Charlotte. To him it had a mystic significance almost Dantesque. As embodying the poetry of our subject—not to say its tragedy—and as a characteristic example of the writer's exquisite style, the reader will not resent our giving the passage without curtailment:—

"Of all the scenes which this world offers, none is to me so profoundly interesting, none (I say it deliberately) so affecting, as the spectacle of men and women floating through the mazes of a dance; under these conditions, however, that the music shall be rich, resonant, and festal, the execution of the dancers perfect, and the dance itself of a character to admit of free, fluent, and *continuous* motion. But this last condition will be sought vainly in quadrilles, &c., which have for so many years banished the truly beautiful *country-dances* native to Eng-

land. Those whose taste and sensibility were so defective as to substitute for the *beautiful* in dancing the merely *difficult*, were sure, in the end, to transfer the depravations of this art from the opera-house to the floors of private ball-rooms. The tendencies even then were in that direction, but as yet they had not attained their final stage: and the English country-dance was still in estimation at the courts of princes. Now, of all dances, this is the only one, as a class, of which you can truly describe the motion to be *continuous*—that is, not interrupted or fitful, but unfolding its fine mazes with the equability of light in its diffusion through free space. And wherever the music happens to be not of a light trivial character, but charged with the spirit of festal pleasure, and the performers in the dance so far skilful as to betray no awkwardness verging on the ludicrous, I believe that many people feel as I feel in such circumstances—viz., derive from the spectacle the very grandest form of passionate sadness which can belong to any spectacle whatsoever. *Sadness* is not the exact word, nor is there *any* word in any language (because none in the finest languages) which exactly expresses the state—since it is not a depressing but a most elevating state to which I allude. . . . From all which the reader may comprehend, if he should not happen experimentally to have felt, that a spectacle of young men and women *flowing* through the mazes of an intricate dance, under a full volume of music, taken with all the circumstantial adjuncts of such a scene in rich men's halls; the blaze of light and jewels, the life, the motion, the sea-like undulation of heads, the interweaving of the figures, the ἀναρχλωσις or self-revolving both of the dance and the music, 'never ending, still beginning,' and the continual regeneration of order from a system of motions which for ever touch the very brink of confusion,—that such a spectacle, with such circumstances, may happen to be capable of exciting and sustaining the very grandest emotions of philosophic melancholy to which the human spirit is open. The reason is, in part, that such a scene presents a sort of mask of human life, with its

whole equipage of pomps and glories, its luxury of sight and sound, its hours of golden youth, and the interminable revolution of ages hurrying after ages, and one generation treading upon the flying footsteps of another; whilst all the while the overruling music attempts the mind to the spectacle, the subject to the object, the beholder to the vision."

The country-dance has always been the pet of English literature, whether as a picture, a school of manners, or the natural and yet orderly exercise for youthful spirits. They have gone out, and dances rather exciting than exhilarating have taken their place. But as the excitement does not extend to the observer as did the exhilaration, the pleasures of the round dance remain unsung. How pleasant are all the notices of the country-dance in Miss Austen, whether it is Fanny Price for once in spirits, and practising her steps before the ball, or Mrs Elton wondering how her style and Frank Churchill's will suit; or the young people counting up available couples, getting up an extempore dance at a moment's notice, or suggesting that fine analogy between the country-dance and marriage, with which Henry Tilney puzzles his partner, whose attention has been rudely called off from him by John Thorpe! "You will allow that in both man has the advantage of choice; that it is an engagement between man and woman, formed for the advantage of each; that it is their duty each to endeavour to give the other no cause for wishing that he or she had bestowed themselves elsewhere," and—while she still sees them as "so very different"—his concession, "In one respect there certainly is a difference. In marriage, the man is supposed to provide for the support of the woman, the woman to make the house agreeable to the man; he is

to purvey, she is to smile. But in dancing, their duties are exactly changed; the agreeableness, the compliance, are expected from him, while she furnishes the fan and the lavender-water. That, I suppose was the difference of duties which struck you?" Miss Austen, no less than Mrs Delany, wrote in the long reign of the country-dance, without a thought of its being superseded. George Eliot looks back upon it tenderly as a thing of the past—as the dance in which all classes can mingle, and all ages take their share. Thus, "Mr Poyser, to whom an extra glass had restored his youthful confidence in his good looks and good dancing, walked along quite proudly 'to be introduced to his partner the great lady of the Hall,' secretly flattering himself that Miss Lydia had never had a partner in *her* life who could lift her off the ground as he could." "Pity it was not a boarded floor!" adds the writer, "then the rhythmic stamping of the thick shoes would have been better than drums. That merry stamping, that gracious nodding of the head, that waving bestowal of the hand, where can we see them now?" Walter Scott, who could scarcely have known the pleasures of dancing from experience, is as regretful in his tone. Late in life he writes in his journal "with mingled pleasure and bitterness: 'Here [in the assembly rooms at Durham] I saw some very pretty girls dancing merrily that old-fashioned thing called a country-dance, which Old England has now thrown aside as she would her creed if there were some foreign frippery offered instead.' Nor was verse wanting in its appropriate dirge. A writer in the 'London Magazine,' 1823, denounces the immediate success of the substitute, then received into favour:—

"Look where we will, joy seems estranged,
The dance its very mirth has changed,
Now formal, once how thrilling!
The limb alive, the spirit supple,
The gallant casting off two couple,
All frozen to quadrilling."

All things come to an end; so it may be said that the country-dance only shared the common fate. But in looking for causes we find it had at one and the same time two enemies, each in strongest opposition to the other, but united in their attack on this point. And first we will name Fashion.

"No event," writes Mr Raikes, "ever produced so great a sensation in English society as the introduction of the German waltz in 1813. Up to that time the English country-dance, Scotch steps, and an occasional Highland reel, formed the school of the dancing-master, and the evening recreation of the British youth even in the first circles. But peace was drawing near, foreigners were arriving, and the taste for Continental customs and manners became the order of the day. The young Duke of Devonshire, as the Magnus Apollo of the drawing-rooms in London, was at the head of these innovations; and when the kitchen-dance became exploded at Devonshire House, it could not long be expected to maintain its footing in less celebrated assemblies. In London, fashion is or was everything. Old and young returned to school, and the mornings which had been dedicated to lounging in the Park were now absorbed at home in practising the figure of the French quadrille, and whirling a chair round the room to learn the step and measure of the German waltz."

Beau Brummel, of whom nothing stands the test of time—not a single saying, not a single taste or sentiment—advises a friend to educate his daughters in France on this very argument. "English education," he explains, "may be all very well to instruct the hemming of a handkerchief and the ungainly romp of a country-dance, but nothing else." Fashion, however, was somewhat

slower in its conquests sixty years ago than now; but to the middle classes the attack on dancing came at the same time from another quarter. Young people were told that dancing was wrong. Davie Deans's objections were put into English. It was a shocking thing for immortal souls to spend their time in what at best was trifling away precious moments. Young girls were asked how they should like to die dancing? and as they could not say they should, they felt without an answer. It was one thing to dance with as little question of the right to do so, as the children in the market-place, and another to have to defend the practice against the vehement denunciations of religious enthusiasm, versed in all the arguments of controversy. Dancing under protest, dancing knowing that the act would bring the performer under sentence of excommunication in certain quarters, changed the character of the pleasure to sensitive minds. This onslaught was partly due to the descent of religious controversy into another rank of thinkers. It will generally be observed that the leaders of a movement are tolerant of the habits and amusements of the classes who make no pretence of climbing to their heights of thought. The head that has been at work on hard knots, and battling with heads of equal strength in controversy, finds relief in the contemplation of youth making merry after its kind; but where the critic is on the same intellectual plane with the dancer, and must either censure or share the sport, then the polemical instinct finds its field. Yet, after all the changes we note, many have been due to some undercurrent of thought, with which neither religion nor fashion had much to do. In fact, young people were beginning to regard society as an intellectual arena.

Cleverness which, in Mrs Delany's time, had related to the heels, now took its throne in the head. It was an age of good talkers; every circle had its example. Poetry was a telling influence; fancy and invention were awakened—not only in some distant, unapproachable region, but in many a home family circle. German came into fashion; a smattering of mathematics was acquired; there was an interchange of sentiment on subjects not hitherto supposed within the feminine range. Young ladies no longer turned from talk worth hearing to discuss in a whisper the last cargo of fans, but were among the most eager and therefore charming of listeners. With sparkling eyes, as we find them described, and blushes, showing the courage of the venture, they would make their voices heard in advocacy of a favourite author;—and so a new era began.

The religious world of young ladies relieved more active labours of benevolence by fancy-work, with which they filled the baskets of itinerant *protégés*; the bright girls of another school felt an innocent breath of intellectual ambition, and would at any time rather talk with a clever man than dance with him: and thus dancing ceased to be the education it had been, with all its painful early training in the matter of deportment.

That deportment had its discipline of a very severe kind, we gather from autobiographers. Thus Mrs Sherwood describes her childhood as passed in steel collars and back-boards, as well as restrictions of another kind; for her mother never allowed her children to interrupt conversation—"they were compelled to listen, whether willing or not." The name of this lady—subsequently a pillar of a certain sentimental religious party school—brings us to the mention of the boarding-school to which she went after this

strict home rule—one remarkable for the number of noted women it introduced into the world. It was kept first at Reading, then in London, by a Monsieur and Madame St Quentin—he a French emigrant, and friend of Dr Valpy. There the pupils saw much of emigrants, learnt to speak French, acted plays, &c.; and whether an extraordinary amount of talent and genius found its way there, or whether a vein was struck at a lucky point of time—whether success was due to good steady teaching or to the unusual relaxations which prevailed there—certain it is that a list of distinguished names are associated with this school; names with nothing in common in tone or aim, but which remain familiar sounds for some distinction or other. Among them we will mention besides Mrs Sherwood, L. E. L., Miss Mitford, Lady Caroline Lamb, and even Jane Austen, who was there as a mere child, not to separate her from her beloved sister Cassandra. This school is a connecting link between the schools described by Mrs Montague as places where girls don't learn much, but unlearn the tricks of the nursery, and the higher girls' schools of the present century, alive at least in theory to the duty of fitting girls, not only in their manners for society, but in their minds for the world. There happen to have fallen in our way some records (found in the papers of a lady, once a pupil, of remarkable attractions and acquirements) of superior girls' schools—superior, we must assume, from their results; established, the one early in the century, the other some twenty or more years later; both, however, impressing the reader with the change that years have wrought on popular ideas on female training. It is the custom of novelists and educational reformers alike to hold up the mistress of the old, fashionable,

or genteel boarding-school to ridicule; but we must say that both these examples show an uncommon fitness for the task undertaken, and a most conscientious sense of duty. The date of the first letters belong to about the time when Beau Brummel, in retirement and disgrace, warned his friend against English training, lest he should see his "girls coming into the room upon their elbows, hear them talk in broad native phraseology, and thump the Woodpecker upon a discordant spinet." Probably Mrs J., as we will call her—who from her writing and other tokens we gather to have been elderly—would have thought any of these enormities better than the slippery graces, which were all he cared for. For, incidentally, we find her imparting to this her favourite pupil her views of the basis of education to be laid in early childhood.

"Whatever the child's temper, there can be no hesitation as to the grand basis, her understanding rightly the condition of the human race as beings accountable to God for that obedience to His commands which, from their fallen nature, they cannot pay if they do only *what they like*. This a child can comprehend, as also its obvious consequence, the necessity of self-control; it can likewise comprehend from the declaration 'in the sweat of thy brow,' &c., that nothing good can be obtained without labour; and when convinced of these fundamental truths it will receive a summons to an impalatable task as the voice of wisdom and kindness, and not as an exercise of arbitrary power. There may be deficiency in the performance, but not a resistance of the will; whereas, obedience without the acquiescence of a child's judgment reaches only the outward momentary act, leaving the will uncurbed, and perhaps rebellion striking deeper root within."

This strikes us as the thought of a very practical mind, as indeed is shown all along. Thus, on the dress of her pupils, she writes to the

mother, "As I do not like my pupils at their naturally attractive age to be rendered conspicuous by too gay a display, I am tenacious of their style of dress being neat and simple." And she goes on with rules which we imagine would scarcely be tolerated by the young ladies whom we meet in gay files of becoming and varied costumes. There is every sign of thorough grounding, of the work of education going on zealously, and being made pleasant to the pupils—Mrs J. herself, full of plans and resources for bringing home to the mind the teaching that she considers suited to the feminine character and intellect. Deportment and dancing are duties like the rest, and very vigilantly attended to. And that religion was a subject of very earnest teaching, and all the influences of Church ordinances brought to bear, we gather from the mother's comment on her daughter's confirmation. She writes—

"Your account of your confirmation was truly gratifying to us, and the impression it has made upon your mind could not but afford us the most heart-felt pleasure. It is a ceremony much too little thought of in the present day. When I mentioned the preparation and examination you would have to undergo to the F— people, they laughed at me, and said it was never usual to examine respectable people for confirmation."

Being a responsive, and favourite pupil, the subject of all this care keeps up a correspondence after leaving, and pays visits, which give us further insight into school life. Thus, a year or two after, she describes herself on a week's visit as a school-girl again. "Tuesday last I danced quadrilles with M. N. He said if I would practise with the young ladies a week it would set me up again. I could acquire all the new steps very well in a week." And she gives the

history of a curtsy, on paying a call with her dear hostess :—

“Mrs J. begged me before entering the room, not to discredit her school by my curtsy. My heart beat violently. I approached the venerable Mrs A. with the profoundest respect, put my feet in order to make a complete curtsy, extended my hand, seeing she was inclined to shake hands with me, and began to drop; but unluckily the old lady’s arm was so confined with rheumatism, that by the time I had nearly reached the ground our hands were about a yard apart, when they ought to have joined. I was struck with the ludicrousness of the incident, and completely disconcerted.”

It was not only on points of ceremony that Mrs J. adhered to ideas once formed. She represents her class. Strong opinions are necessary in the teacher. No one can inculcate principles without a tenacity of grasp on them herself; and, naturally, we find indications on all hands of what is called prejudice. Mrs J. was clearly a character. Her young friend having been to see the Roman Catholic chapel in Moorfields, just built, it was made the subject of a homily. Mrs J., writes one pupil, “laments greatly that that persecuting Church should be so much countenanced. She fears that this land will again see Queen Mary’s reign:” to which Mrs J. adds a postscript of warning much in the spirit of the old precept, “Beware of Papishes, and learn to knit,” though couched in language more becoming the intellectual pretensions both of teacher and scholar. In politics she is even more decided in tone: “Never marry a Whig,” is her emphatic and repeated injunction. It was the time when politics ran high, and the unfortunate Queen Caroline was before the world, at once a prominent subject and object. Processions such as Theodore Hook commemorates in verse,—the half a score Mile-enders got up as High-

landers and shivering in kilts; the tailors escaped from their jailers, passing for sailors,—defiled before the door of Mrs J.’s nursery of loyalty and propriety. On the Helot principle, the girls were allowed a furtive peep at the show of “tinkers and shopkeepers’ apprentices.” “One of the hired carriages stopped opposite, containing,” writes one, “some *ladies and gentlemen*, whose *footman* took from his pocket a bottle and one glass—it appeared like malt liquor of some kind. When he had poured it out, he presented it to the ladies, who, without any ceremony, drank, and appeared to enjoy it. Then the procession moved on, and the bottle was again placed in the footman’s pocket.” In spite of teaching and warning, however, Radicalism found its way to a *quondam* pupil. It is touching to read how keenly the desertion is felt :—

“I have myself met with a sore vexation—no less than of having one of my late pupils disgrace herself by going to Brandenburgh House, where some address was presented to the poor Queen. Little did I expect that a young person (of whose heart and understanding I had so good an opinion) would so soon forget the sentiments inculcated upon her whilst under my roof, as within a few months after quitting it to join a tag-rag and bob-tail rabble, consisting, in spite of satin gowns and ostrich-plumes, of every variety of vulgarity and disreputability. Having identified herself with such, she has rejected and forfeited my esteem, and therefore I can never see her again with pleasure. Had it been from compulsion, I should have acquitted her; but her parents, whatever may be their politics, are too indulgent not to have excused her going, had she felt a repugnance to it.”

We extract such passages to show the influence aimed at, and in most cases secured. Mrs J. was an influence in a sense it would be difficult for a schoolmistress to be now. The personal character was a

power, and one that extended itself beyond the period of direct contact. Thus she has views on the position of woman as subordinate out of her own province, and had a test by which to gauge a pupil's intellectual cultivation. It was enough if she could have appreciated and enjoyed Dr Johnson's society, and been by him thought worthy of it. She fears that her pupil is too ambitious of intellectual distinctions, and warns her that

"The acquirement of knowledge is delightful within proper limits, beyond which it becomes vanity and vexation of spirit. To be learned, a genius, or in any way a prodigy, I account to be a misfortune to a female, as it removes her from her natural sphere. Providence has endowed each sex with the faculties requisite to perform the respective duties assigned to it, and successfully ordained that from the right fulfilment of these, happiness shall result. Had a *third order* been necessary, doubtless one would have been created, a *midway* kind of being. A woman, therefore, striving to transform herself into such, is at the best unproductive of good, and in most instances only makes herself discontented."

It is of course observable that the subordination of the sex in no way interferes with the good lady's value for her own opinion on large questions. We give the passage as good sense still in its measure, and as a sign of the clash between eighteenth and nineteenth century ideas then beginning to be felt. For this repression of genius as unwomanly, though belonging to the ideas of the time, was giving way under the new currents of thought rising to the surface of society. In letters dating some ten years later, from the other specimen schoolmistress whose correspondence we have access to, younger in character as well as in age, we find a longing for originality as something above mere powers of gaining knowledge. In speaking of a young woman distinguished for her acquirements, her cri-

ticism is that she has little of the cleverness for which she gets such credit.

"I know her well. I know she is not gifted as she passes for being. Industry and memory, with all her life devoted to effect what these can do, have done much; but no compass of mind, no powers to investigate and combine, no one original idea—always the mere copyist."

This, we see, is a governess who would not allow freshness and originality in a pupil to escape her, nor fail to cultivate it when detected. But in her rules she is, like Mrs J., strongly against display, though not so distinct in wording. Young things should trust more to their carriage than to finery; the less remarkable the bonnet the better, the less ribbon the better,"—and so on. And of show: off in another field: "If any dare tell you I cultivate a passion for display and showing blue, do me the justice to correct them by word as well as by deed." What we observe in these letters is the distinctly feminine ideal in the mind of all the writers. Dress, language, manners, all have the lady-like in view. No lady could travel without an escort. This difficulty constitutes one of the troubles and expenses of the time. On one occasion it was planned that two brothers were to take charge of their respective sisters and travel home together. "Will calls it great *fun*," writes his fastidious sister. "Though we do not use that word, perhaps we feel the same thing." Any approach to slang was forbidden to the cultivated girlhood of that period; and *fun*, it seems, was not free from the charge of keeping low company—the critics of the previous century telling inferior authors that they mistook *vulgarity* for ease, *fun* for humour, and *pertness* for wit. It was the time when language as well as dress had to be distinctly feminine—when neither foresaw the rough-

and-ready uses to which they would one day be turned. Certainly the convenience of an independent work-a-day existence was then little consulted in costume. The contrast between the head-gear of that time and this, represents at one glance the change that has come over things. "Bonnets," writes the same Will, reporting London fashion, "are about the size of the top of a post-chaise." At any rate, thus overshadowed, no girl would be mistaken for her brother, which she can easily be now, with hands in her coat-pockets, and a hat the facsimile of his own, as she fits herself out for all sports and all weathers. All publicity was felt, not so much unfeminine, as impossible. The distinction between private and professional life was one not conceivably to be got over by the women of the home life and the social circle. The English character was supposed incapable, except under professional training, of throwing aside its natural reserve. In the letters before us we find a pupil describing to her sister her singing lessons, and the master's difficulties under this insular infirmity. "S—— is an invaluable master, though a most conceited creature. His accompaniments are the most delightful I ever heard, which he performs with the greatest ease. He complains without ceasing of the want of feeling in the English ladies, and endeavours in vain to make us smile and sigh and look sad in the proper places." This sort of sheepishness here disclosed is combated in our whole modern system of life as well as education, and with considerable success.

We may have seemed desultory to our readers, but we can assure them that we have never lost sight of our opening distinction between the two meanings of the word education. We have gone through some varieties of it; all—the train-

ing of manners, the discipline of deportment, the old quaint ceremonials, the restraints of silence, the decorums of polite society, the curtsseys and obeisances of the humbler classes, the deference of the young towards the old, the observance of children for their parents, the severities of home rule, the long practice and self-restraint necessary to success and full enjoyment even of the favourite recreation,—all imply training more or less painful and laborious; a never-relaxed vigilance in the teacher—docility, patience, and self-command in the learner. Our survey tends to the conclusion that at no time have manners been so left to form themselves as now. We hear of people forgetting their manners, but some of our youth stand in danger of never learning them. While so great a point is made of thoroughness in all other learning, the mere A B C grounding of manners threatens to be left untaught. It seems supposed that, given so much intellectual culture, boys and girls, by the mere process of growing old, turn into polite, considerate men and women. We do not believe it. Many arts and sciences are more easily acquired late in life than a good manner. If people are to behave well, they must be early taught to behave—a practice that demands unceasing sacrifices of minute personal liking to the general pleasure and convenience.

Lately hints have been thrown out that in certain high circles high breeding is going out of vogue. We do not fly at such high game, especially as culture of mind is there alleged to be as much neglected as refinement of manner. It is the classes with whom thoroughness of knowledge is felt of such supreme importance, who need to be sometimes reminded that, in intercourse with his fellows, it is, after all, manners that make the man.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

“Ein Traum, gar seltsam schauerlich.”

A DREAM, that eerie was to see,
Delighted, then affrighted me.
Its gruesome sights still haunt mine eyes,
And shake my heart with wild surmise.

There was a garden wondrous fair;
Great joy had I in roaming there:
Fair flowers a-many looked at me,
Well pleased was I as man might be.

The little birds from boughs above
Piped many sprightly songs of love;
The sun was red, and rimmed with gold;
The flowers had bright hues manifold.

Sweet odours floated everywhere,
The breezes soft and wooing were;
And all was lustrous, all was gay,
And wore its bravest, best array.

Within that flowery haunt, I ween,
A fountain stood of marble sheen;
And of a fair girl I was 'ware,
That washed a milk-white vestment there.

Her eyes were soft, her cheeks were sleek,
A saint-like thing, fair-haired and meek;
And as I gazed, oh rare to tell,
Though strange, methought I knew her well!

That rare pale maid, her task she plies,
And croons a chant in wondrous wise:
“Flow on, fountain! fountain, flow!
Wash me the linen white as snow!”

Then up to her I took my way,
And whispered low, “Oh tell me, pray,
Thou maiden all so wondrous bright,
For whom it is, this web so white?”

Then swift she spoke, “Doom follows fleet.
This web, it is thy winding-sheet.”
And ere the words she well had spoke,
The whole scene faded off like smoke.

And straight by magic sleight I stood
 Within a wild and darksome wood :
 The trees shot up into the sky,
 Bemazed and wonder-struck was I.

And hark ! A dull, dead sound, as though
 An axe far off struck blow on blow !
 Through bush and brake I speed apace,
 And reach at length an open space.

Full in the midst, turfed round with green,
 An oak, a mighty oak, was seen ;
 And lo ! that maiden weird, she hacks
 And hews its trunk with whirling axe !

Stroke falls on stroke, nor stop nor stay,
 She swings the axe, and croons this lay :
 " Good steel sturdy, good steel fine,
 Shape me, and quickly, an oaken shrine ! "

Then up to her I took my way,
 And whispered low, " Oh tell me, pray,
 Thou maiden wondrous fair to see,
 For whom this oaken shrine may be ? "

Then swift she spoke, " The hours are few :
 It is thy coffin that I hew ! "
 And ere the words she well had spoke,
 The whole scene faded off like smoke.

It stretched so far, it stretched so bare,
 All waste, all barren everywhere ;
 How it befell I never knew,
 There I was standing all ague.

And gazing far ahead, I note
 A streak of white before me float.
 I ran to it, ran, stopped, and lo !
 That rare pale maid again I know.

There spade in hand, on that wide waste,
 She dug the earth deep, dug with haste ;
 To look at her I scarce did dare,
 She was so gruesome, yet so fair.

And swiftly still her spade she plies,
 And croons a chant in wondrous wise :
 " Sharp spade, stout spade, shovel and sweep,
 Shovel a pit that is wide and deep ! "

Then up to her I took my way,
 And whispered low, " Oh tell me, pray,
 Thou maiden sweet of wondrous sheen,
 What may this pit thou diggest mean ? "

Then swift she spoke, "Content thee ! See,
A cool grave I have dug for thee !"
And even as the words she said,
The pit she dug wide open spread.

And as I looked into the pit,
I shuddered as with an ague fit,
And down, as smit by sudden stroke,
I tumbled headlong !—and awoke !

" Wenn ich auf dem Lager liege."

WHEN abed I lie enfolded
In pillows and in night,
A form, all grace and sweetness,
Floats ever in my sight.

Even as mine eyes are closing
In the caress of sleep,
That dear, dear form serenely
Into my dreams doth creep.

Yet with the dreams of morning
It will no more depart,
For all day long I bear it
About me in my heart.

" Mädchen, mit dem rothen Mündchen."

LASSIE with the lips sae rosy,
With the eyne sae soft and bricht,
Dear wee lassie, I keep thinkin',
Thinkin' on thee day and nicht.

Winter nichts are lang and eerie ;
Oh, gin I were with thee, dear,
Arms about thee, cracking couthly,
With nae mortal by to hear !

With my kisses I would smother
Thy white hand sae jimp and sma',
And my tears for very rapture
On that wee white hand should fa'.

"Du bist wie eine Blume."

THOU art even as a flower is,
So gentle, and pure, and fair;
I gaze on thee, and sadness
Comes over my heart unaware.

I feel as though I should lay, sweet,
My hands on thy head, with a prayer
That God may keep thee alway, sweet,
As gentle, and pure, and fair!

"Kind! es wäre dein Verderben."

CHILD! it would be your undoing;
And I struggle hard, you see,
That your dear kind heart may never
Feel the glow of love for me.

That too well I have succeeded,
Pains me in my own despite;
And I often think, "Oh, would you
Love me, come whatever might!"

"Es stehen unbeweglich."

IMMOVABLE, unchanging,
The stars stand in the skies,
Upon each other gazing
With sad and loving eyes.

They speak throughout the ages
A speech so rich, so grand;
But none of all the sages
That speech can understand.

But I that speech have mastered,
Can all its meanings trace;
What for a grammar served me
Was my beloved's face.

"Im wunderschönen Monat Mai."

'TWAS in the glorious month of May,
When all the buds were blowing,
I felt—ah me, how sweet it was!—
Love in my heart a-growing.

'Twas in the glorious month of May,
When all the birds were quiring,
In burning words I told her all
My yearning, my aspiring.

"Aus meinen Thränen spriessen."

SWEET flowers spring up, the fairest,
Where fell my tears, and burned;
And all my sighs to melodies
Of nightingales are turned.

And, if thou'lt love me, Sweeting,
The flowers to thee I'll bring;
And 'neath thy chamber window
The nightingales shall sing.

"Mag da draussen Schnee sich thürmen."

FATHOMS deep may drift the snow,
It may hail, and it may blow,
Till my windows groan and shake,
Moan for that I ne'er will make,
For, while in my breast I bear
My darling's image, spring is there.

"Wenn ich in deine Augen seh'."

WHENE'ER I look into thine eyes,
Then every fear that haunts me flies;
But when I kiss thy mouth, oh then
I feel a giant's strength again.

Whene'er I couch me on thy breast,
I know what heaven is to the blest;
But when "I love thee!" thou dost say,
Most bitterly I weep alway.

"Auf Flügeln des Gesanges."

OH, I would bear thee, my love, my bride,
 Afar on the wings of song,
 To a fairy spot by the Ganges' side ;
 I have known and have loved it long.

'Tis a garden aflame with blossoms rare
 That sleeping in moonlight lies ;
 The Lotus flowers are awaiting there
 A sister they dearly prize.

There the violets twine, and soft vows repeat,
 And gaze on the stars above ;
 The roses exhale in whispers sweet
 Old legends of souls that love.

Gazelles come bounding from the brake,
 And pause, and look shyly round ;
 And the waves of the sacred river make
 A far-off slumbrous sound.

There shall we couch by a rippling stream
 In the shade of a stately palm,
 And drink in love, and delight, and dream
 Long dreams in a blissful calm.

"Verrieth mein blasses Angesicht."

WHAT I suffer for love canst thou
 Not read in my wan worn face ?
 Wouldst thou have my proud lips sue,
 Like a beggar, for alms of grace ?

Oh, my lips are too proud by far,
 They can kiss and jest—that's all ;
 Though for grief I were dying, they might
 Very likely drop words of gall.

“ Was treibt und tobt mein tolles Blut ? ”

WHAT sets my blood so mad aspin ?
Why burns my heart with a fire within ?
My blood it boils, it foams, it seethes,
And a gnawing flame my heart enwreathes.

My blood it seethes and foams so mad,
For I an evil dream have had.
The son of Night came, swart and grim,
And took me away perforce with him.

He led me to a house was bright
With the blaze of torches and lamps a-light ;
There were mirth and feasting and minstrel din—
I came to the hall, I entered in.

'Twas a wedding-feast : as I came near
The guests at the table were making cheer ;
And when the bridal pair I spied,
Oh woe, my own love was the bride !

My own, own, very love was she,
The bridegroom unknown was to me ;
Close at the back of the fair bride's chair,
I took my stand in a dumb despair.

The music sounds ; I stood stock-still—
Oh the pang as the revel rose high and shrill ;
The bride, she looks like a soul that's blest,
Her hands in his the bridegroom pressed !

The bridegroom fills his goblet up,
And drinks, and offers the bride the cup
Full courteously,—she smiles a thank.
Oh woe, it was my red blood she drank !

The bride a rose-cheeked pippin took,
And gave it her groom with a sidelong look ;
He took his knife, and he cut it apart.
Oh woe, that was my very heart !

Long and fondly they ogled and eyed,
The bridegroom boldly clasps the bride,
On her red lips kiss on kiss rains he—
Oh woe, it is cold Death kissing me !

My tongue lay in my mouth like lead,
And never a word could I have said :
High swells the music ; the dance began,
And the buxom bridal pair led the van.

As I stood like one in death-trance bound,
The dancers go spinning and whirling round :
To the bride the bridegroom whispers low,
Her cheeks flush red, but in wrath ? ah, no !

"Was will die einsame Thräne ?"

WHAT'S this ? A tear, one only ?
It blurs and troubles my gaze.
In my eye it has hung and lingered,
A relic of olden days.

It had many shining sisters,
But away they all have passed—
Passed with my torments and raptures
In night on the driving blast.

Away, too, have passed like a vapour
Those deep-blue starlets twain,
That smiled those raptures and torments
Into my heart and brain.

Like a breath my very love, too,
Has faded and flown, alas !
So now, old, lonely tear-drop,
'Tis time thou too shouldst pass !

THE FALL OF PLEVNA : PEACE OR WAR ?

WHATEVER may be the ultimate issues of this war, the fall of Plevna will be one of its most dramatic events. By the aid of an improvised fortress, Osman Pasha succeeded in stopping the tide of invasion, indirectly causing a loss to the Russians of nearly 100,000 men, a vast expenditure, and five months of delay. He also secured to the Turks the opportunity of forwarding and completing their preparations for defence. The army of Shumla has been reinforced, and the quadrilateral strengthened. Armies have been assembled at Sophia and Adrianople, around which formidable intrenchments have been raised, armed with a powerful artillery. Moreover, Plevna was not surrendered till winter had come, with its usual severity, to the rescue of the Turks. Nevertheless its fall, together with the loss of Osman's army, most seriously impairs the Turkish means of resistance.

We consider that this long-expected event practically closes the campaign of 1877 ; for even if active operations should not be wholly suspended, a new chapter of their history is commenced. We take advantage of this crisis, and of the beginning of a new year, to reconsider the question of English policy in the East. A year ago we were forced to listen to a discussion whether England should not join with Russia for the purpose of coercing the Turk : the Muscovite ejecting him, "bag and baggage," from his provinces, the Englishman wringing the neck of his power on the Bosphorus. At the present time a different set of politicians claims attention ; men who demand that active measures should at once be taken, consistently with the policy

of the Crimean war, with a view to defend the Ottoman empire. At the end of November an important deputation waited upon Lord Derby to enforce this view. The Foreign Secretary promised its members that what they had said and what they had written should be brought under the notice of his colleagues, and be considered by them as well as by himself. What is worthy of careful consideration by the British Cabinet, should at least receive respectful attention from the public. We cannot join, therefore, in the scoffs and sneers to which this deputation has been exposed at the hands of some of the Russophile press. We have throughout these prolonged discussions maintained that the form of government and social condition of provinces which lie surrounded by four great military empires cannot be matters for which England is answerable. Our policy ought to be, and has been, faithful to our treaties, and true to those British interests which party vehemence alone derides. It is not charged against us in any quarter that we have violated any treaty obligations ourselves. Nor is it ever alleged that we have, directly or indirectly, sanctioned the infraction of treaties by others. We stand clear of all complicity whatever in the guilt on either side of this unhappy struggle.

We have, however, to keep steadily in view the integrity and independence of the British empire ; and whatever may have been the case during the last fifteen months, no English politician, having regard to what has already happened, will in the coming year, we take it, obtain a hearing, who does not show that this is the point of view from

which alone he regards the subject. If the views of Lord Stratheden's deputation are to be rejected, as we think they must, it is not that they are erroneous in principle, but because they are exaggerated in degree. They are not to be condemned off-hand with the easy assurance of party fidelity. A cautious and responsible statesman like Lord Derby does not treat them in that way. Though he did not admit the doctrine that the Euphrates valley was our true line of communication with India, he refused to negative off-hand the proposition that the Russians at Trebizond would menace the safety of the Suez Canal. The Russians have immense difficulties before them ere they reach Constantinople. But at the same time, the position is one of increasing anxiety; and unless this war soon shows signs of coming to an end, the watchful attention with which it is regarded here, will gradually be sharpened by the sense of growing peril.

Lord Stratheden's deputation insisted on the following points. First, Great Britain had already, by its inaction, forfeited all right to consideration at the hands of either Russia or Turkey. Second, The *locus standi* of Great Britain as a mediating Power ought to be improved by a variety of measures which it would be dangerous to indicate, but which need not involve hostility to Russia. Third, Great Britain, as the single bar to Russian triumph on the Bosphorus, is urgently bound to take all practicable measures in defence of those European interests and treaties which concern her.

If this sounds somewhat vague, the speeches of its members distinctly advocated a bold course being adopted by her Majesty's Government, in order to protect British interests from Russian ag-

gression. They also expressed a belief that a word from the English Foreign Office would reunite the forces of Austria and obtain their concurrence. The speeches must be distinguished from the carefully-prepared memorial. Some of the former advocated measures which were tantamount to war. The latter did not urge any violation at present of the neutrality originally proclaimed.

In this latter view we entirely concur. It seems to us that before any English politician allows himself to be led away by anticipation of evil into advocating a policy of war, he ought to turn to Lord Derby's despatch of May 6, of last year, and study an instrument by which the whole country is solemnly bound. It was despatched from the Foreign Office shortly after the proclamation of neutrality by the Queen. Its substance was communicated by Mr Cross to the House of Commons before its publication, and was by Parliament and the country generally approved. It cannot be departed from to any material extent without exposing us to a charge of uncertain conduct and vacillating policy. For there was not merely a statement of the conditions on observance of which our neutrality would be preserved. An answer was received from Prince Gortschakoff which was accepted in the most solemn of English instruments, the Queen's speech, at the prorogation of Parliament, as "indicating friendly dispositions on the part of Russia." In other words, it was accepted as satisfactory as far as it went.

In that despatch Prince Gortschakoff engaged, on behalf of the Imperial Cabinet, that they would neither blockade, nor interrupt, nor in any way menace the navigation of the Suez Canal. They considered the Canal as an international work, in which the commerce of the world is

interested, and which should be kept free from any attack. The pledge is a distinct one, and has not in any way at present been violated. It was the point upon which Lord Derby had insisted in his despatch as one which involved immediate and forcible interference by this country. Passive neutrality he intimated, without any circumlocution, could no longer be maintained if any attempt were made to interfere with the Canal or its approaches. Such an attempt would be a menace to India, and a grave injury to the commerce of the world. Next in importance to the safety of the Suez Canal is the exemption of Egyptian territory from attack. Lord Derby declared that even its temporary occupation could certainly not be regarded by us with unconcern. What is Prince Gortschakoff's answer by which he binds the Imperial Cabinet? "They will not bring Egypt within the radius of their military operations." Then with regard to the navigation of the Straits, England says that there are serious objections to any material alteration of the existing arrangements. Russia says that the question should be settled "by a common agreement on equitable and efficiently guaranteed bases." No ground for present interference on the part of England has yet arisen with regard either to Egypt or the Straits.

Then comes the question of Constantinople. The last word in this or any other war in the East is, Who shall have Constantinople? "Her Majesty's Government are not prepared to witness with indifference the passing into other hands than those of its present possessors, of a capital holding so peculiar and commanding a position." So said the despatch of May 6; and it proceeded to remind the Russian Government of the Imperial word of honour

pledged at Livadia, that the Czar had no intention of acquiring Constantinople, and only contemplated a provisional occupation of Bulgaria. Prince Gortschakoff's answer was as follows:—

"As far as concerns Constantinople, without being able to prejudge the course or issue of the war, the Imperial Cabinet repeats that the acquisition of that capital is excluded from the views of his Majesty the Emperor. They recognise that in any case the future of Constantinople is a question of common interest, which cannot be settled otherwise than by a general understanding; and that if the possession of that city were to be put in question, it could not be allowed to belong to any of the European Powers."

Russia also pledged herself not to extend the war beyond what was required for guaranteeing the Christians against the Turks. Her interest in the subject was a vital one; but was not opposed to any of the interests of Europe.

Such being our relations to Russia with regard to this war, it is obvious that although a policy of watchfulness and readiness is necessary, this country ought to reject any counsels which, in a spirit of undue panic, would urge a departure from the settled lines of its policy. Then, with regard to our relations to Turkey, it is admitted that the Turks have no claim upon us that we should interfere one moment before our own vital interests are affected. We came under no engagement in 1856 to the Turks to defend their territory. We did agree with France and Austria to answer their call to arms for that purpose; and a Liberal Government actually proposed in 1871 to extend a similar authority to the Turks themselves! But it was quite clear, if not from the first, at all events from the agitation of last autumn, that Austria preferred to cast in its lot with Germany, in preference to

relying upon the tripartite treaty. France was never very enthusiastic about the Crimean war, and declined to renew her responsibilities. Moreover, the counsels (whatever we may think of them) which Turkey rejected at the Conference, were quite as much those of England as of the other Powers. The hour had come when it was necessary for Turkey to vindicate by arms the independence which she had asserted, and to maintain the integrity of her own empire. Right nobly has she struggled against an unprincipled and lawless aggression. It is her misfortune, or her fault, that she stands alone; and the wisest course to adopt would be to utilise her heroic achievements in order to secure terms from a victor on whom the sense of perils past and difficulties ahead will possibly impose moderation.

Whatever the merits of the case, and the crime of this war, the results of the campaign are manifest. The Balkan provinces are the matters in dispute. Two great military empires have engaged in mortal and desperate combat over the right to govern them; two more stand by well able to prevent any political arrangement unsuited to their own interests, and evidently favourable to some undisclosed plan which involves the extinction of Turkish authority. There is no statesmanship in disputing a decision ratified by overwhelming force. If spoliation is in view, the will of the strongest in such a case as this must be acquiesced in sooner or later. No Englishman ever dreamt of a single-handed resistance, by force of arms, to the joint will of the Imperial Powers, in reference to principalities which lie beyond our reach, which admittedly suffer from misgovernment, and whose condition closely concerns their neighbours. A strong condemna-

tion of this war, as an aggravation of admitted evils, does not involve a desire for the restoration of the *status quo*. Loyalty to our treaties has made us steadfast to the principles they proclaim. A lively recollection of the past, and acquaintance with Muscovite policy, have taught us to trace in admitted discontent, more of foreign machination than of actual oppression. And disbelief in the remedies of violence and spoliation, together with a respect for the public law of Europe, have made Great Britain stand aloof from the policy now being pursued, and the deeds which are now enacted. But from the very first the Turks have been told that they must defend by themselves their own independence, and the integrity of their own empire.

If the fall of Plevna leads to peace, an immense cloud of anxiety will be removed from Europe. At present, the vital interests of Austria, which are declared by Prince Bismark to be the same as those of Germany; the vital interests of Roumania, which has proved its prowess in the field and aspires to independence; the vital interests of Servia and Montenegro, which are opposed to exchanging Turkish suzerainty for Russian domination; and the continued neutrality of the Danube,—are considerations which will all tend to place any breach of the Czar's word of honour in regard to annexation, under the ban of the Powers most immediately concerned. As the war rolls southward the risk to Russia no doubt increases; but her grasp of the whole subject of contention, and her future *jura victoris*, supposing her ultimately to succeed, are proportionately enhanced. At what point the Germanic Powers may consider the situation menacing to themselves is their affair, and not ours. Upon this subject our only clue is

found in the utterances of Francis Joseph's Ministers. Half a year ago M. Tisza explained to the Lower House of the Hungarian Diet that they had struggled to prevent a war, the existence of which affected their interests; that their army was powerful and completely equipped; that they would endeavour to localise the war; that no one of them desired to alter the possession and relations of power on their frontier. Their foreign policy is dictated by "the interest of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy to the exclusion of all antipathies and sympathies." That is precisely the spirit which animates English policy. And one sentence of M. Tisza may be carefully borne in mind in the probable discussions of the coming year. "The constant mention of a danger which does not exist is no sign of a manly courage, and may temporarily so shake the nerves of the people, that if the proceeding be frequently repeated, their nerves, when the time of action arrives, will be found relaxed." And quite recently Count Andrassy has said much the same thing. In reply to Count Szechen (see 'Times,' Dec. 11), who demanded to know what other guarantee Austria had for the protection of her interests except her own material force, he pointed to the declaration of the limits affecting the welfare of the realm. "There were two ways," he added, "of making such a declaration: a noisy one, as was the case in Paris previous to the war of 1870; and a firm but unassuming one, which, while it did not offend the public conscience, might yet produce the conviction that the more moderate the demands the more decidedly would they be upheld." On the eve of the fall of Plevna, he assured the Austrian representatives that in Europe the policy of Austria was

recognised as being clear; that it was in concert with other Powers, but would always primarily keep Austrian interests in view. He insisted, before the Hungarian representatives, that the geographical position of Austria in regard to the Eastern Question was a dominant one—that the Triple Alliance had been the means of preventing a general European war—and that the monarchy was unfettered with regard to the whole subject, and its just and equitable interests would assert themselves. He would not stand up for the *status quo* in deeds; but the geographical, military, and political position of Austria was such that, in concert with the other Powers, she would be able materially to serve European interests; and as for her own specific interests, Austria would stand up alone for them if necessary.

Now Austria's interest in the whole business, so far as it has gone at present, is far more direct than our own. She at present, at all events, is satisfied, and so is Germany. English interests are not yet touched. Nothing has been done which even calls for remonstrance, whatever may hereafter be the case in regard to Russian encroachments in Armenia. We don't know what the understanding between the three Powers may be, but the Foreign Office is apparently quite satisfied that the notion of Austria being prepared for a separate alliance with England, in order to further the views of some of Lord Stratheden's deputation, is a wholly mistaken one. And surely these four Powers, with their millions of armed men, may be left to settle for themselves, in conjunction with the *quasi* principalities which are known as the allies of Russia, the form of government which shall be established in the northern provinces of European Turkey. As far as aspi-

rations go, we trust that the arrangements made will secure the unfortunate inhabitants equally against Turk and Cossack. As far as policy goes, it is a murderous, cut-throat business, with which Great Britain has nothing to do. The luckless inhabitants are exposed to all the horrors of a struggle, in which the whole strength of civilisation is brought into bearing, strained for selfish purposes, without any, or hardly any, of its redeeming accompaniments of mercy and justice. We cannot prescribe their form of government; neither can we help to terminate the struggle.

The chances of the belligerents coming to terms by themselves are, we believe, very slight indeed. However anxious Russia may be to terminate this struggle honourably, the Turks are by no means vanquished. They have little to lose, and, moreover, have it in their power to proclaim a religious war.

The difficulties which still beset the Russian Government were forcibly described by a Vienna correspondent of the 'Times' a short time ago (Nov. 20). Assuming Plevna to have fallen, and the quadrilateral efficiently masked, Orchanie passed, Suleiman and his army intercepted, the Slivno and Schipka Passes taken, what follows? According to the writer, who was evidently acquainted with the subject, the road would then lie open to Adrianople. The lines of that place are extremely strong, and could easily be held by 30,000 men, and it is already thoroughly provisioned. No army could advance on Constantinople leaving both Adrianople and the quadrilateral in the rear; while to reduce those five places would probably more than absorb the whole strength of Russia. Suppose Adrianople fallen, and the road open to Constantinople. How is Russia to wrest that world-fam-

ous capital from the hands of the Turks? Not by famine, whilst the besieged command the sea, and the besiegers are exposed to the climate which ruined the force of Diebitch. And the troops which failed to capture Plevna by storm, with its improvised fortifications, will scarcely attempt lines of which this is doubtless a true description:—

"Not only are these lines in a thorough condition of preparation—lines in comparison with which Torres Vedras are weak—but at a point where the railroad and all other country roads converge and begin to climb up out of the great Roumelian plain, a series of earthworks of almost impregnable strength has been constructed, which could hold an army in check for months. As the railway sweeps round in a great curve of many miles, so that the ascent may be more gradual, one passes through a succession of low hills, presenting nothing from their base; but when a sufficient altitude is obtained, they are observed to be trenched in every possible direction, honeycombed with rifle-pits, and enfilading every possible approach. The impression on the mind, as the train carries one on beyond these formidable lines towards Constantinople, is one of security, and the idea of the Russians 'knocking at the gates of Constantinople' vanishes into moonshine."

As for the probability of the Turks of the capital holding out, their interests are not identical with those of the provinces, which, laid waste by the war, Russia would be welcome to occupy. The accumulated riches of Turkey are said to be at Constantinople, and it will be long before a place so fortified and in such a commanding position, will be seriously menaced.

What possible ground can there be at present for English active interference on the one side or the other? We have formally disavowed any obligation to fight for the Ottoman empire, to main-

tain its integrity and independence. We have as formally and emphatically condemned this Russian invasion, and intimated the conditions on which we shall preserve a passive neutrality. As Lord Derby remarked in the summer in the Merchant Taylors' Hall, British interests may be made to include anything which is done without our sanction or desire in any part of the globe; but after all, says the Foreign Secretary, the greatest of all British interests is the maintenance of peace. If, he continued, we were to have a war sooner or later, he was of Mr Canning's opinion—he would rather have it later than sooner.

Let us hope, with M. Thiers, that Europe will be merely a spectator of this singular combat. The prophecy of that experienced statesman will probably prove to be correct: "Europe would have little to do or fear as long as the Turks resisted; but from the moment that the Turks appeared to succumb, Europe would have to consider whether she would consent to leave Russia victorious to dictate laws to vanquished Turkey, or even whether Turkey should be exposed to the necessity of declaring herself conquered." It is then that international difficulties will begin. And upon this we agree with M. Thiers, there is one point which this country will not allow at any price to be touched, and that is the existing road to the East. No Power has ventured to threaten it; and when we reflect upon our invulnerable position at home, and the exhaustless resources upon which this country can draw if forced into a struggle for existence, it is impossible to believe that Russia, exhausted by her conflict, would venture to bid us defiance.

But in a lesser though most important degree, there are the questions of Constantinople and the navigation of the Straits. There

are also the proposals for Turkey to cede Armenia and the fleet to the Czar. These are points upon which England must have a powerful voice, though the time has not yet come for their full discussion.

It seems to us that if this country is to exercise its just influence upon the final settlement, it must show itself to be ready and prepared for the alternative of war. That alternative may at any time during the coming year stare us in the face. If we face it with resolution and spirit, we have no doubt that all just demands will meet with respectful attention. No settlement will be durable which in any way menaces the safety of our communications either through the Suez Canal or the Straits. The Suez Canal must be guarded from even the approach of danger, whether from a Russian enemy or from a Turkish suzerain reduced to a Russian dependant. The command of the Straits must not pass without a struggle into the hands or under the menace of any one Power to the exclusion of others. Hypothetical and problematical dangers must not guide our decision. They are not worth a war. They can only be estimated by reference to the circumstances of the hour; and no two generations probably will regard them from the same point of view. Who that in 1854 could have foreseen a powerful and united Germany standing in the place of a dependent confederation, would have lavished the blood and treasure of England in order to maintain the then existing balance of power? Russia at the present time would be powerless, notwithstanding the effacement of France, but for an understanding with Germany and Austria. Their permanent interests in Europe are to a large extent, in reference to this matter, identical with our own. But on points

where our existing rights and indispensable interests separate from theirs, we must show ourselves prepared to vindicate ours, by force of arms if necessary; and we have no doubt that, with patience and resolution, the final arrangement will be one which is satisfactory to Great Britain.

The question of our future course is not yet even ripe for discussion. We don't know at present with what kind of Turkish empire we shall have to deal at the close of this war, or to what extent it is intended to rob her of her provinces. In the projected partition by the Emperor Nicholas, our right to seize on Crete and Egypt, as essential to the maintenance of the empire, and as a necessary counterpoise to the fall of European Turkey, was admitted. So also was the principle of the neutralisation of Constantinople. A powerful naval station in the east of the Mediterranean, and a sufficient military hold of Egypt, to preserve intact the right of way to India, are possessions which the course of events may render imperatively necessary to us. Scarcely inferior in importance, having regard to our maritime supremacy and the necessity of maintaining that prestige in the East which is the main security against resistance, is the question of the Straits, and the fate of the important strongholds which command their approaches. These cardinal aims of British policy can never be lost sight of, and we are convinced that the great majority of Englishmen will steadily support the Ministers in all necessary steps to insure their vindication. It is for them, with their presumably superior knowledge of the designs and dispositions of the various Cabinets, and of the conditions of the new situation which the coming year is sure to create, to indicate the right moment and mode of ac-

tion, and to be adequately prepared for all emergencies. We believe that the vast majority of the public, however reluctant to enter upon any but a necessary and inevitable war, are firmly resolved to submit to any privation, and endure any struggle, rather than allow the Empire to be vitally weakened or permanently impaired.

Every one must have read and considered the proposals to hasten active intervention on the part of this country; and few who remember the unanimous resolution of England to check Russian aggression by every means in its power twenty years ago, will dismiss those attempts without consideration. The circumstances of Europe are, however, we venture to think, wholly dissimilar; and, moreover, the policy of the celebrated Coalition does not pass unquestioned by history. The concert of the four Powers, and a firm attitude by England, would, in the opinion of competent critics, have preserved the peace of Europe. The vast political changes which have occurred since then, although they did not affect the treaty obligations of the Powers, at all events signally altered the conditions of the problem, so far as regards material forces and military considerations. If the Western Powers formerly rushed in where Austria and Germany feared to tread, at the present moment Austria and Germany are the ultimate masters of the situation, France is quiescent, and England reserves herself till it becomes necessary to defend her Imperial interests.

The great majority of the nation are rightly disposed to intrust the vindication of those interests entirely to the Ministers. They stand in official relation to the facts; they exhibit at every critical moment the high spirit which England expects in her Ministers, and failing

which she is sure to grow restive and warlike; and they have abundantly proved that at each step in their policy they have maturely considered their course with reference to the aims which they have avowed and which Parliament has sanctioned. The test of efficient leadership is that the public follows—for the English public will not follow unless it is led with discernment and spirit. Men of great reputed talent and historic reputation sat in the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen. Divided counsels rendered them the tools of others; the weak, irritable utterances of the Premier forfeited the confidence of the country. The public threw over such leadership, and forced on a war which ought to have been prevented. As revelation after revelation is made of the internal proceedings of that Cabinet, we may thank heaven that we are cursed with no such guidance now. We defy any politician to revive his recollections of that period, by reading the third volume of the Prince Consort's Life, without seeing that there was no prominent member of that Cabinet, with the exception of Lord Palmerston, who knew what he wanted, or who did not, within the short space of two years, grossly contradict and stultify himself in reference to what he stated to be the vital interests of the country. And one of the most celebrated of its members expects to be attended to at the present time, when, having formerly staked the fortunes of his country in the defence of the Turks, he now declares that to wring the neck of their power is a sacred duty to which all national interests and international treaties should at once be sacrificed. Fortunately a different spirit animates the councils of the nation at the present time, and the result is that peace is preserved, and a general confidence is main-

tained that the true interests of the country will be clearly appreciated and resolutely upheld. So far as our influence may be exercised in regard to interests which are not our own, it will be in favour of securing to the principalities such form of government as may content them. Mr Forbes and others have opportunely thrown light on this question, and the result is to confirm the evidence of consuls and other responsible witnesses. Far be it from us to argue in favour of re-establishing the *status quo* after the horrors of this war; but that the guilt of this sanguinary strife is alleviated by anything which had previously happened, we beg leave to doubt. Here is the evidence of Mr Layard, who, on the 30th of last May, wrote as follows:—

“The Christian populations of Turkey, or rather, it may perhaps be said, those who by their knowledge and intelligence are capable of representing them, are convinced that, under the Turkish rule, they have a far better chance of carrying out their national aspirations, of retaining their national faith, and developing their political freedom, than under that of Russia. They believe that the pressure recently brought to bear upon the Porte by the European Powers, and the lesson which the Turkish Government has received, will contribute to these objects. They are encouraged by the unexpected success of a Turkish Parliament, in which they find that they can freely express their opinion and expose their grievances; they know that the unchecked success of Russia would at once lead to the destruction of this germ of future liberty and good government. I believe that they are right.”

And here is the opinion of a certain lecturer at Hawarden after having considered the evidence of Mr Forbes. Mr Gladstone considers that plundering, slaughtering, and violating are the usual practices of his *protégés* of 1854; hacking, chopping, and mutilating their defeated

enemies are practices agreeable to their general spirit ; they had destroyed most of the inhabitants (" that was the way to make plenty of land "), and had irretrievably degraded the rest. The only remedies are to be found in the honour of the Czar and the strong humanity of his people ! Let the public compare the two opinions, and ponder which of them sounds reasonable and probable, and which of them is borne out by the facts. That some of the authors of the expedition to Sebastopol should have eagerly sought a peace which abandoned every object that served to justify the expedition, struck the Prince Consort with amazement ; that one of the main authors of the Crimean war should confess that he, wittingly or unwittingly, poured out his countrymen's life-blood in aid of such miscreants as he now denounces, for ever ruins his character for statesmanship.

However, such are the men who render war inevitable. There is an observation by her Majesty, recorded in the recent volume of the Prince Consort's Life, p. 25, which ought to be noted when Opposition journals and statesmen inveigh against the Guildhall speeches of the Premier. Writing to Lord Clarendon in December 1853, the Queen says : " Lord Palmerston's mode of proceeding always had that advantage, that it threatened steps which it was hoped would not become necessary, whilst those hitherto taken started on the principle of not needlessly offending Russia by threats, obliging us at the same time to take the very steps which we refused to threaten."

The errors of that unfortunate period of our history have been carefully avoided now ; and we have strong hopes that, in consequence, no war will be necessary. Instead of the vague general statements in vogue twenty years ago about

ties of Europe and the independence of nations, which the same statesmen were found to construe in directly opposite senses within the short period of two years, we have now a clear definition of the conditions of neutrality, and an irrevocable determination to defend certain clearly-understood British interests. The wave of popular fury which drove Lord Aberdeen, against his will, into war with Russia, without his knowing, as Mr Kinglake points out, the point at which he took the wrong turning, has been renewed during the progress of the present disturbances. On this occasion it again loudly demanded a policy of violence—that the Turks should be swept into the sea. It was met and rebuked by the Aylesbury speech, admitted by its chief detractors to be the most signal exercise of personal authority which has occurred in our time. It effectively rolled back a disastrous agitation, and compelled acquiescence in the policy of the Government. The leader who was capable of meeting, perfectly unmoved, his countrymen in one of their wildest moods, and of restoring them to self-confidence and self-control, may be trusted not to be urged on by any popular panic into an unnecessary war. And no one pretends to doubt that the Minister to whose guidance England has intrusted her fortunes at the present crisis, in the slightest degree underrates her resources, or distrusts the spirit and tenacity with which, if necessity requires, she will vindicate her empire. If his bearing as a Minister contrasts so significantly with that of Lord Aberdeen, with such evident advantage to the cause of peace, it might be as well if his conduct in Opposition during successive crises in our history were recalled as an example to the chiefs of the Liberal party. We may shortly again enter a Conference

which, like that at Paris in 1856, will have to settle questions of vital importance to this country. We trust that the leaders of Opposition may earn at the hands of some future historian an approval similar to that bestowed on the Mr Disraeli of 1856 by the biographer of the Prince Consort, vol. iii. p. 435 :—

“It was only to be expected of a statesman like Mr Disraeli, that he should refrain from embarrassing by a word the Ministers on whom devolved the difficult duty of protecting the national interests and honour, in negotiating the terms of peace. How that duty was to be performed he left those to decide who were responsible for its discharge. Such generosity among statesmen may always be counted upon as a matter of course. But he could scarcely have known how valuable to the Ministers at the time were the emphatic words with which he concluded his speech, in which he said that if the negotiations failed, ‘Her Majesty might appeal with confidence to her Parliament to support her in a renewed struggle; and there was no sum which Parliament would not cheerfully vote, or her people cheerfully raise, to vindicate her honour and maintain the independence and interests of her kingdom.’”

However that may be, the Ministry is strong in the support of Parliament and the country. There is no sign of wavering in their public utterances; and if England's interests are attacked, it will not be from want of due warning that they will be adequately defended. Since the fall of Plevna, there have been two speeches by Cabinet Ministers. Mr Hardy, during that magnificent reception which was accorded to him at Edinburgh, while alluding to the absurdity of the report that England would be excluded from the final settlement of the Eastern Question, stated broadly — “If it comes to a question of defending

British interests, if it comes to a question of standing up for the British empire—then, even at the risk of shedding the blood of our countrymen, even at the risk of all we hold dear, our country shall put forward all her strength to prevent that glorious fabric being detached or impaired.” Lord John Manners at Grantham significantly alluded to the increasing difficulty of maintaining neutrality the longer this war goes on. And, referring to British efforts to bring about peace, now that Kars and Plevna have fallen, he continued—“I view with alarm the speeches and the writings of those orators and journalists, whether they prefer to be called ‘anti-Turk’ or ‘pro-Russian,’ who take every opportunity of informing the Emperor of Russia and the Russian Government, that whatever may be the pretensions of Russia, they will only be met by paper protests on behalf of the Government of England.” It is not very wonderful that those who denounced Lord Beaconsfield's Aylesbury and Guildhall speeches as infamous are displeased with these indications of a firm and decided policy. But in our humble judgment it is the only tone which has a chance of preserving peace, and the main lines of our policy have been far too clearly defined to admit of any reasonable fear that the Ottoman Cabinet will be misled into the belief that any practicable conditions of peace can be prudently refused. If Russia can bring herself to propose terms which will in any way correspond to the Czar's word of honour, pledged at Livadia, peace would in all probability ensue. Otherwise the Ottoman empire will have to defend itself alone, until, in the first place, that entirely new situation of which Prince Bismark spoke, as involving the vital interests of Austria, has been created;

and, in the second place, until such violation of our conditions of neutrality has been committed, as will involve the necessity of British interference. Unless peace is speedily concluded, we may look forward to an anxious year, till even war itself may be regarded as a relief from the uncertainties and depression of the situation.

It is given out that Parliament will meet on the 17th January—three weeks earlier than usual—a salutary expedient which has occasioned innumerable leading articles. It must, however, be remembered, that the situation has not been materially changed since the pro-rogation. If Plevna now has fallen, Plevna then was scarcely in existence. If Osman's army is in captivity, the Russian losses have been frightfully severe. The position, having regard to the time of the year, is even less immediately menacing than it seemed to be last August. The presence and support of Parliament, in view of possible negotiations for peace, or of completing any preparation which the decay of Turkish power may necessitate, are desirable. It is undoubtedly of the last importance that when Parliament meets it should show a united determination effectually to guard the most valuable and most vital portion of the communications of the empire. We presume that no single member of the Russophile faction will advocate the wringing the neck of our Eastern empire at the Suez Canal. The question of the Straits and Constantinople is one upon which

some difference of opinion may arise; perhaps even when the time comes a party question may be made of it. It cannot, however, be, that the very party which, twenty years ago, insisted upon the destruction of Sebastopol as a standing menace both to Turkey and to Europe, will now advocate the cession of Constantinople and the Straits to Russia. Still we must not be too sanguine. Liberals in opposition and Liberals in office are very different beings. We trust that every necessary and prudent precaution will be taken, even to the extent of rendering war inevitable, to prevent any such cession. The consequences to us in the loss of recruits, and in what is of immense importance to the rulers of vast territories and vast populations, the loss of prestige, would, we believe, be disastrous, let alone the risk of exclusion from the Black Sea. Constantinople is the capital of the world; and if the Turkish hold upon it is weakened, we look to the Ministers of the Crown to take whatever precautions are necessary, whether by way of military and naval measures, or by way of agreement with the Turks, to obtain all necessary guarantees against any veto of Great Britain's as to its disposal being disregarded. We trust that the tone of Parliament upon this important subject will be firm and unmistakable. The safest policy is a bold one; and it is absolutely impossible, if England takes a determined course, but that Europe will respect her decision.

THE STORM IN THE EAST.—NO. VIII.

THIS has often been called a war of surprises. It may also be spoken of as a war wherein events which, according to all calculations, were imminent, disappointed expectation and would not be accomplished. It is indeed of such a character that the records of former wars can afford but little light as to its coming events. The probable taries, the unlooked-for comes to pass.

If any events could have been surely anticipated, it was beyond doubt that the *dénouement* of the Plevna epic would happen before the 1st December; also that the fate of Erzeroum would be decided by the same date. But December found the history of the war not much advanced from where it stood some ten days before. The positions of the belligerents had altered a little during this interval, but the season had altered much. Bad weather, so long prophesied and expected, had at last descended upon the theatres of war in both continents. The fair long autumn had in Europe produced not much more than the parturient mountains. *Quid nunc* almost ceased to inquire, "What news?" It seemed as if news were coming to bless them no more!

Every one of these uneventful days before Plevna was unfortunate for the allies and a good thing for Turkey. It is the invader who is called upon to advance; and while he cannot do so he is losing—he is spending money and consuming men without profit. The Russians, unassisted, hoped to get Plevna in July; they and their allies together had not got it yet. What a difference to them must the endurance of this one intrenched camp have made! Out of the seven months which the war had lasted, four, we may say, had been passed by the

Russian army in hitherto unavailing endeavours to take it. When or how is the war likely to end if a single intrenched position can so delay its progress? We are not at all deaf to the teachers who assure us continually that Plevna was just the difficulty of the war; and none must wonder if it took some time to dispose of it; let Plevna but fall as it speedily must, and then—. We are not deaf, we say, but we have heard so many lessons in exactly the same strain that we are not edified, as perhaps we ought to be, by this one. We remember how it was said, Let the Danube but be crossed, and then—; let the invading army but pivot its centre somewhere near Tirnova, and wheel round right and left till it faces the Balkans, and then—; let the Russian reinforcements only come up, and then—. So far, indeed, a lion had always been somewhere in the path, and the triumphal march to Constantinople had been indefinitely postponed. And thus we were apprehensive that when Plevna should have ceased to be the hindrance, a lion would appear again somewhere, and have to be disposed of before the wheels of conquest could move smoothly. The incidents of the war, as they occurred in succession, made it only more and more apparent how the Russian leaders had misconceived the enterprise which they undertook. If they were not prepared for the difficulties to be presented in the first months of the war, it cannot be expected with confidence that at any period they will prove equal to the occasion. They may be victorious, certainly, spite of their most faulty estimates; but while we see them afloat on such a full sea of disappointments and discouragements,

some doubts will arise as to their ever being successful. A second Plevna may appear after the first shall have done its work, keeping an army of 120,000 men occupied for several months. Conquest at this rate would be extremely dear, perhaps ruinous. That is the desponding, though by no means absurd, view of the future. It may be that, after all, the way has been made smooth for the Muscovite arms, as many men imagine, and many more wish.

While the campaigns stood still we were not altogether without matter of interest and significance regarding the war; gowns rustled if arms did not clash. A deputation, representing three influential societies, waited upon the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and urged upon our Government that the time had come when it was bound to interpose with some vigour in order that the war might be brought to a speedy termination. We trust that we shall not misrepresent the aims of this deputation if we say that they did not altogether deprecate an armed intervention,—indeed that they would not have objected to our declaring war against Russia in case of her refusal to sheathe the sword at our bidding. They did not certainly say as much as this; but we think it may be fairly taken as the thinly veiled meaning of their spokesmen.

The first observation of most men, on reading of this deputation, would be that opinion had veered very remarkably during the past twelve months. In the autumn of 1876, pressure—violent pressure—was put upon our Ministers to induce them to take an active part in this Eastern question. Not only was extreme compulsion used toward the Government, but the sovereign was, in the most insolent and unmanly terms, enjoined to withdraw her fleet from its station

in Besika Bay, and to declare herself a partisan. Then, however, the endeavour was to invoke the power of England on behalf of Russia and for vengeance on the Turks. Now, in the autumn of 1877, a contrary sentiment had at length found voice. Ministers were once more urged towards war, but this time it was against, and not on the side of, Russia, that they were exhorted to draw the sword. Since Parliament assembled in the beginning of 1877, it had been demonstrated that the autumnal excitement of 1876 had been but the phrensy of a clique which had sought to make up for what it wanted in numbers and argument by immense displays of bad temper and bad taste. In the grand council of the nation this clique was absolutely powerless; but the force of the great body of the people was, last winter, but a passively resisting force: the inclination was towards an absolutely neutral position, indeed towards a literal, unlimited neutrality, while Ministers would only consent to maintain neutrality conditionally. The experience of another twelvemonth had, however, not only brought public opinion round to the conditional neutrality of the Government, but had apparently projected it far in advance of the views of Ministers, which views, as several members of the Cabinet assured us, remained now exactly as they were when the war first broke out. The war sentiment had been but gently expressed so far; the question was, To what strength might it attain, now that its current was so plainly in the Anti-Russian direction? The hobgoblin, it was clear, had not been laid.

But, besides the very decided change in opinion, observers could not fail to perceive a lesson of caution, derivable from this interview which the deputation had with the Earl of Derby. It came out dis-

tinently in the course of the interview, that there is something to be considered, in addition to the mere sentiments of the English nation towards the belligerents — something of the greatest importance. England, there is much reason to believe, could not take an active part in the war without drawing in a fourth Power. That fourth Power might provoke a fifth, and thus the general war which all have so long been deprecating would be precipitated by the action of England. Few of either those who condemn Russia, or those who sympathise with Turkey, desire this result, we feel assured. Yet it is clear that many of them, if cooler heads than theirs did not direct affairs, would assail Russia, consulting only their present feelings, and not realising the awful consequences. None can know half so well as our Ministers the temper of foreign States ; none therefore can judge so well as they of when the voice of England may with effect be raised diplomatically. That they will seize the first favourable opportunity for putting an end to the war, we have not the least doubt ; but they must be the judges of what moment may be favourable. Neither do we doubt that they will be prompt to resist any encroachment upon England's rights or interests ; but again we must leave them to judge of when such encroachment may have commenced. To decide for them, to urge them toward a policy for which they do not consider the time to be ripe, is but to copy the tactics of the atrocity-mongers, the perverseness and indiscretion of which have since been so fully manifested. Yet those who feel strongly on the subject of Russian aggression need not sit supine, although it is unwise for them to attempt to dictate its foreign policy to the Government. Let them, if they would curb Russia to the greatest practicable ex-

tent, give a hearty general support to the Ministry, who may, we think, be trusted to do all that conveniently can be done for the recovery of peace, for the rights and interests of England, and for a just settlement after the war. The stronger we make Ministers at home, the more weight we give them in the estimates of foreign Governments ; and the more we make it appear that the points which they think worth contending for will be maintained with the whole might of the British Empire, the more likely are we to achieve the kind of settlement which the deputations and their constituents desire.

Lord Derby allowed it to appear that something more than the sympathy, or even the assistance, of England would be required to move Austria in the direction of restraining Russian aims against Turkey. The deputation was evidently under the impression that Austria was only waiting for the encouragement of some great Power to gladly take action for separating the combatants—a result which, were she free to act, she could achieve more easily and completely than any other State. But this opinion of the deputation was derived from the known wishes of the peoples of Austro-Hungary, and indeed from the known interests of that nation, looked at apart from the dangers of such an interference which may be known to the Austrian Ministers. Like our own Government, the Austrian Cabinet cannot at once adopt a policy antagonistic to the designs of Russia, even though that policy may be desired by the peoples whom it governs, and may appear to be demanded by the best and plainest interests of their country ; because, probably, the Cabinet of Vienna is aware that instead of securing peace by intervention, it would only enlarge the area of the

war; because some other Government has made the Austro-Hungarian Government understand that it cannot join in the war without bringing in another ally for Russia. We are not informed what the influence is which is thus restraining Austro-Hungary; but we may feel pretty sure that it is not a national influence, but only a force emanating from the policy of a dynasty or of a Court, because, as we explained in our last number, there is not a nation in Europe that would uphold the acts or the designs of Russia. It still seemed to us that any secret "benevolence" towards the latter would be best counteracted by the expression of a thorough community of feeling among the peoples of Europe as to this war. Should a nation once distinctly declare that it is on the side of peace, and that it will not lift its hand in aid of the aggressor, no Government could drive it to active fellowship with Russia. The diplomatic threads of Europe are no doubt curiously complicated at the present time, and Russia has chosen her opportunity well in that regard. But it is a very delicate equilibrium on which her impunity rests, and there may be forces in operation which ere long will upset her.

It occurred to us, after we had read Lord Derby's speech, that the time had come when England should seriously consider a matter to which we adverted in our July number, feeling sure then that occasion would give it prominence before the war should be over. We allude to the expedient of promoting England's interests with money when it may not be practicable or convenient to do so with arms. There can be no doubt that Austro-Hungary is strongly moved at present to check the ambition of Russia; equally little doubt can there be that she feels obliged by counter-pressure to restrain her desire to

intervene. We know not by how little a preponderance of the counter-pressure her own desires are made to approach the beam of the balance; but we may safely assume that one consideration which tells against taking action is the low state of her public treasury. Now one cause of hesitation would be removed if she were assured of substantial money assistance in case of her taking the field against Russia; indeed we know not how the relative strength of the *pros* and *cons* on the war question might be affected if she felt easy about expenses. If she can promote the attainment of any object of ours, it would certainly be politic to offer her pecuniary assistance.

Again, we might to an incalculable extent avert some of the evils which are threatening our national interests if we were to supply the Turks with "the sinews of war." There can be no moral objection to our doing this if we wish that Turkey should not become the prey of Russia; and it would be much more easy for us to attain our object in this way than by transporting an army to the East. Next to strategy, finance is Russia's weakest point, and we might very effectually balk her by subsidising her intended victim.

No doubt disbursement of money to counteract Russian designs would be very violently resisted by the Russophile party among ourselves; but so would an armed opposition, or any other opposition, to Russia. Whatever step we might take to uphold British interests against the Colossus, we should equally have to reckon with the Russian party; but this suggestion of giving subsidies is made on the presumption that the Russophile party is powerless, that the nation is decidedly hostile to Russian designs, and that it refrains from resisting them by arms solely from the dread of involving all Europe in war.

The Russian army, as is now pretty certain, expected Plevna to fall immediately after the fall of Kars. It accordingly postponed until after the surrender operations against the great divisions of the Turkish army, and contented itself with pressing forward in minor combats towards Sophia, a direction of force which served two purposes : it counteracted the endeavour which was being made to succour Plevna from Sophia, and it opened the way for an advance southward, a Roumelian campaign appearing still to keep its place on the programme. But during this pause in the invader's operations, an event happened which, though still shrouded in much mystery, appears to have been of considerable importance, and certainly deserves mention in an account of the campaign. There were rumours, more or less distinct, towards the end of November, of an action by Osman Pasha in front of Plevna wherein the Russians suffered great loss : some versions went so far as to assert that the Gazi had actually broken through the "iron girdle," and was marching on Sophia. But as there never appeared a Russian account of this sortie, and as Osman was soon after known to be still inside the web which he had woven, the whole story of an action having occurred was, for a time, rejected. It, however, revived again, and further evidence made it clear that, spite of the Russian silence, a sortie had been made on the same day as that on which the capture of Rahova by the Roumanians took place ; that Osman took three Russian redoubts ; and that he inflicted heavy punishment upon the enemy. It is not known that he made his assault with the intention of breaking through the Russian lines. The silence of his adversaries affords strong presumption that they suf-

fered heavily from this sally ; and the occurrence of the action is a proof not only that the beleaguered troops were in good fighting condition at a time when they were reported to be starving, but also that, as we hinted last month, the Russian line had been generally weakened by the encircling of Plevna, so that the possibility of its being broken through was much increased.

Whether they weakened themselves or not, it was still, at the end of November, the endeavour of the Allies to spread themselves over more ground. The temptation to this arose from the cherished conviction that Plevna must immediately fall, after which event there would be troops disposable more than sufficient to make good their enterprises, even supposing them to have been originally undertaken at some risk. General Gourko, who was now in command of the force which operated to the south-west of Plevna, once more pressed towards the Balkans. This time, however, he did not advance with as great rapidity as in the summer, although he enjoyed some successes. The Turks in and around Orchanie offered to his troops very determined resistance. But, after a good many unsuccessful attempts, he was at length, either by forcible entry or by the withdrawal of the Turks, in possession of Etropol, Orchanie, and Provitz : if victory fluctuated it was in the end on the side of the Russians, and the Turkish cause was in all directions depressed. The Roumanians, in the direction of Widdin, had occupied Lom Palanka, which, though it was not carried by assault, was another point in possession of the invaders.

The capture of Provitz, which occurred on the 23d November, after two days' fighting, was a difficult exploit brilliantly performed

by the Russian general Rauch. His victory was as much over natural impediments as over the Turks; for, in order to assail their left flank, he had to conduct his force over ground that was almost impracticable. Forty-nine most laborious hours were occupied in attaining the mountain position from which his attack was to be made; his men by hand labour dragged the artillery up the steep; and at many points he was obliged to use dynamite to open passages in the rocks.* All obstacles being at last surmounted by persevering toil, he made his attack, and was successful. The Turkish occupants, who thought themselves safe on the left, had been amused by General Schouvaloff's force which skirmished in front and on their right while Rauch was making his weary way round. It does not require very profound stratagems to mislead the unwary Turk: when, therefore, we see the Russian invaders not trusting wholly to superior numbers, but doing a little work with the brain, we readily note the circumstance, for the quality of the war is improved thereby.

Etropol also was taken with some tactical ingenuity. The fight which ended on 25th November in the forts there falling into the invader's hands lasted three days. The defenders' attention was occupied by infantry demonstrations and by rifle-firing while the Russian guns were being dragged up some neighbouring heights and got into position. The artillery at last opened fire with great effect, and prepared the way for a sudden assault which a party of volunteers delivered on one of the forts. The fort was carried, and, between the artillery fire and the command which this fort af-

forded to the assailant, the front line of the defence was rendered untenable and was abandoned. Similar tactics were then employed with regard to the second (which appears to have been the principal) line of defence—that is to say, it was subjected to a scathing artillery fire while the Russian columns, keeping up a brisk fusilade, gradually turned it. After this the Turks did not wait for the assault, but abandoned what is called in the bulletin the principal redoubt of the position. The Duke of Oldenburg was the Russian commander in this action. He got three guns as trophies, and 300 waggons of ammunition and provisions.

There was an indistinctness about the fate of Orchanie. If, however, it was now really in the power of the Russians, it had been evacuated by the Turks on the withdrawal of their line generally, and so had been occupied by the invaders without opposition.

These losses, following so closely upon the disasters in Asia, and appearing to prepare the way for greater and more startling disasters which were to befall the Ottoman cause as soon as Plevna should be exhausted, made the prospect of Turkey gloomy on all sides. New levies were hastening up to Mehemet Ali Pasha, but it was evident that he was, up to this time, quite unable to hold his ground against Gourko's and Schouvaloff's forces, said to amount together to 40,000 men. In this critical state of affairs Suleiman Pasha began to stir himself, and to try whether there had been any reduction of the Russian strength fronting him, now that so much force appeared to be directed to the West. He managed to compel attention to his

* This will remind many of our readers of Hannibal's celebrated passage of the Alps, and his expedient for opening a way through the steep, as recorded by Livy. He heated the rocks by means of tremendous wood fires, and then poured vinegar upon them, which, as we are told, caused them to soften and crumble.

side of the war; and so, probably, he weakened the thrusts that were being made towards other points. His activity, and the promise of continued fair weather, ought to have decided the Russian commander to take the bold course of securing the Czarewitch against Suleiman, whatever new scheme might temporarily suffer by his doing so. The temptation to continue the advance into the Balkans appears, however, to have been very strong, and consequently Suleiman's tentative proceedings were not repressed half as sternly as they ought to have been. We noted in our last number an affair which Suleiman's troops had with the enemy near Pyrgos. This took place on the 19th November, and it resulted in the burning of the town or village of Pyrgos. But this action must not be confounded with another which happened later on, and which we now note for the first time. On 26th November there occurred at this point what cannot be considered as less than a battle, for there must have been 20,000 troops engaged on each side. The Turks endeavoured to turn the Russian extreme left, and so get command of the road leading from the Pyrgos bridge. The Czarewitch, knowing the importance of this point, and warned perhaps by the affair of the 19th, had thrown up some earthworks to strengthen his position there. Against these earthworks the Turks advanced with the greatest gallantry, halting occasionally to pour in a volley, and then again dashing forward until they almost reached the muzzles of the Russian guns. Their efforts were, however, in vain: the enemy was as brave and as stubborn as they, and he had, moreover, the advantage of his defences. The Turkish left achieved some success, and at first pushed back the enemy; but the latter, continually receiving

reinforcements, first stood firm, and subsequently was able to take the offensive. This battle raged hotly for five hours. The Turks after their failure fell back to the positions from which they had advanced to the attack; so that in respect of ground there had been no change. As regarded losses, it is to be presumed that the Turks, who made their attack across the open, suffered by far the more heavily.

On the same day (26th November), or within one day of that date, Suleiman's troops were reported to have made a series of smaller attacks all along his line, showing that he was determined to draw off, if possible, the pressure that was upon his brother chiefs, Osman and Mehemet. It is possible that he succeeded in doing this to some extent, as on the 28th November we find Chakir Pasha, one of Mehemet Ali's generals, able to hold his own against Gourko's attacking force. Chakir was in the Balkans, to the west of Orchanie and Etropol, guarding the road from Orchanie to Sophia, and had entrenched himself near Kamarli. Again the assailants tried the expedient of diverting the defenders' attention by a false attack; but this time the *ruse* did not succeed, as the Turks, although confronted in the morning by a force which had twenty guns with it, kept nevertheless a sharp look-out towards other quarters. At mid-day the Russian main attack was seen advancing along a mountain ridge which led by another, and probably more difficult, approach to the Turkish position. The expectation, no doubt, was that the defenders would be hotly engaged with the enemy in their front, and unconscious of, or at least unprepared to meet, the danger which threatened them from the other side. They, however, saw the attacking columns while they were yet on their march, and lost no

time in directing artillery upon them with effect. At the same time the infantry advanced to meet them, and effectually checked their progress. The fighting continued till nightfall. The hills were covered with snow, and the difficulties of maintaining the action were great on both sides. No explanation is afforded by the telegrams of how the Turks, assailed by twenty guns in front, could be ready to repel the oblique attack as soon as they desisted it. The fact probably is, that the redoubt in front of which the first demonstration was made was very strong—hardly assailable by infantry—and commanding the points on which the assailants showed themselves in such a degree that the artillery of the latter could not do much damage. This explanation is the more likely from the circumstance that the Turks expected from the first that there was something more formidable in reserve than the menace which they saw before them. The night must have been passed miserably enough in the snow. At daybreak the Russians were seen intrenching themselves, which must have been difficult work on that frozen ground; but they very soon took the offensive, and attacked one of the Turkish redoubts from two sides. On one side their columns in the first part of their march were screened by a wood; not so much concealed, however, but that the Turkish artillery, from redoubts collateral with the one attacked, could take them in flank and do execution. Indeed they seem to have been so punished while among the trees, that on emerging to the open they were much disordered. They went on, nevertheless, and so did an assaulting column from the other side which did not encounter so heavy an artillery fire. But both one and the other, when they got to close quarters, were so punished by the guns and musketry of the redoubt

that they recoiled and failed. They were not, however, disheartened by this first rebuff, nor by another after that; indeed they gave the assault five times in all, and without success, though they are said to have fought splendidly. The victory was undoubtedly with the Turks, who held every point of their ground, while the enemy retreated into the forest. But the fighting was only over for the day; it did not end here. For two days, however, there was a suspension of active hostilities; the Turks strengthened their works, the Russians dragged guns up the heights and put them in position; both sides were reinforced. On the 2d December there was a partial action, wherein again the portion of the Russians that was engaged was driven back to its shelter; but on the 3d another heavy assault for which the Russians had been preparing took place. It had no better fortune than the former attack. They could not penetrate the lines, and finally the Turks charged them with the bayonet, and flung them decidedly back. It is admitted on the Turkish side that the Russians were not driven clear off the ridge, and, on the plea that they maintained themselves in a corner of it, the latter claimed a victory; but there can be no doubt that they really suffered a heavy defeat. Mehemet Ali subsequently (on 5th December) claimed to have driven them off that ridge, to have exploded one of their powder magazines, and to have caused their line to fall back. After that, artillery duels were reported from this part of the mountains, but no close combat, constant fogs appearing to forbid excursions. As the interest rather subsided in this quarter, it arose in another.

On the 4th December Suleiman Pasha, advancing suddenly from Osman Bazar, captured Mahren and Elena, routing the Russian defend-

ers of those places with great slaughter, and capturing eleven guns, twenty ammunition waggons, a quantity of arms, and three hundred prisoners. The Russians are credited with having had sixteen thousand men, besides their artillery, in this action, while the Turks claim to have been not so strong. The numbers cannot be relied on as exact, but they give an idea of the magnitude of the battle. Mahren was first attacked and taken. After losing it, the Russians fell back to a position covering Elena, whither the Turkish divisions, after bringing up and planting their artillery, promptly followed them. The Russians were again dislodged, and retreated on Elena, which soon fell into the hands of the Turks, the beaten party making off in the direction of Tirnova.

On the following day another division of Suleiman's force which had advanced also from Osman Bazar, after a very slight struggle, drove six Russian battalions out of Kesrova, a town on the Osman Bazar—Tirnova road, and occupied the place. Moreover, a third portion of his army, farther north, crossed the Kara-Lom and seized on Popkoi or Papaskoi. These were concerted moves, and by their success Tirnova was threatened, and so were the communications of Radetsky's force in the Schipka pass. The advance was, no doubt, well planned. The battles at Pyrgos had given the impression that Suleiman was intent on displacing the Russian left; and the same battles perhaps had convinced Suleiman that, if the Czarewitch had been weakened in favour of encircling Plevna or of forcing the Balkan passes, his strength had been reduced on the right or centre, not on the left. Accordingly the Ottoman general with much secrecy accumulated a force at and near Osman Bazar, and launched it suddenly on

the posts in the direction of Tirnova. His action at once created a diversion of the invader's forces, and was proved to have been right in principle; but it was not followed up with any vigour. His troops came to a standstill, if not at Elena, on the march between that place and Tirnova; and, while they tarried, reinforcements reached the enemy, and the chance of striking at Tirnova was gone. The Russians when at Jacowitza, to which point they retreated from Elena, calculated that Suleiman's force in their front was now 30,000 men. Just for a few days at the end of November and beginning of December the tide of success seemed to be running once more in favour of the Turks; but there came a reverse to that phase of things.

Meanwhile in Asia the weather had at last become as severe as the boldest predictions had anticipated. Gazi Mukhtar was still safe in Erzeroum. General Loris-Melikoff had started to join the Russian force at Deveboyun, with the intention, of course, of pressing the siege of the capital. But the snow was so deep, and the temperature so piercingly low, that the columns could make no head. They did not certainly for a slight obstacle allow their purpose to be defeated; but it was impossible in such weather to bring up guns or stores, there was no fuel to be got in the district, and the backward march seemed the only resource. The prospect of even this was rendered unpleasant by the intelligence that the Kurds had collected in rear of the army, and, on the whole, the position of the victorious Russians seemed less enviable than that of the Gazi and his army. The last was said to have been augmented till it had reached the number of 25,000 men.

At this time, too, the weather in the Schipka Pass was said to be exceedingly cold, and very foggy.

Tents, or even huts, in such a climate, can have afforded but poor shelter, and the soldiers in that region must have been suffering much.

The Turkish navy has been scarcely heard of for some time past.

This was the state of things when the event which had so long been expected startled us by its realisation. For weeks we had been wondering daily why Plevna did not fall: when it was told that the siege had ended on the 10th, those who had most familiarised themselves with the thought of its fate cannot but have felt unwonted emotion. Had the catastrophe concerned only the gallant army and the thrice-illustrious chief that were shut up within the works, it must have deeply interested every generous mind. But Plevna was the keystone of the arch which had been maintaining its equilibrium for months past in Bulgaria; it was the centre of the system which had been obstinately withstanding the invader; and now the arch must fall, the system must dissolve, and no man could foresee the consequences of that fall to Turkey or to Europe. Peace and war hung in the balance. The Eastern question might be near its solution, or it might be but now developing to its full proportions. The time was big with most important issues.

Gazi Osman, as might have been expected of him, did not surrender without a last struggle. He ended his great episode sword in hand. Early on the morning of the 10th he left his now famous works with his brave army at his back, and attempted to make his way through the besieger's lines. His face was toward Widdin. He crossed the river Vid, and was permitted (so the accounts say) to proceed a certain distance without opposition—the ene-

my having for long expected that he would sally by this road, and having prepared everything for such an opportunity. He then fell with great fury upon the trenches of a Russian corps which barred the way in that direction, cutting a regiment to pieces, and also upon collateral works held by the Roumanians, carrying some of the earthworks, seizing a battery, and provoking a most sanguinary combat. When he was fairly engaged, the enemy's troops closed on his rear, and barred the way back to Plevna; and it need scarcely be added that, as soon as it was known that he had sallied, the allies entered the works which he had abandoned.

For five hours the battle raged. Though the Turks gained some of the positions and inflicted a fearful slaughter, reinforcements came up to the allies too rapidly to permit them to make their way fairly through. When it was seen that escape was hopeless, the undaunted Gazi ordered a retreat into his stronghold; but, as we have seen, the way back thither was barred, as, truly, was every other way; the enemy, according to a settled plan, had, during the action, collected on his flanks as well as his rear—in short, he was surrounded. Assailed now by the batteries which he had left behind him in Plevna as well as by those in front, unable to cut a passage through the enemy, dismounted through his horse having been killed under him, and suffering from a wound in his foot, his only choice lay between devoting the remains of his heroic band to destruction, and submitting to the enemy. Osman preferred the latter course: he arranged some terms of surrender,* and the resistance ceased. The following day he gave up his sword to the Czar personally, who at once

* A Russian account says that he stipulated that his officers should retain their side-arms and their personal effects.

returned it to the gallant prisoner. Moreover, the Czar placed his own equipage and escort at the service of the hero of Plevna, who, in this honourable durance, set off for Fratesti, on his way to St Petersburg. Thirty thousand Turks are said to have yielded themselves prisoners.

Thus ended the very remarkable defence of Plevna, which had been, in effect, the defence of the Ottoman Empire. Far back in the summer this defence had paralysed the invasion, and compelled the Russians to hurry up all their reserves; it had then detained 120,000 men before it till so late a period of the year that the enemy must continue the pause in his operations if winter can stop him. The fine and protracted autumn was unfortunate for the defence. Early rains would probably have much discomfited the besiegers, and perhaps rendered their enterprise abortive; but Heaven had decreed that the latter should be successful in at least this part of their nefarious inroad. Suleiman's advance upon Pyrgos, Kesrova, and Elena, we must now believe to have been a last effort to avert this final catastrophe from Osman. It was altogether insufficient for such a purpose, and of course it failed.

Later accounts, and especially the later correspondence of the 'Daily News,' explains to us how hopeless was the effort to make a successful sally under the circumstances; but that it might have been practicable had Osman been able to keep his plans secret. That he had hopes himself of escaping we have little doubt, after reading the telegrams. He had not only supplied the soldiers with three days' rations and a hundred and fifty rounds of ammunition per man; he had also issued a pair of sandals to each, and made every man take a little oil with him for his rifle. These last provisions did not look at all like expecting a

short brush, and then the end of the adventure. But, alas! the Russians were perfectly informed of all that the Gazi was doing and designing, and they knew exactly when and where to look for him. Through spies and deserters everything had been revealed. And we ought here to say that no stain rests on the Russian leaders for employing such means. It is a proverb that "all is fair in love and war," and generals will always employ treacherous wretches when they can. One only feels indignant that it should have been brave Osman's misfortune to be betrayed by such. The guards of the Russian trenches had been largely augmented on the side of the Vid for some nights past, when on Sunday night, the 9th, the correspondent of the 'Daily News' was present in General Skobelev's quarters, and witnessed the arrival of a spy, with intelligence which made it plain that the sortie was in preparation for that night. Later on another wretch came in, bringing word that the movement had begun. It is curious to read in the same letter of the order in which the march was made. The heads of the columns were preceded by baggage-waggons, loaded, which served as a cover until the Turks were ready to attack. There were three batteries of artillery in the sortie, and a very large train of both military and private carriages, the latter conveying women and children, as well as property.

It was characteristic of the Turks that when they had captured a battery, as was above told, they seemed to forget that their business now was to get forward, and they held on to their capture as if they could have established themselves therein. And there is a sad satisfaction to be derived from reading the honourable reception which Russian and Roumanian officers gave to the Gazi, and the generous terms in which

they expressed themselves regarding his merit and his achievements.

The Allies, especially the Roumanians, are reported to be highly elated by their success. When one remembers at what price the Russians valued Plevna in July, and what it has since cost them and their Allies, not much just cause for exultation is seen. First they were going to run over it, and blot it out with a handful of men. Then, when that offhand method disappointed them, General Krudener paid it the compliment of assailing it with a regular force of artillery and infantry. He got such a rebuff as kept the whole of the Grand Duke Nicholas's army quiet till the Czar's birthday, when it was proposed to offer his Majesty Plevna as a gift meet for him and for the occasion. The Russians stormed it with all their strength, and we need not say with what result, for the story was told in our columns three months ago. In despair they encircled the place; and, after a three months' siege, reduced it by famine. First and last, it must have cost them fifty thousand men. It is not a fortress, but a chain of field-works simply. If they had got it at their first attempt, they probably would not have illuminated; but since it has cost them so dear, the skies are rent with their triumph. This is very like celebrating their own want of discernment; for not the garrison of Plevna, but their appreciation of it, has altered since the summer days when they made so light of its defences.

It is a very general opinion that Osman committed an error in remaining in Plevna to be shut in there. He ought, his critics say, to have retreated while the way was open with "bag and baggage," after giving his enemy every possible unprofitable trouble. But it is by no means clear what the object was for which he held his ground so obsti-

nately. He may have had the best reasons for expecting to be relieved within a moderate time; or the other parts of the plan of defence may have required that the Crescent should be kept flying in Plevna. The plan, whatever it was, miscarried, as many plans of war do; but this does not prove that Osman's part in it was injudiciously played. So able a leader probably did not act but from very sound reasons; and we should prefer to hear the Gazi's explanation before judging of his conduct.

Osman is the most distinguished soldier yet developed by this war. Friends and enemies alike acknowledge his merit and pronounce his eulogy. He did not only defend Plevna—he selected it for his place of arms, and he made it the rock of defence that it was. His genius and judgment were conspicuous in both the design and execution of these formidable lines. To have got them constructed under the circumstances argued ability,—for troops of the line are by no means fond of toiling as "navvies," as many of our own military engineers have testified; and it is not every commander who can make them work with a will. But we know that Osman could communicate a willing spirit to his troops, not only as to labour, but as to valiant fighting and stubborn endurance. Like Phaethon, he has fallen in a great attempt; but, unlike that aspirant, he has been as conspicuous for sound judgment as for glorious daring. The Sultan may say of him, in the words of "Chevy Chase"—

"I have not any captain more
Of such account as hee."

The news of this gravest misfortune which had befallen the Turks in the course of this war reached Constantinople just before the assembling of the new Parliament for its

second session. The reverse created a profound mortification there, but was received with a dignified calm which appeared to betoken a stern resolution. The Sultan, in his opening speech, did not allude to the calamity which was filling every mind, and all recognition of it seems to have been repressed on the occasion with a fortitude such as has been ascribed to the Indian tribes of America. Altogether, the ceremony seems to have been conducted with great dignity. The equality of Christians with Mussulmans, as now established by law, was referred to with emphasis, and the injustice and cruel conduct of the war were more insisted on than its possible ruinous consequences to the Ottoman Empire. The appeal to his subjects to "protect our sacred rights," will without doubt be responded to as far as the ability of the peoples will reach; but with an army far inferior in numbers to that of the enemy, and with an empty exchequer, it must tax the wisdom of a Turkish Parliament to make head against actual and impending troubles. The large portion of the speech which was devoted to the announcement of most important civil reforms, and the stress which is laid upon the duty and advantage of confirming and maintaining the constitution, are very remarkable at a time when the war makes so great calls upon the public mind and the public means. They prove that there is not the least intention on the part of the Sultan or of his Cabinet to make the embarrassment and danger of the state pretexts for cushioning the new *régime* until a more convenient season. While there is a Turkish Empire, it will be constitutional. If the constitution is to perish, Russia, and not the Porte, will be answerable for its extinction. We said in our November paper that, if the Turkish Parliament should

again assemble, the event ought not to pass without a word of encouragement from the more liberal Governments of Europe. Now that the assembly has met, we say again that such encouragement ought to be given. If we put aside the aims and interests of both Sultan and Czar, and look back at the object for which this Storm in the East has been raised, we see that the amelioration of the condition of the non-Mohammedan population in the Ottoman Empire has been the great problem. The Czar has chosen to use his sword for the solution of it. His method has caused more misery to the subject races in one campaign than would probably have fallen upon them from Turkish power in a century; and no one who keeps steadily in view the root of the matter of the Eastern question, can entertain much hope that good government will soothe religious animosities under Russian rule or under Russian protection, any more than it did under the despotic sway of the Sultans. On the contrary, we have strong reasons for presuming that Russia would, for her own purposes, foment the mutual hatred of the races, as a means of raising Eastern questions in the future. Assuredly, the best hope for the Christians, and indeed for the other races also, lies in the constitution. If this is allowed to live, representation and free discussion must do away with the tyranny of a dominant race, and must, at the same time, baffle the intrigues of the emissaries of foreign powers, who come to stir up strife. To real philanthropists, it is by far the most important and auspicious phenomenon which has appeared in the East of Europe for many an age. If we are to give our sympathies to that competitor who will make the boldest step towards unity and progress, the Sultan must have them, for he has outbid the Czar in

degree, and, in the spirit and conception of his tender, has proved himself to be on a level far above his rival.

No sooner had Plevna fallen than Prince Milan of Servia, who had been waiting to assure himself that Turkey could not conveniently hit back, screwed his courage to the sticking-place, and, daring greatly, declared war. This, of course, astonished nobody. It was known that he was particularly anxious to distinguish himself by an act of treachery, and that he was only hesitating on account of the danger, which has now apparently vanished: so he makes his appearance at the eleventh hour, hoping to share equally with those who have borne the burden and heat of the day. The game seems pretty safe at present certainly; but what would Servia and the other rebels think of the matter if some state should suddenly step into the ring on the side of Turkey? There is a point beyond which a people's endurance cannot be stretched, and possibly that point may be marked by Servia's joining in the war. The people of Hungary had been vastly indignant at the Austro-Hungarian Government standing so tamely by and witnessing the progress of Russia. They had now, after the fall of Plevna, expressed the greatest dissatisfaction at Count Andrassy's policy as explained by himself, and had determined to hold a huge meeting with the object of putting pressure upon the cabinet to drive it in the direction of thwarting the policy of Russia. The Hungarians do not view Servian pretensions with complacency, and it is just possible that this stepping of Prince Milan to the footlights may be the hair which will outweigh Hungarian endurance. We have more than once in the course of these our notes called attention to the impatient feeling which has been growing hot in Hungary, and which at last has threatened to

burst into a flame. The outcome of it is worth watching for. It is true that Hungary has seemed before on the very point of taking action, but yet has been kept quiet; on the other hand, it is quite possible that the Hungarians may at last seriously mean mischief to Russia, and quite possible that they may materially derange the plans of the latter Power. This one danger, by reappearing, would revive all the other dangers which the recent successes of Russia have for a time sent to sleep.

While we were looking for some indication of the manner in which the Russian commander-in-chief would dispose of the legions that had been set free by the surrender of Gazi Osman, there came news of another attempt of Suleiman's troops to cut the Russian communications near the bridge at Pyrgos. For the third time Suleiman was unsuccessful in that quarter of the theatre of war. It seems to have been a large battle in which he was worsted, yet not so large but that he might have accumulated more troops so that it might have been fought with better chances of success. Some 30,000 of his troops drove a Russian force back upon Metchka, a post to the west of Pyrgos; but as far as the accounts inform us, no provision was made for supporting the attack in case of unforeseen difficulties. The Russians made a stubborn and gallant resistance, as they generally do, and detained Suleiman's troops longer, probably, than he reckoned on. The Turks advanced six times to the assault, and claim to have taken some entrenchments, so we may conclude that they were before Metchka a considerable time. The place indeed held out long enough for a Russian corps to come up and fall upon the Ottomans in front and flank, entirely disappointing them of their intended capture, and giving them a sound beating besides, and driving them back upon Krasna with heavy loss.

The Grand Duke Vladimir was the general whose troops were holding Metchka ; these did their duty manfully, and reaped the benefit of so doing. Suleiman is probably quite right in keeping the invaders in a state of anxiety about their Pyrgos bridge ; but his attacks and excursions would be more effective if they were better organised. His troops on this occasion, no doubt, fought obstinately and splendidly ; but it is wasting such valour as theirs to hurl them in a reckless, improvident manner, against a fort of which the Russians know full well the value, and which they are sure to defend with formidable forces. Even though his principal object had been to draw the enemy's force from other points, it would have been better to accomplish this by winning a battle than by losing one.

On the 15th December, intelligence came to hand of the English Consul at Erzeroum having received orders to withdraw from thence, with his official records, to Trebizond. It was probable, therefore, that the English Foreign Office had reason to believe that Erzeroum would be attacked this winter in spite of the weather. We hear of siege ordnance having been transported as far west as Hassan Kaleh. The Russians are known to be at present much taken with the idea of marching through Asia Minor upon Scutari, and it is not improbable that in their present state of elation the emulation between the armies of Europe and of Asia may tempt the latter to run great risks. It would, undoubtedly, be very convenient to reduce Erzeroum at once, so that the departure for this long march may be from a station to the west of the Soghanli Dagh, and communicating with a seaport. If, then, they attempt to take the city by a regular siege in the depth of winter, it will be seen how far Russian energy can cope with the difficulties of existence in piercing weather,

and of transport over the snow, in addition to the resistance which Gazi Mukhtar is no doubt prepared to make. It is impossible that the rigour of an Armenian winter is fabulous, and therefore a siege undertaken during its prevalence must be full of interest.

No sooner had Plevna fallen than many, who had expected the event with equanimity, were at once plunged into a state of the profoundest anxiety. Everything was over ; there would be peace immediately ; the Porte would concede anything that Russia might demand ; England would have, and could have, no voice in the arrangement which was imminent. Now the fall of Plevna was not the fall of Turkey. It was a severe blow ; but the Porte was of course prepared for its descent, and has not been driven quite beside itself thereby. There was certainly no precipitate action in Constantinople. After the lapse of a few days it was said that a circular exposition had been sent by the Ottoman Government to the neutral Powers, which, although it did not solicit their mediation, did yet plainly suggest that their good offices would be acceptable. After all the professions that had been made of the general desire for the restoration of peace, it was impossible that such an epoch in the war as was marked by the fall of Plevna, and by the season, could be suffered to pass without a sincere effort by some Power to bring about an accommodation. We had no right, as yet, to say that such an effort would be unsuccessful. Some States, it is true, were thought to be unwilling to discuss terms of peace until after the belligerents had come to an agreement as to at least the general conditions on which a peace could be negotiated. But their unwillingness did not prevent the action of other Powers ; nay, it gave to other

Powers the opportunity of peaceful intervention. The address of Turkey to the Powers does not consist with a wish on her part to conclude, with her adversary alone, a covenant which other nations will be made acquainted with after its completion. Indeed it was, so far as we could ascertain, a purely gratuitous assumption that Turkey would negotiate, or would wish to negotiate, without a friend at her side. But all doubt as to England being excluded from having a voice in the settlement ought to have been set at rest by the assurance given by the Secretary of State for War in his speech at Edinburgh :—

“I said last night that some persons had said that there would be a peace separate from England. Do not believe that. England is a double nation. She is a Western nation, and she is also, I may say, an Eastern nation. She has her interests in the Mediterranean; she has her interests in the Suez Canal,—she has interests in the Red Sea; she has her interests in India; she is practically both an Eastern and a Western Power; and do not suppose that it is possible—I cannot imagine such a thing, as that anything like a useful peace connected with Eastern affairs can be made without a proper and due intervention of England. As we have said, on the part of Government, this only, that we are concerned with British interests; if it were possible that a peace should be made which should consolidate all Eastern affairs without affecting British interests, it would be of little consequence whether England were a party to it or not, because she would have gained all she desired. And if, as I believe, it will be essential to call in all those who are deeply interested in what may result from the composition and settlement of Eastern affairs, England must, in my belief, be called in, as it has been promised that Europe and England shall be called in.”

This was surely a very distinct announcement, and a strong enough proof that our Ministers were not inattentive to the significance of

events. It was quite right, too, that the people should be on the alert, and that they should be prepared to powerfully support the Government in any course which, for the good of the country, it might ultimately be proper to take. But, after having considered all this, our former reflection returned to us that, perhaps, such an event as the fall of Plevna had excited us all a little more than as yet there was much call for. Russia, so far as we knew, had done nothing since the day of her victory over Gazi Osman. Her army was resting; and, diplomatically, she was quiet. We had conjured up visions of her doing everything that was unjust and grasping, and contrary to the opinion and wishes of England; and we had proceeded to denounce her accordingly, and to devise means for thwarting the plans we had imputed to her. The promise of Russia is, we fear, not absolutely inviolable; on the other hand, though Russia may break her promises now and then for great objects, she does not wantonly make promises and professions simply for the sake of breaking them, and that her character for duplicity may become worse than it is. Now, only a month before the fall of Plevna, when people expected that catastrophe to happen much sooner than it did, our Premier reminded us of the Czar's promise that he would not acquire extension of territory by this war; he also gave us the hope that, after a little patience, we might be gratified by the knowledge that peace had been made. The Earl of Beaconsfield would scarcely have spoken in that way if he had expected the greatest complications to follow on the fall of Plevna, or if he had regarded the assurance of the Czar as worthless. The Imperial word was voluntarily given; all the states of Europe are witnesses that it was so given; then it must be worth something,—at any rate we

must not treat it as mere deceit until we observe some disposition to evade it. It was true that Russian newspapers had often published imaginary conditions of peace, the compilers of which certainly ignored their Sovereign's Imperial pledge. But that was very slight reason for assuming that the Czar himself, his Court and Cabinet, intended to ignore it. King Herod himself, though he may not have cared much for an oath as a matter of conscience, yet felt that it would not be politic to go from an oath which had been witnessed by those who sat at meat with him. And we thought that the Czar, even though he may have repented of his promise as the way to conquest seemed easier, would find it a very awkward feat to act now in direct opposition to it. If he was only to be relied on as to this matter of territory, a large amount of apprehension would be lifted from our minds. There remained no doubt many other possible demands which might be unpalatable to us, but no certainty that such demands would be insisted on contrary to our protest. We did not feel disposed at the time to say more than this. When in private life we await the action (which may be most important to us) of an individual, we do not, if we are wise, by using ferocious threats make it a point of honour with that individual to do the very thing which we dread! Foreign states know well enough that Great Britain is quite able to stand up for her rights, and that, although she has not always chosen to fight even when she had right on her side, she is certainly not in any humour at present to sit down under injury. It was surely better, then, to give Russia the chance of behaving with moderation and honour—to bear ourselves as if we took for granted that she would do so. Victorious as she had been, the necessity for peace might be only

less pressing on her than on her adversary. When we in our indignation assumed that she would have this and have that, or else ruthlessly go on with the war, we overlooked the probability that she was in no condition to go on with the war, and that even she must concede something of her desires for the sake of a repose which she urgently required. Her dangers had not disappeared, although, fortunately for her, they had not taken material form; she could not calculate on their remaining for ever quiescent, and would, therefore, probably not protract the war if she could decently avoid doing so. We had to remember, also, that in this crisis it was her game to *appear* indifferent about pausing in her career; but when it should come to negotiating, she might not be so intractable as had been supposed.

After the sad fate of Osman and his army, attention could not for a while settle on the smaller movements which had their places in the daily records. These, however, went on, and there were combats to chronicle, though, until some decided advance should be made by the invader, such incidents could not be of much moment. One of the principal changes was the evacuation of Elena, which they had so recently taken, by the Turks, and its reoccupation by the Russians. Some passes of the Balkans east of the Hain-koi, which had been closed by Suleiman's recent advance, were thus again available for the invaders; but, as the advance had been made for a purpose which it did not serve, it was probably right now for the general to draw together his force, and be ready for any call which might be made on him in consequence of the next movement of the enemy. There was also a combat in the Balkans on the 11th. The Russians, favoured by the rising of the fog, attempted to take

two of the Turkish redoubts, but were again foiled. Some minor affairs, ending favourably to the Turks, had also taken place in the neighbourhood of Kamarli. And it was announced that Nedjib Pasha, from the Schipka Pass, would replace Mehemet Ali Pasha (whose occupation was once more gone) in the command at the latter station.

It was useless for us to speculate now on the probable further action of the invader, because his operations were sure to be begun and published before the appearance of this paper. Another agent, however, the effect of whose coming might not be so speedily discernible, was now said to be on the scene. Winter, which had held off with unusual procrastination, was at length setting in in earnest. The taking of Plevna had not improved the roads nor shortened communication with the base, and it was again an anxious consideration how the large army of the Allies was to be supplied, and how it was to be kept from dwindling away as the first army that crossed the Danube had dwindled. The difficulties of transport would only be greater the further the armies should advance, and the larger the area they should occupy. The old question of the communications and the fortresses must again become prominent. And again, supposing the war to be carried south of the Balkans, the advantage to the Turks in possessing a navy ought to be apparent. The fleet has unaccountably been very much in the background throughout the war, but it still exists, and the Porte in its extremity may bethink itself of the important uses to which this arm may be applied. With fortresses on the coast, and with ships to move troops rapidly, it may at least compel the invading army to occupy as large a force in guarding the communications as was detained before Plevna. It might be

possible by judicious and active employment of the fleet to make up for the inferiority in numbers of the Turkish army. The Porte's cards are not all played, but beyond contradiction, those that have fallen have been played so badly that it would be rash to calculate upon a clever game in the future. Hitherto the Russians have, after a blundering fashion, surmounted the difficulties of transport and of climate. Now, in the moment of their success, it is assumed that they will continue to do so. But this is by no means certain. Natural forces too boldly braved may cause delay; and delay will certainly result in loss of strength. Russian finance cannot be improving while the war lasts, and the popular feeling in Hungary can hardly fail to place a serious difficulty before long in the way of the invader's progress.

Meanwhile we note with satisfaction that the receipt of the bad news of the fall of Plevna at Constantinople, and the meeting of the Turkish Parliament, although they chanced to be simultaneous, provoked no disturbance in the capital. Had things there been so bad as they have often been represented to us, there would certainly have been some signs of disorder on such an occasion. Distraction there would be fatal. On the other hand, a calm there, and liberty to bend all the energies of Government towards the war and foreign politics, are most favourable and fortunate conditions. Indeed it is all-important that, at this moment, the Sublime Porte should preserve a dignified attitude. As we, according to the exigencies of the press, are about to lay down the pen, the Powers of Europe are considering the appeal which the Sultan's Government has circulated; and as it cannot be said, during such deliberation, that the Turkish armies lie open any longer to the reproach of being unable to defend

their country, so also should it not be said that the Ottoman Government is not equal to the requirements of a trying season, or that the Turkish people are so divided and turbulent as not to deserve a nationality. We have already said that some of the Powers will do what can be done in the way of mediation; and the hands of the mediators will be greatly strengthened by the fact that they are working on behalf of a united, an orderly, and a respectable people. It is impossible to guess how the overtures of the mediators may be received by the invading nation; but of this we may be certain, that the refusal by it of reasonable terms, and its determination to continue this horrible war to extreme, ruthless results, must awake an indignation all over Christendom which will damage its moral position in no small degree. What may follow upon that moral depreciation it is not for us to say just now. We prefer to wait, and to hope that the mediation may be graciously received.

While the mediation is in progress, comes the announcement that the British Parliament will assemble in 1878 a little earlier than is usual. This should not by ourselves or our neighbours be regarded as a threat. The session is not to commence immediately, nor until after the result of the mediation, and the direction of the farther warlike action of Russia (supposing her to intend further action) shall be known. It is right and regular that Ministers should, after a turning-point had been reached in affairs so gravely affecting our interests, seek the opinion and advice of Parliament. It is unjust and imprudent to disseminate the idea that the summoning of the Legislature thus early means that we are going to war. Great Britain, it should be remembered, does not declare war through her Parliament.

Parliament is much more likely to act cautiously than precipitately. Let none, therefore, draw from the early session a belief that war is certainly coming. That calamity may threaten us; but the meeting of Parliament does not make it more or less certain. If any think from this announcement that our foreign policy is taking just the turn they would wish, let them rejoice, therefore; but let them not make the occasion one of blustering and defiance.

As the appearance of Servia once more in the arena was historically the most notable event of the period from 10th to 20th December, so the movements of the Servian army over the ground which was familiar to us fifteen months ago have formed the principal war incidents of that period. The Servians crossed the frontier to the east and south, the Turkish outposts retiring before them, except in one instance, where a slight *rencontre* was reported. Up to our last writing there is nothing to guide us as to the plan on which they will operate. Rumour says they will join the Roumanians; and rumour says also that they are an embarrassment rather than an aid to the allies, now that the Plevna difficulty has been solved without them. The Porte has made no utterance with regard to the rebellious Principality; it does not follow that it will not speak at all, because it has not thought proper to speak in a hurry.

The state of things in the western Balkans may be briefly stated in the information that the Turks successfully resist attacks upon their positions, but that on the whole they yield ground. These affairs could be of but little importance, as the trial of that line of defence would not come until the Russian armies should be fairly in motion again.

Our last advices from Asia show-

ed that the weather was seriously embarrassing the Russians before Erzeroum. Their position there is one of extreme danger. The weather may turn against them at any moment, and involve them in difficulties from which extrication may be impossible.

We learn that Osman is on his journey northward; also that the Czar is making his way back to his native dominions.

We have never been among those who thought that the Czar of All the Russias could not show in his capital except as a conqueror. His return immediately after the surrender of Osman, and not long after the storming of Kars, lends some colour to the idea; and, no doubt, it is pleasanter to go back with one or two successes to set against the awful cost of the war. Still, it was quite a sufficient and an honourable reason for the Czar's continuing so long in camp that, while his troops were not gaining much, and were suffering a great deal, his presence was an encouragement to them, and the knowledge that his eye was upon them an incitement to valorous deeds. He has been six months in the field now, and may very fairly and reasonably withdraw himself from the theatre of war, and go to see how things look at home. It may be that he will find the fighting humour not quite so strong among his civil population as he left it among his legions. Six months of heavy taxes, bad trade, and failing credit, must have mingled a little sadness with the shouts of victory. The widow's tears, the wail of the mother who will not be comforted because her children are not, the sight of maimed wretches for whom a war of his making has turned life into

a daily punishment, will instil ideas widely different from those which were prevalent in the tented field. He was fond, when in Bulgaria, of going to chant praises before his Maker, as bloody as if he had been a votary of Moloch: perhaps he may understand better, at home, the real character of the deeds which he thought to be especially favoured from above. There was a time, it is true, when a Russian Czar might look on his people, bereaved, smitten, impoverished, without a throb of conscience, and might with an honest heart thank Heaven that he was still at the head of a nation of men. Those were days when Holy Russia had been invaded, when she had bravely done her best and failed, when she had hopelessly lain "at the proud foot of a conqueror," had not Heaven intervened and saved her by a premature winter after hope in herself was gone. This Czar may reflect that Russia, since that great deliverance, has been using her strength in copying the crimes of the man who wellnigh enslaved her. He may remember that the same Power who sent the frost in 1812 may strike down an invader in all his pride in these latter days.—"O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all *that* debt, because thou desiredst me: shouldest thou not also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee?"

The Emperor personally is neither cruel nor malignant. May the sight of his home and of his people re-establish the kindlier and worthier feeling in his mind,—may it open his heart again to a sense of the misery which wars carry with them,—and may it incline him to let Europe enjoy once more the blessing of peace!

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MINE IS THINE.

PART VIII.—CHAPTER XXXII.

“ ‘ LAST May a braw wooer cam’ doon
the lang glen,
And sair wi’ his love he did deave
me ;
I said there was naething I hated like
men—
The deil gae wi’ him to believe me,
believe me !
The deil gae wi’ him to believe me ! ’

Blessin’s on your bonny face, Miss Esmè ! it’s a weary time ye’ve been awa’ ; and here’s auld Maggie at her post to gie ye welcome.”

Thus singing, and thus speaking, a strange-looking woman suddenly presented herself before Esmè and Cosmo, as they stood in the critical situation described at the close of our last chapter. The noise of the waterfall, and their own deep abstraction, caused her approach to be unobserved ; and her presence, close beside them, was announced by the first high and harsh notes of her song.

She was old, and, though neat and clean in her appearance, had that restless light in the eye which proclaims an unsettled brain. The ordinary expression “ half-witted ”

would be unjust, for Maggie had plenty of wits, only they were dishevelled, and exercised irresponsibly and at random. It was her privilege to act as *cicerone* to such stray tourists as came to visit the Fall ; and, on the days when access to the castle side of it was permitted, she was always to be found lying in wait for her prey at the farther end of a light bridge which spanned the river a little above the ruin. Her discourse, on these occasions, was diversified by fragments of local legend and sudden digressions into song, and even dance, which, in her wandering imagination, had probably some illustrative connection with her themes, and which, at all events, never failed to amuse her clients. From this description, old Maggie, who still lives and plies her vocation, will, no doubt, be recognised by some of our readers.

Opportune or inopportune, her sudden appearance rudely dissolved the spell which held Esmè and Cosmo in the silence of deep emo-

tion. The former started from her abstraction in a confusion so deep that, at first, she could find no voice to return the eccentric salutation. The old woman gave her time, however, by breaking into another snatch of song, and when it was finished Esmè was able to speak.

"I am glad to see you again, Maggie," she said, offering her hand to the woman, who raised it to her lips with all love and reverence, "and happy to see you looking so well."

"My thanks to ye, Miss Esmè; I'm aye weel—praise be blessed!—when the simmer time comes, and brings ye back, and," she added, with a twinkle in her eye, "the towrist bodies, wi' their saxpences and siclike. And wha's the bonny gentleman? he'll no be a towrist?"

"This is the gentleman who is living at Finnmore, Maggie; and I've been doing your work for you. I've been showing him the ruins, and telling him some of the old stories."

"And maybe it was an auld story he was tellin' you, when I cam' ower the knowe. I'm no a spae-wife, Miss Esmè, and I hae na the second sicht—weel, aweel—

'My heart is sair—I daurna tell—
My heart is sair for Somebody!
I wad dae—what wad I not?
For the sake o' Somebody.'

and aiblins the bonny gentleman will hae a saxpence in his pouch to gie auld Maggie, for a' he binna a towrist."

Cosmo at once took the hint, responding to it very liberally, in hopes of geting rid of the old woman, whose musical illustrations were so unpleasantly *apropos*.

"Eh! thank ye kindly, sir!" she cried; "eh! but this is nae towrist's fee! Siller, and siller, and siller! There's luck in three, and there's luck in nine! I'm nae spae-

wife, as my leddy kens, but I'm thinkin' ye'll be something great and gran' yersel—a belted earl maybe, or a baron bauld, mayhap?"

"No, Maggie," said Cosmo, laughing, "I'm neither belted earl nor baron bold."

"Aweel, ye hae the look o't, my bonny lad; and whiles wha isna suld be, and wha suldna be, is; and your time may come some day—wha kens?"

'Bide ye yet, and bide ye yet,
Ye dinna ken what may betide ye yet.'

And I wuss ye weel, for if ye hae the heigh look, ye hae the free han'; and that's no aye the way o't. His lordship's sel's nane ower free wi' the bawbees. Mony's the time I've tell't him *that*. 'The han' o' a Douglas,' quo' I, 'suld aye be tight on the sword, and slack on the purse,' quo' I. Hoots! he'll no heed me; I'm jist daft auld Maggie, ye ken."

"Well, Maggie," said Esmè, "we must be going. I don't think there's anything more here that Mr Glencairn would care to see."

"Troth, Miss Esmè, ye'll be richt—naething mair that he wad care to see, if I ken him ava'—for it's no the ruins, and it's no the Fa', that's brocht him here the day. Na, na! it's something else, as ye ken brawly, my winsome leddy.

'Oh, luve will venture in whaur it daurna weel be seen,
And luve will venture in whaur wisdom ance has been;
But I will doon yon river rove, among the woods sae green,
And a' to pu' a posie to my ain dear May.'

Hoots! ye'll no be heed'in' me—I'm jist daft auld Maggie, ye ken." And here the old woman varied the entertainment by dancing a pretty long bout of the "Highland fling," humming the notes of a strathspey for music, and conducting the performance with a solemn

nity of expression in grotesque contrast with the wild vigour of her "footing."

"Bravo! bravo!" cried Cosmo, with rage and despair in his heart, when she came to a halt; "and now we must say good-bye."

"What's yer hurry?"

"Well, it's growing late, and I must be getting home. I'll come back another day and hear all your old stories."

"Wait a wee till I dance ye 'Gillie Callum.'"

"Not to-day, Maggie; we must really be going."

"Aweel, I'll see ye aff my ain domain. I culdna dae less, ye ken."

To be forestalled in your own declaration of love by a mad woman, who shouts your tender secret, in transparent parables of grotesque song, accompanied with crazy dancing! *Lugete Veneres Cupidinesque!* Could anything be more crushing to a transcendental lover? And, to a maiden for whose wondering eyes a doubtful light is just beginning to dawn upon the world of love, could anything be more overwhelming than an illumination so garish, brusquely flashed upon the mysterious region which her timid feet are in the act of entering? With a burning blush fixed in her fair cheek, Esmè, with downcast eyes, walked hurriedly and in silence; and Cosmo, by her side, moved also without a word, paralysed by his sudden drop from the pinnacle of high emotion, into the bathos wrought by Maggie's extravaganza. The old woman followed close behind them—now, fortunately, launched on an endless legend, shouted to ears which did not listen, and enlivened with bursts of song which rang, weird and shrill, above the waters' roar.

In these unhappy circumstances they rejoined Miss Milkington, up-

on whom Maggie, mistaking her for a tourist, instantly pounced, dancing up to her and chanting her *cicerone's* formula: "Will ye see the Fa', bonny leddy? Will ye see the auld Douglas Castle, bonny leddy? and I'll sing ye a sang, and tell ye a tale, and dance ye 'Gillie Callum,' and a' for a thank-ye and a saxpence, or maybe twa, bonny leddy! Hae! gie me the satchel—I'll carry't for ye," and she was for possessing herself of Miss Milkington's drawing paraphernalia, but that young lady drew back, scared by the wild aspect of the old woman.

"Hoots!" cried Maggie, "what ails ye? I'm jist daft Maggie, ye ken. Hae! gie me the satchel," and she again closed with her victim, who again started back, piping tremulously—

"Go away! go away! you horrid, dreadful person!"

Maggie drew herself up, in offended dignity.

"Dreedfu' person!" she exclaimed; "is it *me*? hard ye e'er the like o't? Afore my leddy, too! and me a vassal o' Dunerlacht! and you a towrist body frae Dundee, mayhap, wha kens? wi' a face like soured sowans, and——"

"Hush, hush, hush, Maggie!" cried Esmè; "this lady is a friend of mine; and if you say another word I shall be very angry. Go away at once. I am ashamed of you."

"Dear heart, Miss Esmè! what wye was I to ken? The gentles ne'er misca's me; but I beg the bonny Miss's pardon; and aiblins she'll hae a saxpence for auld Meg, jist to show there's nae ill-wull atween us."

"You shall get nothing more to-day, Maggie. Go away. I am extremely displeased with you."

"Dinna say that, Miss Esmè—but I'll gang: and good-bye to ye,

my leddy; and to you, my bonny Miss—I'm wae for sayin' yon aboot the sowans; and to you, my bonny gentleman. I wuss ye weel; and ye maunna look sae dowie;—

'Ne'er break yer heart for ae rebute,
But think upon it still, jo!
Then gin the lassie winna do't,
Ye'll fin' anither will, jo!'

with which parting counsel, Maggie took her departure, and went carolling away back to her "ain domain," having performed to perfection the functions of that awful social pest, the *enfant terrible*, and in his most favourite sphere of action.

And now, if Miss Milkington had been neutral and useless all her life, she was really serviceable at last; for, without her presence, what could Esmè and Cosmo have done? Could they have returned to the conditions in which the old woman had surprised them? Surely not; the sensitive delicacy of these conditions made that impossible, after Meg's interlude. No; they were both overwhelmed with embarrassment; and they must have either acknowledged this by a desperate silence, or betrayed it in a *fiasco* of commonplace talk—miserable expedients both of them; and to either would have attached this danger, that it might have developed a new point of departure for the relations between Cosmo and Esmè, which had now begun to move, pretty definitely, in a certain direction. Under these circumstances Miss Milkington was a godsend; and it was wonderful to see the sudden interest which both her companions displayed in her and her artistic performances, and the persistence with which their remarks were addressed exclusively to her on the homeward route. This circumstance, and a certain feverish loquacity which they displayed,

might have been suggestive to the average female mind; but Miss Milkington's wits were rather below par, and her only emotion at the conclusion of the journey was one of relief at her escape from so unwonted a conversational strain.

Lord Germistoune and Phil Denwick had just returned from some other quarter, and were standing at the castle door when the party arrived. Esmè, with somewhat suspicious *empressement*, hastened to tell her father of their vain search for him at the ruins—even venturing to speak of it as a disappointment—and described the old woman's encounter with Miss Milkington, as though it had been the prominent feature in the afternoon's adventures. Lord Germistoune, loftily unsuspecting, and glad of an occasion against old Maggie, whose freedom of speech, but for Esmè's intervention, would have long since procured her disestablishment, "extended" himself with some ardour on this matter, vowing that Maggie was a distinct pest, and that the cup of her abominations was now full to the brim.

"If Miss Milkington desires it," said his lordship, "the woman shall be cashiered at once."

"Oh yes, *please*," lisped Miss Milkington; "she is so dreadfully horrid."

"No, no, no!" cried Esmè; "I won't have her cashiered! It was all from a mistake. Maggie mistook Miss Milkington for one of the tourists, whom she looks upon as her serfs. That was all; and I only mentioned it as a joke—not to get the poor old thing into trouble."

This was really magnanimous, considering the enormity of Maggie's unreported offences, and it prevailed, Lord Germistoune dropping the bone after a little further worrying over it.

"I greatly admired the Fall, from

this side, Lord Germistounne," said Cosmo; "it is quite the best point of view I have seen."

"We have always considered it undeniably the best point of view," replied Lord Germistounne; "and if you, Mr Denwick, do me the favour to visit me again, I shall hope to introduce you to it."

Phil expressed his acknowledgments; and as their dog-cart now drove up, the young men made their adieux.

"Good-bye," said Cosmo to Esmè.

"Good-bye," she murmured: her eyes had not met his since old Maggie's intervention at the Fall, and they were still cast down.

"Good-bye," he repeated, retaining her hand, so that she looked up involuntarily into his face, and there again read the earnest story of his love—legible, *now*, beyond any misinterpretation. A sudden blush flashed over her fair brow, and she drooped those beautiful eyes, in which there was trouble, but no longer any bewilderment.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

While the afternoon had been occupied for Esmè and Cosmo by these strange events, Lord Germistounne and Phil had passed it together in a *tête-à-tête*, characterised by dreary monologue on his lordship's part, and the despairing attention of amiable docility on the side of his companion. They had thoroughly "done" the castle, within and without. Phil had had to pay dearly for his imputed cunning in architecture, by diving into many mouldy dungeons, and scaling the tortuous stairs of many a rickety turret; for everywhere there was an "object of interest," and on each Lord Germistounne descanted at length. Then there were the traditions of the place, complex and numerous; and from each section of the discourse an inference had to be drawn, to the personal glorification of his lordship, who, somehow, contrived to take credit for everything, from a gargyle to a ghost. Thus it took a considerable time to exhaust the castle; and when that was done, Lord Germistounne carried Phil off to see the bridge and gatehouse, which were modern, though in the ancient style, and on which the noble proprietor greatly prided himself, stating them to be from his

own design. "I found that the architects were making a botch of the business, so I took it into my own hands, and did it myself, with, I venture to think, respectable results." This legend had been current for forty years, so that, by the law of prescription, at least, it was entitled to the honours of veracious history.

As they walked down from the castle, Phil, remarking on the beauty of the scenery, happened to say how grateful he felt to Cosmo for giving him the chance of visiting it; and Lord Germistounne, with "the mystery" still haunting his fancy, thought the present might be a good opportunity for probing it, and set about doing so accordingly.

"You are an old friend of his, I believe?" he inquired.

"Yes, Glencairn is my oldest, and, I may certainly say, my best friend."

"School friendships are very binding."

"We were not school-fellows, but our friendship dates farther back than school days—in fact it is hereditary; our fathers, and even our grandfathers, were friends."

"Hum! country neighbours, perhaps?"

"No, not exactly that. They

were very much connected in business, I believe, and my grandfather was guardian to Glencairn's father."

"Ah, indeed! That naturally constitutes a tie."

"It has not made much of a tie between me and old Mr Glencairn," said Phil, laughing; "but, after all, that was probably due to my fault more than——"

"You catch a view of the bridge, here, Mr Denwick, which I think is effective."

"It is indeed," said Phil, "most effective;" and when it had been duly admired, Lord Germistoun resumed—"But I beg your pardon; I interrupted you. You were about to relate some facetious incident in connection with Mr Glencairn's father?"

"Oh no! I once rejected some advice of his, at which he was very angry, and I have not seen him since—that was all."

"It would appear that the gentleman is arbitrary."

"Yes, I believe he is rather an arbitrary man; and when a man of that sort is consulted on a matter connected with his own speciality, he expects to have his advice taken."

"His speciality, you say?"

"Yes, I consulted him about an investment; and I suppose Mr Glencairn is at the top of the tree in finance matters."

"May I ask who, and what, Mr Glencairn is?"

"Oh, don't you know?"

"Is it very remarkable that I should not know?"

"Not at all; I merely fancied, somehow, that you did. He was the head of an important firm in the iron trade, and is now chairman of a company which took over the business; besides which, he is a great—I don't exactly know what you call it; 'financial operator' is, I believe, the expression."

"Why!" cried Lord Germistoun, in great astonishment, "you must mean Archibald Glencairn?"

"Yes, I do. The title of the company is 'Archibald Glencairn & Co. Limited.'"

"I have some reason to know about it; but Archibald Glencairn—surely *he* is not your friend's father?"

"Indeed he is."

"Some one distinctly assured me to the contrary; and besides, I always understood that the individual in question is a bachelor, and a kind of hermit, living alone in some remote quarter. I know it is next to impossible to get a personal interview with him,—a symptom I have never liked in the man—a distinctly suspicious symptom."

"Well, he is Glencairn's father; he lives as you say, and has been long a widower. But you know him, after all, Lord Germistoun?"

"In a business way, I do; but only in a business way. His firm had all my Ferniehall minerals, and my Welsh field into the bargain; and in consideration of this, on the formation of the company, I was induced to become a shareholder to a considerable extent. I trust my confidence was justified."

"I have full confidence in the company; and I speak as a prospective shareholder."

"Oh, indeed! Well, you know, the dividends have not been what we anticipated—there has been a continuous diminution."

"But we must consider the general stagnation of trade," cried Phil, who had heard Mr Hopper in apology a hundred times; "and then, there is a guaranteed minimum."

"Yes; that is to say, there is Mr Archibald Glencairn."

"Who is a tower of strength. His credit is most assured, and his integrity is proverbial."

"Integrity is a good thing, but it is not capital."

"Oh, but he has an immense capital."

"With which he 'operates financially.' I tell you frankly, the man did not impress me favourably, very much the reverse. I have only met him once. You can't meet him—he won't let you meet him. He skulks—by the Lord Harry, skulks! and if you *do* meet him, he insults you. My dealings with him have been, with one exception, by correspondence, and his tone on paper is never what it ought to be—curt and self-sufficient, and in addressing me, quite devoid of that recognition of my status in the world, not to say in his company, which I have a right to expect; and I shall not soon forget the way he received me, on the one occasion when I succeeded in getting access to him. He didn't rise, he kept his hat on his head, he continued his writing, and actually motioned me—*me!*—to a chair, with his infernal pen, just as if I had been a— a huckster like himself! I at once stated roundly that my time was too valuable to be trifled with in that fashion; and what do you suppose the fellow replied, almost without looking up? Why, that it was his rule (*his rule!*) to transact business by correspondence alone; and that if I chose to force him out of his groove, to his great inconvenience, I must expect inconvenience to myself. Then when I began to remonstrate temperately, but firmly, he held up his hand!—to me!—to impose silence, by the Lord Harry! Of course I at once left him, and you may be very sure I have not repeated the experiment of calling upon him. The man is arrogance personified, and arrogance is the parent of recklessness, a quality which is not reassuring in the chairman and guarantor of a company.

I have my uneasy moments about the man, I can tell you. And so *he* is your friend's father? Hum!"

"I have always heard the highest opinions of his honour and sagacity, but his manner is certainly brusque and disagreeable—so very unlike his son's."

"Hum! The son is not connected with the business—with the company?"

"Oh no, he has a large private fortune; though, by the by, indirectly through me, he is now becoming connected with the company."

And here true-hearted Phil, full of enthusiasm for his friend's generosity, impulsively related what noble things Cosmo was doing for him. The narrative failed to evoke the admiration anticipated, on Lord Germistoune's part, who said drily, "When you have reached my time of life, Mr Denwick, you will know that there are many wheels within wheels in financial matters; and that in transactions like this—though I trust your case may be exceptional—a *quid pro quo* is invariably extracted."

"Impossible in my case. Glencairn knows only too well that he couldn't get a *quid* out of me. I feel certain he would have given me the money as an unconditional present, if he had thought it for my good—if I would have accepted it, that is to say."

"Ha! hum! indeed! There now, take the whole effect of that bridge and gatehouse, and say what you think of an architect who would have placed the gate on this side?"

Lord Germistoune had got the information he desired, and Cosmo's merits not being a congenial theme, he changed the subject abruptly. He had got the desired intelligence; and though the foundling theory lay in ruins, it afforded his prejudice some consolation to learn that Cosmo

was the son of so objectionable a parent.

"Well, I have probed the mystery about this Mr Glencairn," he said that evening to Mrs Ravenhall.

"Have you *really*, Lord Germistoune? How clever of you! Now, *do* tell me. I suppose Lady Bugles was mistaken. I am afraid you are going to dissolve the little romance. There *is* something so divinely romantic about foundlings! Well?"

"There is nothing romantic about his origin. Quite the reverse. His father is a City man of the most flagrant and offensive description—purse-proud, arrogant, a speculator."

"And vulgar, of course?"

"Vulgar! the man is distinctly a brute." Then he repeated the history of his cavalier reception by Mr Glencairn.

"Ah," said Mrs Ravenhall, "I felt there was something wrong."

"My instincts never deceive me. I always had my misgivings about the young man."

"How sly of him to conceal all this!"

"That is quite of a piece with the rest of the—ahem!—business."

"Now I think of it, there is something artificial and disingenuous in his manner and expression, though he is certainly well-bred enough. Now everything is explained; the necessity for constant dissimulation puts a strain on the manner naturally."

"But what business has he to go dissimulating about in society?"

"It certainly leaves a painful impression on the mind. A lady, of course, feels it more keenly than a gentleman. She knows so well what hazards there are for her own sex in the devices of clever adventurers."

"Well, 'adventurer' is possibly too strong a word."

"Perhaps it is, but it is hard to find a milder substitute."

"You see the young man is wealthy, and 'adventurer' implies the reverse."

"True; but, dear Lord Germistoune, pardon me, a man may have designs unconnected with money which are still unjustifiable in his position; and if he conceals his position to carry out his projects, he is, in a certain sense, an adventurer, I think."

"Very true, very true."

"And I confess it always makes me tremble when I see persons of this sort brought into contact with girls in whom I feel interest."

"Conceivably they might be most dangerous; but fortunately, in this case, our hero seems to have no attractions for the fair sex. I think they seem quite unanimous in making fun of him here. The fact is, a man so enamoured of himself as this gentleman appears to be, *is* devoid of attraction for women. I think," he added, with a dry laugh, "we need have no apprehensions for Lady Bugles's peace of mind."

"Oh, Lady Bugles! ha! ha! I wasn't thinking of *her*. If it were only Lady Bugles, I should be spared much anxiety."

"Trust an old man of the world, Mrs Ravenhall, and dismiss anxiety for any of your young *protégées*. This young man is not the stuff of which lady-killers are made; though possibly some of them might be attracted by his fortune; and, if that were so, I suppose neither you nor I need feel any affliction. But a lady-killer! No, no. I think I ought to know something on *that* subject."

"The less you encourage him to come here, Lord Germistoune, the safer it will be, I assure you," said Mrs Ravenhall, goaded on by his

maddening obtuseness to all her hints.

"Encourage him, my dear lady ! what are you talking of ? I never fancied the fellow ; and after these discoveries, you may be sure I shall only have such intercourse with him as the claims of neighbourhood rigorously demand."

"I hope that will not amount to much."

"You may trust me, I think, to

know exactly what is fit and proper in such matters," said his lordship, his crest palpably rising at Mrs Ravenhall's pertinacity.

"The egotism and vanity of this old imbecile make him simply impenetrable," she thought to herself ; but not venturing on any broader hints for the present, she assured the old lord that his tact and discretion were infallible, and so dropped the subject.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The next day being Sunday, Mrs Ravenhall had one of her "tiresome headaches." In London she would not, for worlds, have been absent from her post in a certain fashionable sanctuary, where the *cultus* of the bonnet was very devoutly performed ; but under circumstances like the present, where there was an absence of any real devotional inducement, the tiresome affliction usually supervened, and, as on this occasion, kept her away from church. The quiet and leisure secured to her by the absence of the party, she devoted, like a Ministry outvoted in the House, to the "consideration of her position," which she found to be very far indeed from satisfactory. For many a week, now, she had toiled and spun for her incorrigible brother ; sacrifices innumerable she had made, of time, convenience, and even money. In return he had amused her with false hopes and endless postponements ; and at last, when the rival interest of sport had come into competition, he appeared to have abandoned all consideration of that which ought to have been paramount. And while Tom thus remained inactive, perils thickened from other quarters. Lord Ribston was obviously in the field, and would, doubtless, declare himself before long. Possibly there was

not much to be apprehended in that fact ; but Cosmo Glencairn was also in the field, and her instinctive suspicion that he was dangerous, had now ripened into the firmest conviction. All her manœuvres against him had hitherto failed. She had done her best to make him ridiculous with the party at the castle, and so, indirectly, with Esmè ; but her principal aim had not been reached. Her innuendos about his birth had led to nothing but a discovery of the truth, which had done no good ; for Lord Germistoun's dislike for Cosmo was a foregone conclusion, which did not require to be quickened. Her hints to his lordship had missed fire ; her direct action with Esmè had only roused a spirit of championship in the latter, which Mrs Ravenhall knew to be full of peril. Miss Milkington had apprised her of the excursion to the ruins, and she felt that, if a few such opportunities were to recur, Cosmo, desperately in love and resolute, as he clearly was, might soon succeed in capturing the affections of the heiress.

The situation was discouraging in the extreme. She felt baffled and powerless ; and Tom would not help her. She had but one hope, and it was this. Esmè had evidently the most cordial liking for

Tom; she and he were on terms of the easiest intimacy. That, indeed, precluded the idea of *love* on her part. But might it not be possible—before she was thus affected from another quarter, before she knew the meaning of love at all—might it not be possible for Tom to succeed by a sort of *coup de main*, in which surprise on her part, and exceptional energy upon his, should extract from the warmth of her friendship and her inexperience and simplicity, the prize which he aimed at? If once her heart knew what love was, it would be too late. Possibly, not probably, however, it was already too late. In any case, this seemed the sole device remaining—a forlorn hope, perhaps, but the only one. But would Tom entertain it? Well, if he would not, she resolved to wash her hands of him. She dearly loved success for its own sake; and that passion had helped to support her in many trials: but she was growing weary of this long up-hill fight without allies; she was now very much inclined to own herself beaten, and abandon it; and her just resentment against her brother had no small influence in drawing her to this conclusion. “Well,” she said, “I will give him this one more chance, and if he doesn’t choose to take my view, I’ll be done with him and his affairs.”

In the midst of these meditations she was disturbed by a knock at the door. Hastily snatching up a Church Service, she invited the knocker to enter, when who but Tom himself should make his appearance. That worthy had also absented himself from church, by a not very remarkable coincidence; but as he had recently been shy of anything like a *tête-à-tête* with his sister, it *was* singular that he should have sought this interview, and timed it so opportunely. His face

was excessively lugubrious, and he carried in his hand a bundle of papers, which his sister at once recognised as specimens of a kind of literature with which the post very frequently favoured him.

“Not at church?” said Mrs Ravenhall, very drily.

“No, Lucy, the devil is too sick even to be a monk to-day.”

“Well, if you *will* sit up all night in the smoking-room——”

“Hang the smoking-room! that has nothing to do with it. I’m sick of life!” And he dashed his papers vehemently on to the floor.

“Pray don’t litter my room; and please remember that I have a headache,” said his sister.

“Headache! what is a headache, compared with total collapse and ruin?”

“I’m not in a position to judge; the headache is quite bad enough for me, I know.”

“What selfish humbugs women are!” cried Tom, ferociously.

“I daresay you’re right,” said Mrs Ravenhall, languidly; “but don’t you think you had better go and take a walk? I don’t feel quite equal to tragedy this morning, and that seems to be your programme.”

“Don’t drive me mad, Lucy. You see before you a desperate man.”

“And I invite him to relieve me of the spectacle, which has none of the charm of novelty. I really wish you would go. You can see that I am at my exercises; and besides, my headache is no trifle.”

“Very well—good-bye; I’m off, finally;” and he gathered up his papers. “You may sneer at my desperation as much as you please; but it’s true *this* time. Good-bye; you may as well shake hands.”

“Good-bye,” said Mrs Ravenhall, and gave her hand with contemptuous indifference.

Tom went resolutely to the door

and opened it; but before he disappeared, his sister called to him, "Tom!"

"Well?"

"What do you mean? where are you going to?"

"Out of this cursed country."

"But where?"

"I haven't quite decided. I'm going to emigrate; it may be to Paphlagonia—or—or—Otaheite. I don't know. I'm going, at all events."

"And why this sudden resolution?"

"Why! Just look at these letters."

"Oh no, no; please not."

"Then why on earth do you stop me?" and he turned his face again in the direction of Paphlagonia.

Mrs Ravenhall, recognising in his more than ordinary disturbance a possible basis of operations, again recalled him.

"I suppose," she said, "it is only the old story?"

"With a difference—for the worse. Just listen. I wrote to a whole lot of duns some time ago—when I was going to Italy—and said that, as I was obliged to be absent on a mission which involved uncertainty of address, for six months or so, they had better make any financial remarks which might occur to them in the interval to my solicitor. I wrote also to him, and said that I was off on a promiscuous cruise, and that I should feel obliged by his making the best fight he could with any creditors of mine who might apply to him during my absence. I also told him (which was quite true) that I had instructed my banker to pay to him any remittances which might come to his hands for my credit; and these funds I authorised him to administer, at his discretion, for the appeasement of my creditors.

"Well, to cut the matter short,

the solicitor has proved to be lym-phatic, and without breadth of view; unequal, in fact, to the strain. He writes—here is his contemptible effusion—that he must decline to have his offices mobbed, morn, noon, and night, by my creditors. He states that one man—a tobacco-nist, and a very turbulent fellow (I know the beast!)—may really be said to reside in his ante-room; and he can't stand it any longer. The banker, he says, derides (so like *him*!) the idea of remittances; there are four county court summonses out against me, and two judgments; and he adds that his life is made a burden to him;—as if that were a matter of the faintest interest to *me*! He suggests that I should remit to him at once, say five hundred pounds; and estimates that a farther large sum—say a thousand, roughly—will be necessary within the next few weeks or there will be what he calls 'grave complications.' But the sting of the letter is in its tail. If, he says, the named sum is not *at once* forthcoming, he will be obliged to divulge my address, and abandon his business connection with me. There! what do you think of that?"

"Think of it? it is simply disgraceful."

"Yes, it *does* show callousness; still we must remember that the fellow is a half-bred—not entitled by birth to chivalrous instincts."

"You know perfectly well that it is to *you* I am alluding."

"Me!"

"Of course. Your conduct is absolutely revolting."

"I came here expecting sympathy, Lucy," said Tom, with mournful dignity, "and not insult, from you, at least. I shall now leave you."

"And may I ask how this five hundred pounds is to be paid?"

"That, I think, is a problem which we may safely leave the expectant payees to solve among themselves, if they can. It no longer interests me,—not even as an abstract question. I propose to avoid any discussion of it with them, which could only lead to angry recriminations, and not impossibly to the curtailment of my personal liberty, which I could never brook. No! I will escape from these annoyances, and seek an asylum, and a new point of departure, among simpler forms of life."

"In plain words 'run away from your creditors?'"

"I can quite conceive that the ruffians might describe it in some such way."

"And so you are off, at once, on this reputable journey?"

"Well, there seems to be nothing else for it. If I waited, you see, till Wednesday, or so, I should probably have to receive certain visitors here, whom I would rather avoid. One has a delicacy in receiving any visitors in another man's house; and in this case, it would be specially distasteful."

"Whom on earth do you mean?"

"Baillifs."

"What! do you dare to bring such people about Lord Germistoun's house?"

"Ha! ha! 'Dare!' unfortunately they don't require 'bringing.' They will have no delicacy about coming uninvited."

"This is disgrace for all of us!"

"Yes, it is, you know; that's why I came here just now; but your unreasonable heat seems to make any business-like conversation impracticable; so no good purpose can be served by protracting the scene."

"These wretches will actually come here and arrest you?"

"No, they won't arrest *me*—I'll take care of *that*; but they will

come here and look for me, and put a watch over the house; probably arrest Ribston or Berkeley, or some other fellow, by mistake, now and then—perhaps Lord Germistoun himself, if they fall in with him in the dark. Of course, I shall be on the friendly billows by that time. Ha! ha! now I think of it, there *is* something awfully funny in the idea of their arresting Ribby, or the old patriarch! Ha! ha! ha! how they *will* swear! The castle will be quite wakened up."

"Monster! have you no consideration for your family?"

"Frankly, no. There must be reciprocity in such matters, and my family have no consideration for me."

"I never heard of such ingratitude!"

"We should never agree about that; so, on the whole, I think I'll go now."

"Tell me why you came here just now?"

"My dear Lucy, because I thought it right so far to consider my family, though they don't consider me, as to let them know, through you, what is impending; so that, if they thought it worth their while, they might save themselves from this little scandal. It was the merest matter of courtesy on my part. The previous conduct of the family makes it evident that I could have no selfish hopes. Now I have discharged my duty, and may go."

"Even if the family were willing, I don't know where the money could come from—I don't know who has it?"

"No, no, of course not. Let us drop the subject. Lord Germistoun, to be sure, will blow his bugle pretty loudly over the matter; but after all, that won't break any of the family's bones."

"And here, with this catastrophe

staring you in the face, you have been neglecting the only obvious means of extricating yourself!"

"If you refer to Miss Douglas, I deny the neglect; and even were I engaged to her at this moment, pray reflect that I could not ask her father for the money now."

"Ah! in these circumstances we might have come forward."

"You would then have discovered where the money could come from! Well, well, I forgive you. Poor human nature! Go on."

"Well, then, as to not neglecting your opportunities——"

"Your whole view of me in this matter, Lucy, is based on a misconception of my tactics, which have been pursued with the dogged persistence of a sleuth-hound."

"Really? they have been wonderfully masked."

"That's the art of the thing. Listen. You wished me to carry on a thunder-and-lightning courtship; well, I saw, almost at once, that that was inexpedient for many reasons. I therefore changed front, and resolved to proceed by a slower method, but, I think, a surer one—and that was, gradually and almost imperceptibly, to make myself necessary to Miss Douglas's existence."

"By avoiding her persistently, and shooting grouse from morning to night?"

"The art of the thing again! Success has attended my procedure."

"You are necessary to her existence now, are you?"

"Very nearly; but I don't go quite so far as that. What I mean to say is, that she likes me immensely—more than any one else, in her own quiet way. You won't venture to deny that her liking is obvious?"

"Then why don't you persevere?"

"I *am* persevering, slowly and unostentatiously; but it takes time; and just as success seems within my grasp, this horrible explosion takes place, and my scheme is ruined."

"I should have said, 'Just as success was finally escaping your grasp.'"

"Yes, *you* would, I daresay. That's our point of divergence. I am only telling you what *my* view was, and what my scheme has been."

"Are you serious?"

"Is a man in my situation likely to jest?"

"You think she would accept you now, if you proposed?"

"Very likely; but it would be safer to give her more time. But, of course, that's out of the question now; so what's the good of talking? I say! only fancy if the bailiffs were to arrive just as Lord Germistoun had given me his blessing! Ha! ha! Something like a dramatic situation, eh? Did it ever occur to you, by the by, what a capital Sir Anthony Absolute his lordship would make?"

"Pray let us keep to the matter in hand. As you say, it is out of the question to give her more time. I don't mean because of these wretches who are coming to hunt you: I mean that there are other influences at work—some one else has got his designs upon her."

"Pooh, pooh! nonsense! Old Ribby! She laughs at him."

"Ah! I don't mean Lord Ribston; there is Mr Glencairn——"

"Ridiculous. He repudiated the idea altogether."

"——and others," added Mrs Ravenhall, deeming it hazardous to dwell too forcibly on Cosmo.

"Well, I don't care whom you mean. No one else has a chance."

"You are wonderfully confident."

"With a little more time."

"Which you can't have."

"If these bailiffs could be stopped!"

"I have my very strong opinion, that even if they could be stopped, your only chance would lie in instant action. Your only chance. Other influences are working, and working rapidly; take my word for it."

"Well, well, we needn't worry about it. I must go and see about my packing."

"And leave the family to be disgraced?"

"How *can* I help it?"

"Listen. Here is the very last effort I mean to make for you, and I will not make it without a most stringent condition. With the view I take of this affair with Miss Douglas, I say immediate action is absolutely necessary. I may be right or I may be wrong; that is my view, and I mean to make it the foundation of a proposal to you, which is this: If you will now promise me, upon your sacred honour as a gentleman, to propose to Miss Douglas within forty-eight hours, you shall have the money you require for these wretches. It will greatly hamper me, but I shall trust to being repaid, either by your brother or by yourself, when you are able. What do you say?"

"Lucy! Say! It's awfully sudden; it takes my breath away," stammered Tom, who had, of course, been playing for this stake all the time, but without these terrible conditions.

"That is *positively* the only condition on which I will move a hand to help you," continued Mrs Ravenhall.

"And the further sum—roughly, a thousand pounds—which will be required a few weeks later?"

"Well, I will promise to use my influence about that with your brother, if, after honestly carrying

out your conditions, you honestly fail with Miss Douglas."

Tom walked to the window and mused. After all, he was in a terrible hole, and this would extricate him, and leave him something in hand—the sums "roughly" required by his solicitor being probably somewhere about three hundred and fifty, and eight hundred, rather than five hundred and a thousand, the respective balances representing, more or less, the little profit which Tom counted upon making on such cash transactions as his family undertook for his benefit.

Lax morality this for a man who could still respect his word of honour; but the continued pressure of money difficulties, and the perpetual shifts which they involved, had no doubt left their mark upon Tom, as they have constantly left it upon men of a higher stamp. And besides, Tom had what he called "strong perceptions of the family tie," which involved the firm conviction that his family were, by the law of natural affection, bound to "see him through" his scrapes; and that, since they now pretty uniformly failed to recognise this duty, he was justified in levying on them, and taking any advantage of them which presented itself. Proceeding with his reflections, he felt that he had to face a refusal; he was confident that that was in store for him; but what of that? It happened to lots of fellows; and at this moment, he was by no means sure that it was not preferable to the alternative, with all its prospective advantages. The act of proposal was really the worst of it. While he thus reflected, Mrs Ravenhall arose, and, opening a despatch-box, took therefrom a cheque-book, and began leisurely to turn over the foils thereof. There was considerable art in this suggestive movement. Tom's eye kindled.

"Well, Lucy," he said, "I think it's a risk; but I'll close; I'll take the plunge."

"Upon your sacred word of honour, and within forty-eight hours?"

"Within that time; upon my sacred word of honour."

"Then I am satisfied."

"I daresay: but I'm not; no more are the bailiffs. This is distinctly a ready-money transaction."

"Oh! you require the cheque now?"

"Clearly, unless you wish the bailiffs to mix themselves up with my proposal."

Mrs Ravenhall took up a pen and detached a cheque, Tom standing over her.

"There are generally," he said, "some vexatious little law expenses in staying proceedings. I suspect it will be better to err on the safe side, and make the sum guineas. Five hundred guineas—in other words, five hundred and twenty-five pounds. There! that's it. Thanks!"

"Now remember! by this time on Tuesday."

"You have my word of honour, Lucy; but make it Tuesday midnight. You know one can't command one's time during the day here, and the evening opportunities will be more plentiful."

"Very well; but it's the very last concession."

"All right. Now I feel quite faint with all this agitation. I must positively go and rub in a little sherry."

The thieves' compact being thus concluded, Mrs Ravenhall lay back on the sofa, and thought it over. On the whole it was her own scheme, with the slight difference that it was more expensive by five hundred and twenty-five pounds; but she was not disposed to make much of that, every other road to success being absolutely barred. If he should succeed, what a *coup*, what a triumph it would be! Such a brilliant match! such wealth, *prestige*, and position, and all to be acquired by a spendthrift younger son, through the *finesse* of his capable sister! Besides the solid family advantages, there was reputation to accrue from that; ay, that there was! And then, from a minor point of view, Esmè in herself would be so excellent a wife for Tom!—a safe wife, upon whom, even in these risky days, one might certainly depend. Altogether it would be worth far more than all her trouble and sacrifice, if he should succeed. But could he? He seemed strangely confident of his footing with Esmè; and they certainly appeared to be on the best of terms. But could he be trusted to play his cards? There was the main doubt. Ah! she must rehearse it with him, and send him to the trial equipped, *cap-à-pie*, with the armour of her worldly craft. The die would soon be cast. Forty-eight hours, and then—victory; or, if defeat, at least also a release from a long and harassing campaign.

CHAPTER XXXV.

It took a good deal to damp Tom Wyedale's spirits. Blessed by nature with a very buoyant temperament, neither dyspepsia, nor any sense of the responsibilities of life, disturbed him; and familiar-

ity with the only kind of difficulties which constantly beset him, enabled him, as a rule, to carry himself with cheerful *nonchalance*, in circumstances which usually darken the faces of most men. In the cir-

cumstances, however, which now confronted him, his past experience could do nothing to help or reassure him; and as he contemplated them, on that Sunday afternoon, after leaving his sister, his courage gradually oozed away. Sitting alone by the river, in a remote part of the glen, he spent the long hours between luncheon and dinner in revolving various schemes and considerations in connection with the ordeal which lay before him. He felt that it was now absolutely inevitable. Slippery though he was, the words "sacred honour of a gentleman" involved a pledge which he would not have dreamt of violating; and even if he would—(which we are far from asserting)—have attempted to fulfil his engagement in the letter, while practically evading it, by some such device as a burlesque proposal, it was obvious that nothing of the sort would escape detection by his sister, who was evidently in a determined and dangerous frame of mind. It must be fairly done—that was clear. But how? where? when? in what words? and with what results? He felt that he might put an acceptance out of the question; or, if so unlikely a thing were to happen, there would be plenty of time after its occurrence to consider the revolution in his life which would thereby be involved.

But the alternative? Refusal? The fact of being refused was only an essential episode in a drama which, from first to last, was horrible to contemplate; in itself, indeed, it was not half so bad as the act of proposal. For in Tom's soul there lingered certain sparks of chivalrous feeling; he had a strong regard and admiration for Esmè, and in his present rare mood of thoughtfulness, with the matter fairly before him—no longer vague-

ly and in the remote future—there did seem to him to be something very repulsive in the idea of mixing up this gentle and innocent lady with so coarse a transaction. Schooled, however, to repress his better emotions, and driven, as he felt, by necessity to the inevitable, he wrenched himself away, as best he might, from painful sentiment to practical considerations. The results of a refusal—what must they be? This reflection now occupied him; and a large portion of the afternoon was spent in considering how the catastrophe could in any way be brought to harmonise with his autumn plans—his shooting projects, and so forth.

His cogitations led him to no comfortable conclusion; and when he appeared at dinner, the total eclipse of his Yorick-like characteristics was patent to all, and dulled the tone of the whole party.

Mrs Ravenhall observed it with lively satisfaction. "It wants point, however," she said to herself. "Why can't he look at Esmè? and oh, if he *would* drink less of that champagne—it is so deplorably exhilarating!" On this latter head her anxieties were not realised. Tom's gloom and silence only seemed to deepen. Lord Ribston drew Esmè's attention to it. "There are no great 'events' on just now," he said, "or I should fancy Wyedale had come to grief again. As it is, I suppose he's only grudging the grouse their day of rest."

When the ladies left the drawing-room, Mrs Ravenhall came up to her with great tragic eyes, and said, in a tragic whisper, "Poor dear Tom! what a terrible state he is in! Do, pray, darling, try to find out what is the matter." Whereupon Esmè reported Lord Ribston's theory.

"Ah!" said Mrs Ravenhall, "this is no laughing matter—no

joke. I know the play of his features too well. His face frightens me. Take an opportunity, dear, and ask him what has happened. He will tell you anything, I am sure. Do—to oblige me.”

When Tom made his appearance, he still wore the same rueful aspect, and seated himself apart in the large drawing-room, resting his head mournfully upon his hand. And then, since there was no sort of reserve, but rather a frank *camaraderie* between Esmè and him, she, in passing him as if by accident, stopped and said kindly, “I fear you have a bad headache, Mr Wyedale.”

“No,” replied Tom, looking up without a smile—“no, I have no headache.”

“What is the matter, then? You look very ill, as if you were in pain.”

“I *am* in pain, but I am not ill; horribly unhappy, that’s all.”

“I am very sorry; but I am sure nothing very serious ever happens to you.”

“Ah! but this *is* serious—vitally serious. I can’t tell you about it now, but I will to-morrow, or some other time.”

“Tell your sister, Mr Wyedale. She is very anxious about you.”

“No, I certainly won’t tell her. I’ll tell you, if you’ll listen to me. Will you, some other time?” And she, assenting, left him in yet deeper gloom, from the step which he had taken in the direction of the abyss.

Innocent Esmè was quite grieved for the heavy affliction of her cheery friend. “He confesses,” she said to Mrs Ravenhall, “that he is very unhappy, and wishes to tell me all about it. So, of course, I shall soon know; and, if he doesn’t forbid it, I will tell you what he says.”

“Thanks, darling; it will be *such* a relief: but please don’t let him

escape you. Find an opportunity as soon as possible. I will help you.”

Having thus contrived to set the fowler and the prey mutually in quest of each other, Mrs Ravenhall felt that she had made assurance doubly sure, and that it would be hard indeed if the desired opportunity did not at once occur. Next day, however, the “fowler,” finding himself in better spirits, or at least able to take more philosophical views of what was impending, thought the inevitable moment might be advantageously postponed in favour of another day’s shooting—his last, perhaps, at Dunerlacht—and went forth, accordingly, *malgré* his sister’s remonstrances.

The day was fine, and he had a good many hours of something like enjoyment: but with the shades of evening, the shadows fell again upon his spirit; so that his conduct at dinner and in the evening was, as Mrs Ravenhall admitted to herself, “almost beautiful.”

“No better! even worse, I think!” she whispered to Esmè, shaking her head dolorously. “Has he spoken to you?”

“There has been no opportunity, as yet.”

“Only twenty-four hours now,” muttered Tom to himself; as he went to bed; “well, hang it! it will be all over by this time to-morrow—that’s one consolation,” and so turned in, and slept the sleep which blesses the last hours of condemned criminals.

The inevitable day—the last twelve hours—came at last. Tom, chained by his pledge, had to reject all sporting temptations, and, in every sense, envied the sportsmen, as he wistfully beheld them disappear in the direction of the moor. His sister invited him to come to her room, and receive certain hints as to his conduct in the impending trial; but he would none of this. “It would only confuse me” and

make me nervous," he said; "and, heaven knows, I'm shaky enough already!"

Then he went and mooned about in the flower-garden, awaiting Esmè's arrival; for he knew that it was her habit to go there, every morning, after breakfast.

Tom could not be said to wait impatiently; but as Esmè had not made her appearance in the garden long after her usual hour, he left it, and strolled down the avenue in the direction of the bridge, with a languid intention of seeing whether anything was stirring in a certain salmon-pool of which he knew. Arrived at his destination, he began to peer into the water, which was clear, though deep, and somewhat troubled with back swirls from the main current. Presently his eye caught the outline of what seemed to be a noble "fish," fitfully visible in the depths, and, with the sportsman's instinct at once aroused, he set to work, cautiously, to get himself into a better position for observing it, and estimating its proportions—an impulse with which keen lovers of the "gentle art" will perhaps sympathise. While thus earnestly employed, a voice from behind accosted him.

"What are you doing, Mr Wyedale?"

"Hush! hush!" whispered Tom, holding up his hand; and though on looking round he beheld Esmè, the salmon retained the position of paramount interest.

"If you come here, very carefully," he continued, "you will see him to perfection."

Esmè went over to him very carefully. "What is it?" she said, adapting herself to the situation, by also whispering.

"I'd almost stake my life, he's a thirty-pounder; clean as a whistle, too. Look at him!"

"I can't see anything."

"Why, there, *there*—just over

that yellow stone. Oh, Miss Douglas!"

These last words were uttered in a tone of bitterest reproach; for Esmè, in raising a hand to shade her eyes, caused some movement of her drapery which caught the mysteriously-angled vision of the fish, and he was off like a flash of lightning.

"I am so sorry!" she said.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," replied Tom, magnanimously; "we couldn't have caught him, you know. Now I wonder what *his* plans are! I *should* like to have a struggle with a fellow of that sort. He *must* be thirty pounds at least—probably more, perhaps thirty-five."

"Why don't you go and get a rod and try for it?"

"Oh, there would be no chance just now." And then it flashed upon Tom, still recumbent, that another kind of angling must occupy his immediate attention.

"I am going down to the lodge, to take these papers to the old people there, and I must make haste," said Esmè.

"I'll walk with you, if I may," said Tom, rising from his post of observation; and they started.

"Tremendous, great, fine fish that!" he remarked, after they had walked a few paces in silence.

"I wish I had seen him," said Esmè.

"Another time you must remember that fish see round the corner, and hear with their tails."

"I don't think I shall forget *that*."

After this, Tom indulged in some reflections upon the caprices and general frowardness of the salmon tribe, speaking with a chastened vitality, though by no means languidly. When he had done, Esmè said, "I am glad to see you are better to-day, Mr Wyedale."

"Thanks," said Tom, nervously; "but I am not better, I'm worse;

I've been getting worse daily for some time past."

"I should never have detected it."

"No, no, I daresay not; but the strain of concealment has been very trying. You know what Viola says about concealment, and her damask cheek—or somebody else's damask cheek—and the worm i' the bud, and that?"

"Oh yes," said Esmè, with a painful inclination to laugh, repressed in honour of Tom's lugubrious expression; "but why should you conceal your troubles? You have a most sympathetic friend in your sister; and I am sure you can have nothing to be ashamed of."

"Ashamed!" cried Tom; "quite the reverse—I'm very proud of it."

"Proud of what, Mr Wyedale?"

"It, you know, the—ahem!—the trouble."

"Indeed!" said Esmè, in deep bewilderment.

"Yes; and you know sisters are all very well in their way, but one can't confide everything to one's sister."

"No, no, of course not; but why not go to some gentleman friend; Mr—Mr Glencairn, for instance, or my father? I am sure my father would be only too happy to help you with his advice."

"I am sure he would," said Tom, thinking of the kind of advice his lordship would be likely to give under the circumstances; "but I can't go to him in the first instance."

"Well, then, some one else. Pray, do. We are all so sorry to see you dull and sad."

"Are you really sorry?" said Tom, halting.

"Mr Wyedale! can you doubt it?"

"Oh no. I thought you mightn't be, you know—that was all," said Tom, becoming perfectly incoherent; and presently added, in the same vein, "and, indeed, I'd rather you weren't sorry."

"Mr Wyedale!"

"I would rather you rejoiced in the whole transaction, you know—that's the honest truth."

"Transaction! I confess you fairly puzzle me."

"I daresay I do. I know I puzzle myself. I'm an imbecile, an idiot; but you won't mind that, will you?"

"What? that you are an imbecile?"

"No; that I'm talking up and down, and across, and round the corner. The fact is, I'm as nervous as the—as can be. Don't you see, I'm trying to tell you all about it?"

"No, Mr Wyedale, I can't say I do. Do you mean about the—the trouble?"

"Certainly. You said you would listen to me, you know."

"And so I will, with pleasure."

"You're sure it won't bore you?"

"Oh, quite sure."

"Very well, then — ahem! — ahem! —" Tom had again halted, and he now came to a dead pause in his speech. Esmè was obliged to turn away her head to conceal her mirth. The preposterous gloom of his face quite overpowered her. "The fact is," Tom stammered, at last, "a dreadful thing has happened."

"To you, Mr Wyedale? to yourself?" cried Esmè.

"To me."

"Yes, but—but, pray, what is it?"

"It is a kind of thing which fortunately happens, I believe, only once or so in a man's lifetime. That's the only consolation; though it leaves its mark on him, they say, from—from the cradle to the grave."

"What can it be?"

"Well, to be perfectly frank with you, I have become a prey—a prey,—I say—a victim—"

"Oh! to what, Mr Wyedale? Please don't keep me in suspense."

"A victim, I repeat—of course, a willing victim; you clearly understand *that*?"

"Yes, now I do; but to what, or whom?"

"To emotions, Miss Douglas. I have conceived an aff—— I have contracted, that is to say, an attach—— Hang it! I'm in love! There! that's the long and short of the matter."

Esmè's eyes opened very wide.

"You, Mr Wyedale—you!" was all she could gasp; and then the torrent of her mirth could no longer be pent in, and she laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks. Tom regarded her in discomfited silence. When she had recovered a little, she said, "Can you ever forgive me? I am so ashamed, so sorry; but I could *not* help——" and then, catching another sight of her companion's woful visage, she had another relapse.

"I am sorry," said Tom, with sad dignity, "that you find an honest man's love so ridiculous."

"No, no, Mr Wyedale; it is not so, I assure you. It was the way you spoke, and the way you looked, that upset my gravity. You made such a tragedy of it, I was quite frightened; and then, when you told me what 'the trouble' really was, it seemed all so—so different," said Esmè, with symptoms of another break-down.

"I suppose," said Tom, "it is ridiculous?"

"No, indeed! why should it be so? But am I to know anything more?"

"Oh yes. I fear, however, that you will only laugh at me."

"No; I promise you I will not. May I ask you the—the lady is? I hope she is very nice."

"She is adorable."

"Do I know her?"

"Intimately."

"Really! Where is she? In Scotland?"

"Yes; she is in Glenerlacht."

"How very exciting! Why, you must mean one of the party at the castle?"

"Yes, certainly, and——"

"Let me guess. Not Miss Snapley?"

"Very much the reverse; but listen——"

"Not possibly Miss Milkington?"

"You are sneering at me, Miss Douglas."

"No, no; I assure you not. *Can* it be Mrs Crock?"

"Why don't you say Lady Bugles at once?"

"Please don't be offended."

"Miss Douglas!—ahem! Esmè!—listen to me. I feel the madness—the presumption—the hopelessness of my love; but it will have utterance. For long months I have grappled with it—grappled, I say—like a man; but I am beaten now. I succumb. I throw up the sp—— ahem! I love you, and I offer you my love. A poor man's love is a very poor offering; but it is all I have to give, and it is yours, if you will condescend to accept it."

Esmè stared at Tom in complete stupefaction, and said nothing.

"You hesitate!" cried Tom, with some perturbation; "at least, you hesitate! Oh, say I need not abandon all hope!"

"Mr Wyedale," said Esmè, at last, "am I dreaming? or is it possible that you are talking to me in sober earnest?"

"Nothing could be more solemn and sober. Be assured of that. All my—my peace of mind rests on your reply."

"I am distressed—I am infinitely distressed, Mr Wyedale, to hear you say so—if you are serious. But surely—what can it mean?—surely I have done nothing to lead you to suppose that there was, or ever could be, anything between us but friendship?"

"No," said Tom, "that is perfectly true. I said that I was mad and presumptuous."

"And surely—it is most mysterious!—surely it cannot really be true that you have been—have been entertaining such feelings all the time you speak of? This must be some strange delusion."

"Not at all," said Tom, doggedly; "it is sadly and bitterly the truth."

"Then, Mr Wyedale, I can only say that I am deeply distressed."

"You can give me no hope?"

"I am grieved to give you pain, and I don't require to tell you how warmly I regard your friendship; but I can accept nothing more than it."

The conviction that it was all over afforded unbounded relief to Tom; but he was greatly at a loss what to say next—how, in fact, to finish off the little drama, *selon les règles*. He remained silent, therefore, looking discreetly woe-begone, and waiting for an idea, or some further utterance on Esmè's part. They had turned—the visit to the lodge had been tacitly abandoned—and were now slowly walking back to the castle. A pretty long silence was at last broken by Esmè, who, looking at Tom's sad face, and thinking how bright it used always to be, said, with an impulse from her warm heart—"I am so sorry for what has happened, Mr Wyedale. I can't tell you how truly I am grieved."

"Oh, please don't be distressed, Miss Douglas. It serves me right for my presumption; and besides, everything goes wrong with me; I never expect anything happy to come my way."

"Don't say so, Mr Wyedale; I am sure you are generally very happy, and make others very happy too; and I am sure this little illusion will very soon pass away. I hope we are always to be friends—true friends?"

"Always, and with all my heart," said Tom, heartily.

Esmè held out her hand, which he took; and thus the friendly *entente* was sealed!

"You may be sure," she continued, "that I shall not breathe a hint of what has occurred to any one."

"Thanks; how good of you!"

"And I am sure no one in the house could suspect such a thing—you seem to have such a wonderful power of concealing your feelings—so that you need feel no embarrassment before the party."

"Oh, but, Miss Douglas, I must go away at once."

"Go away?"

"Yes, to-day, or to-morrow at latest."

"Why, Mr Wyedale?"

Tom was only too glad to find that there was any question about it. He had understood that his departure would be considered a matter of etiquette. "Why?" he repeated, rather at a loss for a reply; "oh! you know my—ahem!—my feelings would scarcely permit ——"

"Now, Mr Wyedale, we are friends, are we not?"

"Certainly."

"Then I beg you, as a friend, not to go away."

"I would do much to please you, but this is really——"

"No, I will take no refusal; you must stay."

She had now quite decided that Tom's declaration was the result of a sudden fancy which had sprung up in his spasmodic mind the day before yesterday, destined to evaporate the day after to-morrow, and which, though utterly undeserving of the honours of a *grande passion*, yet demanded, from her compassion, the healing balm of kindness and consolation, during its brief existence.

"And you know," she added, "there is the great deer-hunt on Sat-

urday. How could you go before that? It would look strange, so sudden a departure—it might cause remark."

"True," said Tom, as if this reflection had weight with him; "there is, certainly, a good deal of truth in that. I fear it might cause remark; but——"

"No, no, Mr Wyedale, I will have no 'buts.' You will stay?"

"Well," said Tom, after some reflection, "I will try to discipline myself. I *will* remain till after the deer-drive, at whatever cost of personal suffering. Your wish shall always be my law."

"And this, I am sure, is for your good. I wish it because I wish you not to suffer, but to enjoy yourself, which I hope and think you will."

Tom shook his head despondingly, but repeated, in the resigned tone of a martyr, that he would remain till after the drive. And now, having reached the house, they separated.

Tom felt that he was entirely master of the situation. His financial strain was relaxed; he had honestly fulfilled his pledge to his sister; he was done with her long importunities; his autumn plans were in the *status quo ante*; and not a soul but Esmè and his sister, neither of whom seemed to him to matter, was a bit the wiser. Peace and contentment steeped the spirit of the rejected suitor; and his only anxiety was for the ordering of his countenance, which, he felt, might be apt to betray the unseemly joy raging within his breast. In this halcyon frame he sought his sister, who, seeing the brightness of his face, clapped her hands, and cried "Victory!" Tom had the decency to sadden his face a little, as he replied, "No, Lucy, alas! not victory,—a cropper."

"What is that? You don't mean that she has refused you?"

"Yes, I do; to her shame be it said."

"Why did she refuse you?"

"Why? I didn't press her on that point; but I presume it was due to some defect in her intellectual arrangements."

"And you joke about it!"

"I don't. I've had an awful time of it, I can tell you."

"You must have mismanaged matters somehow. This comes of your conceit and neglecting my hints."

"No, I managed it beautifully, and came off with flying colours."

"But without the lady, it would seem."

"Yes, but with all the moral results of a victory."

"Stuff! Well, there is ruin before you now."

"I hope not."

"Oh, but there is. You can never hope to have such chances again."

"Well, I couldn't abduct her forcibly, could I?"

"But you might have played your cards like a reasonable being."

"I have told you that I had my own scheme, which was to make a waiting race of it. If you chose to come and force my running, you have only yourself to blame for the catastrophe."

"I am utterly disgusted with you."

"I am sorry for that; but it is not an argument."

"Tell me *exactly* what took place. Remember, I shall get it all out of her."

"I'll tell you exactly; but you'll get nothing out of her—she is far too loyal and good."

Tom then told his story briefly; and when he had finished, she said,

"And when do you leave?"

"Leave? I'm not going to leave, that I know of."

"How?"

"Because I am going to stay where I am."

"You mean this—gravely?"

"And most distinctly."

"You can't be so utterly callous and abominable!"

"Well, I have sufficient fortitude and manly dignity to enable me to protract my residence amidst what Lord Germistoune calls 'our unrivalled scenery.' That, perhaps, is a more graceful way of putting it."

"Wretch! you have no shame!"

"Shame implies a gallery,—and there is none in this case."

"There is Miss Douglas."

"I stay at her special request."

"Oh, that would be a mere form, dictated by good-nature and a desire to let you down easily."

"Not a bit of it. In any case, I have yielded to her importunities. I really can refuse nothing to a woman, even to the woman who is 'red-hand' from refusing me, so I have pledged myself."

"And how, pray, do you expect me to look?"

"Well, I confess I had formed no theory on that subject. But I think, Lucy, you are quite old enough a soldier to look after yourself. Seriously, no one knows anything about the matter except Miss Douglas, and she need never know that you know anything about it; so how can you be compromised? See how unflinchingly I sacrifice my just susceptibilities to Miss

Douglas's wish. Take an example from me, and sacrifice your own morbid *mauvaise honte* to your own convenience."

This so far silenced Mrs Ravenhall, to whom a move at the moment would have been gravely inconvenient; but she wound up the session by assuring Tom that he was heartless, selfish, false, and maddeningly self-sufficient; also that she now formally washed her hands of him for ever.

"But you mustn't forget our compact, dear Lucy," said Tom, sweetly.

"What compact?"

"Touching that tiresome further sum of a thousand pounds, which will require to be forthcoming, almost at once, I fear."

"I'm sorry I promised; but I'm not like you, I keep my engagements."

"I see you are embittered by my disaster. In a limited sense, that is perhaps to your credit; it shows heart, strong family feeling, and so on. But to turn and rend the poor sufferer himself, argues a kind of feminine logic which a woman like you ought to despise."

"Go away, you hypocritical horse-leech!"

And this was the lame and impotent conclusion of all poor Mrs Ravenhall's Machiavellian plots, sacrifices, and endurances.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

For several days succeeding the events just related, Cosmo had to endure a total cessation of intercourse with the lady of his love. Once he had the courage to contrive a pretext and call at the castle; once, in a forlorn hope, and sailing under the tourist's flag, he had revisited the ruins. But on the former occasion, his sole reward was the sight of Lady Bugles engaged in some mysterious process

of imitative decoration at an upper window; and on the latter, when he had recrossed the river, half-deafened and crazed by old Maggie's "entertainment," he had the gloomy satisfaction of beholding Esmè, escorted by her father and Lord Ribston, arrive on the scene he had just abandoned. At church on Sunday, where he had hoped to see her, he found himself so placed in relation to the Dunerlacht pew, as to

command a perfect view of the heads of Lord Germistoun, Lady Bugles, and Lord Ribston, all placidly swaying in a harmonious trio of slumber, but nothing else; and although at the conclusion of the diet he was rewarded by a little fluttering bow, smile, and blush—this last, by the by, was not quite a certainty—all these things constituted but meagre fare to appease the hunger of the heart withal. Cosmo was very feverish and restless, and but sorry company for Phil Denwick, who, though he consoled himself pretty well by unwearied devotion to the moor, marvelled greatly at the new indifference to sport displayed by his host, whose otherwise spasmodic ways of life also excited his attention, and eventually his suspicion. And so it came about, that, before long, Phil was intrusted with his friend's secret, and had to endure those terrible outpourings, and those circular maunderings, which Love, the leveller, extracts with equal hand from all his victims. It was hard upon Phil, but a great relief to Cosmo, when the latter had once unbent,—for Phil was both sympathetic and sanguine, and regarding his benefactor with a sort of hero-worship, invariably laughed to scorn the notion that his superlative merit could fail of recognition in any quarter whatsoever, including even Lord Germistoun.

"He may be prejudiced, you know, and that sort of thing, but, hang it! he isn't blind. Men like you don't grow on every hedge. Take a common-sense view of the matter. Remember that we live in the nineteenth century."

Thus Phil: and though Cosmo felt that, in reference to Lord Germistoun, the latter consideration had little virtue, still his friend's confidence assured him, and con-

firmed him—if, indeed, he required confirmation—in his policy of—

"Let the great river bear me to the sea."

This policy did not, as yet, go the length of leading him to direct and aggressive action. Hesitating and perplexed, he waited upon circumstances and the inspirations of impulse. With all his friend's sympathy and encouragement, these few days were days of torture and unrest; and it was in a tumult of delight that he received, on the Thursday evening, the following note—

"DUNERLACHT CASTLE,
Thursday.

"DEAR SIR,—A good many of our deer are stated to be obstinately harbouring in the woods, and, for our stalking operations, it is expedient to dislodge them and send them to the forest. Moved by this consideration, and at the urgent request of my friend the Marquis de Saut du Loup, I am induced to decide upon having a deer-drive on Saturday. It is a form of sport which (viewed as sport) I distinctly disapprove of, but the above considerations prevail with me. Should it tally with your arrangements to join our party, we shall be glad to have your assistance, and that of any of your men whom you can spare for beating purposes. Ten o'clock is the hour decided upon, and the rendezvous will be at the cairn on the western shoulder of Dunerlacht, where the ladies propose to give us luncheon in the afternoon.—Yours truly,
GERMISTOUNE."

A similar missive arrived for Phil from the laboriously formal old gentleman; and it is needless to say that the invitation was joyfully accepted by both recipients.

IRONCLADS AND TORPEDOES: THE INFLEXIBLE AND MR REED.

ONE of the most complex problems with which science and ingenuity have to deal at the present day, is the construction and equipment of a ship of war; it is all the more so because the experience of recent warfare has thrown little or no light upon many of the conditions which are involved in the subject, and because we are comparatively in the dark as to the effect which will be produced by existing weapons in a naval battle. The rivalry between guns and armour-plates still continues; as the guns get larger the plates become thicker, but the advantage lies with the weapon. The 100-ton gun of the *Italians* has crashed through the 22 inches of iron with which their ships are to be sheathed; and guns still more powerful are in contemplation. There are not wanting thoughtful men who consider that the time has come to abandon the costly and weighty armour which encumbers the sides of our ships, and can be so easily pierced; but this step has not yet been taken, and the armour still increases in thickness though its application has been modified.

The qualities necessary for a fighting ship are many and diverse, and if we discuss them one by one we shall more easily see the difficulties which beset the shipbuilder and the engineer; but these several qualities are so interdependent that they cannot be entirely dissociated, nor is it easy to assign the relative values which they bear one to another—indeed as to this there is a considerable difference of opinion. For example, speed is one of the chief requirements for a war-ship, since without it she can neither follow up and bring to action an un-

willing antagonist nor avoid a battle if overmatched; yet, when in presence of a foe of equal strength, it becomes of less importance than handiness. Again, a high rate of speed involves large engine and boiler space, and consequently a proportionate restriction in the coal-stowage, or, in other words, the ability to keep at sea. So, also, the offensive power of a ship is enhanced by a certain height of gun platform, but beyond a proper limit the stability may be compromised; while, on the other hand, the great weight which has to be carried tends to prevent that limit being attained.

The speed of a ship lies in her boiler-power; the engines are but the means of giving effect to that power. And in order to curtail as far as possible the necessarily large space taken up by the boilers, they are now made for a pressure of steam ten times as great as that used twenty-five years ago. The necessity of guarding from injury the motive power, and the terrible effects which would result from the escape of such high-pressure steam, render it imperative that all parts of the machinery should be as far as possible out of reach of projectiles.

The demands upon the capacity of ships of war are now so numerous as to tax to the uttermost the ingenuity of the designer. The most important of these, after the requirements of the machinery are satisfied, is the coal-stowage, for the advantage of good coal-carrying capacity cannot be too strongly insisted on. The operations of a squadron may be paralysed at a critical time by the fuel running short, and superiority of speed in individual ships may be entirely

lost for the same reason. It seems probable that in any future naval war one of the chief duties of our fleets will be that of cruising close off the enemy's ports, waiting to give battle to his ships; steam will have to be kept ready night and day, and the drain upon the coal-bunkers will be continual. Then might even a high rate of speed prove subordinate to the capability of keeping the sea. But, besides the ordinary equipment, demands for extra space are continually increasing. Room must be found for the numerous engines that are necessary for different purposes in these days. Separate magazines are required for the stowage of torpedoes, and appropriate places for charging them. The electric apparatus must be provided for. Then, again, the peculiar construction of many vessels requires elaborate ventilating appliances; modern hygiene calls for better accommodation for the crew; while the increasing luxury of the age shows itself afloat in the demand for separate cabins for inferior officers. Thus the complication and the cost of the interior fittings have also enormously increased.

The seaworthiness of our fighting ships has of late years been a matter of general public anxiety, and not without some reason. In the early days of armoured vessels there were misgivings, even amongst seamen, respecting their capability of safely weathering a heavy Atlantic gale; and scarcely had confidence on this point been thoroughly established, when it was rudely shaken by the loss of the *Captain*. That a ship of 4000 tons could be capsized in a moderate gale, and under ordinary circumstances, had never entered the minds of seamen in general. Curves of stability had only just been invented, and had not come into practice. Scientific investiga-

tion had showed conclusively that such a catastrophe was precisely what must happen, owing to the peculiar build of the ship in relation to her immense spars. But this unhappily was not made known in time; and though the fact of her so completely fulfilling the destiny which science predicted proved that henceforth it was easy to foretell by calculation the sea-going qualities of ships, yet apprehension was again excited as to the safety of our newer ironclads; and this was not a little heightened by the great want of stability exhibited by some of them, to which we shall refer hereafter.

Steadiness, or freedom from rolling, is necessarily a most desirable quality for a man-of-war. Not only does it afford a steady platform for the guns—without which any approach to accuracy of fire is impossible—but a ship which rolls deeply exposes her most vulnerable part, which can be pierced by the lightest gun. So that a roller is at a double disadvantage, both in defence and offence. Now steadiness is arrived at by so distributing the weights as that they shall not be too low down in the ship; but if proper care is not exercised in this respect, and the centre of gravity lies too high, her stability becomes lessened, and she has a tendency to capsize. Extreme care must therefore be taken to insure the proper distribution of weight, so that a maximum of steadiness may be combined with a sufficiency of stability.

There is yet another most important requirement—that of handiness, or power of quick turning. This is a very essential point; for while, on the one hand, upon rapid manœuvring will depend a successful attack with the ram, so by quickness of turning alone can a vessel hope to escape being rammed by one of superior speed. But here

again we are met by perplexing considerations, for handiness depends upon the dimensions of the ship. Length is indispensable to high speed combined with good coal-stowage; because, although powerful machinery may be put into a short ship, and a sufficient speed produced, the consumption of fuel in such a vessel will be large beyond proportion, while the amount carried will be correspondingly small. But the longer the ship, *ceteris paribus*, the slower will be her turning-power, and the less her handiness.

Enough has, however, been shown as evidence of the extreme difficulties which beset the naval architect, from some of which the builders of merchant vessels are in a great measure free; yet they must increase still more with the advancing power of offensive weapons. Let us see how they have been met in our latest war-ships.

In designing an ironclad, the thickness of armour to be adopted depends to a great extent upon the guns she is to carry, for these usually bear a certain relation to each other, it having been accepted as a general principle that the heaviest gun carried by the ship shall be just capable of penetrating her thickest armour at close range. The total weight to be allotted to armour being decided on, there remains to be considered how it is to be distributed on the hull; and this is a question that is subject to diversity of plan and much difference of opinion. The necessity for very much thicker armour than was at first carried established the impossibility of covering the whole broadside, as was attempted at the outset; and the plan next adopted was to protect the hull at the water-line by a belt of armour, having its maximum thickness amidships in the region of the machinery and magazines, and tapering towards

the extremities. The armament, instead of being distributed throughout the whole length of the ship, was concentrated in a few heavy guns, placed as close as possible in a central compartment on the main deck, the armour being here carried up to defend the guns, and in some instances being raised still higher to form another armoured battery on the upper deck. Upon this principle not only have our own broadside ships been constructed until recently, but likewise those built in this country for foreign navies. But the increasing power of the gun showed that it was impossible to cover even this limited extent of battery with armour thick enough to resist penetration, as well as to afford adequate protection to the hull at the water-line; and experiment proved that two or three large shells bursting in such a confined space would produce disastrous effects, not only causing great loss of life, and filling the battery with blinding smoke, but probably disabling most of the gun-carriages. Accordingly, in the Nelson and Northampton, our latest broadside ships, the armour is disposed thus: Between the fore and mizzen masts a belt of armour, 9 feet wide and 9 inches thick at the water-line, protects the boilers, engines, and magazines. At each termination of the belt a strong armoured bulkhead is carried up, defending the battery—which is on the main deck—from raking fire, this armour being here continued round the broadside sufficiently far to protect the foremost and after guns. Before and abaft these bulkheads, on a level with the lower edge of the belt, is a 3-inch armoured deck with watertight hatchways. The armour of the Shannon is arranged in a similar manner, except that she has no after-bulkhead.

Until the introduction of the

central citadel plan of the *Inflexible*, the arrangement of the armour on the later turret-ships has been that of the breastwork system, originally adopted in the *Cyclops* class, but carried out with certain modifications in the larger vessels *Devastation* and *Thunderer*. The *Dreadnought*, the latest vessel of this type, is, up to a certain thickness of plates, the most perfectly armoured ship afloat. Her side is covered entirely with armour, varying from 14 inches in thickness amidships to 8 inches at the extremities, and the turrets are also cased with 14-inch plates. The breastwork is a continuation of the ship's side, and abreast of the turrets has also 14-inch armour. The upper deck is formed of 3-inch plating; an armoured bulkhead protects the after-magazine from raking fire; and the side armour forward dips down to the prow, and defends the fore-body of the ship against the same danger when pitching. Upon the armoured upper deck is built the light superstructure for the accommodation of the officers and crew, and which also adds to the stability of the vessel.

It has been asserted from time to time that the limit to the thickness of armour was nearly reached, but this seems still a long way off. The Italians are building two ships, the *Duilio* and *Dandolo*, to carry 100-ton guns with 22-inch armour; and they have commenced two other vessels to carry armour of 32 or 36 inches! During some experiments at Spezzia, fifteen months ago, with one of these monster guns at 100 yards' range, the projectile, of nearly a ton weight, passed clean through solid wrought-iron plates 22 inches thick, with strong timber backing, and smashed to pieces steel plates of the same thickness. How far, then, is this competition of guns and armour to be carried? This is a question hard to answer,

but, in the meantime, we are continuing to armour the vital parts of the ship as thickly as possible.

In the *Inflexible* is seen the highest development of both gun and armour in our navy. She is sheathed with no less than 24 inches of iron-plating at her water-line. Now the weight of a cubic foot of iron being 480 lb., it follows that every square foot of armoured surface at this thickness, including backing and fastenings, represents a weight of about half a ton; therefore, to carry such a load on a large extent of side would require a ship of enormous size. Accordingly, the principle adopted in the *Inflexible*, and also in the *Ajax* and *Agamemnon*—smaller vessels of the same type—is that of an armoured citadel, occupying the midship body of the ship for one-third of her length, from 6 feet below the water-line to the upper deck, enclosing machinery turrets, and magazines. The remaining parts of the ship, before and abaft the citadel, are entirely without side armour, but have an armoured deck 6 feet below water. Above this deck the space is divided into a number of watertight compartments with cofferdams; and a series of cellular chambers filled with cork affords additional buoyancy to the undefended extremities when they are penetrated by projectiles in the region of the water-line. The principle governing the design of this type of ship is based upon the suggestions of the Committee on Designs of 1871. The Italian vessels alluded to are also built on this plan.

We pass on to notice the armament of our later ships. That of the *Nelson* and *Northampton* consists of twelve guns in broadside ports, all on the main deck. The foremost and after guns of 18 tons weight, which, as we have said, are

protected by armour, are mounted in recessed ports for bow and stern fire. The remainder are 12-ton guns, and it will be observed that they are without side armour defence; but partial iron bulkheads are placed between the guns as traverses, in order to localise the effect of a shell explosion, and give protection from splinters. The Shannon, a smaller ship, carries nine guns, all on the upper deck. The foremost ones, as in the last-named vessels, are 18-ton guns, mounted in a similar manner for bow-fire, protected in the same way by a thwart-ship bulkhead and partial side armour, and also under cover of a half-deck. The stern-chaser, a 12-ton gun, is under the poop-deck; but the remaining six 12-ton guns are completely exposed to rifle-fire, and are liable to be disabled by falling spars and rigging. This is an objectionable feature in a ship of that size, and it is to be hoped that a future Shannon will have a light spar-deck fore and aft. These three ships, which will be full-rigged, represent the latest type of cruising ironclads. They are of moderate dimensions, good speed, and large capacity; but are not indeed ironclads, in the full sense of that term, so much as armoured cruisers. The two first-named appear to fulfil all the necessary conditions for such a class of vessel, according to the present stage of the question, and in them the country possesses two extremely well-devised ships, which are likely to prove so efficient that we hope to see them repeated.

In the 18-ton gun it is probable that we have reached the limit of size for the usual broadside mounting. It is not that larger guns cannot be worked in this way—because the mechanical appliances now in use enable this to be done without difficulty, and 25-ton guns

are in fact so carried in the *Téméraire*—but such guns require too great a height between decks, and too large a port, to be convenient when so mounted. For guns over this weight the turret system becomes necessary; and so we have in the Dreadnought four 38-ton guns in two turrets, and in the Inflexible four of 81-tons each, throwing a projectile of 1700 lb. weight which has penetrated a target composed of four plates of 8-inch armour with three thicknesses of 5-inch planking between! The Dreadnought's guns are magnificent weapons, being much more powerful than the original 35-ton guns. As in the *Thunderer*, they will be worked by Sir William Armstrong's beautiful hydraulic machinery, but the turrets will be turned by steam. The Inflexible's huge weapons will be worked in like manner. The turrets of this latter vessel, instead of being amidships as heretofore, are placed *en échelon* on either side of the ship; by which arrangement direct fore and aft fire can be obtained from both, and when firing on the beam considerable depression can be given to the guns. The *Ajax* and *Agamemnon* will have similar guns to the Dreadnought's.

The *Téméraire* is armoured somewhat upon the belt and box battery system, but with many improvements upon the older vessels of that type. Her main-deck battery consists of four 18-ton and two 25-ton guns, the latter in recessed ports for firing ahead. But, in addition, she carries on the upper deck two 25-ton guns, mounted *en barbette* upon revolving platforms in fixed armoured turrets. The barbette plan, which is entirely new in our navy, but which has been adopted for some time by the French, has not found favour with us hitherto, by reason of the complete exposure of the gun's crew to small-arm fire.

But this has been avoided in the *Téméraire*, in a great measure, by mounting the guns upon Major Moncrieff's disappearing system ; by which method the gun is exposed only at the moment of firing, and sinks by its recoil out of sight below the level of the top of the turret, where it remains during the process of loading and training. Hydraulic machinery is used here also, and so perfect is the arrangement that five men are sufficient to work the gun. The barbette towers are placed at either end of the ship for bow and stern fire, and the guns command a range of fire from right ahead or astern to either beam. The *Téméraire* is therefore a very formidably armed ship, and her trials have demonstrated the complete success of this plan of working guns, which has some great advantages over the revolving turret. But as the barbette tower must of necessity be quite open at the top, the gun's crew, even in the *Téméraire*, are in a considerable degree exposed to fire from gatlings and rifles in the enemy's tops.

We have not yet noticed one of the most important points in the construction of ships, namely, unsinkability—to coin an expression. But in the outset of our remarks on this subject, it must be observed that this term is only to be taken in a relative sense, since an absolutely unsinkable ironclad ship has not yet been built, as may easily be imagined. The loss of the *Vanguard* has brought about vast improvements in this respect ; indeed it is not too much to say that—since there was no loss of life—so far from being the calamity it at first appeared, the country has been positively the gainer in the improved arrangements which have resulted therefrom for the better safety of our ships. Absolute immunity from serious damage is of

course unattainable. No amount of armour that can be carried will prevent a ship being stove in under water by the blow of a ram or a torpedo explosion, or from being disabled in extreme cases by the fire of such guns as are even now in existence, not to speak of those still to come. All that can be done is to strive, as far as possible, to localise the effects of the injury, and to afford the best possible means of ejecting the water which flows in. The *Vanguard* was defective in both these points ; but the first was what more immediately led to her loss, for the hole made by the *Iron Duke's* prow was so large that no conceivable means could have kept the water under. Two vital imperfections of structure were the causes of her sinking—a want of continuity in the inner skin or double bottom system, and insufficient subdivision into water-tight compartments, the boiler-room more especially. It is needless to say that the lessons thus taught have not been neglected.

One of the chief improvements since introduced in the construction of ships is the “middle line bulkhead,” which is now fitted in all the double screw vessels of our navy. This is a fore-and-aft midship water-tight bulkhead, extending in most cases the whole length of the ship, but always throughout the engine and boiler rooms ; the two sets of engines are therefore as distinctly separate from each other as if they were in different ships. The boilers being now generally placed athwart-ships, back to back, on either side of this bulkhead, are therefore in a similar manner separate and independent ; while in large ships the boiler space is further subdivided by a transverse bulkhead, thus forming four distinct water-tight boiler-rooms. The steam-pipes are likewise so

arranged in their connections as that any one or more of the boilers, whatever may be their position in the ship, can be used at pleasure for either set of engines; and so the chances of the ship being totally disabled in her machinery are greatly lessened. It will be seen, too, that in the event of both inner and outer skins being broken through in any part of the ship, the bulkhead alluded to confines the influx of water to one-half of that compartment. Had the Vanguard been so fitted, she would probably have been kept afloat long enough to reach port.

The water-tight armoured deck before mentioned is another important feature in the structure of our new ships. It is placed at such distance below water as that a projectile is not likely to penetrate underneath, and it protects the lower part of the vessel from plunging fire. In the event of the compartments above this deck being filled with water, there will still remain a reserve of buoyancy in the lower parts to keep the ship afloat. Most ships thus fitted have coffer-dams built in the intermediate space between the water-tight deck and the deck above: these may be filled with cork, or with oakum and canvas, or the sails may be placed in them before going into action; either of which two latter devices would, to a great extent, stop the flow of water. In some vessels provision is made for the stowage of coal on either side of the coffer-dam, and this substance has been found to present a considerable obstacle to the penetration of projectiles.

Damage by torpedo explosion is endeavoured to be guarded against by multiplying the subdivisions below water—the only method possible. The double-bottom system has been much improved upon, especially in the wing-spaces, and

in some ships there are upwards of a hundred water-tight compartments, large and small; indeed they amount to no less than 135 in number in the Inflexible. By this means it is not improbable that a vessel might encounter a torpedo without fatal injury.

The pumping arrangements have also been bettered; and in some of the later ships steam-ejectors have been fitted, by which the steam from the boilers is used directly to blow the water in the bilge out through the bottom of the ship, in a much larger quantity than the pumps could deal with. It has been said, and with perfect reason, that stopping up a hole to prevent water from flowing in is preferable to relying upon means to eject it; but there are great practical difficulties in the way of so doing, and no satisfactory plan has yet been devised for this purpose though many have been proposed.

The great advance which has been made of late years in the manufacture of steel has materially affected the question of ship-building. This metal has been long used in the construction of steam-launches and other small vessels, and it is now extensively employed in large ships, with the advantage of great saving of weight and additional strength. The fast despatch-vessels, *Iris* and *Mercury*, are built entirely of a new description of steel which combines great strength and ductility, and so enables the scantling to be very light. The same metal also enters largely into the structure of our newer iron-clads. The experiments at Spezzia having given steel armour-plates certain advantages over those of wrought-iron, the Italians have adopted the former for the *Duilio* and *Dandolo*. The superiority of steel for this purpose was not, however, sufficiently established by

those experiments to justify our Admiralty in substituting it for wrought-iron, which in some respects is preferable; but as it was probable that some combination of the two metals welded together would prove superior to either singly, experiments are being now carried out with such compound plates in order to determine what description of armour shall henceforth be used for our ships.

The part which torpedoes will play in future naval operations remains uncertain, little or no light having been thrown upon the subject so far during the present war. They may be classified as follows: the stationary torpedo or ground mine; the outrigger or spar torpedo; the Harvey or towing torpedo; and the Whitehead, locomotive, or fish torpedo. The first named is mainly a defensive engine, and of its effectiveness to prevent vessels from entering hostile ports there is no question. It is easy to defend a roadstead or harbour by ground mines in such a manner that almost certain destruction must befall any ship making the attempt.

Of the outrigger torpedo it may be said that its successful use in a boat-attack must be dependent upon a state of negligence or carelessness on the attacked side. It may be accepted as a maxim of naval warfare at the present day, that under no circumstances should a ship or squadron lie at anchor during night near any part of the enemy's coast from whence a torpedo expedition might be despatched, unless it is in a position to guard itself effectually against such an attack. Experiment has shown that on a dark night a swift launch, well handled and exhibiting no light, is practically safe from artillery-fire. But, on the other hand, an attack of this kind may be frustrated by a cordon of boats and hawsers, a boom of

spars, nets, or other devices, as was exemplified when a Turkish squadron off the Danube so foiled a Russian torpedo expedition. Ships so defended, however, are not in readiness for getting under way at short notice. Various plans have been suggested for permanent outside defensive fittings, in the shape of wire-nets and other things; but there are great difficulties in the way of adapting such appliances to sea-going ships, which must always be in readiness to encounter gales of wind and heavy seas, or to meet an enemy in battle.

The practical value of the towing torpedo still has to be proved. Like many other ingenious inventions, it has passed successfully through a set of elaborate experiments, but without the practical test of real service. A ship at anchor may be defended from it by similar means to those above mentioned, but more easily; while to make a contact with a vessel under steam, and properly handled, is no easy matter. Great skill and nicety of judgment are necessary in order to pass at the proper distance, and also coolness in the management of the tow-line; and although all this may be successfully accomplished by practised hands in repeated experiments, it becomes a very different matter when it has to be done under a heavy fire from an enemy close at hand—which would necessarily be the case. Towing torpedos are supplied to all our ironclads, but in such vessels they are likely to prove a source of more danger and embarrassment than of utility. Since they are not intended to be slipped until a favourable opportunity for a contact presents itself, they are liable to be exploded by the enemy's projectiles before such moment arrives, and in that case would blow in their own ship's side. When towing, they would also be a source

of risk to the ship, from the liability of fouling the screw during the rapid and sudden changes of course and speed necessary in ramming manœuvres. The prescribed remedy for this danger is simple in theory—to cut the tow-line; but during such a condition of things the enemy would be very close, and as the people managing the torpedo would be in full exposure to his top-riflemen, they would very likely be picked off, and so the torpedo would be uncontrolled. These are by no means far-fetched suppositions, but are such cases as must be expected to happen in the course of an engagement. The towing torpedo is far better adapted for small handy vessels, specially contrived for the purpose, with proper means of protecting the men operating it from small-arm fire.

The Whitehead torpedo is a cigar-shaped machine about 16 feet long, in the head of which is contained the explosive charge of gun-cotton ignited by detonation on contact. At the other end is the propelling apparatus, driven by engines worked by highly-compressed air, which is carried in a reservoir in the centre. Elaborate appliances and much space are necessary for this weapon. The heads containing the explosive charge must be carefully stowed in a special magazine; and a large store-room is required for the other parts of the torpedoes. A small steam-engine must be provided to work the air-pumps that fill the receiver with the compressed air, which is conveyed thence through pipes to the different parts of the ship where the charging columns are situated. To prepare one of these torpedoes for service, the two parts have to be got up from their several store-rooms, put together in the ejecting tube, charged with air, and adjusted to the proper range and depth of water; and great care must be exercised in so doing, that

the propelling and steering apparatus be not disarranged by any blow, or the torpedo will not pursue its right course. Considerable danger meanwhile is incurred, because, if the head should be struck by a fragment of shell, or a splinter of iron, it would probably explode, and cause most serious damage to the ship, and possibly great loss of life. Supposing, however, that the torpedo is safely launched and pursuing its course, let us consider what are its chances of hitting the desired object. If both ships are stationary, and the distance known, accurate practice can be made; but if one or both ships are moving rapidly, with a constantly varying distance, the chances of a successful hit will be small. Recent experiments have shown that it is not feasible to discharge a fish-torpedo right ahead with any success, when at even a moderate speed; for, as might have been expected, it commenced to diverge immediately upon entering the water, and pursued a most erratic course across the bows of its own ship. The most favourable position for attack by fish-torpedo would be at a vessel coming up astern; but as a vigilant look-out would be kept by such vessel for an attack of this nature, the torpedo could not fail to be perceived, and it would be easy to avoid it by a sheer of the helm. One of our ships, the *Glatton*, has been fitted to discharge the torpedo below water, where it would be in a better position for pursuing a straight course, as well as being all the time behind armour protection; but this plan does not recommend itself for adoption except in vessels specially designed for such work. The only experience of this weapon in actual service was in the case of the *Shah* and the *Huascar*, when it did not at all answer the expectations formed of it.

Now that the torpedo panic has in a measure subsided, and people are bringing reason and common-sense more into judgment in these matters, it is seen that there is much room for doubt as to the practical utility of offensive torpedoes, except for special service and in special vessels. It is a question for very serious consideration whether it is advisable to expose our costly ironclads to the risk accompanying the use of these delicate machines, seeing how entirely we are without knowledge of their real service to such ships, and also that so much valuable space has to be sacrificed for them. There are many who think that it would be preferable to depend more upon the guns and the ram. That torpedoes will enter largely into the operations of future naval wars is not to be doubted, but the wisdom of including them in the equipment of our great ships is questionable. This, however, is not meant to imply the exclusion of the necessary appliances for fitting and laying down ground-mines, and for rigging torpedoes for boat-work, which can be carried without risk and in little space.

Much interest has been excited of late in Messrs Thornycrofts' fast torpedo-boats. The speed which these little vessels have attained is extraordinary; but here again we find how impossible it is to combine all essentials within confined limits; and they have but small capacity for the stowage of fuel, or for accommodating a crew. They are therefore more particularly suited for operations in narrow waters, such as the fiords of Norway, the channels formed by the countless islands fringing the Baltic shores, and similar places, where either the great depth of water, or its extent, precludes the use of fixed mines. It has been suggested that

a squadron of ironclads should, in war time, be accompanied by a flotilla of such small craft, which would be in readiness to attack any ship of the enemy as occasion might offer during an action. At first sight this seems a very desirable scheme to persons not conversant with the practical side of the subject; but as these little vessels are unfit for cruising purposes, for the reasons given, their stowage of coal being only sufficient for a few hours' consumption, they would not be likely to be at hand when so wanted, and they would, moreover, be limited in their usefulness to the conditions of a smooth sea. It has also been urged that each ironclad should have a satellite of this sort hoisted up on board, ready to drop into the water fully equipped at any moment; but neither does this plan recommend itself to the practical seaman, for many reasons, into which we need not enter.

The most useful auxiliaries which a squadron of ironclads could probably have, would be short, handy, mastless torpedo-rams, as recommended by Sir George Sartorius. These vessels should be protected by armour as far as possible, but they should carry no guns, and should be specially equipped for torpedo work of every description. Such a vessel would require but a small crew, and these would be all skilled torpedo-men. She would be of low free-board, and would present a comparatively small target to the enemy; and effectual means would of course be adopted to protect the crew from small-arm fire. In a vessel of this type, torpedo warfare could be carried out to the best advantage. Each large ironclad might have a torpedo-ram attached to her as a tender, which she would take in tow, when necessary, for the purpose of saving her fuel. In action, the duty of this

tender would be to second the operations of her principal by ram and torpedo as opportunity presented. A few such vessels stationed at the mouth of the Thames, and at Ramsgate and Dover, would probably be of great service in war time.

It is one of the peculiarities of naval affairs at the present day, that in hardly a single detail of construction, equipment, or armament, do our ships resemble those by which former battles were decided. Past experience is therefore useless; and the traditions of the great war—the memories of the Nile and Trafalgar, of Nelson and Jervis—come down to us from a time which might be removed from this by many centuries, so complete is the revolution which has been effected. The experience of ironclad warfare is limited to that of the American Civil War, and to the battle between the Austrians and Italians off Lissa; but neither of these was of a nature to throw much light upon the subject in its present aspect. At the same time, fertile invention is continually giving birth to new ideas, some of which appear at first sight to be of such importance, and their adoption so loudly urged, that the Admiralty has to yield to the pressure brought to bear upon it, and acquiesce, though the test of real service is still wanting. Experienced officers may express doubts as to the practical utility of some very ingenious device, which may have successfully undergone experimental trials; but if so, they are forthwith denounced as behind-hand in their ideas, prejudiced, lacking science, and so on. By-and-by, however, when the novelty of the device has worn off, and it assumes a more familiar aspect, the same doubts as to its working qualities occur to the minds of many who would at first look

only upon it from the most favourable point of view.

The question of how a naval battle would now be fought is often raised, but is exceedingly difficult to answer; and to discuss it in all its bearings would be far beyond the limits of this paper. One thing is certain—the hostile squadrons will be kept in rapid motion for the purpose of effecting as well as evading an attack by ram, which will be the first object sought after. Thus the distance of the enemy will be varying constantly, and a correct estimation of the range will be almost impossible; therefore the chances of hitting a ship at any particular part will be very small. It will be seen that upon the judgment and nerve of the officer in command will now, more than ever, depend the issue of an engagement. The speed of the ships, the necessity of closely watching every movement of the enemy so as instantly to make the proper counter-move, the absolute need of prompt decision, will prevent a moment for reflection or consultation. The helm and the engines must be under the captain's instant control. He and those by him on deck will alone be able to see the enemy at the frequent times when he is obscured by smoke from the battery below, and to distinguish between friend and foe; and his quick perception will be requisite to determine the proper direction and range for his guns, as well as to avoid firing into friends.

The extreme importance of the life of the officer in command of the squadron, so long as the battle lasts, must also be apparent. In the old wars, the skill, judgment, and determination of our naval commanders were chiefly exhibited by the manner in which they sought out their adversaries and brought them to battle. Hostile fleets were some-

times in sight of each other for days—calms, light winds, or fogs preventing their approach—each commander endeavouring by skilful seamanship to gain the weather-gage. But the action fairly commenced, there was little manœuvring—it was hard fighting; the ships were laid alongside an enemy, and the valour of our sailors settled the matter. If the captain were disabled, the duty of his successor was simple and self-evident; if he were incompetent, his deficiencies could be made up by his principal officers; if he lacked courage, his men supplied the want. Nelson's genius had made all the necessary dispositions for battle both at the Nile and Trafalgar long before the action commenced; the captains had only to steer their ships for their allotted adversary and the rest was done by the crew. Had Nelson been killed by the first shot fired at Trafalgar, the issue of the battle would have been the same. But how different now! From the beginning to the end of an action rapid and constant manœuvring will be required; the ships must be kept firmly in hand and skilfully guided; all the best experience of the admiral will be in continual request, and should he be killed or disabled at a critical moment, the consequences would probably be most serious. It is not too much to say that the result of a naval engagement in these days will depend entirely upon the skill of the superior officers, in default of which the courage and discipline of the crews will avail little.

The numerous accidents which are liable to occur in a modern sea-fight must be kept in view. The vast and complex machinery by which the ship is propelled, the steam steering-gear, the hydraulic engines, the electric firing arrangements, helm and engine telegraphs,

are all liable to derangement or injury from shot—not to mention the chance of one of the ship's own torpedoes exploding. So that in proportion as we progress in the use of mechanical appliances, we increase the liability to accidental damage which no skill can counter-vail. The chance of the heavy guns being disabled, through derangement of the machinery by which alone they can be worked, is a special element of weakness in turret-ships which carry only four guns. The bursting of a steam-pipe or the fracture of a piston-rod might disable one of the *Inflexible's* turrets. This being so, we have to contemplate the possibility of half the ship's offensive power being lost, and consequently of her only being able to fire on one side, so that she might be attacked by a very inferior antagonist on the other side with impunity.

Notwithstanding the mechanical contrivances for facilitating the working of heavy guns, they cannot be fired with precision very quickly; and with even a moderate amount of motion, precision of fire cannot be obtained at all. This is another disadvantage which attends such ships as the *Dreadnought* and *Inflexible*; and since so much stress is frequently laid on the accuracy of modern weapons, as affecting naval warfare, the following extract from the Report of the *Inflexible* Committee deserves careful consideration :—

“The probability of hitting, in a naval engagement, must not be estimated by the precision of modern rifled guns. There are several sources of error so large that in comparison with them the error of the gun is insignificant. The speed and rapid manœuvres of powerful steam-vessels go far to neutralise the increased chance of hitting derived from the increased range and accuracy of modern guns, while the greatly reduced number of

guns carried on board diminishes directly the number of chances of successful hits."

In dealing with the subject of ironclad ships, it is difficult to avoid notice of the one individual who has been so especially associated with this question for many years past; and it is important to observe how the irresponsible utterances of one single erratic genius may also, in such a matter as this, hamper the action of Government. Thus the effect produced by Mr Reed's writings in the press, heightened, as it is, by his position as a member of Parliament, becomes a very serious affair when it gives rise to a succession of groundless panics. No one questions this gentleman's abilities, or his skill as a naval architect; but while acknowledging his talents, it is quite possible to overestimate the value of his opinions—and the public in general, as well as the House of Commons, fall into a grave error when they accept him as an infallible authority. So long as Mr Reed filled the office of Chief Constructor of the Navy, our new ships were, from his point of view, everything that could be desired. He lost no opportunity of extolling their merits; and throughout his book, 'Our Ironclad Ships,' published while he was still in office, he expresses himself in terms of unmeasured praise respecting the vessels designed by himself. But no sooner is his connection with the Admiralty severed, than he at once assumes an attitude of criticism towards the department—at first patronisingly tolerant, but by degrees developing into the bitter hostility apparent in the *Inflexible* question. Considering the circumstances of Mr Reed's appointment to the office he held, it might reasonably have been expected that he would have at least recognised the fact that the position which

he attained, both as member of Parliament and as confidential adviser to foreign admiralities, was due solely to the experience which he gained at Whitehall at the expense of the country; and that a certain loyalty and reticence were due from him to the department which had raised him from comparative obscurity to so high a situation. And this is the more to be insisted on because, whatever were the causes of his leaving the Government service—into which we do not care to inquire—this reticence and loyalty have always been scrupulously observed towards him by his former colleagues in that department. Instead, however, of the dignified abstinence from interference with such matters which would have been becoming, we find him, under the plea of patriotism, taking every opportunity of disparaging our ships and extolling those of other Powers, and so creating a series of recurring panics in the public mind.

It will not have been forgotten how, a few years ago, we were scared by some sensational letters from Mr Reed to the newspapers concerning the *Peter the Great*. It was suddenly revealed to an alarmed public that an ironclad of the most formidable type was on the point of completion in Russia, with which we had nothing to compare; and that we were shortly to see a vessel steaming across the North Sea capable of entering any of our harbours, blowing up our dockyards, and destroying our fleets. But the fact is, that this much-vaunted ship has never yet left the Gulf of Finland; and from the defects in her construction, both in material and work, it is doubtful if she will ever be properly fit for sea service,—while our *Devastation*, equally powerful, has been at sea for more than four years, and the *Thunderer*, more powerful, was on the point of

sailing eighteen months ago, when the accident to her boiler occurred. It must not be supposed, either, that our Government was in ignorance of what was doing in the Russian dockyards. The Admiralty was perfectly aware of the existence of the *Peter the Great*, and the state of forwardness she was in, long before Mr Reed took his journey to St Petersburg. It has all the means of acquiring such information from the naval *attachés* at our foreign embassies; and it would indeed be gravely negligent if it failed to keep itself informed of the progress of other maritime States in these matters. It seems odd, too, that a man so acute and experienced as Mr Reed—admitted, as he was, into the Russian arsenals and factories, taken into the confidence of the highest officials, and consulted as to the designs of their ships—should not have perceived how exceedingly faulty and behind-hand they were in every branch of iron shipbuilding and engineering; what radical defects were inherent in their system; and how impossible it was that the vessel, as he then saw her, could be equipped for sea in sufficient time to be any cause of embarrassment to this country. The *Peter the Great* “scare” was entirely uncalled for and unreasonable.

No sooner, however, was the public mind calmed down by the discovery that the great Russian ironclad, if ever completed, was likely to shake to pieces by the strain of her own machinery, than it receives a further rude shock at Mr Reed's hands by another series of letters—this time from the South of Russia—announcing the existence in the Black Sea of a novel creation in the way of armoured vessels, combining unlimited powers of offence and defence, with every other requisite for naval warfare. While the most skilled minds in

the greatest engineering country in the world had been vainly striving to harmonise all the discordant requirements of the naval service, and to produce a fighting-ship perfect in every respect, here had a Russian admiral entirely surmounted the difficulty and solved the problem! True, the *Popoffkas* were circular in shape—and common intelligence failed to see how such vessels could attain any speed, while practical minds saw objections of other kinds; but Mr Reed took a cruise to sea in one of them, and again scared the much-tormented English public by affirming the entire success of the circular system, by which the whole question of our naval supremacy was once more jeopardised. Fortunately, however, for the soothing of popular apprehension, the test of war was about to be applied; a splendid opportunity arose for proving the superiority of the new ships, and thereby re-establishing Russia's position as mistress of the Black Sea. The Russian naval officers showed themselves not wanting in boldness and courage; they were always ready when a torpedo attack was projected, and did not shirk from encountering a Turkish ironclad with a common merchant steamer; and we may be quite sure that if it had been practicable to make any use of the *Popoffkas* against the enemy, they would have done so. Built for the special service of the Black Sea, surely, with such a despised enemy as the Turk, then, if ever, was the occasion for their employment; but for any effect which they have had upon the naval operations, they might have been as well upon their building-slips.

In reply to a challenge from Hobart Pasha respecting these vessels, Mr Reed said, in the ‘*Times*’ :—

"The Popoffkas are known to all the world to have been built for defensive uses in shallow waters. . . . To take such vessels into close action with broadside ships armed with upper-deck guns and breech-loading small-arms, would not only be to wantonly sacrifice their guns and gunners, but to sacrifice them in violation of the ruling consideration by which the design of the vessels was determined. To take them into action at sea at all, means, of course, to fight them at close quarters; because the speed of all the Turkish sea-going broadside ironclads is, as is always well known, much superior to that of these light-draught, shallow-water, circular ships. . . . The Popoffkas, with open-top turrets, are certainly quite unfit for close action. . . ."

Now it is not the purpose of this paper to criticise the Russian naval tactics. Possibly these vessels were never intended by their designer to fight an action at sea with broadside ironclads; but this is certainly not the impression conveyed by Mr Reed in his communications from the Black Sea respecting them. They were then held up as a model for us; as successful results of a new type which was completely to revolutionise the construction of war-ships. But the fact is, they are utter failures; and it is reported that they have been absolutely condemned by a committee of Russian naval officers.

Nothing is more ludicrous than the collapse of this wind-bag of Mr Reed's of the danger to our naval supremacy from Russia's progress in ironclad shipbuilding. A more complete bugbear was never exhibited to a nervous imagination. But the question naturally arises: What are Mr Reed's great experience and large stock of science worth if they do not prevent him from arriving at such extremely wrong conclusions upon points entirely within the scope of his own special work?

It is not only, however, by the progress of Russia that Mr Reed has endeavoured to frighten the public; he has lost no opportunity of disparaging the work performed by our naval constructors since the country was deprived of the benefit of his services. Every modification introduced into the vessels designed under his direction, every departure from the original plan, has been either denounced as grievous error or damned by faint praise. We need not, however, enlarge upon these instances, which will be familiar to the minds of all who have given attention to the subject, but we will come at once to the case of the *Inflexible*. The course pursued by Mr Reed in this matter has been in every way objectionable. Taking advantage of the *prestige* attaching to the official position which he had held, and of the fact of there being no one in the House of Commons to dispute with him upon technicalities, and to refute his assertions, he created such a feeling of uneasiness in the House, with respect to the seaworthiness of the *Inflexible* class of ship, as to induce the Admiralty to appoint the Committee for which he clamoured. But when invited by this Committee to appear before them, in order to give expression to his views and opinions, and afford them some information, he absolutely declined to attend, and upon the most extraordinary grounds. He said that the principal object for which the Committee was appointed had been frustrated by delay, from which delay he was very anxious to keep himself wholly disconnected. He could not understand how it could be possible for the Committee to report upon the *Inflexible*, and two similar ships, with the same freedom as if their report had been made within a few weeks of their appoint-

ment. It would be supposed from this that a very long period had elapsed, but the time complained of was four months!

"These ships have now been in progress for four months since that appointment, receiving, in so far as the later months are concerned, so much sanction from the Committee as is involved in their silent concurrence with what has been doing. Having been present at every debate in Parliament on the subject, I feel that the Committee was appointed for the purpose of promptly deciding whether the *Inflexible* and the similar ships were or were not exposed to the risks which I and others apprehended, and for deciding this on grounds which were well known, well established, and received general acceptance. By turning more or less aside from these grounds, and allowing several months to pass away in the pursuit of experiments of a novel character, and such as no naval architect has ever made in determining the qualities of a ship, I cannot but fear the Committee have, whatever may now happen, failed to respond to the desire of Parliament. That being, as I think, the case, I doubt if I should act prudently in taking any step which would appear to be—and would, in fact, be to some extent—a participation in the further proceedings of the Committee."

More astounding reasons for declining to give evidence could not be conceived. The Committee, forsooth, is to sit only so long as Mr Reed may consider necessary; all work upon the ships in question is to be suspended meanwhile; the investigation is to be strictly limited to such points as are indicated by him; and experiments of a novel character must on no account be pursued. Upon these conditions only will Mr Reed consent to give the Committee the benefit of his knowledge and experience! Comment upon this would be superfluous; but we may observe, in passing, that the experiments above referred to bore directly upon the

questions at issue, and that they were conducted by one of the Committee, Mr Froude, who has long been engaged in experimental researches in the science of the action of waves upon the stability of floating bodies, and is universally regarded as the highest living authority upon that subject.

The Report of the Committee has been made public, and it will have been observed that it effectually disposes of Mr Reed's objections. His contention was, that very early in an action the unprotected ends of the ship were likely to become riddled by projectiles and water-logged, the cork-chambers destroyed, and the cork and other stores blown out by shell-explosions—resulting not merely in loss of buoyancy, but so affecting the stability of the ship that she would capsize. Now here were two main points for consideration: first, whether such contingencies were likely to occur; secondly, whether such result would happen if it did: the first point being purely hypothetical—the second, one which experiment and science were able to determine. The composition of the Committee was unquestionable. On all sides it was admitted that no persons could have been found better qualified to pronounce judgment upon the matters submitted to them. The Report is of too technical a nature in some parts to follow out in all its details; we shall therefore confine ourselves to a brief notice of that part bearing directly upon the two points above mentioned, which were those raised by Mr Reed. With respect to the first of these, the Committee reported as follows:—

"Question 1. 'As to the possibility or probability of the occurrence of the contingencies contemplated by Mr Reed as being likely to happen very early in an engagement—namely, the complete penetration and water-log-

ging of the unprotected ends of the ship, and the blowing out of the whole of the stores and the cork by the action of shell-fire.'

"We are of opinion that the complete penetration and water-logging of the unprotected ends of the ship, coupled with the blowing out of the whole of the stores and the cork by the action of shell-fire, is not likely to happen very early in an engagement; further, that it is in a very high degree improbable, even in an engagement protracted to any extent which can be reasonably anticipated. Nor do we think it possible, except in the event of her being attacked by enemies of such preponderating force as to render her entering into any engagement in the highest degree imprudent."

Thus upon the fundamental point of controversy the Committee differs entirely from Mr Reed. He assumes, for the purposes of his argument, that a certain condition of things is "likely to happen;" the Committee, after due deliberation, is of opinion that it is "in a very high degree improbable." Now this is not by any means a question relating solely to Mr Reed's profession as a naval architect—it is far more within the province of the artillery; it is entirely a question of the effects of shell-fire. Most certainly, therefore, each individual member of the Committee was quite as competent as Mr Reed to form an estimate thereupon; and it is evident from the Report that the Committee took care to possess itself of all the information resulting from previous experiments regarding such effects. It is noteworthy that in the first letter which he wrote commenting upon the Report, he omits all reference to this point which really governs the whole matter. Because if a certain contingency is in a very high degree improbable, the results following upon that contingency are of so much the less practical importance.

But the Committee did not, of

course, on that account neglect to deal with the extreme case supposed. The conclusion arrived at with regard to the question, whether there would be any risk of the ship capsizing if she were placed under the conditions mentioned above, is as follows:—

"We find that, under the extreme conditions assumed, the ship, even without water-ballast, would yet have stability, and would therefore float upright in still water; and we are of opinion that the stability she would have in that condition, though small, is, in consequence of the remarkable effects of free internal water in extinguishing rolling, sufficient to enable her to encounter with safety waves of considerable magnitude. The ship under these circumstances, however, would require to be handled with great caution."

The question of the effect of the admission of water-ballast into the double-bottom of the armoured citadel is then discussed, and the conclusion come to that, in the extreme condition, the ship would be safer with a moderate than with a very large amount of such ballast. And then this opinion is expressed:—

"It must be clearly understood, however, that we should consider the ship in a very critical state if reduced to this condition in the presence of a still powerful enemy. . . . We have already expressed our opinion that it is in a very high degree improbable that the ship would be reduced to this condition, even in a protracted engagement."

The last question submitted to the Committee's consideration was—"Whether, when the amount of damage to which the unprotected ends would be exposed in action is borne in mind, sufficient provision has been made to insure, in all human probability, her safety under such conditions?" This question, it will be observed, is a summary of the whole case, and the answer includes an elaborate discussion of all

the points bearing upon it, and of the experiments which had been carried out. The answer may be epitomised in the following extract :—

“ We are of opinion that, in the intact condition, the *Inflexible* is a safe sea-going vessel. . . . Should the damage to the ends go beyond what we contemplate, the ship would still be in no immediate danger of being placed *hors de combat*. . . . It cannot be said that the armoured citadel is invulnerable, or that the unarmoured ends are indestructible, although the character of the risks they run is different. But in our opinion the unprotected ends are as well able as the armoured citadel to bear the part assigned to them in encountering the various risks of naval warfare ; and therefore we consider that a just balance has been maintained in the design, so that out of a given set of conditions a good result has been obtained.”

The Report concludes with certain recommendations, both as regards the *Inflexible* herself, and future designs upon the same principle.

Immediately upon the Report being issued, Mr Reed addressed a hasty and intemperate letter to the ‘*Times*’—which it is to be hoped he afterwards regretted—in which he not only denounced the conclusions arrived at as mistaken and erroneous, but actually implied that the Committee was unfairly constituted, and acted upon by bias. In a second letter he speaks of the Committee’s “*frivolous disquisitions*” upon the effects of shell-explosions—this, be it remembered, being the precise point of danger raised by him in the first instance. Of the tone of these letters we will only remark, that they are written in Mr Reed’s usual style when dealing with opinions adverse to his own. But contemptuous scorn of the deliberate judgment of men of such high standing and integrity is not likely to advance Mr Reed’s credit,

and will certainly recoil upon himself. It is characteristic of him also that, avoiding the more direct issue of the main question, he seizes upon the recommendations alluded to above, and endeavours to deduce therefrom that the Committee condemned the ship ; and this in the face of such explicit language to the contrary as we have above quoted.

Now this controversy arose, as we have said, from the assumption by Mr Reed of a certain state of peril resulting from the casualties of battle. But having no experience to enlighten us as to the amount of damage which would be produced in an action between such vessels, and it being well understood that it is quite possible for any ship yet built to be destroyed in battle by some extreme casualty or other, a suppositional case of like nature may easily be made out for any ship. There is not a vessel afloat upon Mr Reed’s designs which may not be put in a sinking condition in half an hour, from the effect of projectiles, by a combination of easily conceivable though improbable circumstances.

The time has therefore now arrived for the incubus of Mr Reed’s scares to be shaken off. It should be remembered that no naval architect has made more mistakes, and formed more erroneous opinions, than Mr Reed himself. Of the latter we have already spoken. As example of the former we will instance the *Invincible* class of ironclads. These vessels were intended to represent the highest development, at that time, of all that was desirable in a fighting-ship ; and we have only to refer to Mr Reed’s book, above mentioned—published, be it remembered, before they were tried—to see with what complacent satisfaction he regarded them. Two of the chief merits claimed for these

ships were their moderate cost and light draught of water. But owing to some serious blunder in the calculations for their design, they proved to be so very deficient in stability that it was necessary to put 350 tons of solid ballast into them, and to reduce their spars, in order to prevent them from capsizing—at an increase of 13 inches to their mean draught of water, and at a considerable addition to their original cost. Now, with the special view to light draught, the framing and plating of the bottoms of these ships had been made so light as to necessitate great care in docking them, and to entail extra risk of damage by grounding; while the 350 tons of ballast was so much dead weight lying on the bottom of the ship not adding one atom to her strength. Had, therefore, this blunder not been made, the now useless weight might have been distributed in the construction of the hull, and profitably used in giving the strength which is so lacking. If these ships had been built since Mr Reed left the Admiralty, we may be quite certain that, with all the merits they really possess, he would have loudly condemned them as costly failures. As a matter of fact, the majority of his broadside ironclads in our navy have in them at the present moment large quantities of ballast to give them proper stability. If we want to see another case where Mr Reed's boasted scientific knowledge was found wanting, we have only to look at the Bessemer steamship, than which a more complete failure was never witnessed.

It is beyond all reason, then, that Mr Reed should be any longer encouraged in the position he arrogates to himself as the sole and in-

fallible judge and authority in these matters. It is intolerable that one single irresponsible individual should have it in his power to hamper the action of the Government to such an extent as to throw back for months the progress of our iron-clad shipbuilding, and to no purpose. It should be clearly remembered that, from the attitude of antagonism Mr Reed has assumed towards the Admiralty, and from the fact of his extensive employment by foreign Governments, he is not, and cannot be, in the position of impartiality which would be necessary to give him any pretence so to interfere. There are those amongst the gentlemen composing the present staff of naval constructors with skill and talents at least equal to Mr Reed's, of mathematical and scientific acquirements certainly not inferior, and possessed of similar experience; and the vessels now under construction for our navy exhibit in their principles and arrangements a grasp of genius and a careful working out of detail which have never been excelled, if equalled.

The country should know and recognise the fact that, although our fighting-ships may not be so numerous as might be desired, relatively to those of other countries, they still maintain an individual superiority to all others of similar classes; and although the difficulties and perplexities which we have indicated are increasing day by day, the satisfactory manner in which they have been met in the more recent vessels should give just confidence for the future that our present naval architects are fully able to maintain the high standard of excellence which England requires for the ships of her navy.

ABOVE THE CLOUDS: A REVERIE ON THE BEL ALP.

THERE is unquestionably, my dear Editor, a singular charm about a chateau in Cloudland. It is something like living in heaven. All our days we have gazed enviously at the snowy clouds and the blue skies overhead, as at a world remote and inaccessible. And now the clouds are drifting along below our feet. We look, through a break in the thunderstorm, not at the stars twinkling in the firmament, but at the lights burning in the valley. The Philistines of the plains behold a blue-black veil of mist drawn lightly along the mountain-side; behind that veil, in the old time, the immortal gods were hidden. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* Olympus could not have been one-half so comfortable as the hotel on the Aegischhorn. The Bel Alp, with a famous philosopher discoursing largely over the sparkling pine-logs, is a more lively Walhalla. Pan is dead: and his place has been taken by the British tourist, Mr Smith.

“The goats may climb and crop
The soft grass on Ida’s top
Now Pan is dead.”

The sweet *un-reasonableness* of woman, as Mr Matthew Arnold would say, is never more manifest than when you meet her, like the herald Mercury, new-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill. Heine declares, in a charmingly graceful and characteristic passage, that he saw the young spring god, large as life, standing on the summit of an alp; and there is a whole covey of girls in the hotel just now, any one of whom might be taken, any day of the week, in the attitude of that blooming boy. With their petticoats gathered into a sort of beatified knickerbockers, these sweet girl-graduates of the Alpine Club prove themselves adepts on

rock and ice. They have scaled every peak in the neighbourhood; and when you see them trooping home from the Sparren-horn in the gloaming—the alpenstock serving for bow and quiver—you think of Diana hunting with her nymphs, or stooping out of her cloud to clasp Endymion.

“Tell thee tales of love,—
How the pale Dian, hunting, in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose
eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies,—
How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the
steep
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops
each night
To kiss her sweetest——”

But tales of love are scorned by our blue-eyed virginal climber; if you wish to strike a responsive chord in the heart which beats under the braces of her knickerbockers you must become a Tyndall or a Huxley; and enlarge, *purpuereo ore*, on glaciers, and *névé*, and crevasses, and *seracs*, and moulins, and moraines, and *berg-schrunds*, and ice-tables, and ice-needles, and erratic blocks.

There can, however, be no doubt that the Bel Alp is one of the most delightful spots in this world (or out of it, for that matter, so far as I know yet). It occupies what is called in advertisements “a fine airy situation,” 7130 feet above the sea. You have no idea of what a storm can be and do until you have felt it in this upper world. The wind actually *raves* round about us at such times. I use the word “rave” advisedly,—it is intended to signify that Boreas has entirely gone out of his senses, and is as mad as a hatter or a March hare. (Why a March hare? and why a hatter? Have the Lunacy Board or the Registrar-General any statistics on the subject?)

At any rate there is an ample store and a very lively interchange of ozone on our alp at all times, and that, I suppose, is what makes it so bracing. You feel the champagne in the air. You become electrical, and give out sparks like a cat. Even English dulness and stolidity cannot resist the infection, — there is a Scotchman here at present who has actually made a joke. (It has been sent home by parcel-post to the ‘Saturday Review,’ with a request that the editor would ascertain whether it is a true joke, or only “wut.”) The splendour of the mountain-peaks on the other side of the valley, rosy in the sunset, pallid in the moonrise, is enough by itself to drive an excitable man into a fit. There are moments when every one who can handle a brush rushes distractedly to his sketch-book. But the heavenly colour on mountain and sky is as intangible as the colouring of a dream. (And, by the way, pray remind me to ask Professor Huxley if there *be* any colouring in dreams. I suspect, for my own part, that dreamland, like moonland, has no positive tints, but only light and shade, and the grey mystery of an atmosphere “unquickened by the sun.”) Then the turf at our feet is the most wonderful enamel-work ever put together, and the grass itself is like the grass in Paradise — that is, in Dante’s vivid words, *like emeralds newly broken*. Add to all this the delicious pastoral music of Swiss alp or Scotch hillside, —

“The hum of bees in heather-bells,
And bleatings from the distant fells.”

Yet, be it said frankly, a Swiss alp and a Scotch hillside are as different as possible. The lines I have quoted are Scotch to the core: they bring before us the hillside, fragrant with heather and vocal with the bleatings of the black-faced. There are, of course, swarms of bees in a country like this where

fragrantia mella is the only luxury for which you have not to pay; but there is no heather and few sheep, only the tinkle of innumerable cattle-bells. The scenery in Wordsworth’s poems in like manner is purely local, not to say sectarian. Even his mist is the mist of the Lakes, and of the Lakes only —

“Such gentle mists as glide
Curling with unconformed intent
On yon green mountain-side.”

That is not the way in which a Swiss mist behaves itself — a Swiss mist exhibits none of the charming coquetry, of the maidenly indecision, which the Lake poet loved. Swooping down upon us as a *lämmergeier* swoops upon its prey, or flung aside in one breathless moment of delight, as when an Immortal casts aside her cloud, there is no leisure for the arch by-play which suits the other so well. Dip into Wordsworth anywhere, and you will find that he has entered too deeply into the spirit of his own mountains to have much understanding of the mountains of other people. He may comprehend Yarrow; but then Yarrow was his near neighbour.

“The grace of forest-charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.”

“The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.”

No: neither of these (nor many others as perfect that might be quoted) are in the smallest degree characteristic of our alp. The intense light, for one thing, is inconsistent with this tender pensiveness of the imagination. Then the sleep that is among the lonely hills may fitly be enjoyed in the Lake country — the natural sense of repose not being driven away from these quiet solitudes by any disturbing influence. How different it is in Switzerland, where the tension on mind and body is seldom relaxed! We are in the midst of the mighty

primeval activities of nature. The glacier cleaves its way through the valley; the avalanche is never silent. Sleep, indeed! Sleep at your peril! Nor do I think that even Byron himself struck the characteristic note of Alp or Apennine. The mystery of the Scotch hillside haunted his memory,—

“And Lochnagar with Ida looked o’er
Troy.”

But there is one of Shelley’s shorter poems, which has been fearfully mutilated by the printer (some of it past recovery) which, in four or five lines, presents us with a picture of all that is grandest, and noblest, and most peculiar in the scenery of the Alps:—

“—dome, pyramid, and pinnacle,
A city of death, distinct with many a
tower
And wall impregnable of beaming ice.”

Do not fancy, however, from what I have said, that Wordsworth is ever out of place. His scenery may be local; but the moral element is world-wide. The grave and lofty homeliness of his imagination, indeed, has somewhat obscured our perception of the supreme felicity of its presentation. Any casual reader will be surprised to find how much of Wordsworth has become proverbial, is in daily use, has been incorporated into the English language as presently spoken. Running the eye over his pages, we find familiar phrases at every turn.—“But she is in her grave, and, oh! the difference to me”—“A privacy of glorious light is thine”—“We feel that we are greater than we know”—“The light that never was on sea or land”—“The heavy and the weary weight of all this unintelligible world”—“Not uninformed with Phantasy, and looks that threaten the profane”—“Sole-sitting by the shores of old romance”—“Plain living and high thinking are no more”—“An

ampler ether, a diviner air,”—these, and countless others, we owe to the Bard of Rydal. This is the *curiosa felicitas* of speech: still it is a secondary, and not, as with Keats and Tennyson, a primary quality of the poem; and Wordsworth has been assimilated almost unconsciously—at least without direct recognition—by the English-speaking races.

And now, my dear Editor, let us to business. Only, in the first place, you are, of course, anxious to learn how I got here. I wrote you last from Venice—probably in the worst of tempers. For, between them, they have contrived to ruin that precious gem of the Adriatic. Mr Ruskin is firing a portentous battery of minute guns at the authorities; but it is no good. The free kingdom of Italy has played the mischief with Venice, as with much else in Italy. They have got a united people, and a parliamentary constitution, and the eternal principles of civil and religious liberty, for which Hampden died on the field and Sydney on the scaffold, and I hope they like them. But to the lover of old cameos, and old pictures, and old streets, and old churches, Italy is not what it used to be. The virtue has gone out of it.

“Something ails it now;
The spot is curst.”

I had promised to meet the Macs on the Lake of Geneva; and my artist friends at the Academy had warned me that I was bound to visit, *en route*, the house in Cadore where Titian was born. I do not care much for shrines, artistic or ecclesiastical; but Cadore is among the Dolomites, and the Dolomites seem to exercise a peculiar fascination over the people who have seen them. So I resolved to go by the Dolomites.

We left the outside world at Conegliano, where we engaged an *einspanner*, which we kept till we

reached Cortina. The country to Ceneda is as flat as a pancake; but Ceneda itself is a reminiscence of Venice—there are such charming little scraps of the old Venetian architects to be found in its streets and piazzas. We passed the first night at a small *albergo* near Santa Croce—a strange, uncouth, solitary house. But the landlady was blithe and buxom, and the charges were ridiculously small; and we slept in high old-fashioned beds in the attics quite comfortably, though one of us dreamt of brigands. The whole country thereabouts is *eerie*—stony, desolate, God-forgotten—the houses cracked by recent earthquake, propped up by huge wooden beams, and looking as if another shake would reduce them to utter ruin. Yet the little bits of water—even the Lago Morto—are wonderfully blue, and the people (the children and young girls especially being of a most rare and noble type of beauty) are surprisingly handsome. The true Venetian comeliness, indeed, is to be found now only in the valley which so long was part and parcel of Venice—certainly not in Venice itself, where the women are extremely plain. Next day we drove up to Cadore, where Titian was born, through a valley which the yellow turbid Piave has covered with mud and stones. It is not till one mounts to the upper valley from Perarolo—a tremendous pull—that the glory of the Ampezzo Thal discloses itself. But from Cadore till it joins the Pustherthal at Toblach, it is probably the most singular and striking valley in Europe. These grand Dolomite peaks, which rise up in weird procession on either hand—the Pelmo, the Antelao, Sorapis, Tofano, Croda Rossa—are not of this world. The architecture of Pandemonium!—at least of some primeval, disorderly, titanic force of which we have nowhere else in this orderly old world any other memo-

rial. It is with a feeling of absolute awe that we see afar off, spectral in the sunset, these splintered, fantastic pinnacles,—a feeling which grows more vivid when we enter the mysterious valley in which such weird pranks have been played. Among these devils' rocks a witches' Sabbath might be held—no doubt was, before all the witches were abolished. Not till we reach Hollenstein, however, is the valley at its grimest, Cortina itself, the Dolomite capital, lying in a fair and fertile strath. The mountains stand back and leave you room to breathe; yet are they not so distant, but that the boom of the great bell of the campanile is heard in all their valleys. A child playing with matches in the barn had burned down Ghedina's Hotel, where the frescoes by the artist-son were really fine, and so we stayed at the Stella d'Oro "*conditta dalle Sorelli Barbaria*." The sisters are proud of their Venetian descent, and the house is daintily adorned with old Venetian furniture and old Murano glass, with the arms of the Barbaria figured upon it: still they are as attentive as if they had no noble connections, and the trout from the Misurina Lake, and the black-cock from the Caprili pine-woods were cooked in an unexceptionable manner. We were quite alone in the valley,—an enterprising Yankee—"Moses A. Dropsie of Philadelphia, U.S."—having left before we arrived. It is worth while to climb the southern heights to see the Marmolata—the Queen of the Dolomites—and the Civetta; but the walk across the Tre Croce to Landro is not to be surpassed. We had a fine spring day for our ramble,—waves of mist, indeed, were surging through the passes, and clinging to the higher cliffs; but mist, if not too densely opaque, rather adds to the strange glamour of these Dolomite mountains. Until we reached the sum-

mit of the pass, we found the mule-track free of difficulty (on *that* side it was exposed to the sun); but from the three crosses till we sighted the Lago Misurina, we waded through deep snow. On the summit, just beyond the crosses, several prodigious crags of Dolomite have been discharged from the mountain overhead—the Christallo—and there they lie like huge cannon-balls across the road. It is impossible to say how long they have lain there, for they are covered with vegetation—an aged pine, rooted in a fissure, springing from the most massive. We pass through a noble pine-wood; a deep trench lies at our feet, with a brawling stream in its depths, and on the opposite side rises the wonderful *cirque* of the Croda Malcora—a gleaming crescent of rock and snow down which the avalanches thunder. There is no human creature in all that spacious valley,—no one except ourselves and the cuckoo, whose friendly note that day amid these ghostly solitudes sounded remote and unfamiliar. You know the kind of day—one of those miraculous spring mornings among the mountains, when the mist is dry and buoyant, and penetrated with sunshine. The lower snow-slopes shone brilliantly in the transparent light, and ever and again the great peaks were translated from partially-veiled phantoms into shapes of dazzling distinctness. In the evening we came down upon Landro, a pleasant, homely post-house, where stout little Baur and his comely motherly wife (you will find their portraits painted by Ghedina in the best bedroom) gave cordial welcome to the first birds of passage of the season. A great Carinthian hound (Luc by name) sleeps summer and winter outside the door. There are splendid black-cock among the woods up yonder on the road to the Drei Zinnen

—one is shot next morning, and brought in for us to admire. All night the Christallo is visible from our bedroom window, reflected in the Dürren See—a spectral presence dimly revealed to us by the forlorn light of the waning moon, which we had seen, in its full glory, a week before at Venice. There is a break in the valley-line just opposite the post-house—made on purpose, it might seem—into which the Drei Zinnen fit with mathematical exactness; and the Drei Zinnen, the three weird sisters, are the consummate flowers of Dolomite architecture. And then, bidding farewell to our kindly hosts, and promising that we would one day return, we enter the deep trench that leads to the Pustherthal. The profound shadow cast by a wall of rock two thousand feet in height, comes down upon us suddenly; but the shadow creeps slowly up the opposite face, and the eastern peaks keep the sun-glow for long. We left them behind us still brilliant with carmine, rising effulgently into the frosty silence of the gathering night. And then away along the pleasant Pustherthal to the great fortress of Franzensfeste, and over the Brenner to Innsbruck, which we found in a blaze of glory by reason of a snowstorm which had whitened all the mountains round about,—these mountains from which in winter the wolves, they say, look down into its streets.

A few days thereafter I joined the Macs at Vevay, and then we came on here. You will fancy, of course, that we drove up the Rhone valley, and got to the hotel in the course of the afternoon. Quite the contrary; it took us about ten days: and, zigzagging in the most delightful fashion, we entirely escaped that pestilential and most detestable swamp. This is how we did it.

Quitting the railway at Aigle, we wandered among the valleys in

which Lanenen, Gsteig, An der Lenk, and Adelboden are situated, crossing from valley to valley by the Krinnen, the Trüttlisberg, and the Hahnenmoos passes. The people are primitive and homely, and the inns hospitable and unhackneyed. The great mountain wall is somewhat flat, as a rule; but the Wildstrubel and the Wildhorn are wild and romantic, and the path leads through shady pine-forests, and across fertile pastures, over which crag and glacier rise gleaming into the sky. Then we crossed the Gemmi, and the Rhone valley at Susten, and walked up the glorious Val d'Annivers to Zinal. The Arpittetta Alp is one of the great places of Switzerland—the Weisshorn being chief among mountains as the Venus of Milo is chief among women. From Zinal along the watershed to St Luc; from St Luc to the Bella Tolla, and across the snowy Meiden pass to Gruben, in the Turtmann Thal; over the Jung Joch to St Nicolas, Stahlden, Visp,—nowhere else in Europe will you find the mountain glory and the mountain gloom in more absolute perfection; for in each of these southern valleys the vestal Weisshorn is the *genius loci*.

Now, my dear Editor, I have reached, at length, one of the main purposes of this epistle, and that is to thank you for the bundle of new books which I found waiting me here. A volume by Froude, a novel by Mrs Oliphant, a large and liberal discourse by Stanley, or Tulloch, or Abbott, the current number of 'Maga,' what more can the heart of man desire among the mountains? This last volume of 'Short Studies' seems to me to contain some of the very finest things that Mr Froude has written. "Our English," as Milton affectionately called it, has seldom been used to better purpose. How

weighty the argument, how graphic the illustrations, what picturesqueness of style, what a wealth of thought! A man of genius like Froude ought to be a Tory, not merely because men of real imagination are Tories by instinct (the only literary Radicals being lean logicians like Mr Mill), but on the special ground that nowhere else that I know of do we find the Tory point of view more adequately and brilliantly stated than in these essays. Of course we shall have some ill-conditioned animal yelping at his heels: as Dryden had his Shadwell, as Pope had his Dennis, so Froude has his Freeman. There are certain courtesies that are happily observed in our literary as in our political society—a temperance of manner as well as of language; but a superior person like Mr Freeman is released from the restraints of common politeness. The violence with which he has assailed gentlemen of high position and character—Lord Beaconsfield, Lord Derby, Mr Froude—seems to justify Mr Arnold's complaint that an academy for the cultivation of what he calls "amenity" is urgently needed among us. One consolation is, that such grotesque animosity defeats its end—it puts the man who uses it out of court. We send our shrews, male and female, to Coventry.

What an afternoon! How silently the great peaks rise into the blue-black vault overhead! Yet even in this breathless summer-time we have a deliciously balmy breeze on our alp. That is the advantage of a fine airy situation on the southern slopes of the Finster Aarhorn. Don't suppose, by the way, that I am an indiscriminate admirer of fine airy situations: a fine airy situation during a Swiss summer is one thing; a fine airy situation in your beastly and infernal climate (pardon the

Freeman-ism) is another ; the truth being, that in a country tormented by the devil, in the shape of the east wind, shelter, adequate shelter, is the one thing needful.

Froude, and Stanley, and Tulloch, and Mrs Oliphant are read by everybody ; but there is one modest little volume in your wallet which, from its very modesty (though it has been published, I see, for some months), may possibly pass unnoticed in these noisy times. This life of an unknown Scotch Probationer* is equal in interest to anything of the kind we have had since Carlyle's 'Life of Sterling' was written. I wish you could get one of your best hands to recommend it to the public ; for Thomas Davidson as a poet, as a humorist, as a simple, loving, honest, reticent, valiant soul, demands adequate recognition at your hands. Meantime there are one or two things that may be said regarding him before I close this epistle. What he was, what he did, and what he proves, is the arrangement—is it not?—which your sententious Puritan logician and divine (a capital good fellow at bottom, in spite of his theology) would adopt.

Thomas Davidson was born in 1838, and his death took place in 1870, so that he was thirty-two years of age when he died. For four years before his death he was an invalid. He was bred in a Border parish school ; his father was a Border shepherd ; nearly all his life he lived in a Border cottage. He went from the parish school to the university (where Aytoun, as was his wont, gave him kindly recognition) ; he studied for the United Presbyterian Church ; he became a "probationer" of that Church ; he preached for a couple of years ; and then he died. A brief and unostentatious career,—glorified, how-

ever, in its uneventful homeliness by a rare vein of poetry and a rich vein of humour.

The key-note of the character is its sound and healthy, but modest, manliness. The *mens sana* is a most precious possession. Davidson began to sicken of the disease of which he died before he was eight-and-twenty ; but sickness did not unsteady the even balance of his mind. It is after he is laid aside from active work that his humour is at its best and brightest, and his lyrical faculty in its finest mood. The whole picture is pleasant ; but the finishing touches make it nearly, if not altogether, unique. The tender humorist looking at death sadly but fearlessly ; going down the road that leads into the dark valley with a patient sweetness in the eyes that take a wistful farewell of the sunshine ; untouched by envy, untainted by bitterness ; simple as a child, and yet strong with a strength beyond the force of manhood. There is no loud or noisy assertion, religious or political, anywhere in this life ; but a gentle composure which never wearies, and a soft playfulness against which even the waves of death beat in vain. The poetry is genuine, the humour is genuine, and the character (that which underlies both) as genuine as the poetry and the humour. The humour, indeed, went deep into the life. It is impossible, some one says, to imagine Sydney Smith in a planet from which *wit* is excluded ; and one may be sure that Thomas Davidson's soul would be ill at ease, barely recognisable, in a world over which the soft lambent light of humour does not play.

That is what he was ; what remains to us of his genius is to be found in his letters and lyrics. The delicate life of a grave and quaint

* The Life of a Scottish Probationer : being a Memoir of Thomas Davidson. By James Brown. Glasgow : Maclehose. 1877.

fancifulness pervades his letters. It would be a sin to break them into fragments; and the same is true of his poetry.* We must, as the Laureate has observed, take him all in all or not at all. That Thomas Davidson had the true lyrical faculty is undeniable; but he was terribly fastidious. Thus each of the trifles in verse that he has left us has that organic finish which is characteristic of works of high art—nothing could be taken away, nothing added, without marring the effect of the composition. So that I can only ask you to find room for one or two short swallow-flights of song which seem to me to combine the vivid simplicity and pathetic directness of the Border ballad with the cunning quaintness of the Elizabethan muse. Among our daintiest singers of songs a place must be kept for this humble licensee of the U.P. Kirk.

This is a Border song,—musical exceedingly. It was written when he was twenty-one:—

THE AULD ASH TREE.

“There grows an ash by my bour door,
And a’ its boughs are buskit braw
In fairest weeds o’ simmer green,
And birds sit singing on them a’.
But cease your sangs, ye blithesome birds,
An’ o’ your liltin’ let me be;
Ye bring deid simmers frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me!

There grows an ash by my bour door,
And a’ its boughs are clad in snaw;
The ice-drap hings at ilka twig,
And sad the nor’ wind soughs thro’ a’.
Oh, cease thy mane, thou norlan’ wind,
And o’ thy wailin’ let me be;
Thou brings deid winters frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me!

Oh, I wad fain forget them a’;
Remember’d guid but deepens ill,
As gleids o’ licht far seen by nicht
Mak’ the near mirk but mirkier still.
Then silent be, thou dear auld tree—
O’ a’ thy voices let me be;
They bring the deid years frae their graves
To weary me, to weary me!”

* Yet human nature cannot resist the temptation (if in nothing higher than a footnote) of asking you to look at the picture of certain Jeddart worthies on the occasion of the Queen’s visit: “But the greatest effort of all is the triumphal arches, and of all the three triumphal arches the great-grandfather himself is getting himself erected just close to Jack’s door. Indeed, it darkens his shop a good deal. From day to day there is some new limb or feature added to this great triumphal arch, and the progress of it interests us all very much indeed. We all go and stare at it every fine day, and most of us whether the day be fine or no. I take my own stare in the forenoon about ten or eleven o’clock; the shopkeepers stare chronically. Then there are three grand stares every day by the work-people—at breakfast-time, at dinner-time, and after their tea. The grandfather of all stares will be to-night (Saturday), after they have got their beards shaved, but the damp forbids me to join in it. In short, we are all pleased but Wattie Lowrie. He asks—‘What the better wull she be o’ gaun through a’ that wud?’ He advises Jack to ‘pit a stop till’t,’ because it darkens his shop! Jack, in his reply, takes up ground which I consider impregnable. ‘It’s no every day, Wattie,’ he says, ‘that ane gets ane’s shop darkened wi’ a triumphal arch.’ To which Wattie has not yet replied, but he still holds out about the futility of ‘a’ that wud;’ and as he is very deaf, and the benefit to be derived from passing underneath a triumphal arch metaphysical and difficult to be expressed, I fear he will never be able to get over his difficulty. Like most deaf people, too, he gets deafest at the approach of conviction. However, since writing the above, I have heard of another case of discontent—a case of a somewhat different complexion. It seems that we are all pleased except Wattie Lowrie and Archie Knox. This malcontent is engaged in the dissemination of pounds of tea; he lives by hawking tea about the country, principally among the hinds’ wives. He has followed this occupation for a long time; he makes his rounds periodically; he rides on a small pony; like the minstrel boy and the wild harp, Archie rides

‘With his tea-bags slung behind him;’

and he is a very decent man—what people call a ‘serious man,’ indeed. Like Wattie Lowrie, he also is impressed with an overwhelming sense of the utter futility of *wud*, but he does not stop there; his theory of futilities includes everything of a material kind, everything visible to what the ministers call the ‘eye of sense.’ ‘Man,’ he says, ‘wad they gang into their closets and pray for her!’”

In a "Reverie at the End of Summer" he gives us a picture of the Cheviots which may hang side by side with Wordsworth's picture of Yarrow. These are the opening stanzas :—

ON THE CHEVIOTS.

"Once more, upon the hills !
No more the splendour quivering bright,
Which finger laid at summer height
Upon the lips of half the rills,
Pours on them, but the year's most
mellow light.

Far through yon opening of the vale,
Upon the slopes of Teviotdale,
The green has ta'en a fainter tinge ;
It is the time when flowers grow old,
And summer trims her mantle fringe
With stray threads of autumnal gold.

The west wind blows from Liddesdale ;
And as I sit—between the springs
Of Bowmont and of Cayle—

To my half-listening ear it brings
All floating voices of the hill—
The hum of bees in heather-bells,
And bleatings from the distant fells,
The curlew's whistle far and shrill,
And babblings of the restless rill

That hastes to leave its lone hillside,
And hurries on to sleep in Till,
Or join the tremulous flow of Teviot's
sunny tide."

"On a certain Premature Report"
(in its mixture of grotesque gaiety
and gloom, irony and deep sadness,
by far the most striking of his
poems) is too long for extraction ;
so also is the delightful "In Redes-
dale,"—though a few verses from
the latter will bear to be detached.

"Then brake the light of morning clear
O'er that old field of Border fray ;
And rose to inward eye and ear
The armour-gleam, the battle-bray
And all the Ballad-singers say
Of the stout deed that here was done
About the dawning of the day,
When Earl Percy was led away,
And a dead Douglas victory won
In Redesdale.

The Percy ta'en, the Douglas slain,
I watched them borne for Teviotdale,
Till I, too, in the proud, sad train
Bore bloodied sword and battered mail.
But suddenly the dream did fail :
Vanished the form of either Earl
With spear and pennon from the vale,
For there sate she, this winsome Girl
Of Redesdale.

She sate beside a tiny stream,
Which by the highway-side outwelled
From moorland into morning-gleam ;
One hand a half-filled pitcher held,
The other caught, and would have
quelled
The little waves which chafed their strand ;
O foolish waves that still repelled
The daintiest little lily hand
In Redesdale !"

"Love's Last Suit" might have
been written by Herrick in his
best mood : though even in his
best mood it has a touch beyond
Herrick's reach.

LOVE'S LAST SUIT.

"Love, forget me when I'm gone.
When the tree is overthrown
Let its place be digged and sown
O'er with grass ; when that is grown,
The very place shall be unknown.
So court I oblivion ;
So, I charge thee by our love,
Love, forget me, when I'm gone !
Love of him that lies in clay
Only maketh life forlorn,
Clouding o'er the new-born day
With regrets of yestermorn.

And what is love to him that's low,
Or sunshine on his grave that floats ?
Love nor sunshine reacheth now
Deeper than the daisy roots.
So, when he that nigh me hovers—
Death, that spares not happy lovers—
Comes to claim his little due,
Love, as thou art good and true,
Proudly give the churl his own,
And forget me when I'm gone !"

And, finally, here is a "Love Son-
net," sent to the correspondent to
whom so many of the letters and
verses are addressed, a year or two
before he died.

LOVE SONNET.

"There is no date in Love's eternal Year
Saving its first,—O deeply Loved and
long !
Nor shadow invades the sunshine clear
and strong
Which dominates for ever its azure sphere.
Yellow the woods grow—yellow and win-
ter-drear ;
Storms trample down the infinite leafy
throng,
Even as my fortunes. Yet the spirit of
song
Lives in me, and the warmth of hopeful
cheer.

There is no Winter in this Love of ours !
 Thinking whereon, when with least
 clemency,
 This Winter of the World and Fortune
 lowers,
 Straightway that Summer's Noon breaks
 in on me,
 Which has no ending nor decline ; whose
 flowers
 Are of the Soul, and share her immor-
 tality."

The moral of the life is (and now we reach the last head of the discourse), that Davidson could not have been what he was except for the parish school and the Ancrum "dominie." The old parochial system of Scotland (when one comes to look at it through the lives of men like Robertson of Ellon or Thomas Davidson) was a rarely successful invention. In every parish there was to be found a teacher with some sort of scholarly acquirement, and with a certain capacity, as it would seem, for imparting his classical lore to his pupils. Year after year one (or more) of his boys was drafted off to the nearest university. This year it might be the son of the laird ; next year it might be the son of the laird's shepherd : there never was a more democratic institution. Once at the university, the lad's course was clear ; thereafter he could not accuse the partial gods of keeping him a peasant or a ploughboy ; it depended upon himself whether he was to return to the hovel in which he was bred, or to take his place in the world where fame and fortune are won. The Church, the Bar, the Army have been thus recruited from the ranks of the peasantry ; and India, Canada, and Australia are indebted to the parish school for many an enterprising citizen and eminent administrator. It is quite true that the humour and the poetry, in some obscure fashion, must have been in Thomas Davidson from the beginning, long before he went to school. Yet native and idiomatic as his

vein of humour and his vein of poetry are, it is undeniable that without adequate culture, without the familiarity with the great masterpieces of our literature, which thorough culture alone can give, his rare and singular gifts would have been lost to us—he could not, in any view, have become the humorist and the poet that he was.

Is it true that you are going to change all this ? Is it true that you are going to abolish the scholarly Scotch "dominie" ? Is it true that the education of the Scotch people is to be handed over to the Philistines of Whitehall ? It is hard to believe in such infatuation. I saw in the Greyfriars Churchyard the other day a monument which you have recently erected to a distinguished scholar, on which these words are written :—

"In memory of Alexander Murray, D.D., born at Dunkitterick, in Galloway, 22d October 1775, died 15th April 1813, aged 37 years, and interred here. Minister of Urr, 1806-1813 ; Professor of Oriental Languages in the University of Edinburgh, 1812-1813. This monument was erected by admirers chiefly connected with Galloway, to commemorate the genius and fame of the 'Shepherd Boy,' who rose to be the most eminent linguist and oriental scholar of his day. 1877."

One comfort is, that no more subscriptions for monuments of this kind will be needed. When you have made anything like true culture impossible in the parish school, the shepherd boy will remain the shepherd boy to the end of the chapter.

I have zigzagged far away from our Alp : and there is no saying how much farther I might have wandered ; but the peaks of the Mischabelhörner are growing grey in the twilight, and the glow has faded out of the sky. *Euge et vale !* or, as they say in the Gaelic, "May the Lord be long spared to preserve you !"

A RIDE FOR LIFE.

It was on the last day of December 1857 that the regiment of Sikh irregular cavalry with which I served during the Mutiny in India was marching southwards from Meerut towards Futtehghur, in order to effect a junction with a strong force which was advancing in a north-westerly direction from Cawnpore. Our force had reached within ten miles or so of a small town named Bewah, where the old Grand Trunk Road branches off towards Futtehghur. The force under Lord Clyde, with which we were seeking to effect a junction, was known to be within some thirty-five or forty miles of us; but owing to the disturbed state of the country, it had been hitherto impossible to ascertain with any accuracy its precise position. Between eleven and twelve o'clock that night, I was awakened from a sound sleep in my tent by the adjutant of my corps. He told me that I must get up at once, as news had come that a strong party of rebels had advanced to Bewah, and was now probably between our column and the one with which we were wishing to effect a junction; that there was good reason to believe that the rebels had surprised and cut off a picket of our own regiment, which had been sent out under an officer that morning; and that consequently an order had just been issued that another strong patrol or reconnoitring party was to start off at once, in order to ascertain the truth of these reports, if possible—to find out if any body of the enemy occupied the road in front of us—and to pick up generally what information it could. As I was the next officer for duty, it devolved upon me to take command of the party, which was to consist of about four-and-

twenty men. Hastily ordering one of my horses to be saddled, I proceeded to make myself ready for a start. The supposed and also the possible whereabouts of the enemy were pointed out to me on a map of the district, and my instructions were clear and precise. I was to steal along the road to the front as quietly and cautiously as possible; to pick up any men of our own patrol whom I might fall in with; to avoid any engagement with the enemy, and to send or bring back exact information of his strength and position as soon as possible. After carefully loading a double-barrelled pistol which I carried, I proceeded to inspect the men and horses of my party, who were already drawn up in readiness a few yards from my tent. Finding them all satisfactorily equipped, I put myself at their head and we moved silently off. It was a serene, bright, and very cold night, and the moon was shining forth with that intensely clear brilliancy only seen in the tropics, as we passed down the main street of the camp, where the troops were sleeping quietly in their tents ranged on each side, and struck into the road along which our intended route lay. After proceeding for about a mile and a half, we approached the last outposts of the camp, and were sharply challenged by the sentries in succession as we passed. After a few minutes' conversation *en passant* with the infantry officer in command of the picket, I passed on. As I did so, I felt that I might very probably require to have all my wits about me in order to execute the task I was instructed to carry out. After taking all necessary precautions to avoid surprise, I made my men

follow each other in single file on each side of the road, where the ground was soft, and where, therefore, the sounds of their horses' foot-fall was not audible, except at a few yards' distance. Advancing thus cautiously along, I proceeded without seeing or hearing anything to indicate the presence of a rebel force for eight or nine miles. *En route* I passed through a couple of miserable villages, which appeared to be deserted, as there was not a soul to be found in them. Suddenly the native officer of the party which I had thrown out as scouts ahead, rode up to say that two men lay dead on the way about half a mile ahead, and that he had identified them as belonging to our patrol, which had been sent out in the morning, and of which nothing had since been heard. Giving orders to my party to follow on quietly, I galloped forward with the man who had brought the news, towards the spot where the bodies were. Sure enough, there they lay, evidently just as they had fallen. One of them, a fine powerfully built Sikh, was stretched full length across the road. He had been partially stripped, and lay in a pool of his own blood, his body covered with gaping sword-wounds, while his sabre, of which he had evidently retained his grip almost to the last, was close to his clenched hand, showing that he had fought desperately with his foes to the end. The other man lay under a tree a few yards off, on the side of the road, and had evidently been killed while trying to escape towards our camp; for he had been shot on the back, and had only one sabre-cut visible on him—viz., right across his throat. All this we could discover by the bright moonlight. One of my men had meanwhile lit a native oil torch (though there was, indeed, but little need of it), and as its

glare threw a fitful light over the scene, I laid my hand upon one of the dead men, as it was necessary for me to guess how long it was since they had been killed.

Both men were quite cold, and had therefore been dead some hours. It was now but too evident that our patrol sent out in the morning had been attacked; but what had been the fate of the remainder of the party it was impossible to say. Directing my men to place the dead bodies under a tree by the side of the road, I waited till the main body of the patrol came up. In a few minutes they made their appearance, and on reaching the spot where we were, they busied themselves in scrutinising, by the help of the bright moonlight, the upturned faces of the two dead men. One trooper, after a short scrutiny, dismounted, and kneeling down close to one of the corpses, made a hurried exclamation, and broke out into frantic protestations of grief upon recognising his own brother as one of the slain. I was obliged, in order to silence him, to remind him that it was neither the time nor the place to indulge his grief, but that all he could do was to avenge his death, if he had the chance. He became silent at once, and placing his hand upon his sabre, swore solemnly that if we met any of the rebels, they should taste his vengeance—a sentiment warmly re-echoed by the troopers around. Mounting my horse, we again went forward in the same cautious manner as before. For about two miles we proceeded quietly enough, when suddenly the same native officer whom I had before sent on ahead, came galloping back with the news that about half a mile in front of us two more men of our patrol that had been sent out in the morning had been found badly wounded, but still

sensible. I again galloped on ahead to the spot where the men were. They were sitting up, supported by the trunk of a tree, one of them so badly wounded as to be almost unconscious. The other man, though weak from loss of blood, was able to speak, and from him I endeavoured to get a coherent account of what had occurred. At last, by dint of much cross-questioning and examination, I managed to extract the following facts: M——, the officer who had been sent out in command of the patrol in the morning, had got as far as Bewah without molestation, and had there learnt that the British force under Lord Clyde, which was advancing to meet us from Futtehghur, was still about twenty miles ahead. Being well mounted himself, he had picked out a couple of men to attend him, with the intention, if possible, of reaching the British camp, and so opening up a communication with our column. Before leaving his men in Bewah, he had given strict orders that they were to keep a sharp look-out for themselves, and to keep men patrolling up two or three cross roads that led out of the village. Regarding him and his escort, nothing more had been heard; but as the day wore on, and no sign of any rebels appeared, our Sikh troopers, "mere Asiatics," slackened in their vigilance, the patrols returned, the men dismounted—some of them even unsaddled their horses—and repairing to the *caravansera* of the town, prepared to cook their evening meal. Suddenly, just as it was growing dusk, about five or six o'clock, they were surprised by a band of fugitive rebels from a place called Etawah, who had been that day defeated by another small British force which had been operating in the neighbourhood. These rebels, finding a detachment of Sikh

troopers in the village, who were evidently taken by surprise, immediately set upon any of them whom they came across. Some of our men hid themselves in the village, and others, jumping on their horses, had, I was assured, made good their escape. Others, like those whom we found on the road *en route*, had been pursued for several miles, and had been killed and wounded in their flight. As to whether any of the rebels still occupied Bewah, the man could give me no information at all.

Finding himself surrounded by the enemy on all sides, he had jumped on his horse, barebacked, and fled for his life, and was hotly pursued, overtaken, and left for dead in the road. This was all that could be elicited from him. Telling a man of my party to remain behind with him and his comrade (who was now almost past praying for), and to do the best for him that he could under the circumstances, I set myself for a moment to think. I was somewhat in a dilemma. Did the rebels occupy Bewah or not; and if so, what was the strength and composition of their force? It was most important for me to ascertain this, as it was one of the main points which I had been instructed to find out. Again, what had become of M—— and his escort? Had they fallen into the hands of the rebels, or had they made good their way to Lord Clyde's camp? The difficulty was how to ascertain these points without being seen and attacked. After a few moments' consideration, I resolved to go forward with four picked troopers as near as I could to the town, and trust to the chapter of accidents to find out something. I therefore directed the main body of my party to conceal themselves under some trees about half a mile from the town at the side of the road, while I and my

four men started off on our mission. Nearer and nearer we approached the little town, expecting every moment to be challenged. At length I halted, and listened anxiously for any of the usual sounds that might betoken the presence of troops in the place. No, not a sound. We therefore advanced confidently on into the town, or rather village, which we found deserted and empty. Indeed the only noise that greeted our ears was the re-echo of our horses' hoofs as we marched through the street. Not an inhabitant to be seen. So far, so good; the enemy was certainly not there. At length, as I turned a corner in the street, a man started out from under a house-door where he had been crouching, and ran off in front of us, finally turning down a side street. I shouted to him in Hindustani to stop, but he took no heed; and as I urged my horse in pursuit, he disappeared through a gate. Hastily following him, I found myself in a courtyard overlooked by the windows of half-a-dozen houses. Through the chinks of the door of one of these dwellings lights could plainly be discerned. When fairly in the yard, I could not help glancing anxiously around, and feeling how easily I and my four men might be shot down from the upper windows, in the event of there being any of the enemy within. I was, however, determined, if possible, to gain admittance. I therefore dismounted, and beating loudly at the door, demanded to be let in. My men meanwhile had cocked their carbines and were ready for any emergency that might arise. There was no answer at first to my summons, but I could hear through the wooden door a hurried consultation in whispers going on inside, and at length a voice tremulous with fear, demanded who we were and what

was our business. As soon as I said that I was an English officer, the door was opened at once, and I found three men sitting over the embers of a wood-fire. I demanded of them who they were, and which of them was the man whom I had seen run into the house. Upon this a respectable-looking native came forward, and assured me he was an *employé* in the intelligence department of the British force under Lord Clyde, and that he had been sent to see if he could gain any news of the whereabouts of the force to which I belonged. In proof of his assertions he produced several official documents, and implored my protection, adding that his reason for running away was that he mistook me and my party for some of the rebel horsemen, who, he said, had sacked the place on their way through a few hours previously. His fears for his personal safety were not altogether without foundation; for on glancing behind me I saw that two of my Sikh troopers who had followed me into the house, were standing behind me with drawn sabres and eyeing him with great suspicion, and evidently prepared to cut him down at the least sign from me. In truth they were apparently somewhat disappointed at the turn affairs had taken, and at there being no one to kill in expiation of the blood of their own comrades. One of them, indeed, went so far as to remind me that the documents which the man produced might be forged, with various other suggestions of a similar kind. Ordering him to sheathe his sabre, and to hold his tongue, I proceeded to question this native; and I found out from him a good deal that I wanted to know. None of the rebel troops were left in the village, as they had passed through in hot haste in their flight from Etawah, thinking that they were pursued by

the cavalry of the British force which had defeated them. (This, however, was not the case.) But of M—— and his escort he had heard nothing, nor did he know of the present whereabouts of the rebel troops. Upon hearing this, I sent back one of my troopers for the rest of my men whom I had left behind; and on their arrival I placed them in the *caravansera* just outside the town, to which was attached a small courtyard with high walls, and with a gate at the back, by which they could beat a retreat back towards our camp in the event of their being hard pressed; and I cautioned the native officer to keep a sharp look-out and to patrol the roads leading to his post. Meanwhile I determined myself to press on in company with two picked men to ascertain, if possible, the precise whereabouts of the enemy's camp, and also, if possible, to find out what had become of M——, about whom I was not at all easy in my mind. I was not, however, without hope that his good luck and his readiness of resource would carry him safely through his daring and perilous ride.

It was now drawing near to four A.M., and the moon, that had previously been so bright, had for some time past been obscured with clouds, so that it was no longer easy to distinguish objects at any distance off. As in a couple of hours or so it would be broad daylight, it was necessary for me to make the most of the darkness that remained, which was of course favourable to our movements. At night I might easily be taken, especially with my escort, for a native horseman; whereas, as soon as it was light, I should have no chance for an instant of being taken for anything else but what I was. Accordingly, I and my escort left the *caravansera*, and, riding forth, we again struck along

the Grand Trunk Road in the direction I wished to explore. Sending one of my men ahead, with instructions to keep about 300 yards in front, and, in the event of his being stopped, to have a plausible story ready, and to endeavour to pass himself off as a rebel trooper, we proceeded at a brisk trot. We went on in this fashion for about four miles or so without seeing or hearing anything. As I knew from my map that we must shortly come upon a good-sized village, we now slackened our pace, and, on getting within 300 or 400 yards of it, I halted under a group of trees at the side of the road, where we were well concealed from observation, and ordered one of my men to enter the village and see what information he could pick up. Meanwhile I and the other trooper who was with me waited where we were. In about twenty minutes or so the man returned, bringing with him a respectable-looking Brahmin whom he had found in the village, and whose house had on the previous evening been sacked by the rebels, and who was therefore naturally anxious to be revenged upon them to the utmost of his power. He informed me that the rebel force of which I was in search was encamped about a mile and a half to the right of the road, on the further side of a thick grove of trees, which concealed them from observation, and that they would stay there at least till noon of the coming day. Furthermore, he volunteered to act as my guide, and to point out to me their exact position, on condition that I would go there while it was yet dark; for if we stole up to them in the morning, we should be almost to a certainty discovered; and, though I might escape by flight, he would assuredly pay the forfeit with his life. As I was fully resolved not to return without pre-

cise information, if it could be got, I decided, hazardous as it seemed, to at once accept his offer. I hoped, while it was yet dark, to be able to get close to the enemy's camp, and, having taken up a position where I could see and not be seen, be able to take stock of their strength and numbers as soon as it was light; and when I had learnt all that I wanted to know, to steal away unperceived and carry back the information to my headquarters, which I had left during the night. At any rate, thought I, if the worst comes to the worst, and we are detected, we can ride for our lives. Looking back at my resolve through the vista of years, it seems now, perhaps, that it was a foolhardy undertaking; but I was only twenty at the time, and at that age the spirit of adventure and daring is strong. Looking towards the east, I fancied that I could already detect a faint reddish tinge upon the edge of the horizon, which betokened the coming day. There was consequently no time to be lost. Making a slight detour in order to skirt the village, and as much as possible to avoid observation, we proceeded across the plain, which was here and there dotted with small clumps of tree. *En route* I carried on a whispered conversation with my guide, with the object of finding out as much as possible about the rebel force. He said that in his opinion it consisted of about 600 infantry, 200 cavalry, and 12 guns, with some artillerymen. He was positive as to the latter point, for he declared that he had counted the guns as they had passed. We had not gone far before I distinctly heard the busy hum both of men and animals that always goes up from a camp in India; and, looking in the direction whence the noise came, I could see the glare of the

camp-fires reflected with a murky light against the sky. Cautiously we walked our horses along, the Brahmin on foot close beside me. All our senses were on the *qui vive*, and I was careful to mark and notice, as far as possible, the bearings of the country and the direction in which we were going,—a precaution on which I had afterwards good reason to congratulate myself. Arrived within 300 yards or so of the camp, we halted under a thick clump of mango-trees to reconnoitre further. My guide said he must go now and hurry back, while there was yet time, to the village before it was daybreak.

"Yonder, sahib," said he, "is the camp, and you will have a good view of it as soon as it is light. A few yards to your right is a cart-track, which will lead you straight back to the village whence we have come. But," added he, "you are only three, and if they should see you and catch you, you may wash your hands of your life. May God preserve you."

The honest fellow would take no reward, though I pressed money upon him; and as I watched his retreating figure through the gloom, I tried to realise my position. Here was I, with only two of my men, within three or four hundred yards of nearly a thousand bloodthirsty rebels. I did not even know where their sentries were, and they might be within a stone's-throw of us for all that we could see. Indeed I was surprised that we had not been challenged long ago. At any rate, for the present, the only thing to be done was to remain where we were till the dawn of day, inasmuch as my present post was admirably suited to my purpose, which was to see and not be seen. It was a clump of low, leafy trees, in the middle of a high *dhal* field, on slightly higher ground than the

camp, and overlooking it. Seated on my horse, as the day gradually broke, I could easily from time to time distinguish from this point of observation groups of rebel soldiers clustered around the numerous camp-fires, whose lurid and fitful glare every now and then brought out in strong relief all surrounding objects. There were the long lines of picketed horses, and the camels sitting down in readiness to be laden, and making the night air resound with their hideous bellowings. There were, moreover, many little signs and tokens with which my campaigning had already familiarised me, and which plainly told me that the rebels contemplated a march as soon as it was day.

Once more did I cautiously examine the caps of my revolver, and also those of a heavy double-barrelled pistol which I carried with me; and having done this, I anxiously awaited the dawn of day, which for the last half-hour had been faintly flushing the eastern horizon. The minutes, however, seemed to drag on like hours, and, like Mazeppa,

"Methought that mist of morning gray,
Would never dapple into day."

Day, however, came at last, and as gradually it grew lighter and lighter, the critical nature of our position came home to me with startling clearness; a sort of dare-devil feeling, however, took possession of me, and made me resolve at all hazards to endeavour to find out that which I wanted to know. As soon as it was light enough to see anything, I drew out my field-glass from its case, and advanced to the edge of the clump of trees under whose shelter we were hid from view, and my eye swept the camp from right to left. At first, owing to the uncertain light, I could not perceive any guns, but at length I managed to see where they were. I could, how-

ever, only make out four, and I had strong reasons, from what I had heard, for believing that there were more: judging from the position of those which I could see, I thought that the rest must be hidden by a row of tents at the further end of the camp. This was provoking, for it was about the strength of the rebels in artillery that I had special instructions to gain accurate information. It was, however, high time to be off, as it was impossible that we could remain much longer where we were undetected. For the past quarter of an hour, moreover, my two troopers, though as brave and reckless fellows as any man could wish to have with him, had been growing uneasy, and repeatedly urged me if I had any respect for my own life or theirs to be off while we could. "All right," said I; "I will just go forward to the edge of the field to find out if I can see any guns behind that row of tents, and then we will be off." Saying this, I advanced cautiously, bending my head low down on my horse's neck, and hidden by the tall herbage and a row of bushes, to the edge of the field where we were. I was right in my supposition. I could see now behind the row of tents, and there were the guns all packed in a row—twelve in number. This accorded exactly with the information that I had received, and was all that I wanted to know. The only thing that remained to be done was to get away unperceived as quickly as possible. I had just put my field-glass in my holster and was preparing to walk my horse cautiously back to the clump of trees, in order to make a start with my men from there. At this moment my horse, seeing and hearing many of his *confrères* in the camp, suddenly pricked his ears, and gave a long and loud neigh, as a friendly intimation of his presence. He was instantly answered by half-a-

dozen equine throats in the rebel camp. Aroused by the noise, a black-bearded native, who had evidently been sleeping rolled up in his blankets under the shelter of the bushes close to me, started up about twenty yards off, and gazed at me for a moment in blank astonishment. Instinctively I drew my pistol from my waist-belt, in which I wore it, and levelled it at him. Recollecting, however, our critical position, I hesitated to fire, as I foresaw that the report, close as we were to the rebel camp, would inevitably betray us to the enemy. I tried, therefore, to terrify him into submission. Accordingly I called out to him in a low voice in Hindustani to come to me at once or I would shoot him. Instead of obeying, the man, evidently a rebel sepoy, took advantage of my momentary hesitation, and recovering from his first astonishment, turned round and fled like a hare in the direction of the camp, shouting with all his might and main as he did so. Our position was too critical to try and stop him, and I saw at once that it was high time to make good our escape while we could. My two men, whom I had left concealed under the clump of trees, had grasped the situation at once when they saw the man running, and rode up to me, exclaiming, "We must ride for our lives, sahib, for that man will bring the whole camp upon us." "Yes," said I, hastily, "we will ride for the village; and if hard pressed, we will separate, and make the best of our way to the main body of the picket." So saying, we put spurs to our horses, and rode rapidly for the village whence we had come. We had not gone more than eighty yards or so, when three rebel horsemen dashed out from a clump of trees upon our left front, and urging their horses to their

utmost speed, rode down upon us with the evident intention of cutting off our retreat. Here is a pretty mess, thought I, as I drew my sword hastily from my scabbard. I was in front, my two men were close behind. On came our foes at full speed, and as the foremost horseman neared me I thought at first of engaging him with my sword. Just as he came within three or four yards of me, the thought flashed across me that I could not afford to let him detain me, as time was everything to us, and that I might perhaps be able to make short work of him with my pistol. Quick as thought I dropped my sword, letting it hang by the knot from my wrist, and snatching out my pistol from my holster, I levelled it full at my assailant, a big black-bearded Mohammedan, and fired as I passed him at about two yards' distance. The ball hit him fair in the side, and for a second he reeled in his saddle, then dropping his uplifted sword-arm, he tumbled headlong forward to the ground, and his riderless horse galloped past just behind me. A thrill of exultation bounded through me as I saw him fall. Meanwhile one of my troopers had engaged another of our assailants. The rebel was a brave fellow enough, but he was no match for the sinewy Sikh behind me, who, after a few rapid exchanges of blows and parries, managed to get inside his guard, and gave him such a slash across the face with his sharp sabre, that he fell, blinded with blood, from his saddle. The third of our assailants, who had cautiously ridden some yards in rear, seeing his two companions *hors de combat*, took himself off to the camp, and we were left free for a few moments to continue our way unmolested.

All this, though it takes some

time to relate, happened in a few moments or so. I knew it would not be long ere we should be hotly pursued; for as we rattled our horses over the wide plain I could hear a tremendous uproar in the rebel camp, which was by this time thoroughly alarmed. Casting a hurried look behind me, I could see that my worst anticipations were realised. Already a dozen or two of the rebels had leaped upon their horses, and, sabre in hand, with wild shouts and gestures, were urging them on at their utmost speed as they strove to gain upon us. A ride for dear life, thought I, as I caught sight of them streaming after us. Faster and faster yet I led the way, over rough ground and smooth, looking well to the ground in front (as a fall or a stumble of one of our horses might have proved fatal to us), and my two men kept close beside me. Our horses, however, had been out for hours, while those of our pursuers were quite fresh, and we had not gone above a mile in this fashion when I began to fancy that our pursuers were gaining upon us. Before another half-mile had been passed, this idea of mine ripened into a certainty. Three or four of our pursuers, at any rate, were gaining rapidly upon us, and were two or three hundred yards in advance of the rest. If only they succeeded in stopping us, in order to fight with them, I saw that the whole pack would be upon us, and we should all be cut to pieces to a certainty. They also could afford, owing to their numbers, not to spare their horses, while, if our horses were once pumped, nothing could save us. Nearer and nearer they gained upon us, and their shouts of exultation and hatred were borne to my ears as they triumphantly fancied themselves sure of their prey. "We must separate," said I, quickly.

"Ride off to the right, and I will go straight on," as I thought that by thus separating we might perhaps divert our pursuers, and one or other of us would have a chance of getting off. They immediately turned off to the right, though still heading for the village. This *ruse* was fortunate enough for my men, but it did not avail much for me. Casting another glance behind me, I saw, to my dismay, that our enemies did not appear to trouble themselves at all about my companions, but all four of them continued to ride, without swerving, after me; for it was, as I might have anticipated, the English officer whom they had marked for their prey, and whom they were thirsting to kill. Closer and closer they creep up to me; but I now urge my horse on, and manage to forge a little ahead. At this rate, thought I, they will soon pump their horses, if I can only hold on. But they are riding at a headlong pace, and I am forced to let out my horse also to his utmost speed in order to keep ahead of them. Already the foremost of the four is less than a hundred yards behind me, the other three close behind him, while there are a dozen more a short distance behind them. Even now, though twenty long years have passed since that day, it makes my blood jump to think of it. For a moment my heart dies within me, as I feel that the game is up; and I set my teeth and determine to die hard—to sell my life as dearly as I can, and fight it out to the last.

In the excitement of the ride I naturally had not looked far before me; but now I suddenly saw, just thirty or forty yards ahead of me, the dike full of water, which we had passed over in the early morning on our way to reconnoitre the camp. A thrill of hope and joy

passed through me. It was a very fair jump, but nothing out of the way for a good horse; and I knew that mine, who was a good fencer, would clear it, and that there was a very good chance that the horses of my pursuers would not, as natives seldom practise their horses at jumping. They seemed hardly more than fifty or sixty yards off; and had it not been for the hope of placing the dike between myself and them, I felt that in another few moments, if they got much nearer, I should have been forced to turn at bay and fight it out to the last. Four to one, however, was hopeless odds, and with a ray of hope I rode straight at the dike. Even then, as I neared it, the thought flashed with a terrible misgiving through my brain that my horse might perhaps refuse it, and that in that case my pursuers would be upon me in a moment. Deadly as is the peril in which I am, I have yet the coolness and presence of mind to steady my horse somewhat as he comes up to the leap, and for a moment to slacken his speed. My gallant horse, a big powerful Australian gelding, sets his ears as he sees the leap in front of him; and when, at the critical moment, I dig my spurs into him with all the energy of desperation, he answers to the call, takes off well, and lands clearly, despite a somewhat rotten bank on the other side. (Assuredly at that moment I felt but little tempted to agree with the Psalmist that a horse was a vain thing for a man to trust to.) My horse had scarcely regained his stride when the four foremost of my foes, who had pressed me so hard, were on the brink of the dike.

Scarcely daring to hope that I may escape, I look anxiously round to see if they too get over. Two out of the four are slightly in advance, and they ride straight at the

dike. To my intense delight their horses both refuse, and will have nothing to say to the jump; while the other two do not attempt it, but ride along the bank in order to find an easier place to cross. As I widen every second the distance between me and my pursuers, and my spirits thrill with exultation at my renewed prospect of escape, I am unable to restrain a shout of defiance at my baffled foes, which is immediately answered by an angry carbine-shot from one of them, that, of course, does me no harm.

God grant that I may have a few moments more, and I shall be comparatively safe. Again I head straight for the village, which in the headlong race I had ridden a little wide of, and which was now but a short half-mile distant. Once I am safe through the village, I ought to fall in with some of my picket, to whom I had given orders that as soon as it was daybreak they should patrol the road in that direction. Once more do I look back. Full twenty of my foes are now on the further brink, but, as far as I can make out, not one of them is over as yet. Another two hundred yards are passed when I see that half-a-dozen of them have at length got over, and are following me up as before with frantic haste, and doing their best to make up the ground they have lost. On they come, but I have got such a start that they do not gain on me much before I reach the village, and am lost for the time to their view.

As I rattle down the main street of the village, which was surrounded by a high wall, a few of the villagers, just roused from their slumbers, come out to the doors of their houses and gaze curiously at me as I pass. As I near the old arched gate at the further end, I hear a shout behind me, and on

looking round, I see my two men, from whom I had parted a few minutes previously, coming up a by-street. They had taken advantage of our pursuers having gone off in pursuit of me alone, to make good their flight to the village, and thinking themselves comparatively secure, were taking a pull at their horses. They were overjoyed to see me, as they had given me up for lost. There was, however, as I told them, no time to talk. Our horses were all of them pretty well pumped, and I knew well enough that our pursuers were hard upon our track, and that the villagers would be sure to point out to them the route we had taken.

As we pass under the arched gateway, I see that there are an old pair of folding gates, evidently but seldom used, belonging to it. A happy thought strikes me, that if we could manage to shut the gates, and fasten them somehow or other, we might yet delay our pursuers a few minutes, and gain a little breathing-time for our horses. No sooner thought of than we attempt to put it into execution. I ordered one of my troopers to dismount, and while I held his panting horse, he attempted to swing the old gates (which were made of massive bars of wood with intervals of two or three inches apart) upon their hinges. One of them yielded readily enough to his efforts, but the other resisted all his strength. It was evident that the gates had not been shut for a long time. In vain did he pull and push, it would not budge an inch. There were none of the villagers standing by to help, and seeing that he could not manage it alone, I bade the other man dismount in order to help him. At last by their joint efforts they succeeded in moving the stubborn gate, and little by little were getting it to close. Every moment did I expect to hear

the horses of our pursuers rattle down the street. Nor had we long to wait ere they were upon us. Just as the gates were closed, and before we had time to think about getting them fastened, seven or eight rebels appeared in view coming down the street. They were evidently thrown off the scent, and drew up to question the villagers as to our whereabouts. While doing so, one of them caught sight of me through the gate as I held one of my men's horses in the road. An instant shout told me I was seen, as with one impulse they put their horses to a gallop and rode towards us. They were only about 500 yards from us. "Quick! quick!" said I; "your carbines, are they loaded?" "Here is mine," said one, as he picked it up from the ground where he had laid it, in case he wanted it. "Wait till they get quite close," said I, "and then shoot the foremost horse. You can make sure of him. We will stick by you to the last." The other trooper meanwhile had remounted his horse, so that we only awaited the effect of the shot to be off. In another moment they were almost upon us. "Steady," said I, as the man stood with carbine levelled and resting between the bars of the gates; "aim low." As I spoke, his shot re-echoed through the gateway, filling it for a moment with smoke. Its success exceeded my most sanguine expectations. I could just see that the foremost horse, badly wounded, had fallen headlong forward with his rider to the ground. Wedged in, as they were, in the narrow roadway, and going at a headlong pace, the two horses immediately behind fell over him, and, as far as I recollect, there seemed to me two or three men and horses struggling on the ground at once. But the rest of them, four or five in number, recovering from

their confusion, were already at the gates, and, leaning forward, were tugging at them in order to open them, so as to get through. We could not be off for a moment, as we had to wait while the man who had fired had remounted his horse, which was excited and would not stand still. As he was scrambling into his saddle, I saw that our foes had succeeded in wrenching open the gate just sufficiently to get through, one at a time. The foremost of them was already half through, and the rest would have speedily followed, as with shouts and execrations, in their impatience to get at us, they were urging him on from behind. Seeing the necessity of giving them another check, I pulled back my horse just as we were starting, and riding up to within three yards or so of the gate, pistol in hand, I aimed it full at the foremost rebel and fired. I can recollect seeing his horse rear wildly up, but I waited not to see the effect of my shot, for we all three sped away at our best pace along the side of the road. Looking back after a time, I saw we were pursued no more. Whether it was that they found we were not to be molested with impunity, and were discouraged by the losses which they had suffered; or whether they despaired of catching us; or in consequence of their having started after us in such a hurry they had not brought any more ammunition with them, and therefore gave up the contest as unequal, I cannot say. We had not gone a couple of miles further before we fell in with a patrol of my picket, which, I was informed, was still at the *caravansera* awaiting my return. Being anxious to give our horses as much breathing-

time as possible after their severe exertions, I proceeded at a walk in the direction of the picket, taking care to keep a sharp look-out in rear, in case we were again pursued. Arrived at the *caravansera*, I found the remainder of my men duly on the alert and ready to receive me. After a short halt, we began to retrace our steps towards our camp, which we had left the night before. After we had gone about three miles or so we fell in with the advanced-guard of our own force, which had already struck its camp and marched onwards that morning. Upon reaching the main body of the force I made my report to the general in command (who, with his staff, was riding at the head of the column), and had the satisfaction of receiving a good deal of praise for the information which I had brought, and warm congratulations upon my narrow escape.*

There is no need further to continue the tale. Suffice it to say that the rebels, whose camp I had discovered, were at once followed up; and though they had taken timely warning, and had already decamped, yet they were pursued for some miles; their guns were all captured, and their whole force scattered to the winds. When our force passed through the village referred to in the foregoing narrative, we found the horse which my trooper had shot in the gateway, and the man whom I had fired at, both lying dead upon the spot where they had fallen.

Reader, my tale of "a ride for life" is told. Certainly I and the two who were with me may be fairly said to have taken our lives in our hands and only to have escaped by the skin of our teeth.

* It may here be stated that M——, the officer in search of whom I had been sent out, rejoined the column in safety some hours later on the same day.

A VISIT TO SOPHIA AND THE HEIGHTS OF KAMERLEH—
CHRISTMAS 1877.

HAVING provided ourselves with Turkish passports, T—— and I left Constantinople on the morning of the 12th December for Adrianople. The train was crowded with officers and men going to the war. As I talked Arabic, we soon got into conversation with some of those in our carriage. They were all in the greatest spirits—some going to Schipka, and others to Sophia, to join the army under Baker Pasha. They told us we should have no difficulty in getting to Sophia, which greatly relieved our minds, as we had been told in Constantinople that there was very small chance of our getting so far. One old captain was very civil, and told us he was going to Sophia, and would look after us on the road. They all said Sophia was a most charming place, where everything was to be got, quite like any European town.

As we passed through the Check-magee lines we could see that the redoubts were garrisoned and armed. The white tents of each detachment were pitched behind the forts. The slopes in front of the position seemed splendidly adapted for artillery-fire; and with a good garrison, and the command of the sea, no army ought to be able to force these lines. The country between Constantinople and Adrianople looked very bare, hardly cultivated at all. A few flocks of sheep and cattle were grazing over the broad plain.

We got into Adrianople at 9 P.M., or rather, to the station of Adrianople: the town itself is half an hour's drive from the railway. We tried to get rooms at a sort of hotel, but failed; and after some wandering in search, were obliged to go back to

the station and ask leave to sleep in the waiting-room, which was at once allowed, and we were soon fast asleep on the divans.

Next morning we had to be off by train, before it was light, for Tatar Bazardjik. We looked out for our old captain, and got into the same carriage with him. When the morning light came we were travelling along by the side of the river Maritza, through a rich plain wonderfully well cultivated. The soil was very different to that between Constantinople and Adrianople, being much more fertile, and a good deal of irrigation runs down from the river.

We followed the windings of the river: in some parts it seemed perfectly absurd how the line twisted and turned when a straight course might have been easily kept. I asked about it, and learnt that the railway had been contracted for at so much a kilometre; and so as many kilometres as possible were got into the level land between Adrianople and Tatar Bazardjik. Beyond this the lesser Balkans have to be crossed, so the contractor found it worth while to pay one of the pashas a good round sum and get off his contract, having made a very good thing of it.

At Tirnova the line branched off to Yamboli, and we parted with our friends who were going to Schipka. It was dark when we got to Philippopolis. Our old friend the captain asked me to lend him some small change, which I did; but he slipped away at Tatar Bazardjik without thinking of returning it, and we never saw him again.

As usual, the station at Tatar Bazardjik is about half an hour's

drive from the town. We managed to get a cart, and after considerable jolting found ourselves at the French Hotel. Madame refused admittance at first, thinking we were Turks; but on learning we were English, we were well received. We met here Colonel Blunt, who was administering relief to refugees on behalf of the Compassionate Fund; Temple Bey, the chief of the Turkish medical staff, who told us some stories of the war and the dangers he had gone through; and Dr Smith of the Red Crescent ambulance.

Mehemet Ali Pasha had been there the night before returning to Constantinople, on his recall from the command at Kamerleh. Every one spoke enthusiastically about his pluck and generalship: the soldiers were devoted to him, and every one liked him. Unfortunately the jealousies that were raised against him at Constantinople were too strong, and he was removed without having been able to strike a blow with the army he had collected and made fit for service. I met him afterwards in Constantinople, and in appearance he is a cheerful, bright-looking little man, of about forty-five years of age. There is no doubt had he had the opportunity he would have made more mark than he has done during the war.

The town was in a state of siege, and no one was allowed out in the streets after dark. At almost every corner, three pieces of wood projected into the street, forming, as I thought, a point to suspend a lamp: these were gallows, and were in full use about three weeks before our visit. Even now there was considerable fear of a Bulgarian rising in the town against the Turks.

Next morning, after some difficulty, we procured an *arabah*, or cart without springs, to take us on to Sophia. Our servant refused to

travel in such a vehicle, and we therefore sent him back to Constantinople, and determined to get on without one.

We were told to pay for our trap in *caimé*, or paper money, which was then about half the value of real money. When the cart arrived the driver asked me for the money, and I showed him the *caimés* we had prepared. After saying something we did not understand, he rushed to his cart and drove off furiously; nothing we could do would stop him. We thought we were bound to wait a day, or perhaps more, as there were no other carts to be had, and every one seemed rather afraid of driving up to Sophia. At this juncture Dr Smith kindly offered to take us on in the Red Crescent ambulance of about fifteen carts, which were going up to the front under his charge. We were soon installed as wounded soldiers, and on our road. The first three hours we got along capitally; the road then ascended to cross the lesser Balkans, and we got out and walked. When we crossed the pass the road got much worse; steep ascents and descents, and everywhere a foot deep in heavy mud. We managed to get our cart along, but the rest of the ambulance was left behind. After a long march we reached the plain of Ichtiman, and got into the village at 9.30 P.M. With some difficulty we were admitted to the inn, where a Bulgarian boy seemed to be the only inhabitant. We managed to get some chickens and eggs, and having cooked our own dinner, prepared one for Smith. He did not get in till 1.30 A.M., having left some of his ambulance stuck on the road near a Circassian village, where they had to spend the night. Next day, by sending fresh horses, they were all got in, but it was found impossible to start that day for Sophia.

Several parties of Circassian irregular cavalry passed through the village. They have the most extraordinary turn-outs. Mounted on little shaggy ponies, with all their worldly goods tied on in front and behind, they ride about the country looting. They only obey their own chiefs, and they have very little discipline. Their ordinary plan is to go to a quiet Bulgarian village and say, "What are you doing here? Are you not aware the Russians are close at hand?" A panic ensues, and the people decamp; the Circassians then loot the village. They have rarely shown much pluck in fighting with the Russians, though there are some notable exceptions; and every one says they are as good as the Cossacks when it comes to an engagement. Horse-stealing is their speciality, and they are remarkably clever in changing a broken-down brute for a good charger.

In the evening two French doctors came in from the front and told us of the retreat from Orchanie, and the position the army had taken up at Kamerleh.

C.—Next day we were on our road again, and after passing the plain of Ichtiman we had to ascend to the village of Vakerell. Here we had a disappointment—the chickens we had prepared for lunch were not to be found, and some of the drivers seemed guilty of devouring them. We could get nothing in the village, as the Bulgarians are afraid of producing any provisions, for they are often in that case eaten by the Turks and not paid for. Our impression of the Bulgarians was not favourable. They seem to be a most despicable race. Morally they appear to be at the lowest ebb; and if some of those who agitated about the Bulgarian atrocities really saw and talked to the people, they would, I feel sure, modify their opinions.

After leaving Vakerell, our road led down to the plain of Sophia, and the latter part of the road was quite level. It was freezing hard and snowing as we got near the town, and it was very distressing to meet a long convoy of bullock-carts full of wounded soldiers slowly creeping along the road we had come, only covered by a few blankets given out by the Compassionate Fund. These poor men would have to be jolted along all night in such weather. We arrived late, but were well received and comfortably put up at Sebastian's Hotel. There were a number of doctors of the Red Crescent and Stafford House, besides Lady Strangford's hospital in the town. Next day we were engaged trying to buy horses. We also visited Mr Masters's soup-kitchen, kept up by the Compassionate Fund; here most excellent soup was served out to poor half-famished women and children. In these ways the Turks have still learnt to think well of us; and after the war there will be many grateful hearts amongst them when they remember the care, attention, warm clothing, and good food they received from England. Many of them, speaking about it, have said to me: "If you do all this, why do you not come and help us against our enemy and yours, the Muscovite?"

Sophia is the third town in importance in European Turkey. Situated in a broad plain of wonderfully fertile soil, with a very healthy climate, it is said that in Sophia there is nothing to be desired. There are natural, warm sulphur-baths, which are supposed to be very good for rheumatism; and in the hills around I was told there were silver, iron, and coal mines. The town had not the appearance of a very prosperous place. Most of the houses were built of mud and wood, though there were some good stone houses.

The streets are broad, and, as in all Bulgarian towns, quite two feet deep in mud everywhere; I never saw anything to equal the mud and filth. The fortifications are some distance outside the town, and were composed of detached redoubts of no great strength; still, if these had been armed and defended, Sophia might have held out for some time.

There was a good deal of excitement in the town, as the army at Kamerleh was only a day's ride off, and people were continually coming in and giving the latest news.

Next day we purchased horses wonderfully cheap. I paid five Turkish pounds for a very good little horse with an English saddle and bridle included.

It had been snowing almost continuously since we arrived, and freezing hard: a dense fog stopped all military operations. It seemed as if the weather was going to break up. We were delayed some days in Sophia, waiting for a clear day. Two Russian prisoners caused some commotion passing through the town. They looked strong hardy men, and were well clothed in splendid great-coats that made their Turkish guards' mouths water. They were marched off to the military governor's house, and we saw nothing more of them.

On the 20th December we rode out to Tashkessen, a small, straggling, Bulgarian village, about one hour from the positions occupied by the army at Kamerleh. We got a room in a Bulgarian house, and made ourselves as comfortable as possible on the floor with a very limited amount of straw. We messed with some doctors of the Red Crescent who had taken up their quarters here.

Next day we rode up to the positions. The road was strewn with the dead carcasses of bullocks and horses, which the dogs were

diligently stripping. The cold was very severe; a sharp cutting wind seemed to penetrate everything. Many frost-bitten soldiers were staggering back along the road; some seemed almost in delirium, tearing off their clothes and falling by the wayside. A cart picked up the worst cases and took them into hospital at Tashkessen. Every day we passed along it, this road presented a worse appearance, till towards the end it was almost paved with dead carcasses and broken carts. After a sharp ride of half an hour we reached the khan, at the foot of the mountains on which the army were. This seemed the headquarters of the commissariat; stores were being unloaded and distributed. The Red Crescent had a tent here, and Dr Leslie was doing a great deal of good work in distributing warm clothing and dressing the worst cases of frost-bite, before sending them on to Tashkessen. Some poor soldiers of the Arab battalions, who had come from the warm climate of Palestine, could not understand how they were to lose their hands and feet by the cold. They appeared quite delighted to hear me talk to them in Arabic; but though in great pain, all they seemed to care to talk about were the beautiful gardens of Jaffa, where there was always a warm sun, and oranges and tomatoes for all, however poor. Leaving our horses here, we climbed the hills to the left of the position on a visit to Baker Pasha, who commanded the division on that side. It was a stiff climb in our furs on the slippery snow and ice. On the way I noticed my companion's ear look quite white, like as if it was frost-bitten. I rubbed in snow liberally, and bandaged it up, and, though it swelled considerably, he did not lose it. We passed several regiments camped in low huts made

of branches of trees, and covered with snow. The men looked cheerful although they were not well clothed. Their greatcoats were too thin for the intense cold. They all had their heads carefully bandaged up, and some few had sheep-skin coats. There was a marked difference between the Arab and the Bosnian battalions. The former appeared shrivelled up and scarcely capable of moving, whilst the latter were lively, and working to make their huts more comfortable. There was plenty of wood, and fires were burning everywhere. We saw the men cooking their biscuits. They put a handful of snow on the biscuit, and then put the whole into the fire. When it comes out black and charred, the inside is soft and eatable.

Baker Pasha is the only general who has looked after the interior economy and sanitary arrangements of his men, and his division's camps are in striking contrast to those of the rest of the army.

The men are very fond of the *Inglese Pasha*, as they call him, and have thorough confidence in him. A little artillery officer, an enthusiastic admirer of the Pasha, told me several stories of his and Colonel Alex's coolness under fire. He pointed out a very warm place in one of the batteries where the Pasha had stopped for some time while the shells were coming thick about him: one lodged in the edge of the parapet, about two feet from the general, who never moved, but went on giving his directions. Close by he showed me where a shell had burst over Colonel Alex's head, killing men right and left of him, but leaving him unscathed, smiling, and as cool as ever. He thought the English had a charm. He, like the others, was also very keen to learn what was going on at Plevna: the news of its fall had been kept back

from the army. We found Baker Pasha in his little bell-tent, like all the rest, half smothered in snow. After some conversation, he took us round several of his batteries and redoubts, and showed us the vast improvements he had made in their defences since he had been in command. He was sorely in need of Engineer officers, and also of a proper staff. Colonel Alex and a Turkish colonel were all he had to help him in his arduous work.

The position was a very strong one on the top of a narrow ridge, with steep slopes running nearly east and west, cutting the Orchanie road at right angles. It was the last foot-hold on the Balkans behind open country. The whole line was about three miles long, and the Orchanie road came through the centre, or nearly so, of the position. It was a sad pity that, in taking up these lines, the Turks had neglected to occupy a high hill-top on the extreme left front; this would have rendered the turning of the left almost an impossibility. The Russians saw the advantage of this position, and occupied it at once: their guns almost enfiladed the Turkish lines from this point. The whole lines were defended by eight well-constructed batteries and redoubts, besides gun-pits placed in advantageous sites, all armed with Krupp's field-guns. The whole force defending them was, I believe, between 15,000 and 20,000 men. On the left the Russians were causing some anxiety, as they had worked their way up on to a spur that ran down from the ridge through a wood, and the sentries were barely 100 yards apart. General Baker wished very much to drive them out of this position without delay.

On the right Chakir Pasha commanded here. The lines were carried along the mountain-side till they

ended in the Yeldis or Star redoubt, perched on the top of a pointed mountain 6200 feet above the level of the sea, and 2300 above the other redoubts. It must have been an immense labour getting the guns up the steep sides of this mountain. We found some difficulty in getting up ourselves. It took two hours' climbing; but they were well repaid: the view from the Yeldis was magnificent. The snow-clad Balkans, in successive crags and peaks and wooded valleys, led away as far as the eye could reach. The sun threw a rosy tinge over all, making the most perfect scene imaginable. But we did not stop long to look at the beauties of nature. There were the Russians just below us in their trenches. We could see them relieving guard, and they could easily have been picked off with a rifle; this, however, was not allowed, as it raised a return fire, and then the whole line would blaze out to show they were ready.

The whole of the positions both of the Turks and the Russians were laid out below us as in a map. Where the brushwood was dense, we could tell by the camp-fires the posts of the different troops. Towards the left those lines of blue smoke got very close to each other. We could see the Russians going in and out of their batteries distinctly; and occasionally a puff of white smoke and a boom told us they had sent an iron messenger to show the Turks they were on the *qui vive*. I came away with the conviction that the Russians could never attack the right of the position, but that the turning of the left was steadily going on under cover of the fog. Cossacks were camped an hour to the west of Tashkessen, and had been in a village closer; they had also been seen from the Sophia road; so that they had fairly crossed the Balkans in some force. Russian

infantry had also been seen in that direction on the edge of the mountains. The only hope was that, in such fearful weather, no large force and no artillery could be got across the mountains. Some idea of the severity of the weather may be formed from the fact that twenty-seven of the Turks were frozen to death on sentry-duty in three nights, when they were relieved every fifteen minutes. A Russian prisoner told us that fifty men out of his battalion had been frozen to death; but that was probably an exaggeration, and included all the men that were frost-bitten.

On the 24th General Baker made a reconnaissance on the left to see how far the Russians had been able to get in the foggy weather. He passed through Tashkessen early, having left his camp before daylight. I was obliged to go to Strigel to meet Captain Fife, the military *attaché*. Strigel was another little village on the edge of the hills to the right of the position, very like Tashkessen. Captain Burnaby had taken up his quarters here, and Colonel Baker, V.C., was also in the village very ill with dysentery. He was afterwards caught there by the Russians, being too ill to move.

I heard some firing going on on the left, and in the evening General Baker came in and dined with us. They had made the Russians show themselves, and had seen all they required. One horse had been shot. The General considered that matters in this portion of the field were getting very serious, and deplored that something had not been done early to stop the Russian advance in this direction. Infantry had been seen clear of the mountains, and it only required a little dash on the part of the Russians to cut the Sophia road, as there were no Turkish soldiers to prevent them.

Next morning, Christmas Day,

I had to leave for Constantinople. T——remained behind. Poor fellow! he was caught by the Russians two days later, when they at last advanced on Tashkessen. I rode into Sophia by myself without any mishap. In the evening a large dinner at the hotel had been organised by all the English doctors, and though the attempted plum-pudding more resembled a poultice, we had a very pleasant evening.

The English doctors of the different societies have been the admiration of every one for their pluck and endurance. No matter how far or how cold the way might be (and some of the hardships they went through were frightful) they were always anxious to go where their services might be required. England may justly be proud of the men she sent out to represent her.

Next day I started again on my good little horse and rode into Ich-timan, through driving snow and sleet. I met a good many soldiers of Suleiman Pasha's army moving up to Sophia. They hoped they were going to fight the Servians, and vowed that they would teach them a severe lesson for their treachery. They were well clothed, and were the best soldiers I had seen. It was dark when I got into the village, and it took quite an hour before I could make that Bulgarian boy open the door of the inn. The place had been cleared out, and I could only get a cup of coffee and a

piece of bread; however, it was something to get one's horse fed, and to have a shake-down by a fire. Next day I was off again early, on a lovely morning. I passed about 5000 men, infantry and cavalry, on the road. The soldiers were rather straggling, but every one had his face in the right direction. They were all plodding steadily on through the snow, full of pluck, and only anxious to come up with the enemy. These Turkish soldiers are perfect heroes, enduring any hardships without a murmur. Always ready to fight, never conquered except by overpowering numbers, their motto might well be, "While we have life we will fight."

I got into Tatar Bazardjik in good time, but was astonished to learn that all the trains had been made military, and that no one not in uniform was allowed to pass. I went to the station early, and found it was only too true; however, I managed to get into a first-class carriage and lie *perdu*. After three hours' waiting we started. I was afraid to ask where we were going, as I might have been turned out. At Tirnova, where the line branches to Yamboli, I was all prepared to throw out my baggage and jump if we were shunted on to the branch; but luckily we kept on, and I arrived at Adrianople at 1 A.M., and took up my old quarters in the waiting-room.

H. H. K.

THE LIFE OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

THE third volume of Mr Martin's work is by far the most important and the most interesting of the three. The Prince Consort, during the period to which it relates (1854-56), was in the prime of life, and at the maturity of his powers. The affairs with which he had to deal were of surpassing magnitude; the political situation, both at home and abroad, most critical. England was plunged during nearly the whole of that time in an arduous European war, the only one which she has waged since Waterloo. In waging it she was closely allied to the Napoleonic dynasty of France; she was led by statesmen hopelessly at variance with one another; she began it with an army disorganised and weakened by nearly forty years of peace and retrenchment. There were occasions during the struggle when English generals advised that we should lose no time in escaping with the remnant of our forces from the Crimea; when English patriots in the House of Commons complained that we had fallen into the abyss of disgrace and were the laughing-stock of Europe; when foreign nations reproached us with being alike without a Government and without an army. Yet in the end we succeeded. At the close of the war our military organisation eclipsed that of the French, while our achievements had equalled theirs. Our diplomacy triumphed over Russian intrigue, Austrian duplicity, French half-heartedness and aversion to the risks of a third campaign. The result implies an enormous triumph over difficulties of no ordinary magnitude. In the course of

the struggle many reputations in this country were either wrecked or greatly strained, whilst a few others emerged from the ordeal successfully, and even with brilliance. Two, however, of the greatest institutions in this country nobly discharged their public duties, and vindicated the highest claims to the gratitude of the generation and the applause of posterity—viz., the Crown and the House of Commons. The latter never swerved from the policy on which it had entered, or faltered in its determination to prosecute the great struggle to a successful issue. In the honour which is due to it, the spirit and sagacity of Lord Palmerston are entitled largely to share; and so also is, in no less degree, a patriotic Opposition which, at all critical periods, whether of active operations or diplomatic controversy, strengthened the hands of the Ministry and assured it of support. And with regard to the former, the readers of this volume will discover how large a part was played by the Sovereign and her Consort in cementing an alliance on which so much depended; in grappling with the formidable evils of army disorganisation, and replacing it by a most successful system; in anticipating and smoothing difficulties which beset the Ministry; and in binding the chief servants of the Crown to the Sovereign by ties, in many cases, of deep personal attachment, and stimulating their utmost energies. Nothing strikes one more vividly, when one observes, side by side with it, the diverging interests of the French dynasty and people, and

recalls the disastrous disloyalty of the French generals in 1870, than the absolute oneness of interest between the English Sovereign and her people, the complete identity of their enthusiasm and purposes, the single-minded devotion of the Court to the public welfare and the national policy. Into this union the Prince Consort threw himself heart and soul—with what eagerness his letters testify, with what industry and absorption is shown by the circumstance that, on several critical occasions, he was the first to discover the difficulties, to suggest the remedy, and to apply it. We purpose in this review to draw attention to the manner in which this nation was, in a serious crisis of its history, served by its Sovereign and her Consort. In doing so, we shall give prominent attention to the words and actions of the Prince. Nothing, it is true, has been published in our time which more strongly entitles the Queen to the love and loyalty of her subjects than the simple narrative of the part she played in this eventful struggle. There is a ring about her letters which must tell with the English public; they are the simple presentments of the good sense which proceeds from good feeling. But the life to which this volume challenges attention is that of the Prince Consort. In a future volume we shall hear the part which he played in reference to the Indian Mutiny, and to the affairs of an empire in which he is known to have taken the deepest interest. But the view which is taken of his conduct during these two arduous years (1854-56) will in all probability be decisive of his reputation. Our conclusion, from a careful consideration of this volume, is that future generations will accord to him a very high place in their esteem; that it is a reputation which

will grow, and will stand out more conspicuously as time goes on. It was solid and effective work which he did, and his letters and minutes were often of the highest practical importance. Coming amongst us as he did, he had a difficult position to fill, and one which demanded that all his services should be rendered unostentatiously, and which postponed to a later generation the achievement of public reputation that is the reward of public service. Yet his devotion to the country of his adoption was unstinted; and he himself rendered, and associated the Sovereign with himself in rendering, services which were of signal benefit at the time, and which, as they become known, both by themselves and by the manner in which they were performed, will increase even English loyalty, and strengthen the secure foundations of the English throne.

We propose to lay before our readers a simple narrative of the words and acts of the Prince as they group themselves round the main objects of his attention,—viz., the policy of the war—the reorganisation of the army—the establishment of a cordial alliance with France—the course of Prussian and Austrian policy—the efficient working of the Queen's Government at home. In doing so, we shall leave those words and acts to speak very much for themselves. There are in this volume several instances in which men high in place and in the world's estimation—notably the French Emperor himself—are recorded to have expressed themselves in no measured terms of the Prince's character and capacity. Royal reputations are not, however, in the long-run, served by contemporary testimonials, however exalted. One instinctively rejects them as evidence; and moreover, the Prince was now at the zenith of his

powers, and in the midst of arduous affairs. He must be judged as posterity will judge him—by his own words and acts. And we now proceed to show what they were.

And first of all, with regard to the vexed question—the policy of the Crimean war. Those were days in which we did not approach the subject from the same point of view as we do now. At the present time, setting aside the extreme Russophile and Turcophile factions, we look at the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire, and say we have fought and bled for this thing once, and we cannot do so every twenty years. It must shift for itself; and we must ask ourselves what British interests are established by its continuance, and what adequate guarantees can be found for those interests in case of its fall? So far as those interests are vital, we must have those guarantees—peacefully if we possibly can, otherwise by war. But the last generation did not approach the subject from that point of view. They were exasperated by the long tyranny, the pride, and the aggressiveness of the Emperor Nicholas. The Turk with them was the chivalrous defender of Kossuth, the intrepid assertor of the right of private asylum against the tyrant of the North. Those, moreover, were days in which the balance of power was a doctrine alike subscribed to by governments and nations; in which Prussia was weak and Austria was afraid. The English people, exasperated by the manoeuvres of the peace party, were determined to vindicate the spirit of the country, to check Russian aggression and curb the overweening pretensions of the Czar. Whatever may now be thought of it, no power on earth could then have held the English people back.

Still, although the uninformed

English public absolutely refused to believe that, by any possibility, there could be two sides to the question, a statesman in the Prince's position must necessarily have considered them; for, if by no other means, by his foreign correspondents the subject would be forced on his attention. Writing to Baron Stockmar shortly after the declaration of war, in a letter which is one of the best in the volume, he thus puts the case. Dealing with the argument, now in general favour, and which was then current in some diplomatic circles, that we should have let Russia overthrow the Turkish empire, and have been content with taking guarantees that she should not do so to the prejudice of the other European States—he says (p. 55):—

“In regard to the reproaches cast upon England from so many quarters, for her narrowness of heart and shortsightedness—that it ought to have been foreseen that the Greeks would rise, that the Turkish supremacy cannot be upheld, and that the fanatic Osmanlis would rather come to terms with Russia than be forced to admit Christians to an equal footing with the Turks—that she should, therefore, have rather looked calmly on at the overthrow of the Turkish empire by Russia, with the view of thereupon taking so energetic a part in the European solution of the hereditary question, that this overthrow could not have resulted to the advantage of Russia,—I have merely to reply that we did foresee all this very distinctly, but that a *popular* Government cannot carry on a policy which has apparent contradictions within itself that are only to be reconciled by time, and one portion of which is to receive its complement from the other at a *distant* stage. The overthrow of Turkey by Russia no English statesman could view with equanimity; public opinion would have flung him to the winds like chaff; and no reliance could be placed in such far-seeing, long-calculated, two-sided policy, with changes

of Ministry and parliamentary majorities at home, and more especially with combinations on the Continent in which no confidence could be placed. We must live from day to day; but while we cleave as we best can to the self-consistent and impregnable principle of justice, I feel confident that whatever phases may present themselves, we shall not, upon the whole, fail to deal with them wisely."

We commend this passage to the consideration of those who confidently affirm that the Prince Consort would have counselled a second war to preserve the integrity of the Ottoman empire, and for that purpose alone. We infer that the policy recommended in our own pages, of war or readiness for war to prevent the misfortunes of that empire being turned to the injury of English vital interests, with a clear understanding as to what those interests are, would have been nearer to the Prince's approval. Dealing, however, with the problem, the England and the Europe of those days, he declared (p. 69) the object of the war to be "the vindication of the public law of Europe." In the then temper of the English people, and in face of the Emperor Nicholas's violence, no other policy was possible or practicable, than that which was adopted. And it is upon that ground that ultimately the Prince rested its defence.

The key to the Prince's views during the whole of this business was his firm conviction that the Czar was actuated by a dishonest policy of spoliation, which it was the public duty of the great Powers to resist with all the means at their disposal. He alludes to the just punishment of heaven upon the Czar for the embroilment into which he has thrown Europe by his wilfulness and obstinacy; his indignation was deepened by every fresh report from Berlin, where the King had become a mere Russian tool,

and, in concert with the smaller German princes, was doing his utmost to paralyse the action of Austria. In course of time, all Prussian Ministers known to be antagonistic to the policy of the Czar were dismissed, a rupture between France and Prussia was plotted, and a plan laid for Germany becoming allied with Russia. The Prince refers to the publication of the Hamilton Seymour conversations as a glaring revelation of the Czar's dishonesty and contempt for the German Powers. It was not known at the time to the English Government that similar overtures had also been made to Austria with equal want of success. It was clear that at that time the Czar had matured his plans for disposing of the Turkish empire, and contemplated taking possession of Constantinople, if not as proprietor, at all events as trustee (*dépositaire*).

That the Queen shared these convictions is clear. Lord Aberdeen suggested in the House of Lords that a day of *Humiliation* and Prayer should be set aside for the success of our arms by sea and land. Her Majesty at once protested. Her Majesty objected to the "totally inapplicable" chapters and psalms likely to be chosen for the occasion, and adds:—

"Moreover, to say (as we probably should) that *the great sinfulness of the nation* has brought about this war, when it is the selfishness and ambition and want of honesty of *one man* and his servants which has done it, while our conduct throughout has been actuated by unselfishness and honesty, would be too manifestly repulsive to the feelings of every one, and would be a mere bit of hypocrisy."

The Queen was ready for a day of thanksgiving and of prayer; but against confessions of guilt which we had never committed, and against

Jewish imprecations upon our enemies, truthfulness and charity rebelled.

We were now fairly launched into the war; and then comes the interesting subject of the Prince's personal achievements in regard to its administration. His biographer says (p. 66):—

“Not a detail in connection with either army or navy escaped him. He knew to a man the strength of both forces, where they were, how equipped, and in what they could be made available. The despatches to and from abroad were more numerous than usual, and the pressure of his correspondence, always great, had grown heavier than ever.”

The Russian arms fared badly even before the intervention of the English and the French. On June 22, while Lord Raglan was still unable to move from Varna, the siege of Silistria was raised. A crushing defeat at Giurgevo on July 7 was soon afterwards followed by the retirement of their whole forces beyond the Pruth. Austria had followed up the Czar's refusal to evacuate the Principalities upon her summons, by concluding a convention with the Porte, in pursuance of which she placed her army on the right flank of the Russians, and compelled their retreat. At this juncture Austria, Prussia, and the States of the Diet were willing for peace on the footing of the *status quo ante bellum*. England and France refused to be satisfied with so insignificant a result. The broad policy of the war, declared the ‘Times,’ was to strike at the very heart of Russian power in the East, and that heart was at Sebastopol. To destroy Sebastopol, the same authority declared, was nothing less than to destroy the entire fabric of Russian ambition in those very regions where it was

most dangerous to Europe. The Prince shared that feeling; studied by himself how the advance against it should be conducted, and by a curious coincidence sent the result of his studies to the Duke of Newcastle the same day that the Duke forwarded to the Queen his despatch to Lord Raglan for her Majesty's approval. Mr Martin says that none of his pursuits interested the Prince more thoroughly than those of the military tactician and strategist, and that the steps actually taken in the expedition corresponded with the main suggestions of the Prince's sketch.

The course of events in the Crimea is described in the Prince Consort's words as follows:—

“Our army” (p. 138) “has shown great gallantry in storming the redoubt upon the Alma, and the flank march to Balaclava reflects the greatest honour on whoever devised it. It is ascribed to Sir John Burgoyne, and to the circumstance that the French shrank from attacking the redoubts on the Belbek, which lay on their line of march. Our army took the place of honour at the Alma, forming as it did the left wing, which was uncovered; it led the van upon the march, and is now once more, at the request of our Allies, the uncovered right wing of the besieging army south of Sebastopol. To Lord Raglan this request gives as much pleasure as a victory over the Russians.”

This was written on October 23, 1854. On November 6, however, the strain is altered; the assault on Sebastopol had failed, the Russians had thrown up works of defence, the French batteries were silenced, the English guns with difficulty held their own, reinforcements were pouring into the Crimea, the besiegers were compelled to stand on the defensive, long nights and rigorous cold were coming on. The action of Austria had turned out to be injurious to the Allies.

By occupying the Principalities, she had compelled the withdrawal of the Russian invading army, and set it free for use in the Crimea. The feeling in France was rising at the attitude of Austria and Germany, and fears were entertained of a general war. The redoubts which covered the English army were lost by Turkish soldiers; the battles of Balaclava and Inkermann were fought; Lord Raglan's force was reduced to 16,000 men; and it was doubtful whether he could keep his troops in the Crimea during the winter, even though Sebastopol should be taken. As with the rest of the nation, the Prince's one thought was Sebastopol. He urged on the necessary measures for completing the militia by ballot and sending them abroad, for forming foreign legions, and inviting militiamen to volunteer into regiments of the line; and notwithstanding the opposition of the Cabinet at the time, every one of his suggestions had ultimately, and within a few weeks, to be adopted.

Another military measure, suggested by the Prince, and adopted by the Cabinet, was the formation of an army of reserve at Malta, upon which Lord Raglan could draw at pleasure, and which should be kept supplied from home.

The winter of 1854 found the English forces in a most critical position. There was an "absence of almost everything essential to keep them from sinking from exhaustion under the combined assaults of cold, and wet, and hunger, and fatigue." At Inkermann a comparative handful of them had been exposed to the attack of an overwhelming force which the Czar had hoped would have swept them into ruin. The result of that day had inspired confidence in ultimate success; but at last it was obvious that to re-embark in face of a force so

powerful as that of the Russians, was absolutely impossible. As Sebastopol was not invested, and could not be stormed, the struggle became one of endurance, England and France having the command of the sea, and the resources of Russia, however vast, becoming exhausted through the enormous losses and expenditure of transport. To aid the endurance of the English forces public munificence and private energy were alike directed. The proprietors of the 'Times' sent out a commissioner to administer subscribed moneys in the shape of medicines and necessary comforts. The Prince was at the head of a Royal Commission to establish a relief fund for the families of those who fell, and this fund exceeded one-and-a-quarter million sterling. Miss Florence Nightingale and a large staff of trained female nurses organised the great hospital at Scutari; thousands of ladies, including the Queen and the elder Princesses, "made woollen comforters, mittens, and other warm coverings, which were sent out and distributed among the soldiers."

But on the scene of action the

"Siege operations were practically at a stand-still. The camp was drenched with rain. The men, reduced in numbers, and enfeebled by want of food and rest and shelter, were tasked to the utmost limit of their strength to hold their own in the trenches. The commissariat had broken down for want of the means of transport. With abundance of provisions a few miles off at Balaclava, men and horses were perishing for lack of food. The horses that had carried their riders so magnificently into the enemy's lines on the memorable 25th October, were either rotting in a sea of mud or being wasted away in doing the ignoble work of sumpter-mules; while the survivors of Inkermann, after spending a day and night in the trenches, were often compelled to wade through mire to Balaclava, to

bring up the rations, which the commissariat were without the means of forwarding to the front."

All this time the reports from Lord Raglan and the official returns were so meagre that no information could be obtained from them in regard to the most necessary details. The Prince urged upon the Duke of Newcastle the necessity for framing an official and detailed form of returns, in such a manner that the mere fact of filling them up should compel attention to all the points upon which information was necessary. He not merely urged this on the Secretary of State, but accompanied his letter with a complete scheme of tabulated returns, drawn up by himself, to which he added a full explanatory memorandum for the use of the person who might formally settle the form of the returns. The points to which the return was directed were to show the state of the army engaged at Sebastopol from week to week—its guns, horses, equipments and stores—how the men were secured against weather,—in fact, to every particular which might enable the Governments to provide for the comforts and appointments of the men, and for the materials of the siege. One of the first acts of Lord Panmure, on his accession to the War Office, was almost, in the language of the Prince, to require Lord Raglan to furnish the information pointed to by the returns. The order was obeyed; tabular returns were thenceforth regularly made; and with these before them, the home authorities could see at a glance

"The strength of the available force before Sebastopol—what gaps had to be supplied—what guns, stores, clothing, &c., had to be provided; and, above all, whether what had been actually provided and supplied for the army

from home had been duly forwarded to its destination."

This is described by Mr Martin as one of the first and most efficient steps towards curing the abuses which, during the winter of 1854-55, caused so much loss and suffering to the English forces. To what extent it redounds to the credit and reputation of the Prince the reader can judge.

A loud outcry was raised against Lord Raglan. Those who had vehemently declared that Sebastopol would fall before a vigorous attack, now condemned the neglect of preparations for the winter which the active operations of the siege had prevented. In fact, the success of the first attack was scarcely hoped for by those on the spot, while no provision had been made against the contingency of a failure. When the bombardment had failed, the formation of a sound road between the camp and Balaclava should clearly have been the first thought; and Mr Martin insists that labourers from Constantinople, or even from England, might easily have been procured. And here follows his criticism upon Lord Raglan, which probably it will be considered that the events have justified:

"The man at the head of our army, admirable as he was in much, was not gifted with the imaginative genius of a great commander, which foresees the contingencies of a campaign, and provides for them by anticipation. He could handle his army well in the field; but how to insure for it the food, clothing, and shelter, the want of which is more deadly than all the casualties of battle, was a problem apparently beyond his grasp."

And, moreover, the organisation of the army was so bad that a dispute actually arose whether the duty of seeing to the efficiency of the road rested on the Quartermaster-General's department or on that of the

Commissariat. To whomsoever the duty belonged, neither had the men or the means to discharge it; and there was no one to insist that these should be instantly provided elsewhere. As the Prince Consort exclaimed, "The present administration of the army is not to be defended; my heart bleeds to think of it." He was foremost in endeavouring to deal with this enormous difficulty of army re-organisation. On January 14, 1855, he drew up a memorandum, in reference to which it is said, on high military authority, that "it has been the aim of military reformers since to embody all its suggestions; and that all have been put in practice."

Subsequently, by the camp at Cobham, and by the further scheme of a camp at Aldershot, he endeavoured to do away with these injurious results upon army organisation which flowed from the Duke of Wellington's method of treating it in time of peace "as a machine to be taken to pieces and packed away in small fractions till it should be needed." Under that system, no officer, even of high rank, ever had in England the opportunity of seeing a division assembled, or of gaining any practical acquaintance "with the relation which the dry details of evolution and regimental duty bear to the operations of a force composed of the different arms."

The result of the energetic efforts, to which the Prince so largely contributed, upon the condition of the forces, can best be estimated by comparing their condition at the close of the year 1854 with that at the beginning of 1856.

In a letter from Miss Nightingale to a friend, from Balaclava, dated May 10, 1855, found among the Prince's papers, she says:—

"Fancy working five nights out of seven in the trenches; fancy being 36

hours in them at a stretch, as they were all December—lying down, or half lying down, often 48 hours with no food but raw salt pork sprinkled with sugar, rum and biscuit; nothing hot, because the exhausted soldier could not collect his own fuel, as he was expected to do, to cook his own rations; and fancy through all this the army preserving their courage and patience as they have done, and being now eager (the old ones more than the young ones) to be led again into the trenches. There was something sublime in the spectacle."

The French Commissioner, however, attached to Lord Raglan's staff, considered that the condition of the English forces had been very much exaggerated, although, from want of transport, they had suffered considerably more than the French. We allude to this opinion, because it is in contrast with their allies that the improved condition of the English subsequently in the beginning of 1856 became conspicuous. Quoting from the volume before us (p. 481)—

"The news as to the state of the French forces in the Crimea, which had for some time reached England, were of a kind to shake the faith of those who had for the last eighteen months cried up the French army system as superior to our own. Week by week, and month by month, the English soldiers had been getting into finer condition, while the French were being cut down by the want of shelter, food, and clothing, and by disease. The results were very obvious at a review of the French and English armies, at which the Russian generals were present, which took place in the second week of April. In appearance, arrangement, and marching, the English troops were admitted, even by the French officers themselves, to show a decided superiority."

In fact, the French loss had been appalling during the early months of 1856. Their ranks were decimated by typhus, scurvy, and consumption; their medical staff was

miserably inefficient, and wholly unfit to grapple with the ravages of disease. This contrast to the state of things in the English camp induced the French Government to send out M. Baudieux, the Inspector of French Ambulances, to examine the English system on the spot. "He made no secret of his conviction from what he saw then, that the good state of the English army was due to the superiority of the English system." The efficiency of the hospitals and their attendants particularly struck M. Baudieux. Everything was clean and in its place. In fact, the care of the wounded had all along engaged the anxious thoughts of the Queen and the Prince. But the above extract is sufficient to show that every effort was made to improve the condition of the English camp, and that those efforts were crowned with success. To this happy result it is established beyond doubt that the Prince Consort largely contributed, by a labour, forethought, and devotion to the work which established his ascendancy over the whole course of war administration. And later on, when the question of putting the army on a peace establishment arose, as it did even before the peace was signed, the Prince at once addressed himself to the question how to put it on such a footing as to admit of its being extended with ease to meet the exigencies of war. He embodied his views in a memorandum of twenty-eight printed folio pages, reviewing the defects of the old army system, and suggesting the remedies to be applied. A private note added,—*"I saw no intention on the part of anybody to grapple with this question, and therefore drew up a memorandum embodying the outlines of the measure I consider necessary."* He thus laid the foundation for having something done, and the result was that a

very complete scheme was drawn up by Lord Hardinge by the end of April, from which the Prince anticipated that good results might ensue.

We cannot quit this subject without quoting the expressions from the Queen's letters, which show the deep interest felt by the Sovereign in her troops, and the fate of the expedition. Writing to King Leopold, the Queen says :—

"We have but one thought, and so has the whole nation, and that is—Sebastopol. Such a time of suspense, anxiety, and excitement, I never expected to see, much less to feel."

Whether she is expressing joy at success, sympathy with the sorrowing friends of those who have fallen, indignation at barbarities inflicted, or earnest desire that *needless* suffering may be averted, there is a heartfelt truthfulness in the Queen's words. And her deep sympathy was not wasted. Colonel Upton, in acknowledging gifts sent from Windsor to the army, writes :—

"No one but those who have lived the life very recently can know how the hearts of those who have been enduring toil and fatigue and exposure are gladdened and nerved by the knowledge that their Queen as well as his Royal Highness had been heard expressing their sympathy and warm interest in their sufferings, and admiration of all that had been done by them. It is a sort of exultation that makes out of every one two at least."

Here is an extract from another letter, which shows the keen attention that the Queen paid to the minutest details affecting the comfort of the soldiers (p. 180) :—

"The sad privations of the army, the bad weather, and the constant sickness, are causes of the deepest concern and anxiety to the Queen and Prince. The braver her noble troops are, the more patiently and heroically they bear all their trials and sufferings,

the more miserable we feel at their long continuance. The Queen trusts that Lord Raglan will be very strict in seeing that no unnecessary privations are incurred by any negligence of those whose duty it is to watch over their wants.

"The Queen heard that their coffee was given them green, instead of roasted, and some other things of this kind, which have distressed her, as she feels so anxious that they should be made as comfortable as circumstances can admit of. The Queen earnestly trusts that the large amount of warm clothing sent out has not only reached Balaclava but has been distributed, and that Lord Raglan has been successful in procuring the means of hutting for the men.

"Lord Raglan cannot think how much we suffer for the army, and how painfully anxious we are to know that their privations are decreasing. . . ."

The next subject on which services of the highest value were rendered to the English nation and to English interests, was the alliance with the French Emperor and people. The latter were no doubt, to a great extent, indifferent to the war, and regarded it probably with suspicion, as one which was undertaken more in the interests of the dynasty than of the nation. However that may be, our armies and navies were fighting side by side, and the greatest tact was required to foster a growing friendship between the Courts and peoples, and a watchful care to prevent any estrangement arising, either under the influence of mishaps or misunderstandings, or interested misrepresentations and intrigue. To this end, so urgently necessary, and so difficult of attainment, when we consider all the vicissitudes of war and diplomacy, and the somewhat divergent interests of the two countries, both Queen and Prince assiduously laboured. The most interesting portion of the volume relates to this subject, and consists of pas-

sages from the Queen's diary, memoranda by the Prince, and correspondence between the sovereigns,—forming altogether the most important contribution to contemporary history that has yet been made.

Certainly the growth of friendship between the French and English Courts during the Crimean war, is one of the most memorable personal episodes of this century, apart from its intense political importance. It was no ordinary circumstance that French and English soldiers should be found, for the first time in history, fighting side by side, and that, too, whilst Waterloo veterans were still the leaders of the English army. But striking as that event is, it seems to yield in dramatic interest to the accounts of the grand-daughter of George III. receiving and returning visits from the nephew and heir of the great Napoleon, dancing together in the Waterloo chamber at Windsor, standing together by the tomb of England's most determined and vindictive enemy at the *Hotel des Invalides*. The whole episode is a very brilliant one. The Emperor and the Empress figured in it gracefully, pleasantly, and with infinite credit. In the Queen and the Prince Consort there is evident the determination to do all in their power to cement a valuable alliance and facilitate the co-operation of the Governments. Some shadows, however, on the brilliant scene, both from the past and from the future, cannot escape attention. In the past, the *coup d'état* was less than four years old—that proceeding, for approving which Lord Palmerston had been finally dismissed the Foreign Office by the Queen; but which had before this sunk to *une affaire douteuse dont personne ne pouvait prévoir les conséquences*. In that future

to which the Queen herself alludes, when Napoleon revisited her a widowed Sovereign, himself dis-crowned and suffering from a mortal malady, there was the unfortunate memory of those negotiations with Prussia as to the seizure of Belgium, which are the greatest blot upon Napoleon's relations to Great Britain.

The first approaches of friendship came from the French side. The Emperor asked Lord Cowley, as a friend, whether he thought an invitation to Prince Albert to come and see the French army at St Omer would be acceptable. The invitation was then made and accepted. He was received by the Emperor, oddly described on the best authority as very nervous, who came to Boulogne to welcome him. Writing to the Queen, the Prince says that the Emperor

"Has explained his relations to Persigny in exchange for my communications as to ours to Palmerston; and I have made him to understand our position with reference to his *coup d'état*. As to all modern political history, so far as this is not Napoleonic, he is without information, so that he wants many of the materials for accurate judgment. He has made a thorough study of military matters, and is completely master of them."

The evidence seems conclusive that this visit was very successful. To the Queen, to Count Walewski, especially to the latter, the Emperor expressed himself in no measured terms. Then came the development of the grand Napoleonic idea of finishing the war at a stroke. A large French force was to be conveyed in English ships to the Crimea, and carry Sebastopol by storm, the Emperor himself being present to give *le dernier coup de main*. A scheme more fatal to the alliance it is impossible to conceive; but both the Emperor and the Empress were intent upon it.

Their own military and civil advisers were against it; Lord Clarendon was sent to dissuade him; and the Prince has drawn up a memorandum of what Lord Clarendon, most of whose arguments are said to have been suggested by the Prince, reported to have passed. Lord Clarendon argued that even English means of transport were limited; that in case of failure the Emperor would be obliged to remain; that an absence of four months would be the least that would suffice; that his taking the supreme command would not be popular either in England or in the English camp; and that the alliance would never survive the notion of the English acting merely as carriers, or being considered as fit to go on rotting in the trenches, whilst the honours of the campaign fell to the French. All felt that the Emperor's presence with the army could do no good, while his absence from France would have taken the life out of the war party there.

At this stage the Emperor suggested a visit from himself and the Empress to the Queen, in order to discuss the English objections to his scheme, which at that time he intended to carry out about the end of April.

They came on April 16. The Emperor was lodged in the same room which during the present reign had been occupied by the Emperor Nicholas and by Louis Philippe. The Queen herself gives the account of the meeting at Windsor.

"I advanced and embraced the Emperor, who received two salutes on either cheek from me, having first kissed my hand. I next embraced the very gentle, graceful, and evidently very nervous Empress. We presented the Princes (the Duke of Cambridge and the Prince of Leiningen, the Queen's brother) and our children (Vicky, with very alarmed eyes, making

very low curtsies). The Emperor embraced Bertie, and then we went upstairs, Albert leading the Empress, who in the most engaging manner refused to go first, but at length, with graceful reluctance, did so, the Emperor leading me, expressing his great gratification at being here, and seeing me, and admiring Windsor."

Her Majesty describes him as "so very quiet, his voice is low and soft, and 'il ne fait pas des phrases.'" The Empress's manner is described as "the most perfect thing I have ever seen—so gentle and graceful and kind, the courtesy so charming, and so modest and retiring withal."

A council of war was held in the Emperor's apartments, at which the Prince, Lords Palmerston, Panmure, Hardinge, and Cowley, Sir Charles Wood, Sir John Burgoyne, Count Walewski, and Marshal Vaillant were present. The Prince drew up a protocol of this conference. It states that the Emperor strongly insisted upon making a vigorous diversion, and wished to carry it out himself. All present, without effect, unanimously declared themselves against the Emperor's going to the Crimea. A final council was held, at which both sovereigns were present, in order to settle the plan of future operations in the Crimea. "It was," the Queen says in her diary, "one of the most interesting scenes I was ever present at. I would not have missed it for the world." Baron Stockmar's opinion of the visit and its political results is worth quoting. "Acute as he is, he will compare the singleness and honesty of purpose he found here with what he experienced in this respect formerly and elsewhere, and become convinced that his greatest political advantage will be derived from being steady and true in his alliance with England." The Baron expected, therefore, "that the per-

sonal honesty of the Emperor to this country has been secured by this visit, and that the success of it is chiefly owing to the Queen and the Prince, whose conduct on the occasion has been perfection." His cordial reception here increased his popularity at home; but he soon afterwards abandoned, with extreme reluctance, his intention of going to the Crimea, partly because it was impossible to leave a trustworthy Government behind him, partly because his political difficulties had been greatly increased by the failure of the negotiations at Vienna.

The account of the royal visit to Paris is largely taken from the Queen's diary, and is extremely interesting. One of the most noticeable personal allusions is that to General Canrobert, who sat next to the Queen at dinner, having only fifteen days before been in the trenches at Sebastopol. He told Lord Clarendon "that he had talked to many people, military and civil, but to none so thoroughly well informed about the Crimea, the siege, and the armies, as her Majesty." No doubt that minute accuracy of information attests the devotion of the Queen to her royal duties. As Mr Martin relates—

"Every despatch from the camp, every weekly return made upon the model suggested by the Prince which reached the Government, were read by them both, and copies carefully preserved. Plans showing every addition to the trenches were sent regularly for her Majesty's use, so that the exact position of affairs before Sebastopol was as well known in her Majesty's working room as it was at the headquarters of the Commander-in-chief."

The effect of the visit at the time is best described in the words of the royal diary (p. 346):—

"Monday, 27th August, St Cloud.—I must write to-day—and here in my lovely dressing-room, in this beautiful

St Cloud, with the cool sound of the fountains in my ears—a few parting words. I am deeply grateful for these eight very happy days, and for the delight of seeing such beautiful and interesting places and objects, and for the reception which we have met with in Paris, and in France generally. The union of the two nations and of the two sovereigns—for there is a great friendship sprung up between us—is of the greatest importance.”

In truth, the welcome had been quite as much national as imperial, contrary to the predictions of those who declared that Legitimists, Orleanists, and Democrats would alike look coldly on a visit calculated to give *prestige* and stability to the Emperor. The effect of the visit in cementing close personal relations of confidence and intimacy between the two Courts is signally proved later on in the narrative, when, after the fall of Sebastopol, a divergence arose between the views of the two Governments, whose interests were not identical with regard to the terms of peace and the risks of a third campaign.

Those who will turn to the history of the negotiations, which finally ended in the Treaty of Paris, will find that, owing to Russian intrigue and Austrian influence, very serious complications were on the point of arising between the Allies, and that their ultimate removal was largely due to the Queen and the Prince, and the influence of the cordial relationship which they had established. The representatives of France and Austria arranged terms of peace to be submitted to Russia, without concert with England. These terms were then forwarded to our Government by Count Walewski, with an urgent request that we should adopt them as they stood. We proposed certain modifications as essential; were told in reply that no modifications could be entertained, and that the Austrian

proposal must be accepted as presented to us. It became necessary to protest, and Count Walewski had to be told that in this matter England was a principal, and not a mere political and diplomatic contingent. Lord Palmerston warmly declared, that rather than be dragged into signing a peace on unsatisfactory terms, England would continue the war with no other ally than Turkey. In this critical position of affairs, Napoleon addressed her Majesty direct, and received in reply a letter prepared by the Queen in concert with the Prince. The result of the communication was to clear away all difficulties. The Emperor admitted our right to take exception to the way in which the terms had been settled without previous consultation with the English Government; he admitted the importance of the modifications which we suggested, and declared he would be no party to a peace of which England did not approve. Later on, when the French Government was sounded by Russia as to the peace, the Emperor refused to entertain the question except in concert with England; and the Russian agent was requested to place his propositions in writing, that they might be submitted to the English Government. No completer fulfilment of the Queen's comment (p. 256) could have been given. “I think he is frank, means well towards us, and, as Stockmar says, ‘that we have insured his sincerity and good faith towards us for the rest of his life.’” Russia was thereupon given to understand that, happen what might, nothing would induce the Emperor to separate from England; and any calculation founded upon the alliance being broken up or weakened, would prove to be utterly delusive.

Great firmness was necessary to prevent the Emperor of the French

accepting conditions less stringent than would satisfy us and make Russia feel that she must either accept the terms which were proposed to her or meet us in a fresh campaign, which she was in no position to undertake. The difficulties of the position are fully discussed by the Prince Consort in a letter to the King of the Belgians. It is, we think, the best in the volume. It is written with considerable warmth of feeling, and fully vindicates the English determination upon the subject against the somewhat dissatisfied comments of King Leopold.

Lord Clarendon was our plenipotentiary at the Conference at Paris, and received this graceful acceptance of him in that capacity from the Queen.

"All he has said as to the Conference is entirely shared by the Queen. Paris will be the preferable place, as the Emperor ought to be *sur les lieux*, if any good is to come of it; and Lord Clarendon will act as his Minister for Foreign Affairs, as well as the Queen's; and she may add, without hesitation, that he will find a more honest and sincere counsellor in Lord Clarendon than amongst his own advisers and so-called friends."

An autograph letter from the Queen to the French Emperor evidently conciliated his Imperial Majesty; and a confidential conversation left the impression upon Lord Clarendon's mind that he might rely upon the Emperor to stand by him throughout the negotiations. Notwithstanding that the Russian and anti-English sentiment had been artificially stimulated in Paris, he assured Lord Clarendon that if the peace negotiations broke down through any attempt of Russia to fritter away the conditions of the Austrian ultimatum, he should have no more hesitation and no more difficulty with France about renew-

ing the war than he had about declaring it two years ago.

The same success did not attend the efforts of the Sovereign and the Prince to cultivate an alliance with Austria and Prussia. They made strenuous efforts with that view previous to the commencement of the war. Later on, in October 1854, further efforts were made to secure the co-operation of Austria. But the negotiations for that purpose were marred by Prussia's threat of considering herself in that case absolved from her defensive and offensive treaty with Austria. The Prince wrote (p. 137) at once to the Prince of Prussia, the present Emperor of Germany, to protest that this conduct was the only reason why a united Europe was unable to put a speedy stop to the war.

"Men," he exclaimed, "are in no wise different from beasts in this; if they have seen blood, they are no longer the same, and are not to be controlled. Sinope swept us out of the career of diplomatic negotiations into that of military demonstrations, and so on into war. The Alma and Sebastopol have obliterated the Eastern question, and the cry is now for the annihilation of Russia. Already the talk in Paris is of the restitution of Poland, and this finds an echo in England; and in Boulogne the army, as I now hear, was in hopes to have to fight next year with Prussia."

Finally, and towards the close of the year, Austria so far acceded to our views that she presented a project of a treaty with England and France, asking what conditions beyond those which were known as the Four Points were to be insisted upon. If these were approved by her, she promised that she would then send an ultimatum to St Petersburg, the rejection of which would constitute a *casus belli*. The difficulty of saying what will be the future conditions of peace, depend-

ent as they must be on the result of military operations, is obvious ; and yet the Austrian alliance, which all felt might have prevented bloodshed, and even now might hasten the termination of the war, was dependent upon the answer to be made. In this state of affairs the Prince was evidently gratified at Lord Clarendon writing to ask his opinion on the subject previous to the deliberation of the Cabinet. He replied in a memorandum (p. 163) in which he recommended that the terms should be as moderate as possible, keeping open the right to advance others if the war proceeded. He considered that the Four Points themselves, when defined and applied in reference to the motives for the war, were sufficient to satisfy the Allies, and prevent Austria flying from her engagements. He defined the motives as resulting from the necessity to Europe of ending a policy which threatened the existence of the Ottoman empire. To do so, security was required against a Russian protectorate over the Greek Christians ; against closing the mouths of the Danube ; against the aggressive facilities afforded by Sebastopol and its fleet ; against the gradual absorption, by Russia, of the provinces which separated her from Turkey ; against the subjection by her of the Caucasian mountain tribes.

The despatch to the Austrian Government, finally sanctioned by the Cabinet, was based upon this memorandum ; and on the 2d December Austria executed her treaty with France and England, notwithstanding that Russia, in order to avert it, intimated its intention of accepting the Four Points as the basis of negotiation.

The Vienna Conference followed, and it is interesting to note the course adopted by the Prince. Austria proposed, as a solution of the

Third Point, "to put an end to the preponderance of Russia in the Black Sea," which had already been accepted by Russia as the basis of the Conference, that her naval forces should be limited to those actually there when the war broke out. M. Drouyn de Lhuys and Lord J. Russell went beyond their instructions, and stated that they considered this proposal satisfactory. The English Cabinet overruled it. The French Emperor acquiesced, though the resignation of M. Drouyn de Lhuys and the increasing difficulties of his position finally decided him to abandon his project of personally going to the Crimea. The Prince Consort was strongly against the Austrian proposal. He repudiated the notion that the reduction of the Russian fleet in the Black Sea was derogatory to Russian honour, inasmuch as it had no other reason for existence than as a means of aggression against the Porte. The settlement for which the Prince was anxious was a European convention ; "that every question between Turkey and another Power is to be brought for settlement before a European tribunal, and any attempt to enforce demands upon Turkey single-handed, is to constitute a *casus belli* for the contracting parties." A memorandum of the Prince's, arguing that such a defensive coalition was practicable, was approved by the Cabinet, and sent to the Emperor of the French, who thereupon decided to reject the Austrian proposal.

The next subject upon which the Prince Consort played a distinguished and influential part, was in regulating the personal relations of the Crown to its principal advisers. It is matter of common history, those notorious divisions and intrigues which disgraced the Ministry of Lord Aberdeen. Though the Prince succeeded in his efforts to cement

an alliance between the Courts of France and England, he was evidently unable to prevent disunion in the Cabinet at home. One graphic instance is given in this volume.

Hardly had the expedition started before the celebrated coalition was quarrelling as to what should be done with Sebastopol in case it was taken. Lord Aberdeen thought it should be completely destroyed. Lord John wished merely to raze the seaward defences. Both agreed that the Crimea should not be given to the Turks. Lord Palmerston differed from both. He considered that Sebastopol should not be destroyed, and that the Crimea should be added to the Turkish empire. Whilst, for a short time, England was erroneously under the impression that Sebastopol had been taken, this divergence of opinion was a source of considerable trouble. Lord John Russell was urging a dissolution of Parliament, and complaining of want of vigour in the conduct of the war.

However, we need not dwell on that subject. With regard to Lord Palmerston, besides the affair arising out of the French *coup d'état* which led to his dismissal, the Prince told the Emperor (p. 112) that the Queen and himself had long been at variance with Lord Palmerston as to the main principle of his foreign policy, which the Prince described as "even an exaggeration of that laid down in Mr Canning's celebrated speech in Dec. 1826," and continued:—

"The Emperor not being acquainted with this important turning-point in our political history, I had to explain it to him, and to show that the object of it was to form a counterpoise to the Holy Alliance of the Governments on the Continent, by supporting the popular parties in any country with a view to establishing constitutions after the

model of our own. This was a doctrine very like that of the Jacobin Propaganda, and had produced the greatest hatred of England all over the Continent. (This the Emperor heartily assented to.) It produced, I said, the further inconvenience to England, that an English party was formed in every country, which, if worsted, brought defeat and discredit on the English Government, but if successful, had to prove its independence of England by taking every measure that was hurtful to her. Lord Palmerston, detested by the Continental Governments, had been the object of every species of malignity, attack, and intrigue on their part. This was known in England to the public, roused the national indignation in his favour, and gave him great popularity. The power which this popularity gave him he used in order to coerce his colleagues and his sovereign to do anything he chose to advocate. Any resistance was at once signalised as forming part of the grand European combination against him."

The profound dissatisfaction felt at Court in regard to the proceedings which terminated in Lord John's secession from Lord Aberdeen's Cabinet, is plainly visible. Her Majesty was "impressed by the admirable temper, forbearance, and firmness with which Lord Aberdeen had conducted the whole of this very difficult and annoying transaction." That the Government was not broken up at once was due to the appeal of the Queen, but the division in the House of Commons was decisive. When Lord John Russell failed to form a Ministry, the Queen at once applied to Lord Palmerston, and this is the passage of the biographer which evidently explains her Majesty's feeling towards him notwithstanding all that had passed: "Lord Palmerston had, throughout this anxious time, shown so genuine a public spirit, that even if his own great ability and experience, as well as the public voice, had not designated him as worthy of the trust, the Queen

would have felt bound to place it in his hands." Shortly after the new Cabinet was formed, Sir James Graham and his friends, whose co-operation had only been effected by the influence of Lord Aberdeen generously exercised in his old rival's behalf, seceded. The Prince Consort wrote as follows:—

"Things have gone mad here. The political world is quite crazy, and the Court is the only institution which does not lose its tranquil bearing. Nevertheless, the people will soon come to their senses again. The Press, which, for its own ends, exaggerates the suffering of our troops in the Crimea, has made the nation quite furious. It is bent upon punishing all and sundry, and cannot find the right person because he does not exist."

With regard to Lord Aberdeen and Lord Clarendon, they were admitted to more intimate relations at the Palace than seem ever to have been accorded to Lord Palmerston; and this volume is full of kindly communications from the Queen to both of them. "The Emperor," so records the Prince, "did not say much about Lord Clarendon, but allowed me to perceive that his distrust and dislike of Lord Aberdeen were deeply rooted. I represented that he was a man *d'une probité et d'un cœur d'or*." Lord Aberdeen's half-heartedness about the war and the policy which we were pursuing, seems occasionally to have annoyed both the Queen and the Prince. Here is a letter of her Majesty to the Prime Minister after he had made a speech so extenuating the conduct of the Czar that a hostile motion was actually based upon it in the House of Commons:—

"The Queen is very glad to hear that Lord Aberdeen will take an opportunity to-day of dispelling misapprehensions which have arisen in the public mind in consequence of his last

speech in the House of Lords; and the effect of which has given the Queen very great uneasiness. She knows Lord Aberdeen so well, that she can fully enter into his feelings and understand what he means; but the public, particularly under strong excitement of patriotic feeling, is impatient and annoyed to hear at this moment the First Minister of the Crown enter into an impartial examination of the Emperor of Russia's character and conduct.

"The qualities in Lord Aberdeen's character which the Queen values most highly—his candour and his courage in expressing opinions, even if opposed to general feelings at the moment—are in this instance dangerous to him; and the Queen hopes that in the vindication of his own conduct to-day—which ought to be triumphant, as it wants, in fact, no vindication—he will not undertake the ungrateful and injurious task of vindicating the Emperor of Russia from any of the exaggerated charges brought against him and his policy, at a time when there is enough in that policy to make us fight with all our might against it."

Mr Gladstone, in the debate on a motion of Mr Disraeli, developed the views of the Peelite members of the Aberdeen Cabinet. He urged that Russia should be allowed her preponderance in the Black Sea as it stood at the commencement of the war, notwithstanding that he had, as a member of the Cabinet, approved a formal demand for the limitation of the Russian fleet. Well might the Queen and the Prince be apprehensive of injury (p. 289) to the national interests in the struggle with Russia, as well as to the reputation of statesmen who had guided, and might be expected again to guide, the destinies of the kingdom, if the example of Mr Gladstone should be followed by those members of Lord Aberdeen's Government with whom he had hitherto acted in concert. In reference to all these statesmen, except the Duke of Newcastle, the Prince wrote

to Lord Aberdeen that the line taken by them "had caused the Queen and myself great anxiety, both on account of the position of public affairs and on their own account." It must not only, as the Prince complained, weaken us abroad in public estimation, but "render all chance of obtaining an honourable peace without great fresh sacrifices of blood and treasure impossible, by giving new hopes and spirit to the enemy." He expressed his own grief, and the grief of the Queen, "who cannot afford in these times of trial and difficulty to see the best men in the country damaging themselves in its opinion to an extent that seriously impairs their usefulness for the service of the State." Lord Aberdeen would not reply in writing, but preferred paying the Prince a visit, who, in a two hours' discussion, endeavoured to satisfy him that Palmerston had acted precisely as Aberdeen would have acted. There were evidently other reasons besides those of extravagance in the Press and extravagance in parliamentary discussions to induce the Prince Consort to urge upon the attention of the country his memorable warning.

"Gentlemen, constitutional government is under a heavy trial, and can only pass triumphantly through it if the country will grant its confidence—a patriotic, indulgent, and self-denying confidence to her Majesty's Government. Without this, all their labour must be in vain."

We have thus rapidly passed in review the principal features of this book, as they illustrate the life of

the Prince Consort. We cannot conclude without expressing our sense of the skill, ability, and tact with which Mr Theodore Martin has brought down his work to this point. The task is one which demands rare delicacy as well as literary power; and the gratitude of a nation is due to him for the taste and fidelity with which he has performed it. He has made it plain what a leading and distinguished and careful part his Royal Highness played in these difficult transactions. In fact, his growing experience, industry, and clear judgment, were rapidly creating him the most influential and powerful statesman in the kingdom. Had he lived on, his grasp of public affairs would, in time, have transcended that of any Minister whom the Queen could call to her councils, and whose share in her Government would always be of limited duration. The difficulty of exercising an influence so vast would doubtless have continued to increase. But although the constitution of this country denied to him any open share in the exercise of public authority, there have been many occasions since 1861, when, in the perplexities which have from time to time fallen upon Europe, the suggestions of a sound judgment and a disinterested adviser would have been welcome at Courts and Cabinets; and the Consort of the English Queen might have found, in the establishment of an effective international influence, a fitting scope for his powers, and a broad theatre for the exercise of his talents and personal authority.

A PATRIOT QUEEN.

"The traditions of England are not quite lost. They still survive in the hearts of a woman and of an aged statesman."—*Journal des Débats*.

BRAVE words of cheer are these which have been spoken
By France, our once "sweet enemy." Of yore;
Thus Sidney called her who by many a token
Showed herself friend on bleak Crim Tartary's shore,

When, side by side, we battled for the weak,
Laughing to scorn the hypocritic guile
Of slaughterers in the name of Christ the meek:
Their newer murders make some Churchmen smile.

Honour may live and breathe when glory's dead,
Dead for a time, perchance to rise again,—
And France, though sorrow bows her comely head,
Can still feel pride amid her mortal pain.

Her pride in ancient foe and late ally
Forbids her doubt our manhood still survives,
Or hold we only care to sell and buy,
Prizing our rights less than our wretched lives.

Bigots may gaze complacently on deeds
Done in the name of Heaven and cause of Hell,
And shrive a miscreant who tells his beads
Before he slays some female infidel:

Factions that care not how our honour bleeds,
How bruised and broken lies our old renown,
Blandly condone a Muscovite's misdeeds,
If only English rivals be kept down.

Our demagogue will kiss a despot's heel,
A freeman grovel to an Emperor's shoe;
And fools, too dull to reason or to feel,
May ask, "Why meddle with what others do?"

But there are those among us who, born free,
Mean to live freemen, or, at most, to die;
Nor will our leaders fail us: look and see,
What are those forms that stand erect and high,

As best beseems a nation's champions? What?
A woman? Ay, in very truth a Queen
Crowned, with a lifelong sorrow ne'er forgot,
Though borne in silence with a regal mien.

But now she told us, in her widowed pride,
How grand and stainless was the cherished name
Of her life's love whom dullards dare to chide,
The Prince of patriot heart and loyal fame!

Daughter of Kings, she'd keep from speck and stain
The heirship of her fathers, pure and bright ;
The mother of her subjects, she'd maintain
The freedom of her people and their right.

Who watches by her side? A warrior youth
Mad with hot rage and panting for the field?
Nay, but a man of old in very sooth,
Who never drew a sword or bore a shield.

What does he here? He who has sworn an oath
To serve his Sovereign, keep the nation free :
Others have made that vow, yet are not loath
To see our honour checked at—why not he?

Why should this ancient man be brave and leal?
Why should that royal lady, in her palace,
Wear on her heart her much-loved England's weal
As deep engraven as Queen Mary's Calais?

I cannot tell—I only know the fact,
And thank kind Heaven, that the old tradition
Of wit to see, courage and will to act,
Stern sense of duty, and a wise ambition,

Is cherished still by those who guide the helm—
A royal woman and a statesman hoar ;
May their high courage yet infect the realm,
And make us as our fathers were of yore !

W. W. FOLLETT SYNGE.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

"Still ist die Nacht, es ruh'n die Gassen."

STILL is the night, and the streets are lone,
 My darling dwelt in this house of yore;
 'Tis years since she from the city has flown,
 Yet the house stands there as it did before.

There, too, stands a man, and aloft stares he,
 And for stress of anguish he wrings his hands;
 My blood runs cold when his face I see,
 'Tis my own very self in the moonlight stands.

Thou double! Thou fetch, with the livid face!
 Why dost thou mimic my love-lorn mould,
 That was racked and rent in this very place
 So many a night in the times of old?

"Im Süßsen Traum, bei stiller Nacht."

IN sweetest dream, at dead of night,
 There came to me by wizard sleight—
 By wizard sleight, my love so free,
 And into my chamber she came to me.

I look at her,—oh, she was fair!
 I look, and she smiles with a gentle air;
 Smiles on me till my heart swells high,
 And my words gush forth with a sob and sigh.

"Take all, take all that I have, love mine—
 My own, own love, it is freely thine—
 So round thee I my arms may throw
 From midnight on to the first cock-crow!"

Then I felt a stound through all my frame—
 So sweet, so thrilling-sad it came—
 And the fair girl spoke, and her word was this,
 "Oh, give to me thy hopes of bliss!"

"My life so sweet, my youth so bright,
 Will I give, and give with a fond delight,
 O maiden, so angel-like, to thee;
 But my hopes of bliss—that may not be!"

Out like a torrent my wild words flew,
But fairer, and still more fair she grew ;
And ever the word she spoke was this,
" Oh, give to me thy hopes of bliss ! "

The words went booming through my brain,
And within my soul, and through every vein,
A sea of flame did seem to seethe ;
My heart grew faint, I scarce could breathe.

Then I was aware of angels white
In an aureole haze of golden light,
But now came raging in a pack
Of goblins grizzly, and grim, and black.

With the angels they wrestled, and fought, and strove ;
Anon the angels away they drove,
And then these grim black goblins, too,
Melted in mist away from view.

I was like to swoon for joy ; around
My darling fair my arms I wound ;
Close as a young roe she clings to me,
But weeps the while full bitterly.

She weeps : I knew well why is this,
And her rosy lips into silence kiss,—
" Oh, love mine, stifle these flowing tears ;
Be mine, all mine, and have no fears ! "

" Be mine, all mine ! " Than thought more quick
My blood grows icy-cold and thick ;
The earth, it crashes from side to side,
And a chasm breaks open, yawning wide.

And from that black chasm the grim black crew
Start up ; pale, pale my fair love grew ;
Out of my arms she vanished in air,
And all alone I was standing there.

Then round me that grim black crew begin
To dance with eldritch mow and grin ;
In upon me they press and crowd,
And mocking laughter peals high and loud.

And ever closer the circle grows,
And ever wilder the chorus rose,—
" Thou gavest thy hopes of bliss away,
And ours thou art for ever and aye ! "

“Wie kannst du ruhig schlafen?”

SLEEP, and in peace? How canst thou?
And know I am still alive?
Back comes the old wrath, and straightway
My yoke in sunder I rive.

Dost know the old-world legend,
How once a youth that was dead
At midnight drew his loved one
Down to his churchyard bed?

Oh trust me, thou beauteous wonder,
Of all sweet the sweetest far;
I live, yes, live, and am stronger
Than legions of dead men are!

“Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht.”

I AM not wroth, my own lost love, although
My heart is breaking—wroth I am not, no!
For all thou dost in diamonds blaze, no ray
Of light into thy heart's night finds its way.

I saw thee in a dream. Oh piteous sight!
I saw thy heart all empty, all in night;
I saw the serpent gnawing at thy heart;
I saw how wretched, oh my love, thou art!

“Ja, du bist elend, und ich grolle nicht.”

YES, thou art wretched, and I am not wroth:
O love, in pain we both must draw our breath.
Yes, we are fated to be wretched both,
Till our sad hearts, O love, shall break in death.

I see the scorn upon thy lips expressed,
I see thine eye flash fierce defiance now,
I see the spasm of pride that heaves thy breast,
Yet even as I am wretched, so art thou.

Yet round thy lips an unseen sorrow glides,
Tears, hidden tears, bedim those eyes of thine,
Thy proud breast cherishes a wound it hides,—
Yes, to be wretched is thy lot and mine!

"Ich trat in jene Hallen."

INTO yon halls I stept,
Where she with her troth-plight bound me ;
Where once her tears were wept,
Are serpents crawling round me.

"Im Traum sah ich die Geliebte."

IN a dream I saw my darling,
A woman all woe-begone,
She, that was once so blooming,
Faded and shrunken and wan !

One child in her arms she carried,
And one by the hand she leads ;
Want and sore trouble are seen in
Her look and her gait and weeds.

Through the market square she tottered,
And there she crosses my way,
And she looks at me, and calmly
And sadly to her I say :

"Come to my home, come with me,
Thou art pale and weak and ill ;
I will work all day to procure thee
Both food and drink, I will.

"And I will cherish and guard, too,
The children with thee there ;
But thyself, poor luckless darling,
Shall be above all my care.

"No word shall ever escape me
Of my love long cherished and deep ;
And when thy sorrows are ended,
I'll lie on thy grave and weep."

THE STORM IN THE EAST.—NO. IX.

IN our last paper we ventured to give our opinion on two points connected with the war. The first point was as to Turkey choosing a direct or an indirect appeal to her enemy, in case of her suing for peace; the second, the probable course that would be pursued by the neutral Powers on the occasion of the fall of Plevna. We thought it probable that the Sultan would prefer to make his proposal with a friend standing at his side; and we felt persuaded that some of the Powers would use the opportunity afforded by this epoch in the war to make an effort for the restoration of peace. It was, then, no surprise to us to learn, at the very end of December, that the Sultan had requested the mediation of England, or that England had consented to mediate between the belligerents.

It appeared to have been quite settled amongst newspaper politicians that this country, having distinctly discountenanced the warlike action of Russia, and having declared her own assumption of a conditional neutrality, could not have anything to say as to the season when peace might be proposed, or the terms on which it should be made; that other nations more nearly concerned than we are in the acts of the war would not at this juncture interpose; therefore, that no mediatorial effort could be expected just now, and the belligerents must be left to themselves. This was one of those fine-spun theories which look firm and solid only until a determined hand may put them to the proof. It caused complacency in some quarters, and fears in others. A large section of the Continental press rejoiced that

England was "nowhere" in the situation, and taunted her with her helpless exclusion, which, they said, was but just retribution for presuming to follow an independent policy. Those among ourselves who care less for England's honour than they do for party, derided the imbecile attitude to which our Government had brought us; while a few sincere lovers of peace mourned over our forfeiture of the right to speak in the cause of humanity. But both the anxious and the scoffing expectants must have experienced a quick revulsion of feeling when they saw our Ministry boldly but quietly take the lead as peacemakers; those who had said, "There, there; so would we have it," allowed their forefingers to gently contract again; and the despairing, or some of them, were so suddenly emboldened, that from predicting utter ruin they fell to proclaiming the immediate trampling under foot of the three Emperors and their policy.

The act of England set at rest all controversy as to the position which she occupied in regard to the Eastern Question. As all reflecting people had perceived, she was in no way disqualified for the office of mediator; she was entirely independent of the action or inactivity of other Powers, and she unhesitatingly placed before Russia the desire of Turkey that a peace might be negotiated. After so simple a demonstration that the supposed disabilities of England are mere moonshine, it is easy to perceive not only that she might interest herself in composing the quarrel, but that she was bound to do so. Over and over again the Queen's Ministers had declared that the

restoration of peace upon honourable terms was the first object of their foreign policy, and that they would neglect no reasonable opportunity of effecting it. They could not, then, turn a deaf ear to the request of Turkey that they would approach Russia with the view of bringing about negotiations for peace. Neither do we think that doubt would ever have been entertained either at home or abroad concerning their disposition or their perfect freedom and readiness to follow its promptings, but for the scandalous conduct followed by some of the Liberal party. These latter, seeing that the policy of the Government, as announced by its members, satisfied the country, boldly proclaimed that those members were deceiving the nation, and that the policy of the Government was really a war policy. They endeavoured to draw from every official act evidence that the professions and designs of Ministers were entirely at variance; and even down to the time of summoning Parliament to meet, they declared that every Ministerial act meant war. Never was a baser or more unwarrantable method of party warfare adopted. Even at the time when our Government was accepting the office proffered by Turkey, some of the more rancorous of its opponents were cautioning the country against the warlike symptoms which they affected to see in the naming of a comparatively early day for the meeting of the Legislature. The consistent and perfectly ingenuous action of the Government in seeking peace gave the most crushing answer to these inveterate calumniators, and dissipated, we should hope, all doubt as to the sincerity of her Majesty's Ministers.

But if the action of England in this crisis of Turkey's fortunes ought not to have occasioned surprise, the reserve and apathy of other nations,

to whom the return of peace must have been as desirable as it was to us, and who professed to desire it ardently, was difficult to understand. If none of them chose to stand forward and make the first move, they might have supported, or at least shown some sympathy with, the attempts of the Power which had assumed the responsibility of mediation. Yet these friends of peace became singularly cold and silent when a serious proposal for terminating hostilities was made. Whatever may have been their motives for neglecting the opportunity, we must only rejoice that it was seized by England without hesitation. The business which she had undertaken required both tact and temper; but we had in office men conspicuous for both. Their readiness to engage in it convinced the country that they were not only in earnest and prepared, but that they would certainly insist on being heard in the councils of Europe whenever a final settlement of the contest should be considered.

Meanwhile the most noteworthy circumstance of the theatres of war was the setting in of winter in rigorous earnest. It had delayed so long, that we, dreading to become tedious, ceased to dwell on the important changes which it would make in the prospects of the campaign. For the same reason, we presume, other writers refrained from dilating on the results to be expected from its agency; and, in effect, the power of the season was less thought of in December than it had been in the autumn. But when the frosts and snows did at length take the field, they showed themselves quite able to sustain the reputation which had been given to them. The military bridges upon the Danube were swept away by storms or shattered by strokes of the miniature icebergs that came rushing down the stream. They

could not be repaired or replaced because the innumerable blocks would have crushed any small vessels in which *pontoniers* could have attempted to work. For the same reason the passage of boats from shore to shore could be performed only very slowly and with great circumspection, and became a service of danger. The roads were hidden by the snow. Wheeled vehicles were of little service, and there was said to be no sleigh-train in Bulgaria. Life in the field must have been rendered miserable by the severity of the weather alone, even while provisions abounded; but the interruption of communication by the river and the stoppage of land transport must have compelled a very sparing use of such stores as were yet available, because it was uncertain how soon the troops could be once more freely supplied.

The Russian and Roumanian armies were in effect severed from their bases for the time. Of course they could bear a separation of moderate duration; but, if the weather should not improve for several weeks, their situation would become one of difficulty and danger, and would be a most interesting subject of regard to observers. The elements had forborne to afflict them as long as Plevna held out; and now that winter seemed to mean mischief, they were no longer tied to particular spots or compelled to the exposure by which constant vigilance is attended. This was a decided favour of fortune; nevertheless, unless communication with Russia should speedily be reopened, the condition of the soldiers, even though little disturbed by the enemy, would become very miserable. The design of pushing over the Balkans seemed still to be in execution; and the force that might be transported to the region south of those hills would probably be freed from the stress of weather. But

they could, by no means be freed from the disasters inseparable from broken communications.

In Asia, although the Russian troops were said to be in motion, and still threatening to besiege Erzeroum, or to mask it and pass on to a point farther to the west, they made but scanty progress, and evidently found any sort of operation exceedingly difficult. The wonder was that they could at all maintain positions outside of Erzeroum; it was questionable whether they could be acquiring any advantage, or obviating any disadvantage, in a degree that would compensate for the certain loss that their persistence must have cost. The battle of Deve Boyun was on the 4th November, and since that date they had been, in less or greater bodies, prowling about the Armenian capital. There was good reason to believe that, if they had lain in snug quarters until towards the end of December, and then made their way to Erzeroum, they would have been in as good a military position with regard to it as they were after seven weeks of exposure and disappointment. If we used this proposition to deduce the probabilities of a continued winter campaign, we could not but suppose that if they were to take care of themselves till May, and then to advance on the fortress, they would be in as good a position as they were on the 1st January. It makes one shudder to think of the death and the suffering that must take place before May if they stay where they are.

It has been the practice of the Russian armies throughout the present war, not to allow care for their communications to interfere with their advance upon their object. Such practice is at variance with the opinions of the most successful and most sagacious commanders, and there would be no difficulty in proving that it is dangerous in the

extreme. The Russian answer to an objection of the kind would be, probably, that their generals know what sort of adversaries they have to contend with, and act accordingly; with an enemy more ready to avail himself of mistakes on their side, they would be more careful. But the earlier part of the Asiatic campaign of last year showed this answer to be unsound; inasmuch as their eagerness to rush on their object, and their neglect of the state of things in their rear, compelled them to retire to their own frontier after they had been in sight of Erzeroum, forced them to raise the siege of Kars, and placed them in every way at disadvantage in Armenia until towards the beginning of winter they received reinforcements and were able to begin their work afresh. However contemptible the foe may be, it is always dangerous to commit breaches of well-proved maxims, for it is possible that at an unlucky moment a gleam of intelligence may light up the situation to him, and enable him to take advantage of a blunder so as to cripple the invasion for months. However, such appears to be the method which the Russian leaders had adopted; and, in pursuance of it, they were hastening their legions up to and over the Balkans, without heed to the condition of the great river or of the roads, in the beginning of January. If an early return of milder weather could have been relied on, this immediate transition from the first to the second act of the invasion was right, even though it involved a certain loss of men from exposure in the depth of winter. There was every chance that the Turks, attacked again and nearer home, would be unable to execute an able defence, and too much confounded to plan one. A few weeks of respite from brisk warfare would have allowed their spirit to revive, and given them an

opportunity of doing something to meet the danger.

The exploits of the Servians occupied a large space in the war intelligence of each day. That chivalrous people had escaped the danger of having the war carried a second time into their own territory, and were now breaking forth into Turkish soil, eager to do exploits on the prostrate Moslem, and afterwards, on pay-day, to "take it upon their death that they gave him that wound in the thigh." Notwithstanding the ease with which laurels were to be earned, they were not got over the frontier without some little trouble. A portion of them was said to have made (either struck by conscience or by fear) objections to the glorious career on which they were ordered; but the State authorities had so far found means of silencing the malcontents. A section of the Servian force was understood to be operating with the Rumanians on the Danube near to Widdin, but those of whom we heard most at this time broke out on the south-east of Servia. Part of them invested Nisch, and the remainder advanced with a somewhat broad front in the direction of Sophia. The progress of this latter body was rapid. On its approach the Turks evacuated the smaller posts, generally without waiting for the assault, and the taking of town after town was reported. A day or two before Christmas a junction with the Russian army was effected, and the wave of conquest rolled on faster than ever. Leskovatz, Ak Palanka, and Babina Glava were all reported to be in Servian possession. On the 28th December Prince Milan's troops achieved their first real victory. With vastly superior forces they took Pirot from the Turks, and with it 23 pieces of artillery and a large amount of stores. Greatly as they outnumbered the Turkish garrison, they

did not prevail against it without heavy fighting, which is said to have lasted with more or less violence through the 26th and 27th. Pirot was covered on its north side by an intrenched camp. The town itself does not appear to have been fortified; neither is there evidence that it was thought necessary to cover any other approach to it than that from the north. The intrenched camp, at a place named Budinol, was described in the telegrams as very strong, and having three lines of defence. There were outlying villages, which probably formed portions of the outer line. We were told that the Servians, marching from the north-east and south-east upon the place, did not like the look of it, as it is very strong on what is called in the telegrams the front, which we take to mean the east or south. Accordingly they determined to assail, first, Ak Palanka, while a portion of them, left behind near Pirot, should amuse the garrison at Budinol by a pretended attack. Ak Palanka has a wall round it of an exceedingly ancient date and pattern. There was little, if any, attempt made to defend it, and the Servians, as has been stated, were masters of it with very little trouble. From it they moved south to attack Budinol on the north, while the force which had been left behind there began to make more serious approaches. On the 27th some villages were taken both on the north and south, so that the assailants were enabled, on the 28th, to make a combined attack on the inner lines. The column which had advanced from Ak Palanka was successful early in the day, and broke through the lines; but the other wing of the attack found more difficult work, as might have been expected from the superior strength (already noted) on that side. Moreover, the Turks there resisted with extreme stubbornness, and would

probably have made good their defence had not they received only too strong proof that the works on the other side had fallen, and that the enemy from thence was about to take them in reverse. As soon as they were aware of this they evacuated the place, and retreated upon Sophia.

Nisch still held out, after the capture of Pirot; but there was no hope of it being relieved, and there was no way of escape for its garrison. The Servians had spread imposing reports of their besieging it with 30,000 men and 125 guns; but as, probably, the whole force of their principality did not much exceed 30,000 men, and they had divisions elsewhere, the idea of their having such a corps at Nisch was absurd. There may have been some 4000 Turks there, regulars and irregulars, with a very few garrison guns, and the besieging force may have been 8000, or, at the most, 10,000. The permanent fortifications of Nisch, if it be not too great a compliment to the old walls to call them fortifications, are exceedingly weak. They may have been supplemented recently by modern field-works; and, as we have all learnt by this time, modern field-works may soon turn an open village into a fortress; but we had not heard of much field-work there, and did not imagine that there could be arms or men for extensive lines. Nisch was likely to detain a few thousand Servians for a time, and so to aid the general defence to some extent.

Servian operations were, however, of less importance than the great moves which indicated that the theatre of war was removed, or, more properly, extended to the south of the Balkans. The force under Nedjib Pasha, which had been holding its ground in the Etropol Balkans, retreated now before Gourko's corps, and moved on Ichtiman. The garrison of Sophia evacuated that place

and moved also on Ichtiman. This last-named place, where the forces joined, lies between Sophia and Tatar Bazardjik, almost midway, being by the map nearly forty English miles from the former place, and about thirty from the latter. Tatar Bazardjik is the western terminus of the railway which runs from thence through Philippopolis to Adrianople. Thus the position at Ichtiman covered Adrianople against an attack from the west; but the whole line of the railway—that is, the whole length of the military communication between the two places named—was flanked on the north by a range of the Balkans, and open to attacks of the enemy, which might be made through any of the Balkan passes, the Schipka or Hain-koi, for instance. Should the Russians be able to make, through a pass, an irruption on any part of the region skirting the railway, Ichtiman would be taken in reverse and must be abandoned. The holding of the passes was necessary, therefore, to the holding of Ichtiman. For this reason the new position would be always one of danger. The Turks, being so inferior numerically to the Russians, could not well afford to disperse their army for the guarding of so many points. Ichtiman was being strengthened by field-works, and might grow to be a formidable position.

The retreat from the Etropol Balkans was very well managed. Nedjib withdrew his stores and the bulk of his artillery, and retreated in excellent order, leaving a rear-guard under the Englishman, Baker Pasha, to cover the movement. All accounts agree in saying that this officer executed most creditably the duty intrusted to him. With six battalions of infantry and four guns he checked for a whole day the advance of 30,000 Russians under General Weljaminoff. He lost 700 men; but he inflicted a loss equal-

ly great upon the enemy, and so stunned him for the moment that he gained a few hours' start, and was able to draw off his gallant force unmolested, and so to rejoin the main body, whose retreat he had so effectually protected.

At Vratschesch, in the Etropol Balkans, after it had been evacuated by the Turks, the Servians and Russians found a large quantity of provisions and of munitions of war. Again, at Sophia, although the Ottoman army had retired from thence with much deliberation, there was unavoidably a large accumulation of stores left for the gratification of the enemy. At both these points collections had been made for the relief of Plevna, as the Turks fondly hoped, but in reality, as it proved, to be gathered by the invader and to support his battalions.

Suleiman Pasha, with a part of the army of the Lom, was transferred to Roumelia, and received the command of the army in front of Adrianople, which, altogether, cannot have exceeded 30,000 or 40,000 men. It appears to have been expected of him that he should guard all the passes of the Balkans from Ichtiman eastward; and he is said to have declared his inability to do this with fewer than 200,000 men. We should have thought this rather an excessive demand; but if he, having the best means of judging, was right in his estimate, we might expect to hear of another retrograde movement of the Turks as soon as the weather should be mild enough to allow of the Russians pushing their way over the mountains, because it was extremely improbable that Suleiman could obtain the reinforcements which he required. It was in the region of his command—that is to say, east of Ichtiman and south of the Balkans—that the principal interest of the war was now gathering. At the same time, the distri-

bution of their forces which the Russians might make between Bulgaria and Roumelia, was worthy of close attention. Bulgaria was as yet by no means secured to the invader, who, if in his eagerness to seize points south of the Balkans he should too much denude it of his troops, might there be taken at disadvantage by the garrisons of the fortresses, and by forces which the Turks might convey thither by sea.

The Russian passage of the Etropol Balkans in the depth of winter was an achievement for which very high credit is due to them. They had, in many places, to make roads before they could proceed at all; and the mountains were so steep, and the snow lay at such a depth, that the transport of their artillery and stores cost enormous labour. Sometimes they advanced at the rate of not more than a mile a-day. Their sufferings and their losses must have been very great during this advance, but we shall probably never learn to what they really amounted.

On the 2d January the Russian general Rauch fought a battle with a Turkish leader, who was posted before Sophia, on the Etropol road. The fight was for a bridge over a branch of the river Isker. The Turks fought with determination for an hour and a half, but were, at the end of that time, out-generalled by the enemy, who crossed the river at another point, where it was hard frozen, and so took the bridge in reverse. Then there was nothing for it but a hasty retreat, and that the Turks effected.

During the first few days of the new year it looked as if the Turks had determined upon making a most vigorous defence of the country south of the Balkans. Before mentioning further military operations, however, we desire to note a somewhat remarkable incident connected with the naval service. Our readers need

scarcely to be reminded that Turkey is stronger at sea than Russia, and that she has pretended throughout the war to maintain a blockade of Russian ports in the Black Sea. It was, then, with extreme surprise that men learnt how a Turkish transport, with eight hundred troops on board, and being one of four vessels which were voyaging under protection of two Turkish men-of-war, had been captured by a single ship of the enemy near Benderaklia. It was never explained how the Messina (so the unfortunate transport was named) was separated from the remainder of the little squadron, nor how a ship with eight hundred armed men on board, even when separated, allowed herself to be made prize without a hard fight, by a single vessel. It has been charitably suggested that the Messina, after being separated from her consorts, got on shore, was seen by the Russland (the Russian steamer), and fired into at long range until she struck; and it has been uncharitably suggested that the Messina was sold for money, and that the whole adventure was concerted between the commanders of the prize and the captor. Information on the subject has been furnished so scantily that we cannot pretend to explain how the matter happened. We can only express our inability to understand how a single Russian ship could think it safe or worth her while to cruise in the neighbourhood of a superior force, on the chance of that force dispersing, and of one of the ships being left by accidents of the sea at her mercy; also, how the Turkish vessel was so quietly abandoned as she appears to have been by the rest of the squadron. Supposing the Messina to have had no artillery on board, and to have been disabled, it was possible for the Russian ship, without risking anything, to drive her to surrender as

the only alternative of being sunk ; but if it was necessary for the Russ-land to approach the Messina in order to make prize of her, eight hundred armed men on board the latter should surely have made a good defence. On the whole, it is plain that if the Russland was indebted to a series of accidents for her success, she had a run of luck which seldom falls to any in peace or war.

In Asia, winter was reported to be reigning with unusual severity up to 12th January. The Russian armies, in spite of the inclement season, continued their endeavours to encircle Erzeroum, but made only little progress. They did, however, maintain themselves in the neighbourhood, but had lately suffered reverses in one or two minor actions at the hands of the Turks. We had no information as to how they were enduring the undoubtedly trying duties assigned to them ; the probability is, that they were being materially weakened by the effects of the cold.

If we have for a short time refrained from noticing the consequences of the English mediation, we have done so because the daily rumours and speculations under that head were vague and unsatisfactory, not because the subject did not take the foremost place in the current news and in men's minds. It was understood that England's advances had been received and replied to, not ungraciously. Russia, however, it was certain, objected to negotiate with Turkey through a third Power ; and she let it appear that she was very jealous of any attempt to stand between her and Turkey, and that we must not hope to learn the price which she intended to set upon peace, except through the latter Power. It was, however, understood that the Russian answer contained an assurance that Turkey, by applying to the Russian general in

the field, might obtain information as to the terms on which an armistice might be conceded.

If the people of this country did not know all that was passing they saw the outline of the situation pretty clearly, and the general opinion was that it was to us one of great gravity. As a mere meddler England would never have thought of taking any action, however mild and unimportant, with regard to this contest ; she certainly conceived that she had large interests at stake in the settlement of the quarrel, and that she had the right of speaking at this juncture. The answer, however civilly worded, appeared to put these interests aside, as Russia, throughout the quarrel, had put aside many a treaty obligation. We had only asked a question on behalf of Turkey, but the answer to that question showed that our appearance on the stage, though in never so humble a part, was not relished. Now, if there were any point concerning which English politicians were pretty well agreed, it was the right of England to have a voice in the final arrangement which might be the outcome of this war. Provided only that a peace of which we could approve were made, it mattered little to England whether the negotiations for such peace were begun through her or directly between the belligerents ; but if it were intended to deny her a hearing during the progress, and at the conclusion, of a treaty of peace, she could by no means tolerate such a denial. It was important, therefore, that at this early stage in peace proceedings she should make a clear declaration of her rights as we regarded them, and of her intentions with respect to terms of peace ; and it was hoped that her pretensions had been clearly stated to Russia in a representation following the despatch in which she first appeared

as a mediator. She had a position to maintain in Europe, and she had interests of her own to uphold. We need not fear that she would be wanting to herself in respect of either; but, nevertheless, her path was beset with difficulties, and she had need of the utmost circumspection. She stood alone, without an ally, and without an avowed sympathiser. She asserted what was really the right of all the great European nations; yet all of them exulted in her isolation, and even some of her own sons—her degenerate sons—taunted her with her friendlessness, which, they said, proved the inferiority of her present Government.

It is certainly not, as a rule, desirable for any European State that it should stand alone in regard to a policy of public importance; but it is better to stand alone than to perpetrate or to abet iniquity. England's position, then, in the early part of January, must be regarded as honourable or otherwise, not according to the amount of opposition which she might be provoking or encountering, but according to her ability to justify her attitude by an appeal to great principles of justice and good faith. It was through no fault of hers that several Powers had conspired to disregard treaty obligations, and to bring about a great wrong; but it would have been an indelible disgrace to her if she had joined in the conspiracy. Her position, then, was not only honourable in itself, but it was the more honourable in that she assumed and held it unsupported. Will those who presume to depreciate her Government because she is without an ally, admit the maxim that must underlie all their sarcasms if they be justifiable, and say, The first duty of a Government

is to be on the same side with other Governments? Will they parody the classical precept,* and turn it into "Make alliances, honestly if you can, but—make alliances"? If they cannot enunciate a general proposition to this effect, their strictures on the forsaken condition of our Ministers are not only pointless but insincere. Yet, while asserting that England's position is the reverse of humiliating, we say again that she is bound to be scrupulously careful in her dealing with Russia. However deeply she might regret the short-sighted policy which had induced several of the signatories of the Treaty of Paris to violate or evade the provisions of that treaty, it certainly was not her duty to lay lance in rest and to charge upon them all in a Quixotic career. She delivered her own soul by coming out from among them and acting independently, and might leave them to reap the bitter harvest which, sooner or later, is sure to spring from faithless conduct. She has matters to attend to which concern her more nearly than their morals. But should the immorality which began in breach of treaties, impel these Powers to acts which imperil any possession of hers, England would resist the departure from engagements as far as it might affect her, and would draw the sword for her own rights. That she will not do so rashly, or for love of fighting, we may be quite certain; if she should unhappily be forced to make war, her people ought to prosecute the strife with all their hearts. Probably they will do so; we do not anticipate divisions of any consequence if hostilities should be inevitable. But there is something more than this due to our native land, to our Sovereign, and to our

* "rem facias, rem,
Si possis recte, si non, quocunque modo rem."—HOR.

Sovereign's Ministers. It is not enough that we show ourselves to be united in the actual presence of war; it is not enough that, being in a quarrel, we so bear it that the opposer may beware of us: we ought to show beforehand what will be our attitude if any should force us to fight; we ought to make it plain that if peace cannot with honour be maintained, we will accept the alternative of war as a nation united and resolute. The conduct of those Englishmen who, at this critical period, were loudly proclaiming to foreign nations that they would not, let the war in the East take what phase it might, consent to England drawing the sword, was in the highest degree mischievous and unpatriotic. They were assured that nobody wishes for war; they were entirely ignorant of what terms of peace might have been named or hinted at in diplomatic correspondence,—and yet, with an absolute decision, such as nothing but an intimate acquaintance with the correspondence of the Foreign Office should have enabled them to arrive at, they published to the world that they would be, in any event, against war. Fortunately, foreigners have witnessed many instances of the same kind of wilfulness, and have soon learned that the mind of England is not uttered in this senseless way. It was fortunate, too, at this time that Parliament was about to meet so soon, for the loudest platform declaimers are generally sobered and silenced once a session begins. Parliament has a custom of hearing both sides, and of examining into the merits of questions, which is distasteful to men who have decided without reflection, and who only dread lest argument should demonstrate the folly and wickedness of their rash conduct. There must always be a parlia-

mentary opposition; and if it feels itself always at liberty to oppose the Ministry, as our present Government has been opposed during the last eighteen months, it will be impossible to carry out any system of foreign policy, and we must cease to call ourselves a European Power. Things will not, we know, come to that pass. There are many politicians in England who would scorn to embarrass a Ministry by such means; and even in the very unlikely case of the example of the anti-war party of to-day being followed by future oppositions, the country would devise a remedy for the evil, and not allow our system of government to be ruined to gratify the caprice of a few fanatics. We note elsewhere with much satisfaction a letter from Mr Roebuck, which was made public about the middle of January, and in which that gentleman, with the patriotic ardour of an Englishman, condemns "the discordant clamour of contending parties here in England." The whole letter breathed what seemed to us to be the sentiments proper to the occasion; it is eminently peaceful in its politics, and its tone is liberal and courteous. In the interest of that peace which is so indiscreetly insisted on, he points out the sad perverseness of those who maintain the agitation, and does not fail to show how much weight a Government steadily supported by a united nation would have with all parties in the conflict.

Mr Roebuck is right. The violent anti-war party were, in their indiscriminating eagerness to dictate a foreign policy to the Ministry and the whole nation, really increasing the probability of our being forced into war.

To return to our narrative: it was understood that England advised the Porte to comply with the wish signified by the Russian Min-

ister—that is, to ask an armistice from the Russian general commanding in the field. The Sultan, after consulting his Council, resolved upon following this advice, and did actually send Officers of State to the Grand Duke Nicholas to beg for an armistice. The answer, we were given to understand, was neither direct nor gracious. The Grand Duke was not in a position to arrange an armistice, and must telegraph to St Petersburg for instructions. As the suggestion of making the demand in this manner had come from the Russian Cabinet, the Turks might justly complain that the general in the field was not fully empowered and instructed on that head. The delay seemed to give evidence of Russia's desire to protract the war; but we knew too little of what had really taken place to be justified as yet in forming a harsh judgment.

While the armistice negotiations were proceeding, the important news came to hand of the Schipka Pass having been taken by the Russians, and of forty-one battalions of infantry, a regiment of cavalry, and ten batteries of artillery having fallen into their hands. The manner of the capture was not communicated in the first despatch, nor the details of the fighting, which, however, was said to have been severe. The Russian troops were once more in Eski Zaghra and Yeni Zaghra and Kesanlik; the whole situation was changed. The Ichti-man position at the head of the railway could no longer be held; and it was doubtful whether Chakir and the other Pashas to the westward could now fall back in time to cover Adrianople. The supreme stage of the war in Europe seemed to be at hand. The elements might suspend operations for a time, but it seemed as if all human power to oppose the invasion was gone.

And, before further movements of either side near Adrianople were reported, we heard of the surrender of Nisch, where a garrison of 8000 men were made prisoners by the Servians, and 70,000 muskets and 150 guns taken by them. We believe the number of prisoners to be much exaggerated; but even if this were so, the disaster was great. The Turkish cause was collapsing in all directions. Turkish affairs had returned to the course which they were taking before Osman established himself at Plevna: with Osman's great episode began and ended the brilliant phase of the defence of Turkey in Europe. The position of the Turkish empire was once more as bad as at the time when England sent troops to Malta, and when many persons thought that we ought to seize the Chersonesus. But, as regarded England's position, there was this difference, that we could no longer hope for the assistance of Austria in trying to moderate the victor's demands. We were left entirely to our own resources. As the days passed, there was much and increasing disappointment concerning the expected armistice; perhaps there had been a misapprehension concerning it. There was no news of a suspension of hostilities having been arranged, and there was reason to believe that the Russian armies were pressing onward, and endeavouring to damage the position for Turkey while the armistice was postponed. If Russia had given no pledge as to the time when an armistice would be granted, or as to her generals being at once fully instructed so as to enable them to treat on the first application of the Turks, we must not be too hard on her for trying to make the most of an inevitable delay, or even for not being in a hurry to end that interval. Most belligerents, we are afraid, would show very little con-

sideration of the impatience of the enemy, or of any other foreigners in such circumstances. It is true that such a delay costs many human lives, and involves a large amount of suffering; but it would be strange if, after having plunged into this bloody contest, Russia should have been deterred by regard for a few human lives more or less, from gaining every military advantage possible. Of course, if Russia had pledged herself to another line of conduct, the small excuse which we have suggested fell to the ground.

Meanwhile accounts were received of the capture of the Trojan Pass. This action, which took place on the 7th January, was one of great difficulty, and it was executed with extreme toil, and most courageously. The Turkish position was so strong towards the north that it was hopeless to attack there until a reverse attack had been in some way delivered. It was determined, therefore, that, notwithstanding the intense cold, a portion of the attacking force should attempt a detour among the mountains, and take the Turkish work in flank or rear. Accordingly, a detachment under a colonel set out, and in the night made their way among the peaks and chasms, encountering the utmost difficulties, dragging up and slinging down guns with admirable patience, and at length gaining, towards morning, the point of attack which they had sought. While their toilsome march, or rather scramble, was being accomplished, a Turkish reinforcement was making its way up from Karlova, which is on the south side of the Balkans. It cannot exactly be said that the Turks were too late, as usual, because, although they were too late to enter the work before it was attacked, they were just in time to meet and to engage the attacking force which had made the detour. The Turkish force was by far the

weaker; and it was, after a time, beaten and dispersed. Having disposed of this obstacle, the Russian commander attacked the redoubt, which was at the same time assailed in front by the force that had remained on the northern side. The work was taken about noon on the 7th; but the defenders would seem to have made good their retreat, because we read of the Russian columns, after they had rejoined each other on the captured ground, entering on a pursuit. The victors were rewarded by a large prize of provisions, clothing, ammunition, and tents. We judge from the report that this booty was not found in the stronghold, but was being escorted thither by the reinforcement which was beaten in the pass.

Another disaster to the Turks was the surrender of the garrison of Antivari to the Montenegrins on the 10th January. A large quantity of stores, and some guns, were taken with the place. The Montenegrins were afterwards marching upon Scutari.

And to complete the list of misfortunes, the Russians claimed a victory at Baiburt, in Armenia, over a Turkish cavalry force of more than 6000 men.

The movements of the Turkish forces were at this time very obscure, but as it was announced that a stand would be made at Adrianople, endeavours were, no doubt, being put forth to reach that point, which would become a centre of great interest if the expected armistice should not be at once arranged.

At Constantinople was great consternation, but fortunately no disorder. The Parliament, in an amendment to the address in answer to the Sultan's speech, had stated that if military and diplomatic operations had been conducted in a manner worthy of the sacrifices that had been made by the people the jeop-

ardy of the State would not have been what it now was—an observation to which most people will unhesitatingly agree. It had very little significance in respect to the present misfortunes of the Turkish empire, because the incapacity of which it complains was not confined to this or that individual who may have been intrusted with power. The country had done its best, and that best was very bad. But this utterance of the Parliament would be worth remembering if ever again Turkey should lift her head as a nation. It might serve then as a wholesome lesson, and teach the Porte and the whole nation that if they would effectually resist their enemies in war they must train patriotic and able statesmen and commanders in time of peace. There is no use in hanging, or even in aspersing individuals. It is the whole system that is wrong. With such soldiers as they have put in the field they might have beaten the Russians over and over again had the heads of their civil and military chiefs been capable of understanding situations and using opportunities. The first step towards improvement is to discover and to confess that the national affairs have been badly guided; and this step has been taken by a Parliament, which is an earnest that the enlightenment which must precede regeneration is more likely to be attained under the new constitution than it ever was before. The rush of the population of Roumelia towards the capital was represented in scenes of the most heartrending description. Sufferings the most poignant, and ruin the most complete, had come upon the luckless population. The "atrocities" of 1876 were avenged a hundredfold. The most ruthless of those who had been urging on Russia in her work of slaughter must have been satiated with blood and cruelty. And those who have

discouraged Russia and her deeds must again have been thankful that they were not guilty of horrors like this.

There was no word of anything being done or arranged at Constantinople except for the obtaining an armistice. The fighting energy of the Turk was, for the time, exhausted. Mukhtar Pasha was reported to be in the capital—retained there possibly to conduct its defence; if, after all, it should be attacked. An angry feeling against Great Britain was said to prevail there, but we were not informed as to what act of ours had procured for us this ill-will. It was probably merely the ill-humour of a mortified and harassed people venting itself unreflectingly. The Turkish ships were reported to be attacking and burning defenceless Russian towns on the Black Sea coast—a proceeding that could hardly be called discreet, inasmuch as it would be certain to irritate the Russians, and it did not in any way improve Turkey's position as a suppliant for peace.

Very little information as to the movement of troops on either side came in at the middle of January. This, however, was not because either army was inactive, now that a move had been made towards peace, but rather accidental. It was only more apparent every day that the Russians were delaying, or perhaps altogether postponing, the negotiations. They were pushing on, eager, evidently, to have the Turk entirely at their mercy. Whether there might still be any great fury of despair latent among the Moslems, and about to burst forth if the negotiations should fail, could not be divined; but it was certain that as the invader advanced, the invaded became only the more discouraged. It was folly to make at this time, as some of us were doing, reflections on the ungenerous and sanguinary conduct of Russia in

thus putting obstacles in the way of an armistice. From the first, when she decided to make the war, she had put aside thought of humanity and right; it was not likely that now, in the hour of success, she would, through any scruple of conscience or feeling of pity, refrain from deriving the utmost advantage possible from the war. It was not probable that by making peace at Adrianople, or even in Constantinople, she would impress the nations with a greater awe of her power than if she had made peace from the Balkans; but she evidently was under the conviction that it would be a grand and brilliant thing to hunt the broken Turks now into their capital and there to read them their sentence. This was a mistake, for Europe had got her measure pretty accurately, and was not to be deluded by her cruelty to a broken and dispirited enemy.

For some reason, the Russian authorities were not so ready to publish details of their success in the Schipka Pass as they had been to proclaim particulars of previous victories. It, however, came to light that the capture of the Trojan Pass, which we have already noted, was only part of an extensive concerted movement, having the conquest of the Schipka for its principal object. The troops which had taken the Trojan, and moved through it, and some of those which had crossed by the Etropol way, collected at or near the village of Schipka (the point from which Suleiman advanced to his useless Schipka war in the summer). To these were added very strong corps, which crossed by other passes, exhibiting incredible fortitude in so doing. It was not yet stated how many men were on the south of the Balkan ridge; but they must have been very numerous, as there were four or five general officers on this side.

While this strong attack was being prepared, the Turks were amused by pretended advances upon points to the north of the mountain-chain; but these advances ceased, and the troops in great force moved upon the pass as soon as it was known that all was going well on the south. The expedition was prepared with the greatest care, and nothing was left undone or unprovided which might contribute to its success. The men were well rationed for eight days, and they carried ninety-six rounds of ammunition per man. There was the usual difficulty in moving their guns through the nine or ten feet depth of snow which in many places covered the hillsides; but this was overcome. When all was done that preparation could do, it was still a fearful trial of men's endurance to wage war on these mountains in the depth of winter. This trial the Russian troops passed through bravely; the worst part of their adventure was over; they were closing both ends of the pass. Indeed their object was as good as accomplished once some of them had made their way over the mountains; for they vastly outnumbered the Turks in the pass, who probably had now the alternatives of dying where they were or of surrendering as they did. The details of the fighting had not yet been communicated, but we know the result. We know, too, that the Turks showed not the least activity or ability in watching the hills, where, from knowledge of the ground, they ought to have had such advantage. If their resistance had been added to the power of the elements, this attack upon the pass, strong as it was, might have been frustrated. When peril is upon the Turk he will encounter it like a hero, and now and then beat it back; but he will take little or no trouble in watching for and warding off peril, far less will he be at

pains to watch his enemy's needs, and to fall on him at disadvantage. It cannot always have been this way with the Turk or he would not be where he is; but among moderns this has become his character.

After the Russians had made their ways across the mountain-chain secure, there was some delay in their pouring into Roumelia, and this must have been caused by the immense difficulties of the passage. When we thought that the Turks must have been racing with the invaders for the earlier attainment of Adrianople, we still heard of them in front of the head of the railway; the telegraphic communication between Tatar Bazardjik and the capital was uninterrupted. Although, to all appearance, the defence of the former town must collapse, Suleiman Pasha was reported to be maintaining a desperate fight in front of it, and even to have had some early success. He had ordered Philippopolis to be burned, which indicated that he had yet some plan of arresting the Russian march on Adrianople. We knew too little of the real situation to be able to judge what this plan might be, or whether it had any chance of success. As regarded mere distance, we could see by the map that some of the Russian columns were nearer than Suleiman to Adrianople; but we remembered that many of these came across the mountains with eight days' provisions and ninety-six rounds of rifle ammunition each. It was not clear whether as yet they had been able to bring up supplies of any bulk through the pass, or whether they were provided with artillery. Until some of their trains had come up, they could not be in a position to move

southwards; hence it was possible that Suleiman had some temporary advantage of which he was making the most. As against his chance of success, it was reported that the Russians were at Chirpan, and were marching upon Yeni Mahale, which is on the south of the railway.* If they were thus moving in any force, they were blocking both the railway and the highroad between Philippopolis and Adrianople. Later accounts stated that Suleiman had made good his retreat from Philippopolis, but that Russian columns were still awaiting him farther to the eastward. If he was really keeping them at distance, even temporarily, he was doing good service, and assisting the negotiations for an armistice.

On the morning of the 17th January, which was the day on which the session of the English Parliament was to be opened, there was a remarkable change in the tone of the foreign intelligence. Russia was quite sincere about the armistice. Her plenipotentiaries were even going forward to meet the Turkish envoys, so as to hasten proceedings. The Russian journals of the day before, many of which were quoted at some length, no longer asserted Russia's determination to take the course which might please herself concerning peace, and no longer breathed defiance of other Powers. On the contrary, their articles were full of assurances that the interests of no great Power would be prejudiced by the terms of the coming peace, and that kind, benevolent Russia would so conduct her negotiations as to produce general satisfaction. The day's news was evidently concocted under a belief that some important resolu-

* It should be noted that there is another Yeni Mahale a little to the east of Yeni Zaghra. Of course, the significance of the telegram was greatly altered if it only intended to tell us that the Russian force at Yeni Zaghra was moving on the more eastern Yeni Mahale.

tions as regarded Russia would be taken that day in England. The intention clearly was to make the public, and especially the Legislature, of this country perceive that Russia is a Power to be lauded and caressed rather than thwarted and denounced. The cloven foot was carefully concealed for the occasion, but it would be sure to peep out again by-and-by. We could only hope that Englishmen would be better advised than to listen to the glozing nonsense. It was so far complimentary to us that it manifested a wholesome anxiety as to what our Parliament might do: but it was just as reliable as those accounts which in past days used to be laid before meetings of railway shareholders, which accounts used to be "cooked" with some skill, and submitted to the meetings so as "to make things pleasant." Russian designs, we might be sure, had been fixed for a long while past: Russian professions might be framed to suit occasions.

Without doubt the meeting of the Parliament of Great Britain was most anxiously looked for, not only by Russians, but by all the politicians of Europe. Her Majesty's Speech was expected to contain some weird utterances which were to keep Europe at peace or to plunge it into war. Would the Queen go down to Westminster bearing the olive branch, or would she fling the apple of discord on the floor of the House of Lords—which? Would further licence be accorded to Russia, or would the strict observance of treaties be insisted on, and the bear balked of some of his hoped-for spoil? The Continent was agape for news from St Stephen's. Curious, this; considering that England was out of the running, and condemned to be treated as an insignificant State!

Englishmen, of course, were not so silly as to think they could learn

the fate of the world from the Queen's Speech. They nevertheless looked forward to the utterances of Ministers in Parliament as likely to explain the political situation, and to afford a clear exposition of the course which the Government had been following. The Opposition were probably not rejoicing in the prospect of clear statements and explanations, which were likely to spoil their Iago-like efforts, and possibly to put them to some shame. But the great mass of the people, after being for so many months exercised by innuendoes and rumours, was glad to have once more something substantial to rest its faith on, and some trustworthy guide as to the conduct which it might behave this nation to follow in the present emergency. They had made up their minds to do what was right and honourable; but they wanted some light as to how honour and justice might incline in this difficult tangle which had twisted itself around the Turks.

Her Majesty's Speech was in due time before the world, and was found to be entirely in accordance with the professions made by Ministers at, and ever since, the commencement of the war. It breathed the desire for peace, and the belief that peace might be attained; but it did not fail to remind us and our neighbours what the attitude of England would continue to be until an honourable peace, consistent with our interests, had been consummated. England was neutral, but conditionally neutral. Though peace was her aim and her hope, there was yet a possibility that affairs might take a turn which, by endangering British interests, would oblige her Majesty to take measures of precaution, and to call upon her Parliament to supply the means which might be necessary for that purpose. It was impossible to glance less pointedly or less offensively at a

contingency which it was absolutely necessary to advert to, if the words "conditional neutrality" were to have any meaning at all as our rule of conduct. We say that her Majesty could not have kept this deprecatory result of current negotiations more in the background, or have alluded to it more mildly, or with more distaste than she did. And yet her Majesty's two or three words simply recognising the possibility of our taking part in hostilities, sent, as it were, a cold blast all over Europe, the chill of which was reflected upon London in a hundred telegrams before our own Legislature had had time to consider and to reply to the Speech. The sensation was quite disproportionate to its cause—indeed it was absurd; but it was an involuntary tribute to the great weight which the designs of England possess in all parts of Europe—in councils, on *bourses*, at men's firesides, and wherever political events could be felt and understood.

Some of the Opposition in Parliament disapproved of the Speech as warlike, and as calculated to raise baseless hopes in Turkey, and so to prolong the war. It is easy enough to cavil; but we should have liked to hear any responsible member of Opposition declare whether, in his opinion, her Majesty's remark about precautions could with propriety have been omitted. To have been silent as to what this country might do in an extreme case would have been disappointing to anxious minds among ourselves, and most unfair to other States. It is fitting that all classes of Englishmen should know that the rights of Great Britain, if encroached on, will be maintained with the sword; and as, during the recess of Parliament, many assertions concerning peace and war have been put before the

world by irresponsible persons, nothing could be more proper than to let foreigners know by authority what the intentions of this country are. We are not going to seek a quarrel with any one, nor to fight unless provoked; but we shall undoubtedly make war on any Power that may attempt to trench upon our rights or interests. This may prove to have been a wholesome caution. As to the Turks misunderstanding us, and prolonging a hopeless struggle in order to drag us in, the answer is, that the Turks have been advised of our meaning as plainly as words and acts can inform. If they *will* not understand, the fault is not ours; and we are not to forbear doing what is right and necessary because perverse minds may put an unwarrantable construction on what we do. Tens of thousands of reflecting and conscientious persons in this country will be well satisfied that the Queen spoke so candidly, yet so benevolently, as she did.

While her Majesty's words were yet ringing in our ears, we were aware of another champion of the sacredness of treaties having entered the lists. Austria, after her long, though perhaps not inexplicable reticence, had spoken out and declared that she would not allow the engagements of 1856 and 1871 to be thrust aside, and that she would insist on having her interests considered when terms of peace came to be arranged between Russia and Turkey. Most people will be of opinion that it would have been much better if Austria had, some months ago, insisted upon loyalty to existing engagements. Then, probably, there would have been no war. But we will not indulge in reflections on the past, but rejoice that Austria has at last deemed the integrity of treaties to be a thing worth asserting. There was much

to encourage us in the course which things were taking, and this cruel war might yet end in a manner which would not shock lovers of justice.

A little patience would be necessary before we could see how far Austria's claims might extend, and how they would be supported. Her breaking silence just now looked anything but hopeful for the little States that had been pecking at Turkey on speculation : if it should lead to the disappointment of all their schemes few would pity them. It is to be hoped, indeed, that Austria may have a great deal to say concerning the right bank of the Danube, and that the Powers may be about to return to the line of conduct to which their instincts would naturally prompt them, the spell which held them motionless having been at length broken.

We confess to much surprise that some of our Conservative friends, after witnessing this change in Austria's behaviour, profess themselves disappointed that our Queen's words were not more definite, more decided, more minatory, in fact. They speak as if only Russia and Turkey and England had had the least interest in this war. While they clearly perceive that Turkey would readily have embroiled England, and made her do all the work, they do not realise the truth that other Powers besides Turkey were anxious to see England assume the task of withstanding Russia, and doing their work as well as Turkey's. They do not connect Austria's tardy announcement of her intentions with her conviction (also tardy) that the English Government is wide awake; that it is not going to trouble itself with looking after Austria's interests; and that if Austria desires to limit the extension of Russian power in Europe she has not a moment to lose, but must stir herself at once. A more warlike announcement from

the English throne might have encouraged Austria to withdraw once more into her mysterious impenetrability. Later on, perhaps, our friends will estimate more justly the extremely difficult pilotage which has been necessary, and which has been forthcoming, to keep England's head straight through this rotatory storm. They will recognise, perhaps, that England, instead of being daffed aside, and put out of the account during the past ten months, has really been the centre of attention, the observed of all foreign observers; that the sound of her cannon has been watched for by cunning statesmen; and that her prudence and moderation and loyalty have triumphed over craft and selfishness, and may yet be potent for the re-establishment of right.

If there be in Europe any Powers that greatly desire to see Russia weakened without appearing to be unfriendly to her themselves, such Powers must now be amply satisfied. Russia has certainly exhausted herself; and it will probably now depend on the will of other nations whether she shall have any indemnity for the strength which she has expended, or even whether now she shall not be somewhat forced back from her position before the war, so that her intriguing and restlessness may be made to cease. In Russian ambition lies the greatest danger to the peace of Europe; and to curb that ambition would be now an entirely justifiable design. While all join in ameliorating the condition of the Christians in Turkey, all may likewise join in rigidly circumscribing Russian territory, and in returning to the assertion of old treaty obligations. The experience we have had of vassal states subject to Turkey has not been such as to encourage us to maintain the existing ones, or to constitute new ones on the same pattern.

Such States are simply tinder-boxes for Russia, in which she can raise flames at pleasure, and threaten to set the Turkish empire in a blaze. As barriers between Turkey and Russia, they are simply ridiculous. The States now existing have behaved so badly, that they are entitled to no sort of consideration in the great account. Provided sufficient guarantees could be taken from Turkey for the just government of the whole of her provinces, it is a question whether these miserable principalities might not conveniently be abolished. We do not wish anything unjust or injurious to the peoples to be done, but we think that wholesome changes which would be perfectly just and harmless may be made; and we trust that if a Congress should be assembled, as now seems likely, it will carefully consider this matter. No puppet prince in Servia or Roumania, should have it in his power to disturb the peace of Europe.

Not the Russians only, but the Fates, seemed determined to put difficulties in the way of an armistice, and to procrastinate. When the way of the plenipotentiaries had been smoothed to a great extent, and there was a prospect of their meeting the Russian Grand Duke at Kesanlik, an intelligent Turkish officer at Semenli (the point which they had reached), observing the Russian cavalry escort which had been sent to conduct them to the headquarters of the commander-in-chief, and concluding that the enemy was upon him, blew up the railway bridge. It was, however, to be hoped that by the 19th January the important deputation had arrived at its destination, and that a cessation of hostilities had been agreed on. Military movements were very sparingly telegraphed at this date; but we know not whether the dearth of intelligence might signify that the armies were arrested

in their operations in consequence of an armistice having been agreed upon, or that communication had been interrupted. It was nearly a week since Server Pasha and Namyk Pasha set out from Constantinople, and yet we had no news that the object of their mission had been accomplished. The impression was deepening in England that Russia was delaying negotiations, and at the same time pushing forward her armies to compass at least the capture of Adrianople, before she was forced to hold her hand, even if it were impracticable for her to dictate terms within view of Constantinople. A victorious army, in momentary expectation of the order to cease fighting, naturally endeavours to gain all that can be gained while the state of war continues; and Cabinets do not always think it wise to be too eager in arresting the soldiers' career. Mistakes under such circumstances are not uncommon—and there are instances of battles having been fought after the date of making peace. The Turks should have understood this, and should have stood at bay with more than their wonted obstinacy while terms were being arranged.

The news which came to hand on 21st January was not the hoped-for report of an armistice, but a confirmation of a rumour, which had been current on the previous day (Sunday), to the effect that Adrianople had been evacuated by the Ottoman troops—a most disastrous piece of intelligence, even if circumstances had made it strategically necessary or proper. It was only too apparent that, while negotiations were proceeding with far more than necessary dilatoriness, military approaches were being pushed forward with unintermitting despatch. In respect of the one, ceremony, petty hindrances, trifling journeys, were allowed to postpone business; in respect of the other,

all obstacles were made to vanish, no rest to the invading troops, no mercy to the defenceless populations of Turkish towns and villages. The Turks were drinking the cup of bitterness to the dregs; it was yet a question how far the ruthless victor would be allowed to profit by his inhumanity and his hypocrisy. We did not wonder that some of the more vehement of our countrymen thought that the day of vengeance had at length arrived, and that England, if she meant ever to raise her hand, must declare war now. We quite admit that the behaviour of Russia was such as to rouse the honest indignation of every Briton—to make the muscles of every British right arm quiver with desire to strike at those insolent barbarians. But we must not allow sentiment to overpower judgment; we must not by premature action spoil the *dénouement* towards which things are working. *Nullum numen abest si sit prudentia.* We never undertook to champion Turkey, and we cannot think of undertaking to do so now. We *did* undertake to hold every legitimate British interest inviolate; and we have full confidence that our Government will fulfil their *devoir* in that regard to the letter. The mad assailants of the Ministry have been silenced, because the ground on which they rested their accusations has been cut from under them. Let not the well-wishers of our rulers inflict, by their impatience, an injury as great as our enemies would gladly have wrought by their calumnies and popular agitations. We predict nothing. But we see that there is a grand diplomatic game on the cards. And we *think* that we have got an adept at the table, who knows how to play it.

“Fools may deride our awkward pace,
But *slow and steady* wins the race.”

A letter from Midhat Pasha in

the morning papers of the 21st showed the condition of the fugitive Mussulmans to be miserable and heartrending. The *Christians* were in the ascendant, and were illustrating their religion by fearful barbarities and crimes. Whole communities, houseless and starving, were perishing in the snow, and in many cases driven to suicide by their intolerable sufferings. Of Suleiman and his army nothing certain could be learned as we were concluding our notice; the probability was that he was retreating towards the south, the abandonment of the defence of Adrianople having set him free to make his way to the capital by any convenient route. As telegraphic communication between Adrianople and Constantinople was said to be interrupted, it was concluded that a Russian force had taken possession of the former town.

As the defence of Sophia had been announced as determined on, then the defence of Bazardjik, and afterwards that of Adrianople, so now we were assured that Constantinople would be defended to the last extremity in case an armistice should not be promptly agreed upon. Of course one knows not what to expect. The peninsula at the extremity of which the Ottoman capital stands, is capable of being successfully defended by a moderate force of determined men; but it may reasonably be inquired whether there be now left any determined man or officer in the Turkish army. There is reason to fear that the idea of the Russian being irresistible is now dominant in many Turkish minds.

There will be much history made, probably before this January is run out; we only regret that it will not be permitted us to record it in this Number. The chapter must end shortly as far as the Turks are concerned. But what then?

THE MEETING OF PARLIAMENT.

IN anticipation of the new phase of the Eastern Question, which has undoubtedly been reached, now that the last hopes of military equality between Russia and Turkey have vanished, we last month drew attention to those British interests, the violation of which would alone justify forcible intervention by ourselves. The collapse of Turkish power of resistance has come sooner than we expected, and we have no means of accurately gauging the extent of Russian exhaustion. Their position cannot, however, be an enviable one. Their communications are broken, they are suffering from the intense cold of the Balkans, and unless they have stored up provisions for weeks to come, things are even now in a critical position. That, however, is mere supposition. What is obvious is, that they are in enormous force, and are completely victorious, while, at the same time, the range of such conditions of peace as it is possible for them to impose without infraction of the treaty rights of other nations, and without violation of the Imperial word of honour, is extremely limited. It is on all hands admitted that Great Britain has important interests and treaty rights in that quarter of the world which are in danger of being disturbed; and it is of the utmost importance to come to a clear understanding amongst ourselves and with Europe, what is the attitude which we mean to take. Should the very existence of the British empire be at stake, then, we take it, no doubt arises that the country would unanimously decide to fight. That, however, is the case only with regard to our communications through Egypt, and these are not likely to be

touched. But the difficulty lies with regard to those questions which cannot be said to affect our existence, but which are nevertheless questions of high policy, in the fitting solution of which our interests and our reputation are largely concerned. No one can say that the question, whether Constantinople and the Straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles should or should not pass under the dominion of Russia openly, or as the domineering patron of Turkey, is a question of other than first-rate importance to us. It is equally so, no doubt, to Austria; it is a question of freedom of commerce along the Danube and the shores of the Black Sea—of freedom of communications between very important portions of the world. There are also military and political considerations involved, and the whole scheme of the new settlement between Russia and Turkey must be looked at from the point of view of European equilibrium, freedom of commerce, and freedom of communications.

It was on the eve of negotiations, in which these questions are involved, that Parliament met. At such a juncture it was clearly of the last importance that this country should show that it was unanimous and decided. It was equally desirable that it should refuse to take up any unreasonable or untenable position, and that it should present a determined front in reference to what it declared to be its essential interests. Where it claims a veto it should be prepared to enforce it. In that way war would most certainly be avoided. There is, we believe, no fear of this country being dragged into hostilities unless the manœuvres of our peace fire-

brands and the paralysis of our party divisions invite aggression. There never was a time when not merely patriotism, but a regard for the interests of humanity and the general peace, so imperatively demanded that public men in England should temporarily lay aside their jealousies, and rally round the Sovereign for the purpose of warding off the necessity for war. The example and warning of 1854 are before the eyes of every one; victorious Russia is not to be impeded, and anxious Austria is not to be encouraged, by a disunited and uncertain Power; the possible alternative of war must, at least, be present to everybody's mind. Under these circumstances Parliament met; and we must say that, in our opinion, the Liberal leaders were not worthy of the occasion. It was one upon which they were, in our opinion, bound to be explicit. A policy of reserve,—one of waiting to avail themselves of the chapter of accidents—of waiting for the Ministerial proposals, in order to turn them to party advantage regardless of national safety,—is not one which redounds to their credit. It rested with them to establish that unity of the national counsels, and firmness of the national resolves, which would have rendered war impossible, or, at least, in the last degree improbable.

It is no doubt an act of considerable self-denial for the Opposition to disclose its policy and renounce the advantages of closing in hostile discussion on the merits of the Ministerial proposals; and, as a general rule, their duty does not impose it upon them. But the crisis at the present time is too momentous, and the magnitude of the issue—peace or war—too appalling, to justify reserve. Moreover, there are in the ranks of Opposition men of considerable influence, and one

of exceptional power—Mr Gladstone—who are in favour of giving a *carte blanche* to Russia to do as she likes. At all events that is the only construction which we can put on Mr Gladstone's short speech on the first night of the session. If it is the case that half of the English people, or anything like half of them, are really favourable to such a policy, who amongst us would counsel war under such circumstances, until a sense of peril to the national existence induced greater unanimity? And if a *carte blanche* is not to be given to the Czar to do as he pleases, have not England and Europe a right to expect, not merely from the English Ministry, but from the leaders of the English Opposition, an explicit statement,—what are those British interests which they are prepared to defend, and what are the conditions, the infringement of which would put an end to our neutrality? Such a declaration would have been of infinite importance on the eve of these critical negotiations, and would have removed considerable anxiety as to the future course of events.

We summarised the position of affairs last month with a view to its clear understanding, and we now propose to consider the effect of the meeting of Parliament and its possible results. It had one conspicuous advantage—viz., that it cleared away at once, exactly as it did last year, a vast amount of suspicion and misrepresentation as to the actual course and policy of the Ministry. The determination to suspect the Government of desiring war is a notable instance of party spirit completely warping political judgment, and rendering a considerable part of the nation unable to form an independent opinion, or even to observe what is before their eyes with accuracy and

intelligence. We have never detected the slightest ground for supposing that the policy of the Government was other than a policy of peace, or that it ever contemplated war for the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire, with or without allies, from the date of Mr Disraeli's significant declaration at the Mansion House more than two years ago, that British interests alone would be regarded, and that they, however important, were less direct than those of other Powers. However, all are agreed now that the Ministerial policy is one of peace. And the only criticism which it is worth while to pass on the misrepresentations of the recess is in the language of Mr Roebuck, and that because it bears quite as much on the future as on the past. He wrote (and we entirely agree with him) that he deemed it

"Unjust and dangerous to attribute intentions to our Government which no one can prove them to entertain, and which they altogether disclaim. By so doing we weaken their influence abroad, and render more difficult the task which lies before them, and take away from the power for good which our country ought to possess. The discordant clamour of contending parties here in England does infinite mischief, as it leads foreign nations to believe that there is no stability in our councils, and that for anything we can do in the great present troubles of Europe, England may be left out of consideration. If, on the other hand, we were to exhibit to the world the spectacle of a nation steadily supporting our Government, the word of the Government would have weight with all parties in the conflict going on, and our endeavours to procure peace and an honourable settlement of the present discords would be successful."

It strikes us that this is an expression of opinion well worthy of consideration by all; and we pass on to consider the intentions of Government as disclosed to Parlia-

ment, and the probable effect of the manner in which that disclosure was received by the Opposition.

The Speech from the Throne reiterated the policy of conditional neutrality, and expressed her Majesty's belief that both parties to the contest were desirous to respect those conditions *so far as it may be in their power*. It pointedly alluded to the danger of any prolongation of hostilities, and the necessity in that case of adopting measures of precaution against any unexpected occurrences which might then be feared. In case of the war being continued between Russia and Turkey, preparation by the English Government, and supplies by the English Parliament, are within the immediate contemplation of her Majesty's advisers.

The announcement is, no doubt, of the utmost importance, and one which Russia, Austria, and her Majesty's Opposition are bound to take notice of. The papers presented to both Houses clearly show that the Turks have received ample warning that the defence of their empire is not the object of those preparations, but the vindication of those British interests which were defined in Lord Derby's despatch of last May. What seems to us to have been most desirable in the interests of peace was, that the Liberal party should declare at what point between the unreserved assertion of our rights, under the treaty of 1856, as renewed and modified in 1871, on the one hand, and a mere defence of the Suez Canal on the other, they were prepared to recognise essential British interests, and offer a united front to imminent aggression. The Government had declared themselves in Lord Derby's despatch. Which of the conditions there laid down did the Opposition approve, and which of them did they reject as

non-essential? On the eve of critical negotiations is it too much to expect that they should indicate the position which this country would firmly and unanimously defend? A more important declaration it would be impossible for public men to make, or one which would more effectually influence the re-establishment of peace.

The Ministerial explanations seem to us to put the policy of the Government beyond a doubt. Lord Beaconsfield explained the summoning of Parliament to have been due to "the great change which had occurred in the diplomatic position of affairs." England had been the means of opening communications between the two belligerents after all military equality between them had entirely disappeared; the issue of those negotiations was all-important, the changed aspect of the question unmistakeable. The past policy of the country he described in these terms:—

"Our policy was not a hasty policy; it was not dependent merely on the Russians crossing the Pruth, or on some occurrence having suddenly brought about a state of affairs which might have been anticipated. Long before my noble friend (the Marquis of Salisbury) attended the Conference at Constantinople, we had foreseen the possibility of this great struggle occurring, and we had to consider what was the duty of English statesmen, what the character of British interests which might be affected by such a war, and what the course we ought to pursue. We came, after long deliberation, to the conclusion that it was the interest of this country in that war to observe a neutrality. In arriving at that conclusion, it was not merely the Danube, the fortress of Kars, or the port of Batoum alone that we considered; we had to take a large view of the then existing circumstances,—we had to consider the policy and condition of many other countries, and we arrived at a unanimous decision—not a hasty one, but a unanimous decision—that

it was our duty to establish a policy of neutrality in case of any war between Russia and the Ottoman empire. From that moment we never swerved."

And then he went on further to show that from that moment that policy had never been questioned in Parliament. After the war broke out, it was explained that that neutrality was conditional upon British interests being guarded and maintained; and the nature of these interests—all of them being material and substantial—was carefully defined. Negotiations for peace were now on the point of beginning. They may fail—it may be necessary actively to guard these interests; and if so, Parliament must supply the means. He vindicated the Government from the charge of having isolated England, and showed that at this very moment it was exercising an influence over the belligerents greater than all the other Powers put together. And then followed this passage, which has the ring about it of a statesman who is confident in himself, his Government, and the nation whom he leads.

"This country has been isolated. At the commencement of this century it was isolated; but how and why was it isolated? It was isolated at the commencement of this century because, among the craven communities of Europe, it alone asserted and vindicated national independence. It was a great cause which your forefathers then maintained; and however depressed trade may be, whatever may be the circumstances brought forward to enervate the national mind, whatever may be the considerations introduced to prevent you from acting as your forefathers then did, it may be your duty to follow in their footsteps. If that cause were again at stake—if there were a Power that threatened the peace of the world with a predominance fatal to public liberty and national independence, I feel confident that your lordships would not be afraid of the charge of being isolated, if you stood alone in

maintaining such a cause and in fighting for such a British interest."

At present, however, he declared that the country was not isolated at all; that its influence in the councils of Europe was greatly felt; that it would be exercised for the greatest interests of humanity, for the termination of these hostilities, and for the procuring of a peace which would be in every way stable and enduring. And he concluded a splendid speech with the following uncompromising language:—

"But if we are called upon to vindicate our rights, and to defend the interests of this country—if our present hopes and prospects are baffled—if there be circumstances which demand that we should appeal to Parliament again and again for means to vindicate the honour of the realm, and to preserve and maintain the interests of the Empire,—I am sure that her Majesty's Government will never hesitate to take that course."

It was all very well for the Duke of Argyll to declaim about the selfishness of attending to British interests, and to declare that "a baser doctrine he had never heard maintained in Parliament than had been laid down by the Prime Minister,—that we ought to look only to our own selfish and material interests, as if there were no moral interest, and we had nothing to do with it." The House of Lords paid just as much attention to this high-flown sentiment as it deserved. Lord Salisbury pointed out that the policy recommended in the Duke's speech, like that of Mr Gladstone and others, is one which approves an unrighteous and inopportune war—a war which has accumulated into nine short months more misery than would result from generations of Turkish misgovernment, and is also one which would reduce the Turks to absolute desperation. He reiterated the

statement of Ministerial policy, as laid down by Lord Beaconsfield, in terms which completely disprove the accusation of dissension between them. With regard to the British interests likely to be jeopardised, he declined to define them more narrowly than the Government had already done. He denied that it was in any spirit of despair of peace that they would ask, if occasion arose, to be enabled to take necessary precautions. The Government had every confidence in the humane instincts and the high prudence of the Emperor of Russia, and that he would overcome influences by which he is undoubtedly surrounded, and that a real peace might put a stop to this terrible and desolating war; but he significantly concluded:—

"We feel that the best intentions and the most powerful will have not always been able to control the caprice of armies in the flush of victory. The noble lords opposite know that in Central Asia some four years ago, the Imperial will was not only powerless to prevent, but powerless to retract, a step which the Imperial ambassador had undertaken to avoid. Look again at our own history. We know the story about Nelson preferring to put the telescope to his blind eye; and there may be—and I do not doubt that there are—Nelsons in courage, and in wilfulness too, in the Russian army. Into this matter, however, I do not wish to enter more closely. I do not wish to examine what are exactly the circumstances under which the interests which have been defined will be threatened, but I know that the wave of war is approaching closely to the localities with which those interests are connected; and before the Parliament of England lies this alternative,—if it does not trust the present Government, let it provide itself with a Government which it does trust; but if it does trust the present Government, let it confide to it the proper means for efficiently performing the great duty which its confidence has imposed upon it."

In the House of Commons the Ministry was equally explicit; and although no vote was taken, and no money asked for, the policy of the Government was very clearly explained. We have no doubt that the House faithfully represents the extreme unwillingness of the English nation to find itself at war; but, at the same time, it will firmly support the Government in case of need.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer explained the reason of calling Parliament together. The military issue had clearly been decided in favour of Russia; and it was possible, under these circumstances, that, notwithstanding her pledges and demands before the war, she might "develop new views and wishes." It was important to see if these in any way affected the position of this country. At the same time, "we are not anxious to place ourselves on a footing different from that of other nations, or to separate ourselves from the European concert." No arrangement could be made without the consent and assent of the other European Powers, if the peace is one which in any way varies or affects the arrangements between these Powers. England desired a fair, proper, and reasonable settlement of the government of the Christian provinces of Turkey. "We believe that now is the time when, by proper action and influence, we may hope to localise the war; and we earnestly desire to put a stop to it altogether." The policy of the Government is one of difficulty and delicacy, "but it is not one which we shall be able to follow with success unless we have the avowed support and confidence of Parliament and of the country." He deprecated the Government being weakened in every step they took, and in every declaration they made, by insinuations of insincerity.

The interests of Europe are not separated from those of England, and are certainly not opposed to them.

The tone of these explanations and communications, as well as the course of Russia in regard to the armistice and the recent total collapse of the Turkish armies, must be a subject of grave anxiety. The fall of Adrianople without a blow struck in its defence, is an alarming symptom that we are rapidly approaching a great crisis. What part is England to take in it? Are we to say that we stand clear of the whole business; that we will leave the question of future arrangements, including the fate of Constantinople and the Straits, to be settled between Russia and Turkey, and possibly Austria? Are we entirely to abdicate our position and our duties, secured and imposed by treaties, and abandon interests, the remote danger to which induced us to embark in the Crimean war? If that is the case, the sooner any political party in this country which adopts that view plainly avows it the better. It is true that such a course is far more adapted to promote Russian than English interests; but if it is adopted, or likely to be adopted, by any large and considerable portion of the strength of the nation, the sooner it is clearly understood the better it will be for English interests. If party divisions in reality efface this country; if, as Prince Bismark observed of us, we are an exhausted Power, and count for nothing in European politics, we had better find it out sooner than later; we had better abandon our rights before we venture to assert them, rather than falter in the attitude we have once openly assumed. But we do not understand that the bulk of the Liberal party has adopted that craven course. There has been throughout a very strong desire to

make party capital out of this Eastern Question, and the undoubted difficulties of the Government—difficulties which were very much the creation and the bequest of Liberal Governments. But the party, as a party, has not declared for peace at any price—for openly withdrawing from the Eastern Question, and allowing Russia to have entirely her own way. And yet it is difficult to see, so guarded are the utterances of its chiefs, and so given to “hedging” as they are, not merely on the subject of Church Establishment, but also on the question of peace or war—it is impossible to predict what course they will take, except that they will do their best, under any circumstances, to put the Government in a minority. It is true Mr Bright wrote a letter the other day, in which he put it plainly that it would be the extreme of folly to go to war under any circumstances; and that, whether the Ministry were of that opinion or not, their party interests were on the side of peace. But Mr Bright’s views are as peculiar as his mode of expressing them is violent; moreover, he does not represent the party. Mr Forster has once and again discussed the question of British interests and duties. He admits that we possess them, but he never seems to us to throw much light on the question, in his extreme anxiety to keep his hands clear, and avoid committing himself to a definite opinion. At Bradford, at the beginning of last month, he said:—

“Undoubtedly we have certain interests, and our interests must be guarded by the country and the Government on peace being made, as much as during war. There are treaties to which the European Powers, and we among them, have assented with reference to this Eastern Question, and there can be no alteration in these treaties, according to European law,

without the assent of the different Powers.”

He considered there was no danger of Russia obtaining possession of Constantinople, but it was not specially our business to keep her out of it. And that seems to be pretty generally the burden of Liberal speeches—a disagreeable contingency is put out of sight, and a discussion invited on the comparative claims of the Greeks and the Turks, and the comparative advantages of one or other possessing this powerful and commanding situation. Sir William Harcourt at Oxford spoke in a very similar strain. He scouted the idea of going to war for Armenia. As to the Russian claim to recover Bessarabia, she might settle that with her Roumanian allies. As to the passage of the Dardanelles, he thought it would be the Western Powers, and not Russia, who would claim that it should be made free. He desired as little as any one to see Constantinople in the hands of the Russians. Russia, however, was under the most binding obligations to Germany and Austria not to acquire Constantinople. “Russia dares not, if she would, violate her pledges to Austria; and an Austrian *corps d’armée* placed on her lines of communication would compel her to retreat to-morrow.” That is exactly the strain which commends itself to the Opposition—a comfortable assurance that other Powers will do their duty, and relieve us of all danger and the necessity for any effort. It would have been far more to the purpose to define where he considered English duty in the matter began, and promise a manly and independent support to the Government in the anxious and arduous task of fulfilling it. Still, we note the admission that Russia is not to have it entirely her own way, and that in certain contingencies a European war is inevitable.

With this state of things, and after these incoherent and confused utterances on the part of leading Liberals in the vacation, Parliament met; and it becomes of very considerable public importance to know what is the policy of her Majesty's Opposition. Will they support the Government, or have they a rival policy of their own? It is time they made up their minds, and declared their intentions. Yet the result is to make confusion worse confounded. Some of them are so dominated by animosity to the Turks—perhaps in one or two instances by animosity to Lord Beaconsfield—that they are prepared to give Russia a *carte blanche* to do as she likes; to meet any attempt by the Ministry to enforce the conditions of their neutrality by a determined attempt to organise a vehement resistance. For instance, there was the statement by the Duke of Argyll, one of the surviving members of the Cabinet which waged the Crimean war, levelled at the Turks. He declared that "it was directly in the teeth of our interests and our honour that we should say that Constantinople or any territory should remain in their hands." Yet it was to ward off a remote and contingent danger to this very city, and this very people, that the Duke expended English blood and treasure little more than twenty years ago! Mr Gladstone's speech was exactly in the same strain; inspired by an almost feverish anxiety lest Russia should be stopped in her course,—an implied denial of there being any English interests and duties in the case, except, we presume, the duty of urging to its utmost enthusiasm "the strong humanity of the Czar"—of stimulating the Russians to the extinction of Turkish power. He rose simply with the view to clinch this part of the Chancellor's speech, "Until we know the

Russian demands and conditions we have no proposals to make." He then went on to argue strenuously that Russia was not bound to limit her demands to the terms for which she was originally to keep the peace. He did not complain that the Government had warned the House that they might come to Parliament to ask for additional means. He would judge that necessity on its merits when it arose; "but," he added, "I confess I have a firm, the very strongest opinion, that the circumstances of our own position would not justify an increase of our military strength. I may also add, that such an increase would be clearly in contradiction to the express wishes of the country." He agreed in the strongest manner that the Government could not go forward without the support of Parliament or of the country. "A difference of party in this House on a question whether there should be peace or war is a public evil of the gravest character, and one that ought never to be encountered but for the sake of hindering a greater evil—viz., the dragging of this country, and perhaps all Europe, into war for an unrighteous cause." The question, he added, would be a very serious one indeed, if a demand of this kind were made; and in the meantime he was thankful that it was delayed. The gist of the whole speech was, that Russia ought to be allowed a free course; that under no circumstances which he contemplated or would condescend to mention, ought she to be delayed or impeded in her course; and that the moment Government asked for supplies to enable them to defend the purely British interests involved, he would vehemently oppose the dragging of this country, and perhaps all Europe, into war for an unrighteous cause. We consider this speech to be a most mischievous one; one which invites,

and aggravates, and accumulates difficulties for his political opponents, at the risk of rendering war unavoidable. It needs no foresight to be aware that Russia in her present position, and strongly encouraged by the Liberal party of England, whether by their more out-spoken or their half-hearted and hesitating declarations, may kindle a flame which years will fail to extinguish.

The two leaders of the Liberal party, Lord Granville and Lord Hartington, also spoke on the first night of the session; and to their speeches, no doubt, the attention of England and Europe has been anxiously directed. Lord Granville touched in a slighting manner on the past incidents of the situation; the Andrassy Note, the Berlin Memorandum, the Conference, the London Protocol, the Guildhall speeches of the Premier and the Turkish ambassador, and some Ministerial speeches during the recess. He complained that no explanation was given of the object of summoning Parliament. It had been represented as a demonstration of benevolent neutrality, likely to irritate Russia, and certain to encourage the Turks. From Lord Carnarvon's speech one could scarcely have anticipated that Government wanted to take precautions against an unexpected contingency. All this was followed by carping criticisms as to the reasons assigned in the Queen's Speech for summoning Parliament, and a comparison of dates designed to show that these reasons were inoperative at the time.

With regard to the demand made, or likely to be made, upon Parliament for assistance, he approached the subject in this tone. Had Prince Gortschakoff's assurances lately been invalidated? If they were originally unsatisfactory, why this delay? The demand runs counter to the national desire for

neutrality and to avoid war. Will not the increase of material strength be neutralised by the party opposition provoked? As regards our interests, he fully admitted them, and discussed them in a serious tone. Premising that the greatest of them was peace, he classified our interests in this way. "There are some," he said, "which ought to be fostered by diplomatic persuasion, and even pressure, but for the maintenance of which it would be madness to go to war;" others are common interests, "which may properly be maintained even at the risk of war, if we receive the moral and material support of countries as much or more affected by them as ourselves." Further than that, there were vital interests "for which, with allies or without allies, at all risks and at all hazards, a Government would fail in its duty if it did not call upon all the great though latent powers of this country, and struggle to the bitter end." He asked whether the Government knew of the existence or terms of any understanding between Russia, Germany, and Austria, as to the limits beyond which the Russians would not try to carry their demands, and whether such demands affected British interests or not. He was glad to note that in the Royal Speech the necessity of preparation for precautions only applied in the case of the prolongation of hostilities.

Now this is a very different style of thing from the speeches of Mr Gladstone and the Duke of Argyll. It lacks definiteness, no doubt, and there is no contingent promise of support to the Ministry. The tone is distinctly that of a man who believes that Great Britain must intervene under one set of circumstances, not very likely to arise—and, if sure of allies, ought to intervene under another set of circumstances. He is also well aware of

the debilitating influence of party division and party spirit at the present moment, and describes them as neutralising the effort of a grant of material supplies. The Government, on the other hand, both through Lord Salisbury and Sir Stafford Northcote, intimate very plainly that they are not without allies; that they have no intention of departing from the European concert; that British and not Turkish interests are their sole concern; that so far as the latter are concerned, they are in favour of every effort to establish a satisfactory administration. Really, under such circumstances, a policy of mystery and reserve from the leader of the Liberal party—the statesman who negotiated the treaty of 1871, and was a prominent member of both the Cabinets which waged the Crimean war—is disappointing, more particularly when a considerable section of his party is openly in favour of a somewhat violent consummation of Russian designs. Matters are not mended when we turn to the speech of Lord Hartington in the House of Commons. No one more earnestly desires peace than ourselves; but is it possible to suppose that, with Russia close to Constantinople, and British interests depending for their security on the national determination to uphold them, that the risk of war is averted and not increased, by “ingermating” peace at any price? That, however, was the tone of the speech, far more so than that of Lord Granville’s. No doubt Lord Hartington spoke under the sense of Mr Gladstone’s close neighbourhood. Probably, too, he was under the influence of recent meetings—mechanical agitation, as it was called by Lord Beaconsfield—in the language which he used. The whole speech was in favour of neutrality, without one word of approval of the conditions on which it was based. The only

alarm he had was, not as to those conditions being infringed, or those British interests assailed, but as to the party divisions, the check to the revival of trade, the loss of revenue, which would result from war. He erroneously inferred that it was the intention of the Government to ask for an immediate grant, and continued—“I must say that, in my opinion, there are grave objections to this course.” No doubt, as the inference was an erroneous one, this statement has not much significance. But look at the reasons given. There was less need, he said, now than in August last for extraordinary measures; and that statement is made when Turkey lies at the feet of Russia, and the question is imminent whether the terms of peace will be such as to injure Great Britain. He actually, on the eve of the evacuation of Adrianople—perhaps of a march to Constantinople—derided the notion of “unexpected occurrences” arising in case hostilities were prolonged, and declared that to hasten any precautions against them was either disingenuous to England or cruel to Turkey. There were no interests, in his opinion, which England need concern herself with, except those which were common to other Powers; and had anything “occurred to render the Government less confident that they might rely on the assistance of those Powers for the protection of their interests?” In fact, the whole tone of the speech was to deprecate English intervention under any circumstances within the range of contemplated possibility, and to pave the way for resistance to any proposals which the Government might make to obtain the support of Parliament in upholding the just influence of England over the adjustment of this deplorable contention. There was not a word to encourage an intending ally, or

dissuade Russia from adopting any course, however aggressive.

We cannot regard this state of things as satisfactory, or as likely to conduce to a satisfactory issue of the pending negotiations, or as in any way tending to avert the necessity for those active measures which the Government unhesitatingly threaten under certain contingencies. Meanwhile, her Majesty's Government have an extremely anxious and difficult duty; nor have their labours been lightened by the conduct of the Opposition. Still, it would be rash on the part of Russia, and faint-hearted on the part of Austria, to assume that if, on the prolongation of hostilities, an appeal is made to the British Parliament, it will not be responded to by an overwhelming majority. If the Liberal leaders refuse their support to their rivals, they at least do not venture to pledge themselves against their policy. Hitherto that policy has passed unquestioned in either House; and the expressions used by Lord Granville do not favour extravagant inferences being drawn as to non-intervention by England under all circumstances. At all events, however, there is nothing to dissuade Turkey from agreeing with her adversary quickly, while she has the chance. With the fate of her empire all parties in England are agreed we shall have nothing to do, except to favour any readjustment which will best promote the cause of good government, and the security and prosperity of the inhabitants. If Turkey is, for the time being, annihilated, Russia has to settle the question of administering a considerable part of the Ottoman empire, with Roumania and the Principalities on the one side, and Austria on the other. And however commanding her military position may be as respects Turkey, it is not of equal weight as against her allies and

Austria-Hungary. It is not in reference to the best mode of effecting new administrative arrangements that the English nation is called upon to interfere. The old Turkish empire afforded to us and to Europe guarantees with regard to international communications, and the security of international commerce, which were of great importance, but the preservation of which was certainly not worth a sanguinary war every twenty years. We must see, in conjunction with other Powers, that under the new arrangements, consequent upon Russian victory over the Turks, similar guarantees should be provided, which, if not of equal efficacy with those which cease with the existence of a strong Ottoman empire, at all events should be adequate to the purposes for which they are intended. Above all things, so far as European Turkey is concerned, we must insist that the Straits and Constantinople shall not pass under the exclusive dominion of Russia. Whether the Straits are open to all or closed to all is not the material question. The latter alternative is that which has been, and probably is, favoured by Russia, since it insures the inviolability of the coasts of the Black Sea, except when she is at war with Turkey. If Russia likes to renounce that benefit, the presence of a second-rate Power in the Mediterranean is of no great consequence to us. It is a matter for negotiation and compromise and mutual arrangement. The cardinal aim of English policy is to insure, in concert with Europe, that the Straits shall be as free as the Canal to the ships and commerce of the world, subject to such modifications as may be generally agreed upon, and shall be equally applicable to all the Powers.

We cannot believe that any war on our part will be necessary if Great Britain adopts a firm and

reasonable course. It cannot be to the interest of Russia to provoke one ; and it will be our own fault—the fault of our party divisions and our peace firebrands—if we invite aggression. No reasonable politician, at home or abroad, can complain of the conduct of the Ministry. Their tone is explicit and firm, and is honourable alike to themselves and to the country.

As regards those direct negotiations between the belligerents on which Russia insists, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, in the 'Times' of January 17, pointed out that there was dignity and an element of success in affording the Emperor of Russia an opportunity of displaying his regard for antecedent declarations by an impulse of honourable feeling. What with the Treaty of Paris as altered in 1871, and what with the Imperial declarations, the Czar had a very narrow range of conditions to impose upon the Porte. According to them, Russia still guaranteed the independence and territorial integrity of the Ottoman empire, and the Sultan is precluded from opening the Bosphorus and Dardanelles to foreign ships of war, except for the special purpose of securing the execution of the treaty. Russia, therefore, could do little more than stipulate for the autonomy of certain provinces. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe suggested that Northern Bulgaria should be assigned to Roumania, giving to Southern Bulgaria a system of autonomy sufficient to secure them from the evils of Mussulman administration. As for indemnity, territory conquered and actually occupied by Muscovite troops in

Armenia might be taken without discredit. A free passage for Russian ships of war by the Bosphorus might be stipulated for with the concurrence of other States, and with certain restrictions designed for the security of Constantinople. That was the view expressed by the veteran statesman who has had so large an experience of the Eastern Question. Whatever may be the details of the settlement ultimately arrived at, we hope that peace may be speedily attained, that this disastrous war may be closed, and the international interests of Europe in those quarters adequately secured. The world will be thankful for the restoration of tranquillity, and history may discuss the question whether the advantages reaped are worth the fearful sacrifices made and misery endured—whether the policy of Russia has been justifiable, or its violence productive in the long-run of any good to those unhappy populations. What we are all concerned with is, that other Powers shall not be drawn into the vortex of this *mêlée*, if good sense, resolution, and judgment will avail to prevent it. The indirect consequences of this struggle as they react on Russian government and society, as well as on the future administration of Turkish provinces, will enter largely into the historian's estimate of the political value of the war. Our present aim, interest, and anxiety, are that it shall cease, and that its area shall not be enlarged. If this end is to be attained, Russia must undoubtedly practise moderation and prudence ; and the best guarantee for her doing so is for England to show herself united and prepared.

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MINE IS THINE.

PART IX.—CHAPTER XXXVII.

NOT a cloud in the sky: the misty bloom of sunrise on the mountains: a voiceless breeze hovering over the landscape, and drawing from all its lurking-places the goodly fragrance of the hills: great stillness checkered by faint moorland harmonies—whispering of the heather, and silvery chiming of many unseen rivulets. Thus graciously did the eagerly-wished-for day of the deer-drive greet Cosmo, as he looked forth at the rising of the sun. Nature, as is her wont in our moods of stronger emotion, seemed to enter into communion with him and to offer him her sympathy, and he, as is the wont of the imaginative, drew presages from her aspects. Thus, though he had neither prospect nor scheme for the day in front of him, though he could foresee nothing, in the way of opportunity, which it might bring forth, he yet drew from this fair and solemn sunrise a presentiment, strong as conviction, that a grand turning-point in his destiny was about to be reached. Nor did he

confront the prospect with agitation; for, as his eye ranged over the brightening hills, he seemed to read promise in their growing lustre: and from the far and clear horizon—the home of hope—hope's message seemed to come to him, in the balmy breath and murmuring music of the morning. And so, exalted rather than depressed by the sense of an impending crisis, he went forth, in good heart and hope, to the rendezvous on Dunerlacht.

When he and Phil Denwick arrived at the spot they found a large company already assembled. It included, all the gentlemen from the castle, besides several neighbours: nor was the fair sex unrepresented; for Lady Bugles, Mrs Crock, and Miss Snapsley (in the secret hope of being permitted to share the vigil of some sportsman in his *cache*) had protested that they would not for worlds be absent from a gathering which promised to be so rich in picturesque elements. The collapse of Mrs Ravenhall's schemes had so far restored her to herself that she

was relieved from perpetual sentry duty, and being once more able to consult her own tastes, she did so by promptly emancipating herself from thralldom to "the picturesque" and other objects of her recent dramatic enthusiasm. Thus, though Esmè in her quality of hostess was present, the scene was not adorned by her, hitherto inevitable, guide, philosopher, and friend.

All but a week—it seemed a year to Cosmo—had elapsed since he had held speech with Esmè. If for him the interval had been a time of trial, for her it had at all events mitigated the painful feelings produced by the events of their last meeting. Thus, though she met him with some obvious agitation of manner, a sudden brightness which beamed in her face, suggested not so much embarrassment as some happier emotion which she had not the power or the art instantly to conceal. Few words passed between them.

"I was beginning to think," said Cosmo, "that I was never going to see you again."

"Is it so long since we met?" replied Esmè, who was, after all, a daughter of Eve.

"To me it appears a century."

"I fear from that that your sport has not been good?"

"Oh, the sport! I was not thinking of *it*. I believe it has been good enough."

"And surely you cannot complain of the weather?"

"No, we can't complain of that—but bright weather can't do everything for us."

"Perhaps the birds have been wild?"

"No, I think not particularly wild."

A pause, during which Cosmo felt his presentiment fading.

"I wonder," continued Esmè, "if there are *really* many deer in the woods just now!"

"Ah! I wonder if there are!"

"Papa is very confident about it."

"Yes, he seemed to say so."

"Do you expect to kill many?"

"This kind of sport is always a lottery."

Here the dialogue was interrupted. What a sequel to a week of passionate reverie and transcendental dreams! What a lapse it seemed to show from the footing on which that horrible old woman had found them by the ruin! Such is love; seeming so far when it is so near, still feigning to retire when it is on the very threshold. But experience and philosophy are dumb on such occasions, and Cosmo felt discouraged and miserable.

The dialogue was interrupted by Lord Ribston. "The ladies," he said, "seem to wish to go through the whole entertainment. Lady Bugles has secured a place in the Marquis's *cache*, provided all the other ladies agree to go. Now, what do you say, Miss Douglas? Will you honour me?"

"Thank you, Lord Ribston, I am sorry that I cannot."

"But why? If it is for some superstition about chaperonage, why not go with Lord Germistoun? Do be sociable! There are long intervals between the beats, and pleasant walks between them. Come, Miss Douglas! have pity on us. Don't deprive us of the light of your countenance."

"Thank you; but it is really impossible. If for no other reason, I have something else to do. I have to visit a poor old woman who is sick on the other side of the hill; but the other ladies are quite independent of me, of course."

"I never knew such a district as this is for sick old women," cried Lord Ribston impatiently. "Why can't the hags die at once and be done with it? And you are resolved?"

"Yes, indeed, I am."

"Then I shall vote against all the others going. Their chattering would ruin our sport."

"Well," said Mrs Crock, who now came up, "is it all arranged? Are we to go, Lord Ribston? *Please* don't say 'no,'" she added winningly, as children coax and win.

"I have nothing to do with the arrangements," said the noble brute gruffly.

"But you said you would arrange it."

"And I have not succeeded. There is only one arrangement I can answer for, and that is, that I am going to shoot by myself." And so saying, he went away, darkly sulking.

"Poor Lord Ribston! Something has vexed him. I am *so* sorry!" said Mrs Crock, tenderly alive to the sorrows of a coronet, and £30,000 a-year, still undisposed of.

"I can't say I share your compassion," said Esmè, with a good deal of warmth. "He behaves like a spoiled child, and is extremely rude."

Tom Wyedale was of course present to-day, and without a trace of affliction in his face or manner—very much, indeed, the contrary. He had found it impossible to support the part of the disconsolate lover with any sort of consistency; and, after twenty-four hours of sorry acting, had abandoned the attempt with characteristic *sang froid*. And now the pleasant reaction from financial pressure, and that other trouble which had temporarily disturbed him, was frankly evidenced by the more than ordinary exuberance of his gaiety.

The "picturesque" element upon which the ladies had vaguely reckoned, was exclusively represented by the Marquis, who was habited in a wonderful *jäger* costume, combining

the more florid features of many eras and nationalities, and secured to his person by a multiplicity of straps, cords, and tassels, which would have done credit to the ingenuity of any age or country. In addition to various other warlike weapons, his equipment included a large-sized bugle-horn; and upon this, while the Marquis was engaged in an animated conversation, Tom Wyedale surreptitiously blew a blast of terrific volume and dissonance, which awoke a thousand echoes of wood and hill. Lord Germistoune, who was "gouty," and occupied in haranguing his head-keeper on the duties of the day, turned with an angry start. "What is that?" he cried. "Who did that?" Tom had dropped the bugle, and was demurely examining the lock of his rifle. "Who has got that infernal instrument?" continued his lordship. "The Marquis," said Tom, "has got no end of infernal machines tied to his body. I shouldn't wonder if one of them had gone off."

"Il est à vous, M. le Marquis?" cried Lord Germistoune, "vous avez un cor de chasse?"

"Mais, oui, M. Milor, naturellement—à la chasse, comme à la chasse."

"Et vous l'avez sonné?"

"Non, non! Pas du tout. Ce diable de Torm Wyedale qui est si plein de méchanceté——"

"Wyedale, I am surprised—I consider that you have been guilty of——"

"My dear Lord Germistoune, I only wanted to see, in the interests of us all, whether the horn was real or a dummy. I felt that if it were real, any hope of sport might be abandoned. The Marquis is not the man to have a thing of the sort handy without using it. I do think he ought, so far, to be disarmed."

"M. le Marquis," said Lord

Germistoune, "le cor est absolument défendu!"

"Comment, monsieur?"

"Défendu—absolument."

"Mais, monsieur, il faut bien faire sortir les cerfs, n'est ce pas?"

"Non! non! non! Donnez le moi, je vous en prie, monsieur."

After some discussion, the Marquis reluctantly surrendered the bugle.

"Here!" cried his lordship, "some of you men take it away!"

"I'll tak't, my lord," said old Davidson, who was present to assist in posting the guns. "Dod!" he exclaimed, after bearing it off and curiously inspecting it, "what'll he be for bringing neist? A drum, maybe! or a pie-annie—wha kens?" and then added, as he stowed it away in his game-bag, "There! it'll no disturb us noo, onyway."

This high-handed act of confiscation being completed, Lord Germistoune gave them all a lecture on the necessity of silence and circumspection, when posted.

"Our deer," he said, "are singularly acute and suspicious. I have also to request that hinds may be considered sacred; and let me add, that roe-deer are not our object to-day, and ought not to be fired at."

"Vous comprenez, M. le Marquis? Point de biche? point de chevreuil?"

"Parfaitement, M. Milor," replied the Marquis, who, however, approached the day's sport with misty views as to sex and species, and with perfectly catholic intentions as to the use of his weapons.

"It is now time, I think, to get into our positions," said his lordship. "Adieu, ladies! *Au revoir* at luncheon."

The party then started, under the leadership of Innes, the Dunerlacht keeper, with Mr Davidson for his coadjutor. Lady Bugles, with some audacity, accompanied them,

attaching herself to the Marquis, whom she had victimised, as she hoped, for the day, and who brought up the rear of the column. This latter circumstance caused her presence with the party to be unobserved for some little time; but it was at length detected by Lord Ribston, who promptly reported it to his host.

"Surely," he said, "that old woman is not coming with us?"

"What old woman?" cried the old lord hastily, and stopping.

"Lady Bugles. There she is with the Marquis—just behind Wyedale."

"Oh! this is contrary to all rule! distinctly preposterous! I must give her her *congé* at once."

Accordingly, when she came up, his lordship said, "I think, Lady Bugles, it will be more prudent if you return now. Our path becomes intricate, and you will find it difficult to make your way back alone."

"Oh! but I did not mean to go back. The Marquis kindly insists on my accompanying him on his post."

"It distresses me to thwart you, and disappoint the Marquis. But this is against our rules. Ladies *never* accompany the guns on our drives. Conversation would be inevitable, and our deer are remarkably wary and sensitive."

"I shall promise not to open my lips, Lord Germistoune."

"It distresses me to be inexorable; but even were you silent, your dress would hardly fail to attract the deer's attention." His eye rested on her head-gear, which, roughly speaking, consisted of a huge bird of paradise posed on her ladyship's head in the attitude of earnest incubation. "I fear," he continued, "that we cannot relax our rule. To do so would create a precedent. I fear we must positively say, '*Au revoir!*'"

There was no resisting this, and Lady Bugles sorrowfully withdrew, to the unfeigned delight of the Marquis, who, watching the tail of the bird of paradise, as it flashed like a thing of glory in its retreat through the woods, murmured to Tom Wyedale, with his face wreathed in grins—

“L’amour s’en va,
Cahin-caha.”

They had a considerable walk, as the scheme was to take the most distant beat first, and work, in a sense, homewards. This involved an ascent of the hill, till they were clear of the woods, when they passed along the lower edge of the deer-forest to the upper extremity of three successive and parallel glens, up which the deer were to be driven to the open hill. The formation of the ground was remarkable, and lent itself to the sport of the day. The three glens—probably the beds of glaciers in the old world, as their dividing ridges would be the remnants of moraines—were deeply wooded, and formed connecting avenues, as it were, between the treeless forest and the woods which, to the extent of two or three thousand acres, covered the vale below. The divisions, of which the glens were the centre, on the mountain side, were prolonged into the valley, either naturally or by clearance; so that the woods were pretty equally divided into three sections, each with its corresponding glen, and each separated from its neighbours by wide glades. Thus there was a fair chance that, in a well-conducted drive, each beat might, to some extent, be productive.

When they reached the top of the farthest glen, the keepers, Innes and Davidson, at once assumed the air of conspirators, speaking in breathless whispers, moving with cat-like stealth, and repressing any

untoward sound by gestures, silent but peremptory. Here the Marquis gave much trouble.

“Enfin! cela va commencer!” he cried aloud, and rubbing his hands.

“Whisht, sir! whisht!” whispered Innes.

The Marquis then whistled, which was similarly rebuked; and then lighted a cigar from a Vesuvian, which went off with a report like a pistol’s; whereupon the keeper came softly up to him, and, to his great astonishment, quietly took away the cigar, and placed it on an adjacent rock, murmuring that it might be reclaimed by the owner at the end of the drive. He then whispered a few terse rules of conduct to be observed by the Marquis—

“You will not taak; you must not smock; you will not whustle anny; and, if you should have ockeshun to blaw your nawse, it will not do to be blawin’ it into this glens till aal is over.”

“Que diable! qu’est ce qu’il veut dire?” cried the Marquis; but he was met, on all sides, with—“whisht! whisht! whisht! hush! hush! hush!” accompanied by looks of warning and rebuke.

“Ce sont de vrais fous!” he muttered; “feesht! feesht! feesht! —foosh! foosh! foosh! Bah! on dirait que ce sont de canards enrhumés.”

Then the head-keeper, after posting Lord Germistoun and Captain Berkeley in ambush in the open, took with him six of the party, handing over the remainder to Davidson, and then each leader started with his following in single file, down opposite sides of the glen, to the various *caches* or places of ambush previously prepared, and echeloned with all engineering skill, so as to guard against accident. Presently Lord Germistoun beheld the head-

keeper's division stealthily returning; and Innes himself, halting the remainder at the edge of the wood, emerged on to the open with the Marquis, and advancing to the post of Captain Berkeley, removed that gentleman, without comment, and in his place left the Marquis, to the ever-increasing bewilderment of the latter. The subsequent explanation to Lord Germistoun was perfectly simple—"He was offerin' to fire at a rinnin' rabbit in the wood, wi' his rifle and a', so I brocht him back to where he would not be able to do sae mickle misscheef."

The party again disappeared into the woods, over which the deepest silence reigned for the next half-hour. At last, from the far distance, a faint halloo came; and then another and another and many others, rapidly multiplying and waxing in strength. Stealthy rustlings, patterings of hesitating feet and hoofs, with pauses and recurrences; crackling of branches, sounds of quick-drawn breath. Such phenomena soon began to stir the pulses of the sportsmen on the lower posts, and, in obedience to them, many a barrel was levelled in the improvised loopholes—only to be withdrawn—as a mountain-hare went warily by, or a troop of roe-deer trotted up and halted to listen, and trotted on again, offering temptations hard to resist.

The blended shouts of the beaters kept swelling in melodious volume, broken every now and then into short, sharp cries, as some beast of the forest was viewed; but as yet no shot was fired. The tide of sound rolled up the glen. At last individual tones and words were distinguishable, mingled with the crisp rattling of the beaters' sticks against stem and branch. The end was approaching and not a shot fired!

Suddenly a terrific uproar arose

all along the line. If lions and tigers had been careering in swarms about the woods, the agitation of the voices could not have been more frantic. There was no doubt as to its meaning. The true quarry had been raised at last, and the beaters, bent on driving it into the fatal defile, were guarding against any attempt which it might make to break back or to right or left. Presently, on a clear space, just below the entrance of the pass, a noble stag emerged and paused irresolute, with head erect and heaving flanks; then, urged by a closer shout, sprang forward across the open, and plunged into the shadows of the glen beyond.

A flash! a sharp report! but Lord Ribston's aim had not been true. The stag bounded into the air, and then, though it carried away a heavy wound in the haunch, rushed madly on, crashing through the coppice, wild with terror and pain. Another report! and, this time untouched, but with ever-increasing speed, the stag dashed on. And now the top of the defile was all but reached, and the free air of the open forest began to promise refreshment, and the rocks and heather of the longed-for sanctuary were before the eyes of the fugitive. One more bound and it was clear of the treacherous glen, and, with new vigour, sped toward the mountain, where hope lay. But though it had escaped the wood, perils followed after. Ambushed on its upper verge, so as to command the open, Tom Wyedale, warned by the sounds which had reached him, sat cool and alert, expecting his opportunity. Without haste or flurry he raised his rifle as the stag swept past him, half hidden by the trees, and without ceasing to cover it, waited till the doomed animal had emerged to some distance on the moor. Then he fired, and with a

mighty leap into the air, the noble beast lay prostrate and quivering in the heather. Tom gave one quick glance at his victim, and then quietly proceeded to reload.

In no such stoical spirit was the incident observed by the Marquis de Saut du Loup, from his coigne of vantage up above. Breathless with excitement he beheld the deer break cover; his rifle went up to his shoulders on the instant, nor is it doubtful that had not Tom forestalled him, he would have at once drawn trigger, regardless that a swarm of beaters, not to mention several posted guns, were in the direct line of his fire. When the animal fell, he jumped out of his *cache*, and was rushing down to inspect it; but some peremptory signals from Lord Germistoune, who was posted within sight, caught his eye, and sent him back to his ambush. Not, however, for very long. For suddenly the stricken stag, albeit in the death-agony, struggled to its feet, and, with lowered head and tottering limbs, again began to stagger up the hill. This was too much for the Marquis. He was out like a flash of lightning, and, tearing down the hill, met the poor beast as it was about to fall for the last time. Before that event took place, however, the Marquis, reserving his fire till within a yard of his mark, let off both barrels simultaneously into the flank of the deer, producing a breach of half a foot or so in diameter. The victim fell stone dead; and the slaughterer, in the absence of the bugle, upon which he would now have sounded the *mort*, broke into jubilant cheers, waving his hat, and dancing round the carcass in childlike glee. A sudden thought then seemed to take him, and, drawing his *couteau de chasse*, he knelt down, and with that weapon, and a small saw which formed part of his mysterious arma-

ment, proceeded to decapitate the deer. This done, he bore the head off in triumph to his ambush, on reaching which, he turned in the direction of Lord Germistoune's post, and, with another cheer, held up the trophy for his host's admiration. His lordship acknowledged the compliment by shaking his fist very ferociously at the Marquis, who, doomed to perpetual surprise and bewilderment, subsided into his lair, muttering—

"Maintenant je prétends que M. Milor est jaloux! Peste! j'en suis content. Ho! ho! le vieux grognard est diantrement jaloux! Ho! ho!"

Presently the keepers, after passing up the defile, and collecting the posted guns, made their appearance with them in the open.

"There will be something down to you, I'm thinkin', Mr Wyedale?" said Innes.

"Something!" cried Tom, who, imperturbably easy in ordinary matters, was now white with indignation. "Something!—there *was* as fine a stag as you would wish to see; but that confounded Frenchman has blown it to atoms, and hacked it to pieces with saws and pickaxes and all sorts of devilish things. There! look at it!"

Indeed, what between Lord Ribston's contribution and the crater-like breach effected by the Marquis, it was a lamentable spectacle. Innes held up his hands: speech altogether failed him.

"Dod!" said Davidson, who, having no deer in his own diocese, took a non-sporting view of the business—"Dod! I ne'er saw meat sae notoriously abaised—I *will* say that."

The Marquis, breathless with excitement, and brandishing the stag's head, now ran up to the party, as they stood in horrified inquest over the mangled remains.

"C'est moi qui ai tué la bête fauve! Moi! Saut du Loup!" he cried. "Voici la tête! la voici! la voici! Hoorah!" Instead of the congratulations he had anticipated, he was met with a reproachful silence. "Diantre! est ce qu'ils sont tous fous et tous jaloux?" he thought, in much discomfiture.

Lord Germistoune came slowly up in a state of fearful dignity. He could not trust himself to address the Marquis directly.

"Innes," he said, "you will see that this *object* is buried in the afternoon; and take that head now, and throw it into—into perdition. We must try to forget this abominable occurrence. Gentlemen, let us now go to the next beat." Then he moved gloomily off: but before the next beat began, gave private directions to Innes to post the Marquis (who only relinquished the *corpus delicti* after a stout resistance) where there was some reasonable prospect that human life, at least, would not be sacrificed. "I am a courageous man," he said, "but I shall not soon forget what even I have endured for the last hour in that person's neighbourhood."

When Lord Germistoune alluded to a Marquis of the *ancienne noblesse*, as a *person*, and to an underling, it may be gathered that his sufferings had been indeed poignant. On the next beat, the Marquis was accordingly posted by himself, and pretty far out in the open, where, from the nature of things, temptation was not likely to present itself. But here, no longer under his host's supervision, he whiled the tedium of his vigil by indulging in all the relaxations forbidden by Innes, besides keeping up a dropping fire with his rifle at such crows and hares as happened to pass within half a mile or so of his post. Thus, though no large game came his way, he amused himself very fairly; and, indeed, the recollection of the *bête fauve* which he had annihilated, would have made *ennui* in any case impossible. This drive was more productive than the previous one: Tom Wyedale was again successful, while Lord Germistoune himself killed a stag; and these two angry sportsmen being thus partially appeased, the third and last drive was approached under happier auspices.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The scene of their final operations was in the glen nearest to Dunerlacht. Cosmo, who had as yet had no sport, was well posted towards its upper extremity, commanding an open ride leading to the moor. Little heart or interest had he in the day's sport. The few words he had exchanged with Esmé had damped him by their indifference; and, self-tormenting, the burthen of his thoughts was all the morning this—that the week of their separation had obliterated the first traces of a warmer interest in him, which he had begun to dare to hope were

discernible in her. Some one, perhaps, had been making mischief; and who more likely than Mrs Ravenhall, with her obvious designs? or some one, perhaps, had been successfully using his opportunities. Lord Ribston had possibly abandoned his *nonchalant* method of love-making, and, with devotion and earnestness aiding his overwhelming advantages, might now be winning the place which he himself had manifestly forfeited. Women were fickle, and never more liable to change than during the period of dawning partiality. Cos-

mo, thus sadly musing, was little affected by the din of the beaters, the rush and crashing of invisible deer, the crack of rifles, the silences, so full of mystery and suspense, and all the other incidents and phases of sylvan venery.

The range of woods to be beaten, this time, was considerably more extensive than on either of the previous occasions; and the delay between the posting of the guns and the audible approach of the beaters, was proportionately long. But the interval was not devoid of excitement; for the Marquis, at last posted within the woods; and emboldened by recent immunity, carried on his guerilla practices, and kept such animals as chanced to be harbouring in the upper glen, in a state of continued restlessness. More than once had Cosmo been roused from his meditations by the near approach of promising sounds; and at last, and not very long after he had been posted, several roe-deer (the embargo on which had, this time, been removed) came dashing down towards him, from the opposite side of the ride. Cosmo brought his gun to his shoulder. Suddenly the roe halted, then wheeling about, galloped back; and he, following the troop with his barrels, withheld his fire till the deer he had singled out should reach a certain clear space in the wood. It was just gaining this spot, and his finger was closing on the trigger, when, with a loud cry of horror, he lowered his weapon. Good reason had he for his agitation. Across the line of his vision, as he was about to fire, passed the fair girl for whom he would have given his own life a hundred times. Esmè moving down the ride, unconscious of danger, was watching the roe-deer, as they fled up the opposite bank; and, at Cosmo's wild exclamation, she started violently

and looked round. His gun was lowered, so she knew not of the escape which she had just made; and when Cosmo ran down to her, in speechless agitation, she merely made a hurried apology for disturbing the game. "I thought," she said, "that this glen had been beaten first, and that I could do no mischief by coming back from the cottages through the wood. I will go back now as quickly as I can," and she turned to go. Cosmo's voice shook so that he could not speak, but he took her hand and detained her. Esmè looked up in amazement.

"What is wrong, Mr Glencairn?" she said.

"Danger!" muttered Cosmo; "you must not go."

"Oh! but I must indeed."

Cosmo said nothing; for all his answer he led her back to his own ambush.

Silently, and almost mechanically, he spread his plaid on the ground for her, his hands trembling violently all the while; for, indeed, as he realised the narrowness of her escape, and the awfulness of the tragedy which had all but befallen both, his agitation became more and more irrepressible. When he had arranged a sheltered seat for her, he turned and motioned her to it. She was startled by the wild look in his eyes, and the ghastly pallor of his face, on which the cold drops stood, and the tremor which seemed to shake his frame like an ague.

"Mr Glencairn!" she cried in alarm, "has there been an accident? have you been hurt? you look dreadfully ill. Do say what has happened." He sank down beside her, covering his face with his hands; but he said nothing; and, for long, the silence was only broken by the sound of his deep and troubled breathing.

"Can I do nothing for you?" said Esmè, at last.

Cosmo looked up, but did not answer.

"Are you better now?" she continued, anxiously.

"It is no bodily illness," he replied.

"What, then?"

"It is horror."

"Mr Glencairn!" Then Cosmo's voice came back to him, and he broke forth in rapid utterance, "You have escaped a deadly peril; you do not know how narrowly; if you had gone on, the danger would have been repeated. You have escaped death by a hair's-breadth—and by my hand. I, too, have escaped death; for how could I have lived, if you had died? I thank God for His mercy. He has saved you and delivered me."

"I do not understand. Something must have happened which I know nothing of."

"My gun was raised, the trigger was all but drawn, as you were passing; if it had been drawn, your life must have been sacrificed. Do you wonder now at my agitation?"

It was natural that Esmè, who had not actually seen the danger, and who, moreover, was of no weak and hysterical nature, should be much less affected by Cosmo's statement than was he by the event in which he had been the main actor. And so, though she looked very grave, she betrayed no agitation, and only said, in a low voice, "I am thankful for my preservation." Then, after a pause, she continued—"But now that the danger is past, pray do not be so distressed, Mr Glencairn. Whatever had happened, it would have been by no fault of yours. I myself would have been alone to blame."

"Ah! fault! blame!—I do not speak of that," cried Cosmo, wildly.

"In a supreme calamity we think of *it*, not of its cause. There is bitterness which nothing can add to."

"Do be calm, Mr Glencairn. Mercifully, no calamity has happened. I am sure we are both devoutly thankful to God for that; and now there is no cause for distress, but altogether the reverse."

For a long time Cosmo sat silent, his agitation slowly subsiding, and the colour gradually returning to his cheek. At last he looked up at Esmè with eyes that were calm, and even solemn. And as she met his gaze, the scene by the ruin flashed into her mind, and with it all the emotions—so strange, and yet so sweet—of that strange meeting; and she seemed to know, before they were spoken, the very words that he now would speak, and the very tones in which they would be uttered. The intervening time faded away, and his words seemed to her the immediate continuation of his last sentence, spoken many days ago. They came back to her like the phrases of a well-known song which had been interrupted for a moment in the singing, and now went on, in a foreseen sequence, to a conclusion which she seemed to know by heart. Cosmo did not immediately speak, but held her with his rapt eyes, so that she could not break the spell by word or movement—yielding herself to it as to the force of a mighty stream which glides, calm but irresistible, to the inevitable ocean.

At last he spoke. All the deep music had come back to his voice, and all its firmness, save when, now and then, it died in a pathetic cadence, or thrilled for an instant, following, with sensitive inflections, the tumult or pathos of his thoughts.

"I told you," he said, as if to him also it seemed that their last interview had been only for a moment suspended,— "I told you that

I would seek distinction, and the social advantage which it gives; I said that I would seek it, not for the mere sake of that advantage—which would be a paltry ambition—but as a means to an end; I told you that, if I failed to reach that end, my life would be paralysed. You remember that I said all this? Esmè's lips parted, but no sound came from them. Cosmo continued—"A few terrible moments, here, in this wood, have shown to me, not how true these words were, but how poorly they expressed the truth. Language cannot tell the measure of what is immeasurable even by thought—and these poor words tried to express the measure of a devotion which has not any limit at all."

Cosmo paused for a little: thus far he had spoken, as if strongly controlling himself; but when he resumed, his words came forth with far more fervid utterance, as though the energy of his emotion had swept away some barrier by which he had sought to restrain it.

"But I will not speak in enigmas. I feel that I now stand on the threshold of my fate, having come to this, through many conflicts and confusions. I have tried to listen, all my life, to the voice of duty; but at last that oracle has failed me, and now it is dumb. I have listened to the voice of prudence, but I cannot hear its words now; they are drowned in an overwhelming music, and with them all the whispers of my own unworthiness. That music has filled all my life, till it has become my life; and as I breathe the breath of life, I cannot choose but utter it. You are its key-note, and its theme is the love which I now offer you."

He ceased, but Esmè spoke not a word. Lights and shadows of colour and expression passed in swift changes over her beautiful

face, and her breath came faster, as Cosmo's glowing utterances rushed on to their climax; but she did not turn away. Only when his last words were spoken, a dewy lustre came into her eyes, and the strength of her emotion was confessed in one long tremulous inspiration. Cosmo continued—

"I offer you my love and I offer you my life: the one has no bounds, the other is little; but if you take the first, you will help me to make the second better and greater." He took her unresisting hand and added, "Esmè, dearest Esmè! that is my offering; will you take it, and trust me to make it not worthy—for that is impossible—but less unworthy of you, which, God helping me, I will try to do?" He gazed at her, as though his life depended on her answer; but she did not speak. "Tell me! tell me!" he cried; "do not keep me in this cruel suspense. Has my dream been too wild—the dream which has haunted me, day and night, since first I saw you?" But still she was silent. "Alas!" cried Cosmo, "you cannot love me. I am lost!"

Then Esmè's eyes drooped, and she murmured at last, "Nay, if my poor love can save you, you are not lost."

"Oh Esmè! Esmè! I left the paradise of dreams to meet my fate; I meet the angel of my life, and find a paradise transcending dreams."

For ever?"

"Yes! for ever and for ever!"

Linked hand in hand, eloquent with the wordless eloquence of happy souls—it was thus that these lovers, of knightly purity and true guileless maidenhood, meetly plight-ed troth. Care stood aloof, and the hard world: all their world

was here, here in the quiet glen where, suddenly, the stillness seemed to deepen into a more golden silence, and the sunbeams seemed to flow through the voiceless quivering of the leaves, in streams of tenderer light: here, where from love's presence - chamber, Nature

hushed back the world's untoward cares, with all rude sound and movement; so that the very breath of their own last utterance seemed to hang fondly in the air about them, as its music lingered in their hearts—"For ever?" "Yes! for ever!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

Alas that such rare moments should fly so fleetly! Soon "the voices of without" invaded their sanctuary. Growing from faint and distant echoes, the clamour of the hunt rolled upward from the valley; and as it swelled upon their ears, the ethereal walls which fenced them from the grosser earth dissolved, and cares and doubts and tremors entered in.

Cosmo was the first to break a long silence.

"We shall now have but a short time together," he said; "and alas! dearest, we must face what really lies before us. Even from the midst of my great happiness, anxious doubts rise. To your love I do not seem unworthy; but your father—how will *he* receive me, as his daughter's suitor?"

After a short silence, Esmè replied, "There can be no reserve between us now; and I fear we must not expect him to be very favourable at first. But he will soon be reconciled, when he knows you better—and even for my sake, I know he will."

"I suspect he has a very strong dislike to me."

"Do not say that. He has his prejudices, but they would not influence him in such serious matters. He is too just for that; and when he knows you better, he will both like and admire you. Every one must; who could help it?"

Cosmo smiled at her sweet enthusiasm, and said—

"If it were only his personal dislike, he might, perhaps, get over that; but I fear that he will find a more serious objection in my birth."

Again Esmè paused for a little, and said—

"No, that would not be just; and I have never found papa unjust in large matters. That would not be held an objection in society in general, and why should there be an exception in my case?"

"Ah, my beloved! you are an exception to all the world. No one is worthy of you: and be sure that your father will not look lightly on the defects of any one who pretends to such a prize. It is natural and reasonable that he should not."

"But if I see no defects, and the world would see none, papa will not be so unjust as to insist upon them. I know he will not. You cannot know how good and tender he has been to me. Do not look so anxious. All that we shall require is a little patience. And you must remember, dear, that he is very old, and has infirmities, as we all have, and that his temper is quick, and that he often says things in an exaggerated way which he only half means. You will remember this, and be forbearing with him, if he is harsh and unpleasant; will you not, dearest, for my sake?"

"Can you doubt it?"

"I know that it may be very, very trying; but if you will only bear it quietly for a little, I think that all will be well. I am certain that it will."

"When shall I speak to Lord Germistoune? It will scarcely be possible to-day, I suppose?"

"Oh, pray let me speak to him first."

"My darling, that is impossible! Consider the position it would place me in. It would look so unmanly. It would increase all his prejudices, and I do think it would justify them."

"I know you must be right; but I have never had any concealments from my father, and I think he might expect to hear of this first of all from me."

"Believe me, that I *am* right here; and, besides, your concealment shall be of the shortest duration. I shall go to-morrow to the castle and see Lord Germistoune. It is Sunday, by the by, but I shall walk over after church. I suppose I may?"

"Oh, please, please do! And now, dear, look happier, and be confident, like me. Is it likely or reasonable that all should not go well?"

"Happier, my own!" he cried, "how could I be happier? And, with you to win, what are obstacles? Who would not be confident, even if all reason and probability were against him?"

Five minutes more of bliss, during which the din of the beaters rose to its loudest climax, and then died away, close beside the lovers, in isolated cries of the zealous who beat to the last bush. Then the keeper, whose duty it was to recall the sportsmen from their posts, made his appearance, and informed them that all was over, and in another minute they found themselves approaching the main body of the

party, who were waiting in the open.

The circumstances which caused Esmè's presence there, agitating though they had been, had passed from the minds of the lovers, and the peculiarity of their situation only occurred to them as they met the looks of surprise and inquiry which greeted their arrival. Fortunately their actual arrival was not observed by Lord Germistoune, who was talking to some one, and looking another way; but, turning presently, and finding that Esmè had joined the party, he gave an exclamation of astonishment and displeasure.

"How now! what escapade is this?" he cried. "How do you find yourself here, Esmè? How do you presume to disregard my rules?"

"By a pure accident, papa. I ventured to return by this glen, because I thought it had been beaten in the first drive, and that I could do no harm; and I suddenly found myself among the guns, and was obliged to remain in shelter until now. That is the explanation of the mystery."

"Mystery! You ought never to be in the woods at all when there is any kind of shooting going on. I have told you so a hundred times; it is most dangerous: and how, pray, could you tell that your shelter was a safe one?"

Here Cosmo stepped forward and replied for her.

"Fortunately," he said, "Miss Douglas came past my post, and, as she was evidently in a dangerous position, I persuaded her to go no farther."

"And she remained with you, on your post, during the drive?"

"I had no alternative but to beg that she would do so. Knowing the danger as I did, I took the responsibility of even insisting that she should remain."

"You exercised a wise discretion, sir, and I thank you. As for you, Esmè, you see what your reckless disregard of my wishes has brought about. You have incurred risk; you have probably interfered with the success of the drive; you have undoubtedly destroyed Mr Glencairn's sport, and put him to grave inconvenience. You owe him an apology. Your conduct has been distinctly and altogether unpardonable."

The blood flushed in Cosmo's face, and he seemed about to speak, but a little imploring glance from her gentle eyes silenced him; and as she was far too well used to such ebullitions to make any reply, the storm soon growled itself out.

When all were mustered, the party started for the luncheon rendezvous. The Marquis, however, retaining Tom Wyedale (now appeased) as his interpreter, lingered behind to covenant with Innes for the clandestine recovery of the stag's head from the "perdition" to which the old lord's peevish temper had consigned it—an arrangement which was concluded, for the modest consideration of five pounds, to the great glee of the noble sportsman.

"De l'argent! de l'argent! de l'argent!" he cried. "Voilà la vraie chanson nationale de l'Angleterre. N'importe! J'ai racheté ma renommée à bon marché."

"Comment, mon cher Marquis! votre renommée?"

"Mais oui! décidément. La bête fauve est à moi. Je l'ai tuée."

"Sa tête est à vous, sa mort pourtant est à mon fusil."

"Oh! là! là! qu'il s'obstine ce cher Torm! J'ai abbatu cette diablerie de bête fauve—je l'ai abimée. Tout le monde en était témoin."

"Enfin nous sommes d'accord; il n'en reste que quelques lambeaux."

"Bien?"

"Bien nous sommes d'accord."

The Marquis's susceptibilities being thus tranquillised, he strode proudly forward, decorated with various trophies of the chase—among which, in striking evidence of the versatility of his rifle, the dead body of an owl and the head of a hare hung from his girdle.

They found all the ladies awaiting their return, and the luncheon duly spread. Esmè's non-appearance had caused considerable speculation; and when the history of her adventure came to be known, some bitterness against Fortune rankled in the hearts of Lady Bugles and other ladies. Why had *they* not also gone on errands of mercy, and lost their way, and been carried off captive to the *caches* of the eligible? It was very hard upon them! Mrs Ravenhall, on the other hand, when she heard the story, set herself to watch the demeanour of the lovers, and soon drew her conclusions therefrom; nor is it too much to say of this acute lady that, before luncheon was over, she was as fully possessed of their secret as though it had been formally confided to her. No one who does justice to the character of Mrs Ravenhall as a finished worldling, will suspect her of active spite, where no personal object was to be gained by it. At the same time, she could scarcely be expected to contemplate this evolution of Love's young dream with the amiable rapture of an idyllic poet. And, indeed, it was with a certain cynical pleasure that she looked forward to the *éclaircissement*, feeling assured that Lord Germistoun's grand unsuspectingness of Cosmo's intentions would, when they came to be confessed, heat the furnace of his wrath sevenfold.

"Another time," she thought, "he will perhaps attend to the

hints of people who have eyes, and use them."

The luncheon-party was a very merry one—merrier even than that similar festival on the opening day of grouse—for the only element of gloom which it had contained was now eliminated. Then, Cosmo had been bewildered and wretched; but now, in the reaction from long suspense, in the ecstasy of new-born happiness, his habitual reserve deserted him, and he was lively and even gay. Honest Phil observed this, and was of good cheer, divining what it must portend; and Esmè, who sat opposite her lover, stealing many a glance at his radiant face, said in her grateful heart, "What joy! what joy! it is I who have made him happy!"

When Lord Ribston had fed himself in seclusion, he came and sprawled by Esmè, and paid his court to her in the courtly fashion of these times. Cosmo beheld him with serenity, even with mirth. Over the empty head of this "oiled and curled Assyrian bull," messages of heavenly import flashed to him through the air, which brightened as they passed. What was Ribston to him? Ribston, forsooth! Let him lie and sprawl there in the fool's paradise of his fruitless *prestige* and unavailing knickerbockers!

Tom and the Marquis were at the top of their bent, and many a change was rung on the *bête fauve* of unhappy memory. Tom proposed the Marquis's health in a speech which traced the history of explosive agents till it culminated in the Marquis himself, whom he characterised as "a mighty human torpedo;" and the Marquis "carried a toast" in honour of his friend "Torm," whose petty jealousy he handled with great severity, and was entering upon what he called "a categorical memorandum" of the stag incident, when Lord Ger-

mistoune, who had not yet got over the "abominable occurrence," interrupted him with great promptitude.

The gillies and beaters were regaled with an extra ration of whisky, in honour of the three stags which had fallen (not including the *bête fauve* condemned to a nameless grave); and the pipers played and the men danced, at a discreet and feudal distance; and one or two of them were "brought up" and commanded to sing Gaelic songs, which they did with the look of condensed resignation attributed in art to St Sebastian; and, altogether, it was a good time. At last it was the hour to go home, and a procession of triumph was formed, the pipers playing in front of the ponies on which the deer were carried, the retainers following next, while "the quality" brought up the rear.

Fortunately for Cosmo and Esmè, feudal restrictions were in abeyance; fortunately, also, Lord Ribston had again fallen sulky, so that, when Lord Germistoun led off with Mrs Ravenhall, the lovers were able to join each other without hindrance, and very soon fell back, unobserved, to a comfortable distance behind the party.

"Darling! are you happy?" was the wholly superfluous question which Cosmo breathlessly uttered, as he gazed into a face bright as the summer sky.

"So happy that I think I never can have been happy before," was the satisfactory reply. But he who supposes that *that* was sufficient, knows nothing of these things; for, of course, the question broke out again and again with fond iterations, at short intervals, on the homeward route. On one of these recurrences, Esmè replied, with sudden gloom in her face—

"Ah, no! how, how can I be happy?"

"My own love! what do you mean?"

"Something weighs upon my mind—a solemn duty which I have wickedly neglected—oh! so wickedly!"

"Tell me, dearest, tell me!" cried Cosmo, earnestly.

"I have not yet apologised to you for my intrusion this forenoon, and papa said I must. Can you forgive me for ruining your sport, and putting you to so much inconvenience?" There was but one obvious answer to this; and with similar fond queries and responses, the happy pair moved slowly through the friendly woods.

The party had descended from the hill by a road which led past the old ruin, and when Esmè and Cosmo came within sight of the bridge above it, they saw Lord Germistoun and Phil standing there. Lord Germistoun was waiting for his daughter, and Phil for his comrade; for by the bridge lay the shortest road to Finmore.

It was as well that the lovers had some little time to compose themselves before they reached the bridge, and it was very much better that Lord Germistoun had not seen them just before they rounded a turn in the road which brought them into sight. If he had, Cosmo's interview with his lordship on the morrow might have been dispensed with, for it would scarcely have been the channel of fresh information.

"At church, to-morrow," said Esmè, "I shall tell you the best hour to find papa, in the afternoon, if you will not relent, and let me tell him what has happened myself."

"Dearest! you may be sure that, were it possible, I would relent; but, believe me, it is not possible."

"Very well, I will be obedient; and remember, dear, your vow of patience."

"I shall remember *you*, and that will be enough."

Lord Germistoun was looking rather grim when they joined him.

"I trust," he said, "there have been no more dangerous adventures?"

"No, papa, none."

"And I trust you have expressed to Captain Glencairn your regret for your unwarrantable escapade this forenoon?"

"Yes, papa," said Esmè, the fun so dancing in her eyes that she was obliged to lower them; "and he is good enough to say that I did not inconvenience him."

"Hum! Good afternoon, gentlemen! Come, Esmè."

"I should have thought," said his lordship to Esmè, as they walked home, "that you had had enough of that man's society in your *tête-à-tête* of the morning, without repeating the experience. Do you really find him at all reasonably pleasant? Has he anything to say for himself?"

Again it was well that Lord Germistoun, with his head high in air, did not observe the look of entire confusion which covered his daughter's face, as she answered at random—

"I do not find him at all silent. He is shy, perhaps; but shy people are not always disagreeable; at least, I suppose not. Are they, do you think?"

"I don't suppose they are; but I know they always bore me," said his lordship, who did not notice the slight incoherence of his daughter's words and manner.

And so the subject dropped, leaving, however, in Esmè's candid mind, the first pain which love had brought her. Her lover's first injunction had led to her first concealment from her father. Yet she did not blame Cosmo. Far from it; he was on a pinnacle which towered

above the clouds of error, and his injunction could not but be right. For the moment, however, its results were distressing. But she whispered to herself that a few hours

would set everything to rights, and then concealment and all evils would be at an end; and thus the gentle soul took comfort in roseate dreams.

CHAPTER XL.

Cosmo and Phil had scarcely cleared the bridge when they heard the sound of rapid steps pursuing them, and, turning, saw old Maggie, who had been lurking about in the woods above, not venturing to face Lord Germistoun, who had recently given her to understand, and pretty forcibly, that she was in disgrace, and that her letters of marque, as against the tourists, were in danger of being withdrawn.

"Guid e'en! guid e'en! braw gentles!" she cried, running up to them, and panting for breath. "I'm sweert to forgather wi' his lordship eenoo, sae I bude to hide a wee. Hoots! 'Jowk and let the jaw gae by,' ye ken. Eh, sir!" (earnestly addressing Cosmo), "but ye maun be the prood, prood gentleman this night! I wuss'd ye weel afore, and I wuss ye joy noo. Ye've gotten the wale o' the warld; for she's the wale o't, and wha but she?"

'The pride o' a' the parochin
Is bonny Bessie Lee.'

"What are you talking about, Maggie?" said Cosmo, with a crimson face.

"Eh! hard ye e'er the like o' that?"

'Oh, but we're sly, sly!
Oh, but we're sly an' sleeikit!'

Div I no ken? did I no see ye wi' my ain twa een comin' doon the shaw? Did I no see ye——?"

Here Maggie went through a highly suggestive pantomime, which assured Cosmo that some portion at least of their journey through the woods had been supervised.

"Hoots, my bonny gentleman," continued Maggie, "ne'er look sae blate.

'Gin a body meet a body
Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body——'

Aweel, aweel! fient haet sall the world be wiser for auld Maggie. But aiblins ye'll hae somethin' for her the night—for luck, like?"

"Here, Maggie," said Cosmo, putting into her hand a largesse, the like of which she had never seen before, "and now 'good night;' and please don't come with us any further."

The old woman stared at the piece of gold, in a state of awe which silenced her, and she let them go in peace, only recovering herself in time to shout after them thanks and blessings, adding, with great emphasis, "I'll no tell yon!"

"What's 'yon,' Cosmo?" said Phil, laughing, but he was, of course, already the third participant in the lovers' tender secret.

Far into the night sat the two friends, discussing the attitude and general tactics which Cosmo should adopt at his impending interview with Lord Germistoun, as well as the probabilities, adverse or favourable, of his lordship's conduct under the circumstances. As the splendid glow of the day's excitement abated, the lover could not but acknowledge to himself that the ordeal which he had to go through on the morrow was not only formidable in itself, but that its results promised to be formidable.

"Nonsense!" cried Phil the sanguine, in answer to this oft-asserted conviction; "he's not half so formidable as you make him out to be. And why should he object to you, when she has made up her mind, and when her happiness is at stake? He is devoted to his daughter, you say?"

"There is no doubt of that."

"Then, of course, he can't object. He might prefer a swell, with a title and all that, of course; but we're not living in the middle ages. He can't sacrifice his daughter's happiness without a common-sense reason, and there's nothing of that sort at his disposal."

"I fear he will find reasons which will satisfy *him*, whether they satisfy common-sense or not."

"Oh, you're unjust to the old gentleman."

"I wish I could believe it."

"Depend upon it, you are. I know exactly what he will say," said Phil, with an air of superior sagacity, "exactly as if I heard him saying it. He will say that it is very sudden. So it is, you know. And he will say that his daughter does not know enough of you—which, of course, is not true. Also, that he had higher views for her—which, of course, *is* true. But if you manage him properly, he will agree to a deferred engagement. That is to say, no engagement for the present, and no communication to take place between you for, perhaps, a year; after which time, if she is still in the same mind, he will agree to give his consent—for his daughter's sake. I think any fellow with an eye, and who knows things, could see that *that* will be his line, at the very worst."

"It certainly sounds reasonable."

"Well, it does; a little hard, perhaps, but not unreasonable under the circumstances."

In such dialogues, and in ebbs

and flows of despondency and confidence, the evening passed.

At church next day the two friends took care to place themselves in a position more favourable than on the previous Sunday for observing the Dunerlacht pew; and when its occupants entered, Cosmo found that his point of view commanded Esmè in the most satisfactory manner. There were a good many absentees from the castle party—Mrs Ravenhall, of course, and her brother Tom among them; but when Cosmo saw the procession close without the august form of Lord Germistoun, he was struck with a sudden pang of apprehension. Was his lordship's absence in any way connected with what had occurred? Had he discovered it by some evil chance? and was his wrath so great as to prevent his waiting on the ministrations of the Rev. Donald M'Rorie, which his devotion to the principle of church establishment and a gift of facile slumber enabled him to endure every Sunday without fail? A flash of sunshine from Esmè's happy eyes soon reassured him on this head, and he sat in bliss through the long diet; and although Mr M'Rorie's discourse turned mainly on the personal habits of Nebuchadnezzar, Cosmo felt that he had seldom been more pleasantly edified.

"Papa is unwell this morning," said Esmè, lingering behind her party, when they left the church, "and I fear we must endure another day of suspense. He is really very cross and impracticable; and I am sure it will be better not to make our confession to-day. To-morrow he will be better, and—all will be well."

"Then we must have patience till to-morrow; but may I not go over and see you, this afternoon?"

"It will be more prudent not to come. Besides, all the others would

be there, and it would be too tantalising to see you, and not have you, *all* to myself; and I am sure I could not act well enough. Some sharp eyes would read our secret. Mrs. Ravenhall threw out some hints last night, which for a moment made me think that she knew it, though, of course, that was impossible."

"But could you not meet me alone out of doors?"

"Oh Cosmo! would that be right?"

"Right, darling! have you not given yourself to me for ever?"

Esmè hesitated for a moment, and then said, "Yes, dearest; and you must know better than I what is right; so I will go, if it is possible. If you can be at the ruin a little after three o'clock, I will try to meet you there."

And here the impatient tossing of Lady Bugles's plumes warned Esmè to join the party in the carriage.

"It would appear," said her ladyship, meaningly, "that Mr. Glencairn has found his tongue all of a sudden. I wonder how the miracle has been effected!"

"I wonder!" echoed Esmè, demurely.

"Cosmo reached the place of tryst before the appointed hour. How transfigured all the scene appeared to be! And the sound of the waterfall—what a different meaning came forth from it to-day! It was no longer the voice of strife and struggle; it was a diapason of triumph and delight. And the passion of the waters down below was ecstasy; and in the aspect of the grey ruin and of the ancient trees there was no longer any dolour or tragedy.

Across the tumult of diamond spray, from crag to crag, a foam-bow hung its serene iridescence; and as Cosmo, musing, gazed upon it,

a light touch fell upon his arm, and in his ear thrilled the low music of Esmè's voice—

"How beautiful! oh, how beautiful! Who could desire a fairer omen?"

Lord Germistoun's indisposition had chanced well for the lovers, for it gave them these golden hours of converse—destined to remain as joys for ever in their memories. In that unrestrained communion, the innermost inner life of each disclosed itself at last to the other; and at each new revelation, the bands of love were drawn ever closer and more close. Needless to recount how the history of their love was traced, from its dawn to this, its noontide splendour—traced over and over again, only to gain fresh interest at each repetition. And then their plans, their hopes, their aspirations!—the ideal life they would lead together, the greatness to be achieved by Cosmo, the inspiration to be lent by Esmè, the good to be done by both, living together in righteousness! And, oh, the delight of Esmè to hear that, for her sake, Cosmo had cast aside his fastidious hesitations, and declared for a career where his light would no longer flicker under a bushel, but blaze abroad for the illumination of the world!

"I thought," she said, "that the happiness of making you happy could not be added to; but, when I think of helping to make you great also—oh! dear Cosmo, what have I done to deserve such joy?"

Oh! beautiful dreams of pure and noble souls! the pity of it that, so often, they should be but dreams!

Too swiftly passed these blessed hours, and at last, filled for the moment with hope and faith in what the morrow would bring forth, the lovers parted.

It was very late, and Esmè, though she made all haste, entered

the drawing-room last, except her father, of all the dinner-party.

"Ah! Miss Douglas," cried Lord Ribston, "you must have had fern-seed for luncheon to-day, for you have been invisible all the afternoon, though I sought you with bitter tears. I suppose it was the old story. Another old harridan taken ill, and in want of stimulants. Now, tell me, am I not right?"

"No, Lord Ribston, you are not right."

"An old man, then?"

"You are wrong again."

"What a catechism you are, Lord Ribston, and what a narrow range you allow to Miss Douglas's errands of love and mercy!" said Mrs Ravenhall, regarding Esmè with a look of malicious fun which brought the colour to her cheek, and convinced her that, somehow or other, Mrs Ravenhall *did* know "all about it."

CHAPTER XLI.

The next forenoon, as Cosmo was approaching the castle, he met Esmè, who was waiting to give him a last word of love and encouragement before he went to the tribunal. The crisis was an anxious one, and, face to face with it now, she perhaps saw all its hazards, with very clear perceptions, for the first time. Nevertheless, when she saw the gravity of Cosmo's face, she summoned all the brightness she could command into her own, and assumed a tone of hope and confidence for once not quite sincere.

"Papa is very well this morning," she said, "and in his best mood; and if you will remember patience, dear Cosmo, all *must* be well."

"I shall remember *you*, my beloved."

"You must tell him of your political prospects,—that will please him; but politics are delicate ground with him, as you know already."

"And what shall I say about you, darling? You know that I am, also, your ambassador."

"You will tell him the truth."

"And that is?"

"That I love you."

"My angel!"

"And that I never, never can

change. But I don't think papa will expect me to change; so I am sure he will consent."

"Where shall I find you when I leave Lord Germistoun?"

"I shall wait for you on the path leading to the Fall. Now, dearest, we must part. Remember that all my heart goes with you."

Cosmo then left her, and went on to the house, where he rang the bell, and asked for Lord Germistoun, with the best air of unconcern he could assume.

It was not a canonical hour of visitation, and it was the hour consecrated by Lord Germistoun to business; and so, though the servant admitted that his master was at home, he implied that there might be some difficulty about an audience.

"I have come," said Cosmo, who was resolved that there should be no further postponements, "on most important business, and I *must* see his lordship."

"I'll tell his lordship, sir."

"Quite unnecessary. Please show me to his room at once."

And, impressed by his tone of decision, the man obeyed. Lord Germistoun was in his business-room, and seated at his business-table, which was covered with all

the paraphernalia of business, arranged with formal precision. The expression of his countenance bore the impress of his surroundings, and was one of grave absorption in weighty matters. And, indeed, no ordinary concern occupied the noble lord to-day. He rose, and, with formal politeness, invited Cosmo to seat himself.

"I hope," said the latter, "that you are better to-day?"

"I really don't know whether I am better or not. I cannot think of my ailments. This accursed circumstance gives me no leisure, you may well believe, to think of anything else. This accursed circumstance!" he repeated, slapping the table for emphasis, and staring steadily at his visitor.

Cosmo's heart sank. Some bird of the air, then, had carried the story of his love to the angry old man, and this was his verdict—it was "an accursed circumstance!"

"What have *you* got to say about it?" continued Lord Germistoun:

Cosmo's programme had presupposed such a very different introduction to the subject, that he was fairly taken aback, and could only say, after a little delay, "I should like to hear your own calm and deliberate opinion, Lord Germistoun."

"You shall have it. The last sentence I had written contains it; and here it is: 'Lord Germistoun is at a loss which most to marvel at,—the astounding audacity of the step, or the monstrous imbecility which could hope for its success.' There! that is Lord Germistoun's calm and deliberate opinion."

"I deeply regret to hear it," said Cosmo; "but I trust it is not final."

"Regret! Final! Do you mean to say that you sympathise with their villany?"

"Villany, Lord Germistoun?—*their* villany? I must misunder-

stand you. I don't know to what you allude."

"Why, you know they've struck, don't you?"

"Who have struck?" cried Cosmo, in deep bewilderment. But now there was an explanation. The post had just brought the news that five hundred miners on his lordship's Welsh property had had the hardihood to go out on strike. The question was between the Glencairn Company, which leased the mineral field, and the men; but Lord Germistoun was not the man to let any groundlings on *his* estate assert themselves in such a monstrous fashion, without a fulmination on his part, and all the less so that his own pecuniary interests, as a shareholder in the Company, were directly affected. He was now, therefore, in the act of penning an instrument suitable to the occasion; and it was the last sentence of this which he had just read. With his mind full of the Glencairn Company, he at once connected Cosmo's visit with the business of the moment, and so had expressed neither the surprise nor the disapprobation which his unauthorised intrusion might otherwise have produced.

"And so you know nothing about all this?" cried Lord Germistoun, when the explanation had been made.

"No, nothing whatever; and I must tell you that I have no personal share or interest in the Company."

"I presumed, of course, that your visit bore on this scandalous affair. As I appear to have been mistaken, you will forgive me for asking to what I may attribute it. These are my business hours. In point of fact, it is a standing rule that I don't receive before luncheon; and to-day, as you see, I am especially occupied."

"I am distressed to put you to

inconvenience," said Cosmo; "but my reason for calling upon you is a most urgent one. When you know its nature, I think you will not be surprised that I have ventured to intrude, even at this hour."

"Hum!"

"That, at least, you will consider natural."

"Hum!"

"Whatever your other sentiments may be.

"Yes?"

"Yes."

There was a pause, during which Cosmo found that his prearranged plan of attack had entirely evaporated, as such plans usually do. Lord Germistoune was not in the mood to give him much time to reconstruct it, and he soon said—

"The nature of your business is——?"

"Is personal, and of extreme delicacy."

"Personal to yourself, or to whom?"

"To myself, and—and others; indeed it concerns *you* very nearly."

"Perhaps you will kindly explain it—categorically. Ahem!"

"If you will kindly give me your attention for a few moments, and forgive the egotism of my remarks, which will be unavoidable, I shall endeavour to do so. You do not know much of me, Lord Germistoune, but I think you know, in a general way, who I am. From your remarks just now, in talking of this trade dispute, I infer that you are aware that I am the son of Mr Archibald Glencairn, and that you are, more or less, acquainted with him?"

Lord Germistoune assented by a gesture, and Cosmo continued—

"I am not, as I have said, connected with his business, nor, indeed, with any business. I have inherited, from another source, a fortune which, even nowadays, is called considerable, and which enables me to be my own master. I

have enjoyed many advantages of education, though I do not pretend to have profited by them as I ought to have done. Since leaving the army I have travelled a great deal, and devoted myself, with some energy, to various branches of study. I have now an early prospect of entering Parliament, and it is my intention to pursue a political career. That is a brief *résumé* of my past history and future prospects."

Lord Germistoune was, of course, not a little puzzled by all this, and his irritation was kept in check by his bewilderment; but when Cosmo came to a pause, he said, hastily—

"You make this statement with some purpose, of course; may I ask what it is?"

Cosmo continued—

"There is one omission which I have made, and which, in perfect candour, I must supply, and it is this—that, though I descend, through my mother, from a good family, of even high position, my birth, on the father's side, is obscure. Our history does not go beyond three generations, and it then disappears in a strong suspicion of illegitimacy. I have now stated, as honestly as I can, my exact position in life."

"You will allow me to say, Mr Glencairn, that this confidence is unsought, and, let me add, quite unnecessary. If I have been content to admit you to my house without question, you, I think, may be satisfied to accept the privilege, without obtruding unasked-for explanations. I admit that discussions have taken place in the circle here, as to your antecedents. You have probably become aware of this fact, and this, no doubt, is the cause of your visit and your explanation. But, when I decide to admit a gentleman to my house, you may depend upon it that I know what I am about. I am perfectly able to

regulate the exact amount of intimacy to which any one ought to be admitted. In short, I am able to take care of myself. If I had thought it necessary, I would have asked you for certain explanations; as it was unnecessary, I have refrained; and when I have added—which I think I am bound to add—that your desire to avoid even the suspicion of false pretences, is not discreditable to you, all has been said which requires to be said. Now I fear I must remind you that there are strong prior claims on my time this morning.”

His lordship took up the thunder-bolt which he had been concocting for the Welsh miners, and added—

“It is necessary that these miscreants should be dealt with, without the delay of a single post. I must therefore, I fear, wish you good morning.”

He was moving towards the bell when Cosmo interrupted him.

“I must beg you, my lord,” he said, “to bear with me a little longer. You have misinterpreted the object of my visit. I have not even hinted at it, as yet.”

Lord Germistounne turned impatiently, and cried—

“I am at a loss to conceive with what other object you should think it necessary to favour me with your biographical sketch. I do not wish to be discourteous, but I must say that you can scarcely suppose that it has any special interest for me!”

“Indeed it has, Lord Germistounne.”

“Now! now! now!——”

“In connection with what I am about to say.”

Lord Germistounne threw himself impatiently into his chair and tossed his papers about with an angry hand. Pray go on, sir,” he said—“pray go on, and be as brief, I beg, as is possible!”

“I have told you,” said Cosmo,

“about myself, as I was bound in honour, as a gentleman, to do—keeping back nothing that could tell against me, and having but little, I fear, to say in my own favour. I have done this, Lord Germistounne, that you may know who *exactly* is the man who ventures to come before you, honestly, and openly at least, if not hopefully, as a suitor——”

“A suitor, sir? For what? or whom?” cried Lord Germistounne.

“For your daughter’s hand.”

The old lord fell back in his chair, his hair seemed literally to stand on end; his face grew white and then livid, and his eyes stared fixedly, as though Cosmo were some apparition from the unseen world. All power of speech seemed to forsake him.

Cosmo went on—

“This takes you by surprise, Lord Germistounne, and I can see that the surprise is not a pleasant one, and I can understand why this should be so. I am painfully aware of my unworthiness of Miss Douglas. I know to what a different match she is, in every way, entitled. I was so convinced of this, that, when I found her influence threatening to become irresistible, I withdrew myself from it. But I found that it was too late; my destiny was already fixed and irrevocable. I then resolved—you may think the resolution desperate, and even absurd—to attempt, with whatever ability I may possess, to arrive at such personal distinction as might help to bridge the gulf which separates us socially. I took measures to commence the career I have mentioned already, and I am going to pursue it with all my might. But I have no illusions as to my abilities. I know that I may well fail, and that even if I reach success, it must be worked for and waited for patiently. Believe me that I am prepared to work

hard, and to wait patiently. In the meantime, alas! love cannot wait; it will not be controlled by prudence, and it speaks."

"It dares to speak," hissed Lord Germistoune, without altering his look or attitude.

"Yes, it dares to speak, as a man will dare do anything for life; and it dares to ask you to give me a little hope—even in the far future. It dares to ask this, not for the sake of *my* happiness, which can be nothing to you, but for hers, which to you must be all-important."

Lord Germistoune sprang up suddenly from his lethargy, and cried, with recovered voice, "*Her* happiness? Your presumption does not carry you the length of pretending to answer for *that*?"

"It is no longer mere pretence, nor is it presumption."

"What do you mean, sir, in the name of ten thousand devils?"

"I mean that, unworthy though I be, I am entitled to answer for her, unreservedly."

"You do not dare to tell me that you have spoken to my daughter?"

"Yes, Lord Germistoune, I have spoken to her, and she will tell you herself, as she has told me, that she loves me, and will never change."

Lord Germistoune was dumb for a moment, and then gasped out, as though choking with passion, "And you believe this?"

"Yes, as firmly as if I had the word of an angel for it. Ah, Lord Germistoune! her words are not lightly spoken. She will never change. Think of this and her happiness, and believe that, if ever there was devotion in man's nature, it is in mine for her; and that what power is in me to make me worthier of her, I will use it with all my strength, and through all my life. I urge——"

"Silence, sir!" cried Lord Germistoune, starting to his feet. "I have never been easily astonished. I shall never be astounded again. There is the door, sir; take yourself out of it as quickly as may be, and never presume to address me or my daughter again!"

"You give me no reason, Lord Germistoune."

"Reason, sir? even your crazy self-assurance can scarcely require to be told that a lady with the blood of kings in her veins, and who will be a peeress in her own right, is, in my opinion, beyond the contamination which you imagine for her. Go, sir! go, I say!"

"Contamination!" cried Cosmo, starting forward, with the fire flashing from his eyes; "no man shall dare——" then he recollected himself, paused, and said, "I promised to be patient, and I will at least avoid the contamination of disloyalty to her."

CHAPTER XLII.

Hardly knowing what he did, Cosmo rushed from the house and strode with vehement steps up through the woods. The interview had been protracted by frequent long pauses, and Esmè, walking on in anxious meditation, had reached the spot where, yesterday, the lovers parted in the glow of happiness and hope. When Cosmo saw her in the distance, she was standing, as

he had been standing, and gazing at the Fall which had hung out for them its bow of promise, so soon, alas! to prove illusory. At sight of her, all her gentle loving ways, her sweet encouragements, her bright auguries, her happiness, her hopes, her love, and her pride in it; all these things rushed into his mind, confused and almost maddened as it was. The blow he

had received had so stunned him, that he had not yet realised his own anguish, and the sight of her first brought it home to him in a burst of bitterest emotion. But it was of her, and for her, that he thought. To tell her the fatal truth, to tell her that their dream was dissolved, to see her radiant face grow dark, to hear the happy music die from her sweet voice—oh the misery, the misery of this! how could he endure it? He stopped irresolute, striving to control his feelings and nerve himself, for her sake. Suddenly, she turned and saw him, and forthwith ran to meet him, with the simple eagerness of her guileless nature. As she drew near and saw the sadness of his face, she read in it their fate; and she, too, feeling first for her lover's grief, stretched out her arms to him and cried, in accents of infinite tenderness, "Oh my beloved! oh my poor darling! it is I who have brought you to this!"

He took her by the hand and led her back, without a word, to the spot which, for them, had been the scene of so many emotions; nor did he speak until they had been, for a long time, seated side by side, gazing, in sad silence, on the waters which looked so black and wild to-day. At last he roused himself and told her what had passed, softening, as best he might, the harsher details of the interview.

"Did papa hold out no hope? none at all?" said Esmè, with a pathetic tremble in her voice, and looking at him through a mist of tears which began to escape over her pale cheeks.

"Alas! no, dearest—I must not deceive you—not a hope."

"Oh my darling! I cannot bear it! I cannot bear it! My heart will break;" and she burst into an agony of weeping.

Cosmo held her in his strong arms, and soothed her with low-

murmured words of fondness; and as a child in grief clings to its comforter, so did she cling to him, sobbing out the passion of her sorrow on her lover's breast. And in that pure embrace and in that moment of bitterness, the love of the man—ever tenderest when it protects,—and of the woman—ever fondest when it leans upon the strong,—were drawn together in bonds that must surely prove indissoluble. Gradually the relief of tears worked its charm; slowly her sobs died away, and she lay quiet in the resting-place she was so soon to lose. Cosmo bent down and gently kissed her, and she raised herself at last, calm, and with the wraith of a piteous smile on her poor, trembling lips. "We said 'for ever' dearest," she murmured; "and it is 'for ever' still, is it not?"

"For ever and for ever," said Cosmo, fervently.

"I cannot disobey papa, you know," she went on; "and if he will keep us separate, we must be separate, but our hearts can never be separate; can they, dear?"

"Never!"

"And he can never make me love any one else—that is impossible;—and you will never love any one else. I feel so sure, oh, so sure of that!—and I will come here every day, and remember all your words and think of you, so that I shall seem to hear your dear voice speaking them; and everything will remind me of you, so that I shall almost seem to see you. Oh, poor darling! you will not have this comfort. But promise me that you will come here, every day, in your thoughts—thinking of all the things here that we have looked at together—thinking of them with all your might, and saying to yourself, 'Esmè is looking at them now, and thinking of me, and loving me, with all her heart.' Then we shall really

almost meet, shall we not? Promise me this, darling Cosmo."

"Promise, my own! wherever you are, my thoughts and my heart shall be with you, night and day—while I live."

"And oh, dear Cosmo! something seems to tell me now—even now, when all is so dark—that we need not despair. Papa will surely relent when he is convinced that I can never change; and you are so good and so noble, and you will be so great, if you will only persevere and not despond, that he will be forced to relent. Then, dear, promise me that you will not despair, but that you will go on in your work, and work with all your might. Say to yourself that I am standing beside you, trying to help you with my prayers and my love; for I shall hear of you, if I cannot see you, and in all your troubles and in all your triumphs, my heart shall be with you. I know that you will do this, will you not?"

"I will," said Cosmo, but his voice failed him for further utterance.

"And I know," continued Esmè, "that whatever you do, you will do it not for yourself only, nor even for my sake only, but far more, for the sake of doing what is good and noble like yourself. And so I think that God will help us, if we are only patient, and trust in Him. Yes, He will help us. So I am not going to be unhappy any more, but quite cheerful; and I am sure that this 'good-bye' is only for a very little, and that we shall meet again, not to be separated any more."

Cosmo was far more overcome by these touching words—striving as they did, so bravely and so unselfishly, to bring him comfort—than by all that had passed before, and it was only after several vain attempts to speak that he was able to say, "I promise all. I shall try to deserve God's help."

Hours had passed. They felt

that the moment of parting had inexorably come; and, as they stood together in that last solemn silence which precedes a solemn separation, the sound of rapid steps was heard, and, a moment after, Mrs Ravenhall stood before them. Her air was one of haste and excitement, and she addressed Esmè at once, without in any way noticing Cosmo.

"They have been searching for you everywhere, dear Esmè, and your father is very seriously disturbed about your absence. He would have gone out and come here to look for you himself, but I persuaded him, with great difficulty, to let me come instead. I feared that in his present agitation something painful might occur, and so I came myself. Now we must not delay a moment; do come away."

"I will come, Mrs Ravenhall." Then she turned to Cosmo, and murmured in a low voice "Good-bye," and Cosmo murmured "Good-bye," and she was turning to depart. In all that had passed, their real farewells had been already taken; they comprehended each other absolutely, and their hearts were one. But to Esmè's tender nature this cold formality was intolerable, and, regardless of Mrs Ravenhall's presence, she once more threw herself passionately on her lover's breast. "Good-bye!" she cried, "my own! my most beloved! I do not care who knows it and who sees it. I am proud of my love, and it will never die or change—never! never!"

Mrs Ravenhall looked up into the sky and down into the deeps—either from discretion, or because this was "a scene" and in contravention of her code, which placed under a ban all display of genuine human feeling. Presently Esmè stood beside her; "I am ready now, Mrs Ravenhall," she said, and in another moment the lovers were parted—Mrs Ravenhall thought, for ever.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Esmè walked by her friend's side, quietly weeping. It might have melted a very hard heart to see the tears and the sorrow of one so young and lovable. It did not touch Mrs Ravenhall's heart, however; not because it was hard, but because it was an empty shell, containing no emotional machinery. It did something else, however, which answers quite as well in society as the efflux of true sympathy; it awoke a sense of personal discomfort, which the grief of others always produced in Mrs Ravenhall, who liked to see bright faces and to hear happy voices, just as she preferred sunshine to storm and warmth to cold. This sense of personal discomfort struggling for alleviation moved her to apply to Esmè's woe such balm as is to be extracted from glozing words of spurious sympathy. In this way (having told Esmè that her father had apprised her of what had taken place) she conjured her to be of good cheer, pointing out that it is usually darkest just before dawn, that it is a long lane which has no turning, and adducing many similar floscules of proverbial consolation. Lord Germistoun, she said, was, of course, angry just now—rather seriously angry indeed; but, if he was swift to wrath, he was quickly appeased. His fondness for her would plead with his anger. She herself had already somewhat mollified him, she hoped, by explaining that old heads can by no means be put on young shoulders, and that Esmè's good sense and filial piety would soon bring her to cheerful submission. In fine, all would soon be forgiven and forgotten, and they would, in point of fact, live happy ever after.

"No," said Esmè, quietly, "I will submit and try to be patient,

and papa may forgive" ("forgive!" she repeated, indignantly), "but I can never be happy—never be really happy any more, unless papa relents. There can be no forgetfulness for *me*."

Mrs Ravenhall laughed in her sleeve. "Poor little thing!" she thought, "in a month she will have forgotten all about him. In the meantime it would be wretched work here; and his lordship's announcement, that we are all to get our dismissal to-morrow, was perfectly welcome."

"Well, darling Esmè," she said aloud, as they reached the house, "you know that you will always have a true and loving friend in me, and what I can do to help your happiness I will always do—depend upon that. Go straight to your father, dear; do not be afraid of him. He will not be very harsh or severe, I am sure."

"I am not afraid of papa; I never have been afraid of him; and, as I have done nothing wrong, I have no fear now."

In this frame she went bravely to Lord Germistoun's room. We should be sorry to harrow our readers by describing minutely all that the poor girl suffered there. Her father felt that all his pride of ancestry, station, wealth, *prestige*, all his jealous love for his daughter—*his* only child, *his* future representative—had been outraged, insulted, sullied even, by being dragged, even in the imagination, down into a connection with this nameless nobody, whom he had always disliked, and whose presumption now simply maddened him. Shaken with the passion which all this stirred, he was, at first, violent and incoherent as a lunatic. But Esmè kept silence, strengthening herself in her patience by the recol-

lection of what Cosmo had borne for her sake, and leaning, in her heart, on the stay and comfort of his great love. And, since wrath which is noisy soon exhausts itself in its declamations, and since wrath which meets no resistance soon loses its impetus, and since an old man's wrath fails for lack of the energy of life, it thus soon befell that Lord Germistoun, physically exhausted by hours of concentrated excitement, became, if not more reasonable, at least somewhat calmer; and the interview closed as follows:—

"Before you leave this room, Esmè, you shall give me a solemn undertaking, absolutely and entirely to give up this man, and to think no more of him."

"I will promise you, papa, not to marry him, while you withhold your consent."

"And you will hold no communication with him?"

"None, while you forbid it."

"And you will banish him from your thoughts?"

"No, papa, I will not do that."

"What! you dare to say this to my face?"

"I cannot promise what is impossible. I have never deceived you in anything, and I never will deceive you. And I wish you to know that I never will cease to love him. Nothing can change me. I have vowed it in words, and if honour would not keep me true to my vow, my heart would."

"Don't talk this rubbish to me, about vows and hearts and lovers' eternities—I know the value of it. I'm not a girl."

"Oh, papa! papa! remember that

I am but a girl, and do not be so hard and cruel. Remember that, if you separate me from him, and take away your own love also, I shall indeed be desolate."

With these plaintive words she laid her hand beseechingly on his arm; and the old man, in spite of himself, was touched by the forlorn aspect of the one being whom in all the world he loved. He repressed any symptom of softening, however, except that he said, in a gentler tone, "You may leave me now, Esmè; if you deserve my love you shall not lose it."

When he was left alone he muttered to himself, "Time,—time, and judicious coldness and firmness on my part—these will bring her to her senses; and then London and a groove will do the rest. If she had been more in London this madness would not have taken her; if she had been formed by conventional women she would have been incapable of it. But it is not too late yet. No, no, not too late. London and a groove!"

Esmè did not appear either that night or the next morning. Her father made her apologies. An overwhelming headache, he said, kept her to her room; and only Mrs Ravenhall saw her to take farewell. When she crept down-stairs in the afternoon, the house was silent and empty; every guest had departed; silence within and gloom without; black skies, and moaning winds, and dreary rain-drifts marching up the glen. In this sad fashion closed those three bright weeks, and Esmè, bereft of her lover, and estranged from her father, was truly all alone.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Cosmo did not remain long in the spot where their passionate farewell

had been taken. He gave one last look at the Fall, and the old castle,

and the woods—intently gazing at them, as though to fix indelibly in his mind every detail of the scene where his spirit was to come and keep its daily tryst with Esmè. Then he strode rapidly away through the woods, and across the bridge, in the direction of Finmore. Other eyes had beheld the lovers' pathetic interview and their tearful parting. Perched in her eyrie, up in the ruined tower, the crazy old woman who had, more than once, intervened so inopportunistly, observed it all from first to last. But she did not come down; she remained perfectly still and silent, watching the scene with a strangely solemn look in her vague face, and only muttering to herself, now and then, some scrap of doleful song suggested by what was passing down below—

“Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!”

Oh, but it's waefu'! it's waefu! my ain heart's fit to brak.”

And when the last parting took place, the poor old creature, who dearly loved Esmè, in her fitful way, fairly lifted up her voice and wept, sobbing to herself, “Oh, my bonny leddy! my bonny leddy! that's aye sae gude to me! whatfor wad they gang to break her kind heart? Oh, my bonny leddy!”

The last sound which Cosmo heard, as he passed the bridge, was her voice singing among the crags up above—

“Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met, or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.”

This was the sadly appropriate farewell which Dunerlacht gave him.

When he reached home, he walked into the room where Phil was sitting, and said, abruptly—“It is all over, Phil—finally, as far as Lord Germistoun can make it final. He rejected me with every

sort of scorn. But, please, ask me no questions, and say nothing more about it. I can't bear it yet. I'm going to take a long walk now; I can't remain still.”

“Let me come with you, my dear fellow. It's bad to be alone with a sad heart.”

“No, no; but thank you all the same. I must be quite alone. Don't wait dinner for me, or sit up, or mind me in any way. It may be midnight before I return.”

Then Cosmo went away and wandered far and wide, without destination or purpose, save to wear out the spirit of unrest, which held him in its grip. He was visible no more that night; and when he appeared next day, his friend was by no means surprised to hear that he was going to leave Finmore within an hour.

“I am going,” he said, “for a month of rapid movement and continual change of scene,—for a month, or a shorter time, if I recover my senses sooner. Then I shall return to fulfil my pledge to her—to work, to hope, to believe, and, I trust, at last to win her; for, while I live, I shall never despair. Stay here, Phil, as long as you please, and the longer the better. The establishment is all engaged for two months more, and it is a pity you should lose the chance of so good a moor. I shall not return, of course.”

Phil wished rather to accompany his afflicted friend on his travels, but Cosmo would not hear of this; so he agreed to remain by himself at Finmore, but only for a week.

So Cosmo bade Phil farewell, and went on his way.

As he went to the station and by the road which led past the castle, he saw an open vehicle approaching him which seemed to contain three persons, and to be piled high with luggage in front. As it came up, Cosmo discovered that it conveyed

Tom Wyedale and his servant, and he was for passing with a hurried salutation. But Tom would not suffer this, halting him with lusty shouts, and begging him to descend and come apart for a few minutes' conversation on urgent private affairs.

When they had got to a few paces' distance from the servants, Tom stopped, with a grave face, and said, "I've heard, my dear old boy, through my sister, of this confounded catastrophe."

"What do you mean?" cried Cosmo, angrily.

"Oh Cosmo! Cosmo! am I not your oldest friend? Don't do dignity with me, man! I know all about it, and there's no one can be half so sorry for it as I am, except she and you. But cheer up, old fellow. It will all come right at last. I've always thought that you and she were made for each other—ever since that time down at Cadenabbia. That's paying you a compliment, I can tell you. I have not known many women who were good for much, besides herself; and she's good enough to redeem the character of the whole sex. And I say it will all come right, *because* she is so good, and would never throw a fellow over when she once liked him; I am sure of that. Still, Cosmo, I'm awfully sorry for you, awfully."

"Thanks, Tom; you're a good fellow."

"And I was thinking, Cosmo, that it might be a comfort to you, when you're down in your luck (which won't last long, I think, for his lordship is not immortal, and, fortunately, stricken in years and really getting shaky)—that it might be a comfort to you, when down in your luck, to have your old pal with you, who would do his best to

cheer you up. So here I have come, with bag and baggage, to take no refusal, but force my way into Finmore. I'm leaving Dunerlacht, at any rate, so don't suppose I'm putting myself to inconvenience."

"It's really good of you, Tom," said Cosmo; "but, you see, I'm on a journey myself; indeed I'm not going back to Finmore."

"What! and you're going to leave all that grand shooting which Davidson says you've hardly touched?"

"Phil Denwick is to stay there for a week."

"A week! and one gun!"

"Oh Tom! if you like to go on there, and stay in my absence, you are most welcome. Stay till the end of the season, if you please. You will find servants and everything there, and no one knows I'm not going to return."

"My dear Cosmo, that is a very good offer and a very kind one. It is not likely that I shall be able to stay long, and it will be sad to be there in your absence, knowing the unhappy cause of it. Still, I will go there for a little. I think it will be a relief to your mind to know that the grouse are being properly shot, won't it?"

"It's well they should not be wasted. Good-bye, Tom."

"Good-bye, and good luck to you before long."

And so this fortunate scamp, amidst the disasters of his friends, rose, as usual, to the surface; and went on, and, to the joy of old Davidson, abode at Finmore for many weeks, and made himself thoroughly comfortable, and "toozled" the "Three Kimmers" to his heart's content, and "slated" the game everywhere, as it had seldom been "slated" before.

THE NORTH AMERICAN FISHERIES AND THE HALIFAX COMMISSION.

THERE are probably but few persons in this country, outside of those official and diplomatic circles more immediately interested in such matters, who are aware that the famous Treaty of Washington of the 8th of May 1871, between Great Britain and the United States—one of the first-fruits of which was the settlement of the so-called Alabama claims—owed its birth to an international question of much more ancient date than those difficulties with which it is generally associated in the public mind. This question, which, whilst perhaps never assuming the prominent position, nor evoking that intense passion of public feeling which was aroused by the Alabama controversy, had yet, on more than one occasion during the present century, threatened seriously to compromise the amicable relations subsisting between Great Britain and the United States. Nor has it perhaps been commonly understood that the very question which led to the signature of that treaty, and to which no inconsiderable portion of its stipulations is devoted, remained unsettled until last year. The people of Canada, as those more immediately interested in the matter, may no doubt have been more fully alive to the importance of the question which we now propose to discuss, but the general public in England have taken but little interest in, and possess but a vague knowledge of, the matter. When, therefore, it was announced in the public press that the Halifax Fisheries Commission had, on the 23d of November last, pronounced an award of 5,500,000 dollars in favour of Great Britain, the statement was received with not unnatural surprise.

“What,” it was asked, “is it all about? Why has this Commission been sitting at Halifax? and why have they awarded this large sum to the British Government?”

It is true that notices which have lately appeared in some of our leading journals may have given a general outline of the matter. It is, however, impossible that, within the ordinary limits of an article, the subject should be so fully treated as to convey to the general reader a clear idea of the interests at stake, and of the real bearing of the question; and we propose now to give, in the first instance, a brief sketch of the historical features of the Canadian fisheries question; and next, to furnish such a practical account of the fisheries themselves, as may lead the public mind to a just appreciation of the issues involved.

The fisheries on the Atlantic coast of North America have been celebrated for the richness of their yield since the first days of the discovery of the vast continent in whose wealth and prosperity they form a material element. Probably the earliest allusion to the subject which is to be found relates to Newfoundland; and it is recorded that when, on his adventurous journey in 1497, Sebastian Cabot first sighted the coast of that island, “Baccalaos” was the name given by him to the country, in allusion to the vast quantity of cod-fish to be found in its vicinity—a name which, under its modern disguise of “Baccaleu,” still clings to an island on the coast. Later, in 1614, the famous Captain John Smith speaks of finding about Monhegan, on the coast of Maine, “within a square of two or three leagues, the strangest fish-pond” ever seen by mortal eyes. In 1619

it is reported that an English ship took, in the North American waters, fish which yielded £2100 (a very considerable sum in those days); and that next year several ships did even better than that.

These fisheries then, by degrees, attracted the enterprise of many nations; and since that date until the outbreak of the War of Independence in 1775, had been steadily and progressively increasing in value and productiveness, until they formed the support and occupation of a vast number of seafaring persons, who pursued their adventurous calling throughout an area of waters extending from the coast of Labrador on the north, to Chesapeake and Delaware Bays in the south, including the shores of Newfoundland, the Gulf or Bay of St Lawrence, Nova Scotia, the Bay of Fundy, and the New England States.

By the act of secession from the British Crown, the new-born citizens of the United States of necessity lost the privileges which they had previously enjoyed of fishing in the territorial waters washing the coast of that portion of North America which still retained its allegiance to the mother country; and a large portion of the negotiations preceding the conclusion of the Treaty of Peace of 1783 was devoted to a discussion as to how far such privileges should be restored to those who, by their revolt, and by the establishment of their position as an independent Power, had naturally forfeited all just claim to their continued enjoyment. The treaty of 1783, so far as it relates to this question, was in the nature of a compromise. Certain rights of fishing in the Gulf of St Lawrence, on the shores of Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, the Magdalen Islands, and Labrador, were conceded to citizens of the United States; but these

rights were by no means so full as those which they had previously enjoyed as subjects of the British Crown. The war of 1812, however, according to a now well-recognised law of nations, abrogated this treaty; and although, at the negotiations which resulted in the signature of the Treaty of Ghent in 1814, the question of the fisheries was again fully discussed, it was found impossible at the time to reconcile the divergent views of the high contracting parties. Great Britain had intimated, through her Commissioners, that she no longer intended to grant gratuitously to the United States the fishing privileges possessed by them previous to the outbreak of the war, even as limited by the treaty of 1783; whereas the United States Commissioners upheld the doctrine that that treaty was not *de facto* abrogated by the war. Under these circumstances, the Treaty of Ghent was signed without any allusion being made in it to the fisheries dispute.

The result was, that several United States vessels were subsequently captured by British cruisers for trespassing within British territorial waters; and so much bitterness and animosity were thereby engendered, that in 1818 negotiations were again entered into for the purpose of settling, in an amicable manner, the difficulties which had arisen.

The position of Great Britain at this period was, however, widely different from that occupied by her during the previous negotiations. Whilst in 1812 and 1814 she had been fighting, so to speak, all Europe with one hand, and the United States with the other, she was now, in 1818, at peace, and in a position to maintain to the utmost the just rights exclusively to be enjoyed by the inhabitants of those of her

North American colonies which still remained faithful to their allegiance. The Convention of 1818, as eventually signed, granted, with certain limitations and reservations, to the citizens of the United States the right to take fish of every kind, and to land, for the purpose of drying their nets and curing their fish, on certain portions of the coast of Newfoundland and of Labrador; and to take fish on the shores of the Magdalen Islands. But the United States expressly renounced for ever any liberty theretofore enjoyed or claimed by them to take or cure fish on or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbours of His Britannic Majesty's dominions in America, not included within the limitation laid down in the Convention.

It is to be observed that up to this period the operations of fishermen on the Atlantic coasts of North America had been mainly confined to the capture of cod, and other fish which may be taken in deep-sea waters as well as within territorial limits (or within three miles of the shore); but some ten or twelve years subsequent to the conclusion of the Convention of 1818, there sprang up a new and profitable branch of the fishing business, and one which, moreover, imperatively demanded for its successful prosecution an unrestricted access to the inshores. This was the mackerel-fishery, hitherto unknown to, or uncared for by, those who had previously devoted their whole time and labour to the pursuit of other fish. Encroachments by American fishermen on British territorial waters naturally occurred—renewed and urgent remonstrances from the colonists to the Imperial Government followed: seizures were made, vessels were condemned and confiscated,—until, about the year

1847, it became evident that, if serious complications between the two countries were to be avoided, some settlement of the difficulty must be arrived at.

The most natural solution suggested itself in the shape of reciprocal freedom in commercial intercourse and fishing between the United States and the British North American colonies; and negotiations in this sense were from time to time carried on, without any definite result, until the year 1854, when Lord Elgin, then Governor-General of the British North American colonies, negotiated and signed a treaty (subsequently known as the Reciprocity Treaty) on the 5th June 1854 between Great Britain and the United States, which provided that certain specified articles, the produce of the United States and of the British North American possessions, should be admitted into either country respectively, free of duty, and that the fisheries on the Atlantic coast should be reciprocally thrown open to British and American fishermen. The salmon and shad fisheries were, however, reserved by either party for the exclusive use of their own subjects; and the United States waters were only thrown open on that portion of the coast lying to the north of the 36th parallel of north latitude.

Prior, however, to the conclusion of this treaty, the most bitter feeling had been aroused. Collisions between the fishermen were not infrequent; and in 1852, two American vessels, which had been seized by British cruisers for trespassing on the fishing-grounds, were, whilst being conveyed by a prize crew to St Andrews for adjudication, forcibly released by an armed force, headed by a captain of militia, which came out of Eastport in the United States, overpowered the

captors, and took possession of the vessels.

As an instance of the grave danger to international good feeling between the United States and Great Britain caused by the then existing state of affairs, we may mention an incident which the present writer remembers to have heard narrated by the chief actor in the scene, which he will endeavour to reproduce as nearly as possible in his own words.

A well-known fisherman of New England was, in the year 1851, boarded by a customs officer in the Strait of Canso, between Nova Scotia and Cape Breton, for the purpose of levying the light-dues which were then demanded from all vessels using the coast. "I was boarded," said Mr Ebenezer J. Smith, as we shall, for the sake of distinction, venture to call him, "by an officer who came for light-money at Little Canso. I did not pay it, because I thought the man was not authorised to receive it, although I was willing to have paid had the right man come for it; so I asked him for his authority." "And did he show it?" asked his interlocutor in a deprecatory manner; for the sparkle of the old man's eye, and his herculean frame, showed that he could still dare and do desperate things if provoked. "No," said he. "And what did you do then?" "Why, I says to him, 'Go ashore, you vagabond; you have no business here!' Says he, 'Won't you pay me?' 'Not a red cent,' says I; 'out with you!' He cried out, 'Put the helm down!' Says I, 'Put the helm up!' but he came pretty near shoving us ashore, as we were within ten fathoms of the rocks. Says he, 'Who are you?' I said, 'I am Mr Ebenezer Smith.' Says he, 'I will take you, anyhow; I will have a cutter from Big Canso or a man-of-

war.' I asked him if he meant to do all that, and he said he was just the man to do it. I seized him to put him back into his boat, and he stripped off and told me that it took a good man to handle him. With that I made a lunge at him, and if he had not jumped ten feet I would have had the head off his body. Then I seized him by the nape of the neck and the breeches, and chucked him into his boat. After that three cutters came down and chased me. They fired eleven balls—12-pounders—at me, one boring my vessel through and through; five shots struck her, and we were chased six or seven miles, but we got off." The old gentleman further recounted how, in 1838, notwithstanding the prohibition, he had established himself on the ice in Fortune Bay, and had taken a winter cargo of her-ring within the forbidden limits, in defiance of a *posse* of thirty armed persons who came to drive him off. "Yes," said he, with evident pride, "I was right inshore; but I drove the whole calabash of them off, secured a cargo, and got safe home." All this quick temper and hostile action were the outcome of ill-feeling fomented by the fisheries quarrel; and it is needless to point out the very serious international consequences which might have ensued had either the customs officer or this bold law-breaker been killed in these affrays. And it is easy to see how New England fishermen, who are a rough-and-ready and perhaps a not too law-abiding race, cannot be made to understand why at one time they are allowed to fish in those waters which their fathers before them had frequented, and are at another time prohibited from doing so.

Be this as it may, the difficulties previously existing were laid at rest

by the Reciprocity Treaty for a period of ten years, on the expiration of which either party had the right to give twelve months' notice of their desire to terminate it.

Unfortunately at this time public feeling in the United States towards England had been excited by the events of the civil war, and it was probably as much owing to this as to any other cause that, in 1865, the required notice was, by order of his Government, given by the United States minister at London; and the treaty accordingly terminated the next year.

Then, at once, at a period of peculiar international irritation the two Governments found themselves again face to face with the old difficulties and dangers incidental to the fisheries question. United States fishermen, impelled by the habit of generations, *would* visit the Gulf of St Lawrence; fish were to be found inshore, and they were prepared to run the risk of seizure in their pursuit. There could be no doubt as to the necessity for Great Britain, in the interests of her North American colonists, at once taking steps to enforce a recognition of national rights, but the very grave danger of causing a serious rupture between the two countries, by any harsh or overstringent measures, could not be overlooked; and it was therefore resolved, as a temporary expedient, to admit United States fishermen to the freedom of the inshore waters on the payment of a small licence fee. The system thus introduced, however, after a trial of four years, completely failed in its operation, owing to the neglect of United States fishermen to provide themselves with licences, since they found it easy to evade the vigilance of the cutters, and to enjoy by stealth a participation in the inshore fisheries without paying the tax.

We remember to have heard it said by Americans—after dinner—that the guiding principles of a citizen of the great Republic were,—first, to *get on*; then to *get honour*; and lastly, to *get honest*. Without imputing any such motives to the New England fishermen, who are, as a rule, an open-hearted and sailor-like, yet withal a rough-and-ready class, it will easily be understood how, when they found that inshore fishing in Canadian waters could be practically carried on without payment, the desire to *do a smart thing*, and to override restrictions which they regarded as oppressive, prevailed; and continued and increasing encroachments were the result. In the year 1870, therefore, strict preventive measures were adopted by Great Britain for the protection of the fishing-grounds. Cruisers, both imperial and colonial, were once more stationed along the coast. Fishing-vessels were seized and condemned for trespassing within the forbidden limits; and so much bitterness of feeling was provoked, that it became necessary, in order to prevent collisions between the rival fishing populations of the two countries, to station a considerable force at the more frequented spots in the Gulf of St Lawrence. Of course such a state of affairs could not be suffered to last; and towards the close of 1870, negotiations were again commenced with a view to a friendly settlement of the question. The proposals thus made led eventually to an agreement between the two countries to refer all the subjects of disagreement at that time existing between them, including the Alabama claims, to an international Commission, known as the Joint High Commission, which sat at Washington in 1871, and whose labours resulted in the signature of the treaty of the 8th of

May of the same year, whereby, it is to be hoped, have been set at rest now for ever all subjects of dissension between Great Britain and the United States.

The method by which the fisheries difficulty was overcome in this treaty was as follows: The inshore fisheries of British North America, and those of the United States (to the north of the 39th parallel of north latitude only) were thrown open to the fishermen of either country, with the old reservation of the salmon and shad fisheries, which were, as before in the Reciprocity Treaty, reserved by either party for the exclusive use of their own fishermen. Fish and fish-oil were also to be reciprocally admitted, duty free, into the United States and the British North American provinces respectively: and inasmuch as it was claimed by the British Commissioners, during the negotiation of the treaty, that the concessions made by Great Britain in respect to the fisheries exceeded those made by the United States, it was agreed that a Commission should be appointed to determine whether any, and if so, what, sum in money should be paid by the Government of the United States to that of her Britannic Majesty in the shape of an equivalent. The Commission thus provided for did not meet until the 15th of June last; when, after a sitting of nearly six months, held at Halifax, Nova Scotia, during which the subject was no doubt exhaustively discussed, an award was pronounced by a majority of two out of three Commissioners to the amount of \$5,500,000, or about £1,100,000, in favour of Great Britain.

The United States Commissioner is reported to have dissented from this award, and his dissent is quoted *in extenso* in some of the American journals. The papers relative

to the proceedings of the Commission have not, however, as yet been officially laid before the public; and we do not propose in the present article to enter upon the question of the validity of an award delivered by a majority of the Commissioners, further than to say, that we cannot doubt that the sum awarded will be cheerfully and honourably paid by the United States.

The composition of the Commission is a guarantee of the manner in which the inquiry has been conducted. The President, Mr Maurice Delfosse, the Belgian Minister at Washington, is remarkable for his elevated character and social good-breeding; whilst his colleagues, Sir Alex. T. Galt and the Hon. Ensign H. Kellogg, the nominees respectively of Great Britain and the United States, are both well known as men of mark and ability. Judge Foster, the United States agent, is a distinguished ornament of the Massachusetts bar; and we must congratulate the British Agent, Mr Francis Clare Ford, on the diplomatic tact and ability which have enabled him to bring his case to a successful issue. The Secretary of the Commission was Mr J. H. G. Bergne of the British Foreign Office; and the services of eminent Counsel were retained on either side in order to insure a thorough investigation.

The award thus given by the Halifax Commission is, however, but a temporary solution of the difficulty. The payment just assessed is but one for a period of twelve years, dating from 1873, at the close of which, either the United States or Great Britain may, under the terms of the Treaty of Washington, put an end to the existing arrangement. There remain, therefore, seven years during which to negotiate the terms of some permanent agreement; failing which, the two Governments

will once more, in 1885, find themselves involved in all the old embarrassments connected with the fisheries dispute.

The foregoing is an historical outline of an international question of now nearly a century's growth. It will be seen by those familiar with the subject that many incidental points of interest have been left by us untouched—such as the headland question, which lies in the difficulty of arriving at an international agreement whether the exclusive territorial jurisdiction of the coastal line of three miles should be held to follow the contours of the coast, or whether bays exceeding six miles in width at the mouth—such as those of Fundy, Chaleur, Chesapeake, and Delaware—are within the exclusive jurisdiction of the countries *intra fauces terre* of whose possessions they lie. We have always considered that this question owed no small amount of the importance attached to it to a very simple confusion of names. A glance at the map will show that on the whole extent of the Canadian coast, the two bays which, both from their size and geographical situation, would be most likely to occupy a prominent position in this controversy, are those of Fundy and Chaleur. With regard to the former, her Majesty's Government have, we believe, practically relaxed for many years past their right of exclusive dominion. There remains, then, the "Bay of Chaleur." Now this term is applied by the older American fishermen, not to the particular indent or arm of the sea so named on the map, but to the whole extent of the Gulf of St Lawrence. Hence it is not surprising that when there was talk of the *Bay des Chaleur* being closed to American vessels, no small commotion should be aroused in the fishing communities, which no

doubt also found its reflex in the negotiations between the two Governments.

We have not, in this article, attempted to explain the difficulties arising on the question of the right of United States fishermen, under the terms of the treaties, to transship their cargoes of fish, or to buy bait, ice, and supplies in British North American ports—our purpose being to confine the remainder of our observations to a practical account of the fishing business as pursued in the North Atlantic at the present day. We shall, however, look forward with interest to the publication of the papers, which will no doubt contain a thorough and complete presentment of the various aspects of the case. In the meanwhile, what we have said cannot fail to carry a conviction of the danger of grave international troubles, caused by such a state of affairs as we have described.

The fishing-grounds relative to which this international difficulty has arisen, may be defined as existing in four distinct areas:—

1st, The Newfoundland and Labrador inshore fisheries.

2d, The Grand Bank of Newfoundland, and other banks situated at various distances from the coast.

3d, The Canadian fisheries, comprising—now that Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia form part of the Dominion—the Gulf of St Lawrence, including both shores as far as Father Point; Prince Edward and the Magdalen Islands; Cape Breton and the whole length of coast of Nova Scotia; and the Bay of Fundy.

4th, The fishing-grounds off the New England States, extending from the 36th parallel of north latitude in the south, to the entrance of the Bay of Fundy on the north.

We propose to devote a small

space to a description of each of these fishing-grounds, but may premise the following remarks, which apply to the whole coastal line above defined.

The food-fishes which frequent these waters are the cod, hake, halibut, mackerel, herring, and pollock, with some other kinds to be found in less abundance; not to mention the inexhaustible quantity and variety of bait-fishes which swarm throughout the whole of these waters.

The habits of these fish are as yet but imperfectly understood. Notwithstanding the researches of scientists, the difficulty of following their migrations or hibernations throughout the vast seas and great depths of water which they may frequent, has proved thus far practically insuperable. It is, however, at all events certain, that those two descriptions which possess the greatest commercial value—viz., the cod and the mackerel—are essentially cold-water fishes, loving a temperature of about 40° Fahr., and in fact invariably selecting the coldest water, where ice is not actually present, for the purpose of spawning. Cod-fish are believed to migrate at various seasons of the year, according to locality. The Lofoden Islands, on the Norwegian coast, are known to be one of their great spawning-grounds; and they can be taken throughout the year at various parts of the coast of Newfoundland and Labrador, according to the temperature of the water. As a rule, however, it seems to be beyond question that, when in any locality the thermal conditions become unsuited to their habits, the cod seek a more congenial zone, either in the deep sea waters or on other parts of the coast. The same remark applies to the mackerel, which can rarely or never be taken in waters that exceed a certain maximum tempera-

ture. Hence they are caught off the United States coast in the spring; along the coast of Nova Scotia in the summer; and then to the north, in the Gulf of St Lawrence, in the early and late autumn; until the last fish of the season are found once more, late in November, on the United States coast.

These facts have suggested to some scientific inquirers that the great body of mackerel habitually migrate northward every season in the direction we have described, returning south as the temperature of the water falls, and being eventually lost sight of in the south, off the American coast. A theory has, however, been lately advanced, that during the winter months the mackerel retire from the coast and hibernate in the mud—this theory being strongly supported by the fact, attested by many observers, that when occasionally found in the winter or early spring, they have a film over the eye, apparently to protect it from the attacks of parasites during the period of hibernation.

Our knowledge on these and other interesting questions of natural history will doubtless, ere long, receive important additions. The United States Government, recognising the importance of the study of ocean physics as a means of increasing the prosperity of her maritime population, have placed a commodious steamer at the disposal of that eminent ichthyologist, Professor Baird, who, accompanied by a staff of competent scientific gentlemen, spends a portion of each year in investigations similar to those undertaken by H.M.S. Challenger. Professor Sars and others, on the Norwegian coast, have for years been carrying on systematic and searching inquiries into the natural history and habits of fish; and Professor Hind in Canada, and many others, are de-

voting their attention to the subject. We have not space to enter upon any exhaustive inquiry into the various facts and theories already put forward in this interesting study; but imperfect as are the data at the present moment, it nevertheless follows, from what has now been definitely ascertained as to the habits of the cod and mackerel, that the Arctic current and the Gulf Stream must exercise a powerful influence in determining the habitat of these fish on the North American coast; and it is probably due to the action of these currents that the fisheries there owe their world-wide celebrity.

The Arctic current flows through the Straits of Belle Isle, on the north of Newfoundland, and charges the whole Gulf of St Lawrence with a volume of cold water, thereby producing the precise conditions most favourable to fish-life. Southward its action becomes less and less felt, until, when in summer on the coasts of the New England States it finally loses its cold temperature by the admixture of warmer water from the Gulf Stream, the thermal conditions become unsuited to those fish who find their congenial home in the colder regions of the North. The result is, that whilst the capital and labour embarked in the fisheries by the British North American colonists are confined exclusively to the neighbourhood of their homes, where fish abound for the greater portion of the year, the enterprise of the New England States is devoted to fishing operations, according to season, along the whole extent of the North American shores northward from the 36th parallel of north latitude.

Whilst on the subject of the Arctic current, we may be pardoned a passing allusion to an idea which we have heard mentioned, and which, although verging on the

fantastic, cannot yet fail to strike the imagination from its very grandeur and audacity of conception. It is contended that the severe climate of Canada during the winter months is due entirely to the volume of icy water which collects in the Gulf of St Lawrence; and that, by the substitution of a warmer supply, the climate of the whole of the British North American provinces would be changed and assimilated to that of the south of France or Spain, so as to afford unlimited capabilities for agricultural development in a soil already recognised, in spite of climatic disadvantages, as being in many parts extraordinarily fertile. The means by which it is proposed thus to emulate the hand of the Creator is to close the Straits of Belle Isle by a dike or isthmus, to be formed across the narrowest portion of the channel, thereby blocking out the Arctic current, and rendering the whole Gulf of St Lawrence dependent for its supply of oceanic waters on the warmer currents entering by the Northumberland Strait, on the south of Newfoundland. The materials, say the advocates of this scheme, are at hand in an inexhaustible supply of stone on the adjacent shores. The breadth of the passage is not great; and nothing but a certain amount of time, capital, and energy are required to convert Canada into a very Garden of Eden. We doubt whether, the fact being accomplished, the result would be precisely that anticipated, for many reasons; not the least being the enormous body of icy water in Hudson Bay lying immediately to the north of Canada: and we do not imagine that this somewhat visionary scheme is ever likely to take practical hold of the Canadian public mind; but in view of such a possibility, which we have heard seriously advanced, we cannot avoid

pointing to the old and well-worn fable of the dog, the bone, and the shadow. The fisheries are the bone (a bone of contention, truly, between Great Britain and the United States); an ideal climate the shadow. In snatching at the one, the substance must inevitably be lost—the fisheries in the Gulf of St Lawrence would cease to exist in a warmer atmosphere.

Let us now descend from cloud-land, and plunge at once into the substantial fog-banks of Newfoundland, which, first of the fishing-grounds by right of priority, claim our attention.

The cod-fishery pursued by the inhabitants of this ancient colony is, contrary to a rather general impression, not on the Grand Banks, but exclusively *inshore*. The Grand Bank fishery is mainly carried on by French and American fishermen; and although an attempt has recently been made by the Government of Newfoundland to stimulate native enterprise in this direction by means of bounties, it has not been attended with much success, only four or five vessels having undertaken voyages to the banks. The Newfoundland fishery, therefore, as a local industry, remains, as we have said, *inshore*—that is to say, within one, two, or three miles of land.

The main business is the production of dried cod-fish for home consumption, and especially for exportation to the markets of the Mediterranean, the West Indies, Brazil, and the United States. The annual quantity and value of saleable cod-fish cured and dried on the island are very considerable—the exports in 1874 amounting to the large total of 4,495,760 dollars, or very nearly one million sterling; to which must be added the value of other fish and fish-products annually exported, including herrings and fish-oil, which swells the total

for the same year to 8,511,710 dollars.

So great, however, is the importance of cod-fish as the staff of life of the seafaring population, that the word *fish* means, in Newfoundland, cod-fish alone. "Which would you prefer, sir?" says a fish-dealer in St John's; "fish or halibut?" or herring, as the case may be: and so much has the word grown to bear this local significance, that we believe a decision given by a Newfoundland court respecting a contract for the supply of a certain quantity of *fish*, was to the effect that, in the absence of any words to the contrary, the contract must be held to imply cod-fish alone.

The population engaged in catching and curing this fish numbered about 46,000 in 1874. They employ mostly open boats, although, in some instances, small vessels of from 8 to 10 tons are used. It is estimated that in some years the number of boats engaged was 18,611, and of vessels 1197, inclusive of those for the seal-fishery, which is principally carried on in decked vessels. Both vessels and boats are generally equipped with hand-lines and hooks, the fish brought in being immediately dressed, split, and spread out to dry on wooden stages erected at convenient spots on the shore, whence it is sent to the merchants for exportation.

The above-mentioned value of fish-products is that of the whole coast of Newfoundland and Labrador; and here it is needful to explain shortly how far the possessory rights of Great Britain in the coastal fisheries of Newfoundland are affected by international obligations.

The French still possess, as a relic of their ancient sovereignty over the island, concurrent rights of fishing with British subjects on that part of the coast situated between Quirpon on the northern extremity of Newfoundland, and the Ramea

Islands on the south—comprising the whole of the western and a part of the southern coast. The islands of St Pierre and Miquelon, lying a short distance off the south shore, are still retained by France, and form the basis of operations for a very considerable fleet of fishing-vessels, which annually traverse the Atlantic from the ports of Brittany and Normandy to engage in the cod-fishery, both on the Grand Banks and inshore. These French rights have, by the way, given rise to another long-standing international question between Great Britain and France; but into this it is not our present purpose to inquire. The matter, however, is one of the greatest interest to the colonists; and various plans have been suggested for coming to some satisfactory understanding with the French Government which might reconcile conflicting interests. No such settlement has been as yet arrived at; and the state of public feeling among British subjects in Newfoundland on this question may be not inaptly illustrated by the reply we once heard made by a judge of the old school at St John's to the query, "If you were sent to Paris on a mission to solve this difficulty, what language should you employ?" "What language should I use?" replied he, sternly; "why, I should say, '*Clear out!*'"

The United States had, previously to the Treaty of Washington, acquired similar rights to those enjoyed by the French on the western and part of the southern coast; and, as will have been seen by the historical sketch at the commencement of this article, they have now also the right of unrestricted fishing on all other portions of the coast for a period of twelve years, terminable in 1885. They have not as yet, however, made much practical use of the inshore waters, except

for one purpose, and that is as a source of bait-supply for the prosecution of the Grand Bank fishery. For this purpose the privilege is to them simply invaluable; since fresh bait, indispensable to success, can only be readily obtained on the coast of Newfoundland by their vessels when actually fishing on the Grand Banks.

It is impossible for any one not practically acquainted with the shores of this island to credit the surprising abundance of small fish of all kinds which exists there. The writer remembers, in Placentia Bay, when the caplin were schooling in to the shore, to have himself caught three of these fish in one grasp of the hand, stooping from the beach, their thickness in the water being such as to prevent the possibility of escape. They are similar in appearance and taste to the English smelt, and form, during the season when they are available, not only a palatable dish, but an admirable bait for cod-fish; and in such abundance are they taken in summer, that they are used extensively for manure. It has struck us that it might be possible to utilise this superabundant supply by the method of preserving in oil which has been applied with such success to the sardine, and more recently in Cornwall to the pilchard.

The squid, a species of cuttle-fish, is also found in great abundance in the coves and harbours, and is taken by a process known as "jigging"—namely, with a hook and line, which is rapidly drawn up and down by the fisherman seated in his boat. Herring, too, is very plentiful, and, as well as the squid, is used in large quantities for bait. The former is, however, probably the very best bait which can be obtained for bank-fishing, on account of its toughness on the hook. The practice of *bar-*

ring herring which is now practised on the south coast for the supply of American "bankers," is greatly to be reprehended. It consists in stretching a line of nets across the mouth of any small creek, and confining a school of herring which may have been watched inshore. By this practice not only is a large portion of the enclosed fish destroyed, but it has a most damaging effect on the inshore fishing-grounds, both by unduly depleting the supply of bait and by poisoning the waters with dead fish. The cod, as is well known, follow the small bait-fishes inshore; and to the presence of the latter in good condition the richness of the inshore fisheries of the island may be entirely attributed; and on the preservation and development of the bait-supply will mainly depend the future prosperity of the seafaring population of the colony—once killed, it may be impossible to revive the goose which laid the golden eggs.

Fish, then, and fishing, are the very backbone and mainstay of the inhabitants of Newfoundland, and they must naturally regard with the greatest jealousy any abandonment of their exclusive possessory rights in fishing-grounds which are to them of such vital importance.

The Grand Banks of Newfoundland are situated at a distance of from 30 to 200 miles off the south and south-east coast of the island, and are therefore not comprised within British territorial jurisdiction. The fisheries—which are carried on there, as we have said, principally by the Americans and the French—extend over a vast area, probably some 60,000 square miles of water, in soundings of from 40 to 100 fathoms. The method of fishing is either by the hand-line, or with the "bultow" or "trawl," as it is termed on the American continent. This is by no means a

similar appliance to what is called a "trawl" net in England, which consists in a frame resting on iron supports or heads, behind which extends a large bag-net similar to a dredge; the whole contrivance being dragged along the bottom of the sea by a vessel sailing slowly with the tide. This method of fishing is at present unknown on the western side of the Atlantic, though it is probable that it might be practised successfully, especially off the American coast, where there exists the necessary condition of a smooth and sandy bottom, which presents no obstacles to the dragging beam.

The Transatlantic trawl or "bultow" consists, however, in a line of enormous length, furnished with many small lines of about four or five feet, fastened at regular distances, and each equipped with several hooks, so that on the whole extent of the "bultow" there may be some thousands of hooks. These are carefully baited, and the whole line is then sunk to the bottom, and allowed to remain there some hours, when it is drawn up, and the fish disengaged as it is pulled on board. The amount of bait required in this process is very large, and must be of the best quality as to toughness on the hook, and, above all, *fresh*. Salt bait, such as salted clams, pogies, and slivers, is indeed used to some extent by the Grand Bankers, but it compares unfavourably with fresh bait under any circumstances. The latter can be kept in a fit state for a certain time by the use of ice, but can only be preserved by this process during a short portion of a trip, after which it is necessary to run in to the adjacent coast for a fresh supply.

The manner of fitting out and paying the crew of an American Grand Banker will be described when we come to speak of the operations of the New England fisher-

men. Meanwhile, let us pass on to the *Canadian fishing-grounds*.

These comprise the whole Gulf or Bay of St Lawrence, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, and the Bay of Fundy. The area of the fishing-ground of the Gulf of St Lawrence within the 100-fathom line of soundings is about 60,000 square miles; and the remaining portion, including the coastal water of Nova Scotia and the Bay of Fundy, approximates to another 60,000 square miles: so that the total may be estimated at 120,000 square miles, of which a very considerable portion is situated within the exclusive territorial jurisdiction of Great Britain. The Canadian fishermen carry on their operations both in open boats and in decked vessels. In 1876 the number of boats employed was 20,241, manned by 40,032 men; and of vessels, 1379, manned by 9097 men. It is not uncommon to combine the occupation of farming and fishing; so that the owner of the boats, engaged for a great portion of the year in agricultural pursuits, is always ready to avail himself of a prosperous season in the fishing business. Fishing operations, to a large extent, are also carried on by firms from Jersey and the Channel Islands, principally on the shores of the province of Quebec.

The annual production of the Dominion fisheries, as given in the returns of the Department of the Marine and Fisheries of Canada, is very great, amounting in 1874 to 11,235,168 dollars, or considerably more than £2,000,000 sterling; and it is even probable that these figures do not adequately represent the true total, which is extremely difficult to gauge with accuracy.

Cod-fish, mackerel, herring, lobsters, and many other varieties, are included in these returns, and are used both for home consumption

and for export,—hard-dried cod-fish being sent to the West Indies, Brazils, and other warm climates; whilst the softer-cured qualities find a market in the United States and the Mediterranean. Mackerel, both fresh and salt, is largely exported to the United States. Smoked herring is consumed in almost every quarter of the globe; and a large business in cured lobsters has lately sprung up from Canada to Europe and the United States.

In connection with the lobster trade, the late Administration of the United States indulged in a very singular freak of legislation. Having, under the stipulations of the Washington Treaty, removed the duty previously imposed on fish, they clapped on the Canadian tins in which the lobsters are canned a very considerable tax, probably on the principle applied by Canning to the Dutch, that the Canadians were in the habit of “giving too little and asking too much.” We wish we could here diverge into a description of a Canadian lobster-spearing party by torch-light at night—a picturesque and exciting amusement—but space forbids us to linger.

The mackerel and herring fisheries are those, however, which have chiefly given rise to disputes with the United States. The best grounds for the former are undoubtedly within the territorial limits, although occasional good catches are made on the outlying banks, such as Orphan, Bradelle, and Fisherman’s; whilst the latter are invariably taken close inshore by means of nets, the best localities being at the Magdalen Islands and in the vicinity of Grand Manan in the Bay of Fundy. Halibut, which is a magnificent food-fish—indeed there is scarcely a better dish than fried halibut—is principally caught in deep waters, although it is occa-

sionally found close to land off some parts of the coast of Nova Scotia, and in the vicinity of the island of Anticosti in the Gulf of St Lawrence.

The principal market for mackerel being that of the United States, where it commands a high price as a luxury of the table, it is not unnaturally urged by the Canadian fish-salesmen that were the fishermen of the Republic precluded from fishing in Canadian inshore waters, a demand now largely supplied by American bottoms would be left almost exclusively in their hands—especially with regard to the best qualities of fish. In the trade, mackerel are classed as Nos. 1, 2, and 3, according to size and fatness—No. 1 being the best. As in the early spring, when catches are chiefly made off the American shore, the fish are poor, and increase in excellence as the season advances, the catch in the Gulf of St Lawrence, which is mainly taken in the autumn months, naturally furnishes the greatest portion of the No. 1, which finds a ready sale in the markets of the United States.

A full description of the details of the Canadian fishing business, though sufficiently interesting, would swell this article to unreadable proportions; and, confining ourselves to the above indications of its importance to the colonists, we shall conclude our observations with some account of the operations of the New England fishermen.

Before quitting the Canadian branch of the subject, we may, however, observe that the Marine and Fisheries Department of the Dominion Government is superintended with much judgment by the present genial and popular Minister, the Hon. Albert J. Smith, whose zeal and ability have been of much service to Canada in the develop-

ment of her fisheries. We do not doubt, too, that the great administrative talents of the Earl of Dufferin have been directed to this source of national wealth, and that its importance has not escaped his statesman-like eye. The result is attested by the rapidly-increasing prosperity of the Dominion during his Excellency's administration, now, to the grief of all Canadians, soon to terminate. Canada will indeed sustain a loss not easily repaired when the present courtly and able Governor-General retires from his high office; and it will be no easy task to replace one who, by so rare a combination of social and political talent, has not only won the respect, but the universal and personal attachment, of the Canadian people.

The area of United States coastal waters within the 100-fathom line of soundings may be estimated at about 45,000 square miles—and of this only a small portion is that within territorial limits north of the 39th parallel of north latitude. Owing probably to the existence of sandy shoals at some distance from the shore, and to certain peculiarities in the temperature of the water, attributable to the Arctic current and the shoreward swing of the Gulf Stream, the best fishing-grounds on the coast of the New England States lie at distances varying from ten to fifty miles from land. Various causes, also, have been in operation to deplete these fisheries during many years past, and it is now only in exceptional seasons that good catches can be made, or that the supply has proved at all adequate to the demands of the home market. The system of fishing for mackerel and herring by means of traps or pounds, which are contrived, by an ingenious arrangement of stakes and nets, to entrap whole schools of fish; the

ravages of the blue-fish, which destroys and drives away the mackerel; reckless over-fishing for the supply of oil-mills, and other causes,—have combined to render the fish-supplies in United States waters more and more precarious. This fishery revived, however, to some extent in 1876; but has again, we believe, been a total failure during the past season.

It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that the fishermen of Canada and Newfoundland, having within sight of their homes a more profitable field of operation, should never resort to the distant and unproductive waters of the south. As a matter of fact they do not, and probably never will do so. Not so, however, the hardy and adventurous fishermen of the New England States. Furnished with all the necessary ingredients of capital, energy, and skill, they pursue the fishing business in their beautiful schooners, ranging from 40 to 150 tons, along the whole coastal line of North America—including the Grand Banks, the Gulf of St Lawrence, and their own offshore and inshore fishing-grounds.

The principal fishing towns are, first, Gloucester, owning more than one-third of the entire fishing-fleet of the New England States; then Provincetown, Wellfleet, Boston, Yarmouth, Sandwich, Dennis, Chatham, Salem, Newburyport, Portland, Booth Bay, and many others. The large firms, such as those of John Pew & Sons, Leighton, Wonson, and others, own sometimes as many as twenty vessels, which are employed in various branches of the business as the chances of success for each season may appear to dictate. A vessel will then, perhaps, in early spring be sent on two or three short trips off the American coast, or “off-

shore,” as it is technically termed, where, as we have explained, the earliest mackerel appear; then, as summer approaches, she will fit out for a trip to the Gulf of St Lawrence, or the “Bay,” as it is generally known, lasting from one to four months, according to her success; and she may then finish the season with a trip to the Georges or other banks in pursuit of cod or halibut.

Whenever the reports are favourable, a very large number of United States mackerellers resort to the Gulf of St Lawrence from the month of June to the month of November. Bearing in mind the habit of the mackerel to seek cooler waters as the temperature rises, it is to be observed that the schooners commence their operations off the coast of Nova Scotia in the early part of the season, working up as the summer advances through the Strait of Canso, or round the shores of Cape Breton by Sydney, until they spread over the whole Gulf of St Lawrence in search of their prey. If a full fare is rapidly secured, it is sometimes trans-shipped and sent home by rail or steamer, the schooner being thus ready at once to resume fishing in a good spot. Then, as October sets in, the fleet gradually converge towards the Strait of Canso, always following the fish, and usually make their final try on the Cape Breton shore near to Sea Wolf Island, until, by the first days of November, they have all returned to their homes.

The privilege of inshore fishing is essential to success in the Gulf of St Lawrence, a common and successful practice being to stand close inshore, throw out bait, and thus “toll” the fish out after the vessel. Sometimes the fish are to be found offshore, but more often within a distance of three miles from land,

whither they resort for feeding purposes; and there can be little doubt that without the privilege of free fishing in all localities at will, the "Bay fishing" by United States schooners must speedily be abandoned as unremunerative and impossible.

The methods employed by United States fishermen for the capture of mackerel are, first, the ordinary hook and line, and now, recently, the "purse-seine." The former is well known, but the latter may be described as a net in the shape of a pudding-bag or purse. Supported on corks at the surface, it is paid out from the vessel in a circular shape, so as, if possible, to encircle a school of mackerel. It is provided with strings at the lower edge beneath the water, so that when these are drawn tight the fish are entirely enclosed, and nothing remains but to draw in the net and scoop the fish on board. No doubt the large catches which have been made with this appliance have induced many fishermen to believe it to be essential to success. But it is a wasteful and uncertain mode of fishing, destructive to a large quantity of fish which cannot be taken on board, and expensive in outlay and repairs for nets. It offers, no doubt, great attractions to speculative owners, as, if attended with success, a vessel may catch a full fare in a few hours; but many of the most experienced fishermen still prefer the hook and line as a slower but surer means of making a good average catch from season to season.

To illustrate the manner of outfitting a New England schooner, and paying the crew, let us take the case of vessels making a trip to the Grand Banks. The owner provides the vessel, rigging, &c., and provisions for the crew, who are not paid wages, but go on shares, in

the following manner: The owner and crew share equally between them the expense of what are called stock charges, including bait, ice, wood, clearance, port and light dues, &c. The total gross catch of the vessel, on her return from the voyage, after deducting the stock charges, is divided into two equal parts, one of which goes to the owner, and the other to the crew.

Thus, suppose a schooner to sail for the Grand Bank, and be absent four months, her account on return would be made in the following manner:—

Schooner — sailed for the Grand Bank	
July 1; returned October 30.	
90,000 lb. large cod at 3 cents, .	\$2700
2,000 lb. small do. at 2 cents, .	40
14,000 lb. damaged do. at 1 cent, .	140
7,000 lb. fletched halibut at 4 cents, .	280
200 gallons oil at 50 cents, .	100
Gross stock, . . .	\$3260
Less stock charges, including ice, bait, &c. (made out in a separate account), . . .	300
Net stock, . . .	\$2960

Half of which, or 1480 dollars, goes to the owner, and half to the crew. From the share of the latter is also deducted certain extra expenses incurred by them on the voyage, such as wages of cook, &c. The fish is usually bought by the owner at the market rate of the day, enabling him sometimes to make a profit by waiting, although loss may sometimes result by a fall in price.

The profits to the owner consist in the difference between the "net stock" share received by him as the proceeds of a voyage, and the expense of providing and equipping the vessel. A certain profit is also made by the handling of the provisions, which are usually supplied by the owner.

The above is the system when a vessel goes on a trip using the trawl,

or "bultow," or the "purse-seine;" but where the hand-line is used, a somewhat different plan is sometimes pursued. The men go on shares with the owner in the same manner, but each hand takes half the proceeds of the fish actually caught by himself—the stock charges, &c., being rateably deducted from the amount paid to him. In cod-fishing, each man on catching a fish cuts out the tongue and throws it into his own bucket: these are counted; and on the conclusion of the voyage, so many fish, irrespective of size, are credited to each man, who receives a corresponding proportion of the net stock. Halibut, however, vary so much in size, ranging from 25 to 250 lb. in weight, that each man puts his own private mark on the halibut caught by himself, which is subsequently specially credited to him. The above system may be called "going on one's own hook."

The mackerel-fishery is carried on on both these systems. When on the share-and-share-alike plan, the gross stock is equally divided between owner and crew; when "going on their own hook," each hand is credited with so many barrels of Nos. 1, 2, and 3 mackerel as he may have caught himself—half the value of which, less stock charges, he receives. The mackerel is inspected and classed 1, 2, and 3 by Government inspectors at the wharf.

The share system between owner and crew, in one or other of these forms, is almost universally practised; it is only in very rare instances that wages are paid except to the cook, who often takes also a share of the fish.

It is almost impossible to arrive at anything like an estimate of the profits derived by United States vessel-owners and fishermen, but

they, no doubt, amount to a very considerable sum, seeing that in some years as many as 2385 registered vessels, ranging from 20 to 150 tons, have been engaged in the business, affording employment to a vast number of persons, and giving the principal source of wealth to the maritime population.

The above description of the fishing business may afford to those previously unacquainted with the subject some indication of the importance likely to be attached both by United States and colonial fishermen to anything which they might regard as an infringement of rights, upon the maintenance of which their welfare so materially depends.

The temporary solution arrived at by the Halifax Commission cannot fail to be hailed with satisfaction by our North American colonies; and though some surprise at the amount awarded has been expressed by the American press, we cannot doubt that, now the real value of the fishing privileges accorded to the United States by the Treaty of Washington has, after careful and exhaustive inquiry, been impartially assessed, some means may be found, before the termination of the twelve years' period, whether by a system of reciprocal free trade and free fishing, or otherwise, which will substitute for the old and unsatisfactory system of cruisers, seizures, and confiscations, an International Board of Fishery Commissioners, whose duty shall be, not to guard and protect prohibited and exclusive limits, but to improve and develop the mutual fishing-grounds thrown open for the common use of the fishermen of both countries, who will thus be brought into a friendly competition and intercourse, which must, by degrees, ripen and extend into such

a feeling of brotherhood as should ever subsist between these two great and kindred peoples.

To the colonies themselves the recent arbitration may prove a useful lesson. The measure of success which has been achieved is due mainly to united and harmonious action between the Governments of Canada and Newfoundland. The latter must have learnt that, side by side with the Dominion, her position in the world was raised; the former has gained an insight into the valuable resources of Newfoundland. The advantages derived from a temporary union are too great to have remained unobserved. Is it impossible that such union should be made perpetual?

Geographical position, common allegiance, and mutual interests, alike point to such a result, which would consolidate the British Empire in the West in a Dominion that would lend additional lustre to the mother country from which it sprang.

To the world the Halifax Com-

mission may, at the present moment, serve to point a moral of no small significance. Whilst in the East two great European nations have been deciding their differences by a sanguinary struggle, draining their very life-blood in the contest between—heaven save the mark!—the Cross and the Crescent,—in the West, Great Britain and the United States have been quietly and earnestly engaged in the peaceful solution of a question which has, on more than one occasion, threatened the outbreak of war.

When the nineteenth century shall be chronicled in the calm and impartial page of history, which will be held to have best played their parts in the great drama of the civilisation of the world—the nations of the East or the nations of the West? Nay, more, which will be held to have made the best efforts towards likening our common humanity to that Creator who made man after His own image—the image of peace, of justice, and of goodwill?

NEW BOOKS.

THERE are periods in history about which we scarcely can hear too much, and in respect to which every new detail is interesting. Very partial and very wayward is the historic muse in the treatment of her vast subject, leaving now and then a tract quite untouched, and lavishing her researches upon another, concerning which every stray voice is made tributary. Sometimes she will be so prodigal of her light to show every phase of character in one of her favourites, that the gleam about him throws reflections far and wide, and gives a tantalising half-revelation of the earlier and later which otherwise would be left in obscurity. This has been much the case in respect to the origin and dawn of the national literature of Germany, which we have had very fully displayed to us when it got so far as Goethe, but which, before him, has been left in a glimmering twilight, broken only by imperfect attempts at illumination. In all Christendom no other country has been so belated; so long of finding out her own genius, and, in consequence, so interesting to her neighbours, as affording them the unique spectacle of a new beginning in literature, a more than *renaissance*, a creation, of Poetry, Philosophy, all the trades and devices of the mind, complete as if never singer had piped or wise man reasoned before. Goethe, the greatest name of all the crowd of writers who rose up suddenly as one man to accomplish this new creation, has, we may say, an attendant literature of his own to interpret him to the

world as he interpreted so many better things : and everything about him is known to us,—a revelation which involves naturally a great deal about the other people who came in contact with him, or who had the glorious rôle of preparing the way for him. In this way, and also because of the many other records of the new literature and its brotherhood of busy writers, each leaving something of individual description to fill out the picture of the time, this Goethe-age has been explained and set forth, we venture to say, almost to weariness. But we are not nearly so well acquainted with the chaos which immediately preceded Goethe, or with the seething and bubbling by which the still voiceless country showed the coming of the afflatus which was soon to burst into utterance. Mr Sime has taken in hand to help us to a clearer understanding of these interesting phenomena in the book now before us,* the only full and complete biography of Lessing which has yet been published in England.† Here we have not only a man and a writer well worthy of consideration, but a curious glimpse into the mind and bearing of his country at a moment so important for its welfare. The spectacle thus presented is one which no other great European country could parallel. With the rest of us, literature has its roots far down in the national being, and has grown through the centuries with us and our forefathers, the least alienable of all the possessions of the nation, and

* Lessing : his Life and Writings. By J. Sime. Trübner & Co., London.

† Since these words were written, a second life of Lessing has, we understand, been brought out by Miss Helen Zimmern.

the only one to which small and great have an equal claim. But Germany, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, had no such possession at all, and has made her literature openly in the eye of day, as we have made our railways and hewn out our tunnels—works about which no mystery was necessary, and which required no visible inspiration, no touch of fire from heaven. If this curious delay in so important a point of national development might once have given us a certain right to be less respectful of the race than their present pretensions justify, yet we cannot now deny that they have redeemed their character in the most complete and splendid way, and so made up for lost time, that Italy, England, and France, though crowned with immemorial bays, have no longer any right to look down upon the fresher laurels of their great neighbour. She is a *parvenu*—but a *partenu* of such genius as gives her at once a claim to admission into the highest place. It is bewildering to attempt to realise her complete destitution in one age, her overflowing wealth in another, and to recall the time when, the faint preludes of early lore, the pipings of the minstrels, the preaching of the friars, the war-cries and disputations of the Reformation having all fallen silent, Germany was as if she had not been in the commonwealth of letters. Now she is the most learned, the most philosophical, the most literary of nations; unrivalled in one field, holding her head high in all; the best scholar, the most profound student in Christendom. Perhaps it may be said that, having thus hewn out her literature by stress of will at one huge effort, the fortune thus earned by the sweat of her brow impresses its value more deeply upon her, than our old and secure inheri-

tance, coming to us without any trouble on our part, is likely to do; just as money is more valuable to the man who has made it, than to him who receives it lightly by natural succession. But in whatever light we may regard it, the early beginning of this new literature, and the manner in which it came into being, cannot fail to be of the greatest interest to all intelligent lookers-on.

To illustrate this curious epoch, as well as to give us full and clear understanding of his special hero, has been Mr Sime's aim; and he has produced an excellent and valuable study both of the time and the man. If his canvas is sometimes so crowded that we find ourselves in some danger of losing our guide in the throng, yet the central figure is always distinct and recognisable; and the biographer has missed none of the points of character which distinguish his hero among many lesser and some greater men. The book will not perhaps gain a place among those select biographies, to be met with at long intervals now and then, which furnish a portrait-gallery more lasting than that of Reynolds or Gainsborough, noble and lifelike as Titian himself; but on a less exalted level of excellence, it affords us a sober, instructive, and not ungraceful representation of a remarkable man.

Lessing was born in the year 1729, just twenty years before the birth of Goethe, on that modest level of life which literature loves best, above the mediocrity of the masses, and below the mediocrity of rank, equally removed from those two ends of the social scale which are least favourable to poetic genius. He was born in the homely but not unlettered obscurity of a pastor's house, and was from his birth full of intellectual energy and power,—an eager scholar, and a precocious

scribbler, producing more than one comedy, on such befitting schoolboy themes as "True friendship," and "The young scholar," while still at school. He went to the University of Leipzig at eighteen, and as soon as he got there abandoned his proper studies, like many another youth of genius, and threw himself into the midst of that fussy, busy, agitated life with which the literary chaos was bubbling over. The void of the unformed world cannot be called chaos until the first thrills of life have begun to disturb and move it; and already, when this young pioneer of the army to come, stepped boldly out into the world with all his hopes, he found a buzzing and rustling of anxious petty life, conscious, without knowing how, of something that was coming. The reader will naturally be curious to know how nature prepares for such an advent, and in what manner the eager crowd, with its flutter of expectation, awaited the new life. But were we to call upon him to divine what this attitude was likely to be, we might give him, like Madame de Sevigné, a hundred guesses, without much fear for our secret. These clever Teutons before literature, in all the busy towns, in Leipzig, in Berlin, in Hamburg, wherever a scholar could study, were absorbed in one occupation. It was the art of criticism which reigned supreme. True, that in their own language they had nothing to criticise, not a single foeman worthy of their steel upon whom to exercise their gifts; but yet the colleges, the streets, the *salons* were full of nothing but critics, laying down the law upon all kinds of literary subjects, and tearing each other to pieces over the question whether genius should obey the rules of classical art in all their severity, or whether its own intui-

tions should be supreme, and override all law. Strangest of questions where as yet no signs of genius had appeared; where there were no literary productions worth the trouble of a judgment, no impulses to be guided, and nothing but art in the abstract to give a fictitious centre to these endless controversies! It is as if a whole senate had assembled to concoct a manual of statesmanship—and a fluttering fashionable assembly been brought together to draw up a code of etiquette—for a prince unborn. The Gottscheds and Bodmers, however, seem to have felt no lack, but carried on their squabbles as hotly, and made up their systems as rigidly, as if there had been already a whole school of the poets awaiting their verdict.

Amid all this babble, the sole thing in which there seemed anything like life was the theatre; and this circumstance seems to have made of it a centre of semi-intellectual activity, and to have given it an importance greatly above the importance of the stage in any other society. The reader will recollect at what length Goethe sets forth the life of a party of actors, and how much weight he attaches to all the details of their profession, in 'Wilhelm Meister.' So important, almost, we might say, so exclusively interesting, the most real intellectual influence in life, does the theatre seem to have been considered in the greater German towns throughout Lessing's career. He himself, as soon as he was his own master, in the comparative freedom of the university, plunged into this one living centre of thought and power, and seems to have set to work manufacturing plays, chiefly upon French models, with all the enthusiasm of youth. When his father and mother heard of it, there was great dismay in the par-

sonage, where the stage was looked upon as the chief invention of the evil one, and actors, as a class, were understood to be wholly given over to the devil. That their son, who was intended, had their wishes come to anything, to succeed his father in the pulpit, should be writing plays and spending his life among the evil mysteries of the stage, instead of preparing for his hereditary work, was a great shock to the parents. They sent for him a pretended summons to his mother's deathbed, which was a fable rather worse than play-acting. But as he had not developed either hoofs or horns, and looked very much like their own Gotthold, these kind-cruel people were appeased by the sight of him, and let him go back, paying his debts,—an admirable proof of forgiveness; and with sore hearts permitting his relinquishment of the career they had intended for him. He behaved like a good son all his life, helping his family whenever he had any means of doing so; but he seems at a very early period to have separated himself from all the traditions of his origin and home.

Lessing returned to his play-writing after this episode; and between the exercise of that craft and the composition of copious criticisms and commentaries upon the stage generally, spent the first half of existence. It was not until he had reached the maturity of five-and-thirty that he produced any of the plays by which his name is best known. He had already given forth the doctrine, that before thirty no man has sufficiently studied and fathomed life to be able to venture upon tragedy. His first notable work, however, '*Minna von Barnhelm*,' is not tragedy, but rather belongs to that brighter and most popular class of dramatic productions which, for want of a better

word, we call comedy, though the strongest passions may be involved, and the deepest springs of life touched in the story. This play, of which Mr Sime gives a very good and lucid account, was first produced in 1767, with a success which varied according to the place in which it was represented; as we are told "it produced an extraordinary impression" in Berlin, but in Hamburg was "somewhat coldly received." The tragedy of '*Emilia Galotti*,' and the curious philosophical argumentative drama called '*Nathan the Wise*,' appeared at long intervals within the next dozen years.

Of Lessing's imaginative works these three are all that can be said to have survived, and it is the best proof of their excellence that they did not suffer from the unexampled flood of new life and power which so soon after transformed Germany. They retain their place among German classics, unquenched even by the more brilliant stores of Goethe and Schiller. "At the present hour," Mr Sime says, "there are few pieces to which Lessing's countrymen listen with so much pleasure" as to the '*Minna*,' the first and happiest of these dramas.

This fine work placed Lessing at the head of the dramatic writers of Germany as then existent, Goethe being then only in his eighteenth year and unrevealed to the world. Indeed Lessing had been engaged, in the character of "the best living dramatist," to superintend a new national theatre in Hamburg, even before the appearance of '*Minna von Barnhelm*.' The account Mr Sime gives of this enterprise is amusing. It was of the grandest description—a great ideal establishment—intended to form the taste and develop the genius of Germany; supported by the best actors, under the auspices of the most enlightened citizens, and

with the first of poets at its head. Nothing could have been more splendid than the scheme; and to give it an additional link to immortality, one of Lessing's most notable works, the 'Dramaturgie,' was begun as a sort of weekly commentary, exposition, and advertisement of the performances which took place in it: as if Mr Charles Reade, for example, should establish a bi-weekly publication to commemorate the nightly doings of a theatre carried on under his protection. But all this was not enough to make the National Theatre of Hamburg successful; and the reader will scarcely be surprised to learn that the magnificent enterprise ended in even greater downfall than is usual to ambitiously-conducted theatres. Its fall drew from Lessing an indignant description of the state of public feeling, which it is strange indeed to read in these altered days. "What an idea," he cries, "to erect for the Germans a national theatre, while we Germans are still not a nation! I do not speak of the political constitution, but solely of the moral character. One might almost say the moral character of the Germans, is—the resolve to have none of their own. We are still the sworn imitators of everything foreign, especially the humble admirers of the never-enough-to-be-admired French. Everything from beyond the Rhine is beautiful, charming, lovely, divine." Strangest revolution of sentiment in a single century! Even the man of genius, however, who thus complains of his countrymen, adds, on his account, at another period: "I have no idea of the love of country; . . . at best it appears to me a heroic weakness which I can very well do without. The praise of a zealous patriot is the very last which, according to my way of thinking, I should desire to win."

Except these dramas, all Lessing's works share the same character which we have noted as distinguishing the smaller writers who preceded him, and which seems so curiously inappropriate to the first stage of literary development. His 'Laokoon' (as Mr Sime spells it) is an elaborate discussion of the fundamental difference between the art of literature and the plastic arts, and a philosophical settlement of their characteristic modes of expression. That poetry cannot paint, nor painting reason and describe, is the central idea; and the discussion presupposes an audience of high cultivation and extended acquaintance with the greatest works in both kinds, which it seems extraordinary to conceive of as existing among the unlettered *bourgeois* populations in a country not yet even conscious of the value of its own treasures of architectural and pictorial art, and unpossessed of any *chef-d'œuvre* in literature. In the 'Dramaturgie' the same office is undertaken on behalf of the dramatic art, and its principles splendidly laid down upon the noblest of foundations, the theories of Aristotle, and the example of the Greek dramatists. It may be said that discussions like these are educational agencies of the highest kind, and that in no way could the ripening genius of a nation have been more suitably trained than by this laying down of the highest laws of art and setting up of its highest standard. This, no doubt, would have been true had Lessing addressed himself to the young men of genius who were already in existence, to be benefited by his work, but who had as yet given no note of their advent to the world. And as a matter of fact, there was at least one listener for whom they formed a royal system of education, and who was of more importance to

literature than all the general public put together. Goethe was, in his turn, a student at Leipzig, working out his mental apprenticeship not in the ways most recommended by the professors, when the 'Laokoon' was published; and his account of the impression produced upon him by this book, might have gone far to content Lessing and the reader that these eloquent pages had not been written in vain.

"One must be a youth," Goethe writes (we quote from Mr Sime's book), "to realise the effect exercised upon us by Lessing's 'Laokoon,' which transported us from the region of miserable observation to the free fields of thought. The so long misunderstood *ut pictura poesis* was at once set aside; the difference between art and poetry made clear; the peaks of both appeared separated, however near each other might be their bases. The former had to confine itself within the limits of the beautiful; while to poetry, which cannot ignore the meaning of any kind of facts, it was given to pass into wider fields. The former labours for external sense, which is satisfied only by means of the beautiful; the latter for the imagination, which may occupy itself even with the ugly. As by a flash of lightning all the consequences of this splendid thought were revealed to us, all previous criticism was thrown away like a worn-out coat."

In this way we may satisfy ourselves that Lessing's work had the highest use of which it was capable, though we can neither feel its absolute justice as a theory, nor its general appropriateness as an influence, in the waking up and new beginning of intellectual life in Germany. The mediæval painters, of whom the German people soon learned to be proud, did not certainly bind themselves to any code of abstract beauty. It would be difficult, indeed, to imagine a more flat contradiction of the great critic's theory than may be found in the works of Albert Dürer,

the great pictorial prophet of a former age, with whom mere beauty is certainly far from the primary object. Nor has German literary art ever relinquished, any more than poetry has done in other languages, those glowing tints of description by which there has often been produced as vivid an effect as the richest palette could hope to obtain. There is, however, no evidence that Lessing knew much about pictures when he framed this theory; and there is no record of any painter who acknowledged his influence. Mr Sime, indeed, confesses that, "notwithstanding its great fame, 'Laokoon' does not seem to have had a very deep influence on German art." The 'Dramaturgie,' a work which forms a fit pendant to the 'Laokoon,' was on ground more immediately within Lessing's knowledge, and discusses the drama in all its details, beginning, as has been said, with Aristotle, and ending with the person and costume of the ideal actor—a sufficiently wide range of subject. This work, in which there is less abstract theory and more sound criticism and practical knowledge, did more valuable service than its predecessor. It seems to have had the effect of substituting earlier and loftier models of art in the place of the classic French type, which had been the only standard understood among German writers and spectators. Lessing himself had already transgressed the established fashion of the time in his own dramas. He led his countrymen now not only to those Greek models in which so long the height of human attainment has been, by general consent, embodied, but to Shakespeare, in all his freedom from rule, yet unconscious obedience to the grand principles of art. Mr Sime considers that it was by this work that the tradition

of French dramatic supremacy was definitely broken, and that Lessing thus "delivered his countrymen from a degrading yoke."

Our space does not permit us to enter at greater length into the literary works of Lessing, nor even indeed to glance over the later productions, valuable and important as they are, of his maturer mind, but we may linger a little over the indications of the man which Mr Sime gives us. The story of his life is brief but touching. The greater part of it was spent in the anxious vicissitudes of a literary career, which had no support but that to be got from the press—a life always more or less precarious, but doubly so at the time in which Lessing lived, and to a mind like his, more fully qualified to discuss subjects which interest the intellectual and cultivated, than to play the pranks which please the multitude. It seems very doubtful, indeed, whether an author even of his powers, devoting himself to the same subjects, in England at the present day, would find living more easy or prosperous than Lessing did. He was forty before he got the little appointment which gave him a settled habitation and a little backbone of income, such as it was. Perhaps a man has to realise the painful shifts of precarious and unassured living through the best years of his life, before he can understand the happiness of something secure and ascertained, as a support to higher existence and exertion; otherwise his final settlement in the little town of Wolfenbüttel as custodian to the Duke of Brunswick's library there, would seem anything but a favourable change for the great critic and dramatist. But though it was a kind of death in life after the lively and congenial society of which he had so many experiences, Lessing seems to have

been not unwilling, in that languor of middle age which reveals so conclusively the impossibilities of ambitious hope, to accept the poorly-paid office which secured him a home and settled place in the world. And here he married the woman to whom he had been mildly but warmly attached for years—the friend-wife, not sought with youthful passion, but relied upon with all the steadiness of sober and boundless faith, whose serious presence sheds a gleam of light upon his history. For five or six years before, there seems to have been some sort of tacit engagement between them, perhaps not stimulated by any very lively hope of union, but enough to make each find in the other that certainty of sympathetic companionship and faithfulness of support and fellow-feeling which is the most steady and consolatory bond of married life. She was a widow, with children and engrossing affairs of her own, difficult business transactions to attend to, and many anxieties about the present and the future of her family. When he settled at Wolfenbüttel at last, they married, he being forty-seven, she seven or eight years younger; and in a happy calm and sobriety began their quiet round of living, in the still little German town, in the shadow of the big library. Lessing, heretofore the most disorderly of men, "became extremely regular in his habits," life growing all quiet, harmonious, and orderly around him. "So calm, so contented within my four walls," he says when it was over. Alas, poor philosopher! this halcyon time was soon past, like the centuries before the Deluge—gone, as if it never had been. "I wished to have things as well as other men, but I have badly succeeded," he cries, when communicating to a friend the birth and death of a child, soon to be followed to its

grave by the mother. "My pleasure was but brief," he adds, with a heart-broken play upon his own anguish. "And I lost him so unwillingly, this son! For he had so much understanding—so much understanding! Do not suppose that my few hours of fatherhood have made me an ape of a father. I know what I say. Was it not understanding that they had to drag him into the world by force—that he so soon suspected the evil of it? Was it not understanding that he seized the first opportunity to get away from it? And the little rascal tears his mother from me with him." In a week's time the wife too was dead, and this soft episode of comfort and happiness over. So little, and yet all the consolation of his life. He lived only three years longer, comforted by the companionship of his step-daughter, and doing much serious and important work—and then, at fifty, ended his life and labours.

The heart-breaking yet subdued melancholy of this conclusion gives a higher tone to the end of a life which was never heroic. Indeed it is difficult to be heroic while all that existence holds is pen and ink, philosophy and the drama. Let but life come in with those simpler principles which have nothing to do with Aristotle, and the last chapter, before we know it, wrings our heart. All that we do see of him, however, during his career of simple literature, shows a man of fine natural feeling, surrounded by friends, yet often sinking into the loneliness which is inevitable to every highly-toned spirit—cheerful and energetic, yet sighing to us now and then out of the depths. Here is a gleam of mingled grief, humour, and indignation, which gives more insight into Lessing than acres of criticism. He is writing to his friend Gleim to announce the death, which the brotherhood had

tried to hope was not true, of Kleist, the brave and gentle soldier whom they all loved.

"Many a time my pain causes me to be angry with the man himself who has excited it. Already he had three—four wounds; why did he not go? For fewer and smaller wounds generals have retired without dishonour. He wished to die. Forgive me if I am too hard on him; for it may be that I am too hard on him. They say he would not have died of the last wound, but he was neglected. Neglected! I know not at whom I rage—the wretches who have neglected him! . . . The professor has doubtless written to you. He delivered a funeral oration over him. Another, I know not whom, has made a poem on him. They cannot have lost much in Kleist who are now in the position to do this. The professor wishes to print his oration, and it is so pitiful! I know for certain that Kleist would rather have taken with him another wound to his grave than have such stuff talked about him. Has a professor a heart? He wants from Ramler and me verses to print along with his oration. If he has asked the same from you, and you gratify his wish—dearest Gleim, this you must not do. *At present you feel too much to be able to say what you feel. And it is not all the same to you, as it is to a professor, what you say, and how you say it.*"

What delicate irony, tenderness, humour, and pain are in these last words!

Mr Sime should not translate "*Que diable allait il faire?*" as "What had I to do in the accursed galley?" and he should not tell us that Moses Mendelssohn was the grandfather "of the musical composer of that name." The general reader is ignorant—very ignorant; but even he will shudder at this description of the great Mendelssohn. The book, however, is a very valuable contribution to the history of the great German Dawn and second birth.

We freely permit the reader to laugh when he finds himself sud-

denly led from this serious historical portrait to the next which finds itself near, and which, if historical in a sense, is neither serious nor dignified, but yet as quaint a piece of human nature and racy nationality as we have met with for very long. Mrs O'Connell,* notwithstanding the evidently genuine distrust she has of her own powers, "the shortcomings due to my sex and inexperience," which she laments with *naïve* simplicity, has given us a most characteristic and amusing book; and we are disposed to grudge the interposition of the friend who revised the MS., and who, she acknowledges, "has done well to cut out" the "very much more" which she had written. Perhaps it is the same friend who calls her back from time to time to fact, and makes her give a solemn attention to details of stables, and way-bills, and business management, when she would much rather tell us the stories which we would so much rather hear; but perhaps the shrewd remarks, the quick perception of character, and the delightful brogue that runs through her narrative, are better for being kept within limits. The book, she tells us, was written at her father's bidding. He had even begun to write it himself, so pleased was he with the idea. "He conceived the best plan for getting this autobiography written was to lie in bed and dictate it. Accordingly, he lay in bed for three days and dictated. I will give some extracts from it," she adds, "but more than that the reader would hardly thank me for. My father regarded the work with mingled feelings of admiration and diffidence." Something of the same mingled feelings would seem to move Mrs O'Connell herself, as she leads

us with delightful frankness into the very heart of her family affairs. Not in any heroic pose, but in the very fullest daylight, surrounded by all the little grudges, vexations, and blames of real life, as well as by the pride and satisfaction with which a family may be supposed to contemplate the author of their wealth and importance—the burly, characteristic figure of the great coach-proprietor, the wise, niggardly, generous Italian Irishman, whom most people have heard of, rises before us. "We'll call the book 'Charles Bianconi, Carman,' and we'll have a grand chapter on the Bians," he himself said. "In deference to the wishes of friends, I have not put Carman on the title-page," Mrs O'Connell explains; but, fortified by the approval of Mr Anthony Trollope, she has held to the "grand chapter on the Bians," which, it appears, was the name by which Bianconi's cars were known throughout Ireland. Why her friends should have been sensitive about the word Carman we cannot quite see; but this little sacrifice to gentility being made, Mrs O'Connell is as frank as heart could desire about the subject of her tale. He was thoroughly and delightfully uneducated, reading nothing but his own way-bills; and no picture could more completely embody the peasant turned capitalist, despotic and exacting, yet quite indifferent to the forms of respect—grudging and narrow-minded, yet bold enough for a great venture when the gains were sufficient to tempt him; fond of shifts and tricks, and more delighted with an advantage gained by his own apparent "smartness," and power of taking other people in, than by more straightforward methods—yet with the clearest per-

* Charles Bianconi: a Biography. By Mrs Morgan John O'Connell. Chapman & Hall, London.

ceptions, and insight into the wants of the country in which he became a real power. That such a man should make great mistakes in the management of his private affairs is almost inevitable; but a certain *bonhomie*, which always mingled with his acquisitiveness and suspiciousness, made him popular; and he was capable both of benevolence and friendship, and willing to be a source of good to everybody around him—vanity here coming in as an agreeable aid and encouragement to natural goodness of heart. It would be hard to say to which of his nationalities such a man most belonged. That he was known as “the wily Italian” “never failed to inspire his friends, the clergy, with a tacit suspicion,” and had “an innate love of dodging,” Mrs O’Connell frankly informs us; but these are no less characteristics of the Celt than of the Latin, and the Irishman who is not a prodigal has a very good chance to be avaricious as well as the Italian. Perhaps it is to a class rather than to a country that such an organisation belongs. Born peasant, predestined millionaire, his despotism, his hardness, his keen eye for advantage, his suspicion of others, his perpetual activity and restless desire to do everything and save everything, fit well into the ideal of the self-made man, who, amid all his wealth, never gets over the habit of being poor.

Young Bianconi began life—though of a family not badly off, nor belonging by any means to the lowest class in his Lombard village—as a pedlar, in the very beginning of the century, selling little framed pictures, and often frames alone, among the Irish villages, where his dark good looks, bright eyes, and foreign courtesy got him many friends. As soon as he had made a little money in this way, he set himself up in a shop in Clonmel to make

the same kind of ware as he had sold, though he had no knowledge of the gilder’s trade. His good fortune, however, helped him on, and he learned his craft in working at it—an original, though not unprecedented mode of progress. His long courses on foot in his pedlar days had made the absence of all means of cheap conveyance between one town and another very evident to him. Almost the only way of getting from Clonmel to any other place in the world seems to have been by the river—a tedious journey “in Tom Morrissey’s boat,” which moved much at its leisure, and rested when it pleased, as boats with a monopoly may be excused for doing. This absence of all means of communication in the country about, pricked up the energy of the young Italian; and he started modestly on his career with a one-horse car—the vehicle of the country—between Clonmel and Cahir, a distance of eight miles, which could be done by one horse and at the smallest possible expense. Finding that success was not immediate—the small public of Clonmel being used to walk, and as anxious to save its sixpences as he was—young Bianconi hit upon the following clever expedient to create a laudable habit of using the car:—

“He started an opposition car at a cheaper rate, which was not known to be his—not even by the rival drivers, who raced against each other for the foremost place. The excitement of the contest, the cheapness of the fare, the occasional free lifts given to passengers, soon began to attract a paying public, and before long both the cars every day came in full. He had bought a great, strong ‘yellow horse,’ as he called him, to run in the opposition car. He gave, as he said, £20 for the animal. One evening his own recognised driver came to him in great pride and excitement,—‘You know the great big yallah horse under the opposition car? Well, sir, he’ll niver run

another yard. I broke his heart this night. I raced him in from beyant Moore o' Barns, and he'll niver thravel again.' Mr Bianconi told me he was obliged to show the greatest gratification at the loss of his beast; but it gave him enough of the opposition car."

In a wonderfully short period after this humble start, Bianconi's cars, lengthened into long four-wheeled vehicles, the shape of an omnibus, though still retaining the characteristic of carrying their passengers outside, were on all the Irish roads, and he himself a prosperous man, with stables full of horses and an army of men in his employment. These dependants, drivers, grooms, guards, agents of all descriptions, were kept entirely under the thumb of the proprietor, who permitted no will but his own to hold any sway, and ruled his little army with a rod of iron. "I have invariably heard my father say that no man was better served than he was. His rule was a patriarchal despotism: his orders were to be obeyed without a murmur of dissent; he had a horror of men who asked why and wherefore. Provided that he was obliged briskly and thoroughly, he tolerated a considerable liberty of speech. Many a time I have heard him laugh at a saucy answer: certain cranky helpers invariably swore at him when he made them do what they did not like." Thirteen hundred horses, a hundred drivers, and grooms and helpers innumerable, were in his employment in 1843, when he read a paper on the subject before the British Association.

His success was thus sure and rapid, as it was a real want of the country which his keen perception had hit upon; and "the Bians" became a most important feature in the daily life of the country towns thus put in communication with their neighbours, and cheered, and

amused, and interested by the lively turn-out every morning, and the amusing records of the road. Bianconi grew rich and prosperous, and a man of note, in less time than many a finer intelligence takes to find out the simplest way to earn daily bread; and, without any training save that of the daily barter of his simple trade, rose to the management of a great establishment, or rather, of many establishments scattered over the country. He had the gift common to great generals and *entrepreneurs* of all kinds, to find men whom he could trust for the different posts under him, but never was less than a despot himself, absolute though friendly, keeping all the threads of his great undertaking in his own hands. His management was successful in the highest degree, and gathered a trusty band of retainers round him, all devoted to his service. But though his despotism was never ill-tempered nor aggravating, here is a feature in it which we can reconcile with his Italian and his Irish nationality better than we can believe in the possibility that it ever could have occurred to any simple Anglo-Saxon intelligence:—

"With all the avowed and acknowledged supervision, my father had additional reports from spies; these men were supplied with money not merely to pay their fares but to tip the drivers. There was the spy proper, who was solely employed for the purpose, until he became too well known: one of these ingenious gentlemen was betrayed by his carpet-bag bursting and a quantity of bran rolling out of it. Then there were occasional spies, often schoolmasters out for a holiday, who were glad enough of an opportunity of getting a free outing. Many and wondrous were the effusions of these pedagogues. There was an old bookseller traveller who used to report in return for his free transit; and there were sundry other similar characters who were paid for their services in various ways. But there were always two official spies

regularly on the strength of the establishment. Those 'very much dreaded officials,' as my father's clerk styles them in the paper I am now condensing, had to report the number of passengers, which was invariably compared with the number marked on the way-bills; they also reported upon the state of the horses, of the harness, and the vehicles, the behaviour of the agents, drivers, helpers, &c., and especially the demeanour of the agents towards the public. Civility, attention, and punctuality were always rigidly enforced; and anything calculated to offend the public was always punished. . . . The spies were obliged to assume sundry *aliases*, and, I fear, to tell many untruths. They always had decent-looking luggage, even though hay, bran, and stones were often the contents of their bags. The drivers were ever on the outlook for them, and they displayed a marvellous ingenuity in detecting their presence and in telegraphing the news along the line."

Mrs O'Connell tells her story with delightful honesty, though in a fragmentary and inconvenient way, sending us from one end of her volume to another to find the scraps of personal description, which are always graphic, *naïve*, and full of amusing candour. She has an admiration for her father even in his "dodging," but she never extenuates, or puts herself out of the way to find excuses for him. Her openness in this respect is mingled sometimes with amusement, sometimes with the vexation with which the members of a family acknowledge the imperfections which cannot be hid from them; but it never fails her. Nothing can be more characteristic than her account, drawn from old friends, of the business-like haste of his devotions:—

"Charles would join in and pray very loud and fast in Latin, or it may have been Italian. He prayed so hard and so fast that we small ones were hard set not to laugh out loud." (This is from the reminiscences of an old lady of eighty-five, with whom Bianconi

had "carried on a mild flirtation for the last sixty years.") "Another gentleman of Clonmel has told me a peculiar story of the manner in which my father used to say his prayers in these days. Every Saturday evening, about eight o'clock, Charles Bianconi was seen to rush into the small dark Friary Chapel and fling himself down on his knees before a certain confessor. Any fair devotee that happened to be before him would be requested by the priest to give way to the busy foreigner. While a lady would be saying her *Confiteor*, Charles Bianconi would have prayed and confessed and gone off again. . . . He never troubled his director with anything but his actual sins, and this may account for the celerity with which he got through his religious duties."

The downright simplicity and straightforwardness of this way of getting through "religious duties" is delightful, true to nature, on the simple unpolemical Roman Catholic level, unquickened by any spurring of Protestant inquiry or Ultramontane earnestness. Equally true is the description of the meddlesomeness which had much benevolence, but great powers of annoyance, in it, and which Mrs O'Connell notes with an undertone of vexation in her voice:—

"That he was a good and charitable man nobody who knew him will, I think, deny. He was the most helpful man, but his help was too often given in a very disagreeable way. He did not mind having his own corns trodden on, but never was there a man more certain to stamp on his neighbour's toes. He took a positive delight in trying to set people's affairs right for them, but his remedies were of so violent a nature, that any one who had force of will to submit to them would never himself have got into trouble. His finger was in every man's pie, and in every woman's too, for the old man was not averse to a bit of match-making."

During the famine Bianconi acted in the most public-spirited way, in-

venting works to be done, and helping in every way the poor people in his neighbourhood, to whom, for long after, in noble defiance of political economy, he continued to sell his potatoes at half the market price. But, "grievous as the misery was, I think my father liked the fact of having a dozen irons in the fire all red-hot at once," adds his biographer. And though he could be thus benevolently bold on occasion, his business habits clung closely to him. "I suppose he considered that interest for money was a kind of sacred rite of which Mammon should not be defrauded." Mrs O'Connell says, with the aggrieved tone of a sufferer, "I am bound to add, with all the love and respect I have for him, that the instinct of turning his money was so strong in him, that he has charged me, his own daughter, his special confidant and friend, five per cent for money lent." Balzac's village miser, old Grandet himself, could not have done more. Yet Bianconi was not a miser, and he loved his family and indulged them, and worshipped his grandchildren, and was kind to the people whom he tyrannised over—so kind, after all, that his retainers were faithful as a class to him; and "his funeral was more than half a mile long," a characteristic homage which, no doubt, would have gone to his heart. In other hands he might have been presented to us as some great "industrial heroes" have been, wrapped in a sublime abstraction of beneficent greatness, like the stucco *toga* of the statuary—a kind of ideal figure of Trade, shedding benefits around him. Mrs O'Connell has done infinitely better, and made a most natural, lifelike, and by no means unattractive portrait. The complexities of the character so simply put before us, yet so graphically, are well worthy the attention of a novelist. What an inexhausti-

ble centre of any study of Irish life such a man would make—so liberal, yet so frugal, vain, humble, simple, and astute! He would walk a mile to save sixpence, we are told; and it was not unusual for him to pick up a chance passenger on the road, whom he would take wherever he pleased in his carriage, but always on condition that he paid the car fare! And though he charged his daughter interest on the money lent her, he was capable of cutting up his grass land to plant potatoes—and selling them at half-price after he had grown them—to give his poor people work. The simple delight he took in his reception at "the Castle," in his popularity, and in "the Bians," never interfered with his frankness respecting his early life, his peddling, and his humble friends. All his life through he seems to have discharged his religious duties of a Saturday, as he wound up his clocks, on much the same principle, and at the same rapid rate; and though he liked his agents, and helped them on generously, trusting them with his money and property, he still continued to send spies to report upon them. There is more simple fun in the fact that, while he swore "by Gor" and "by the hokey" like an Irish peasant, he felt so much an Italian as to be often a little uncertain about his English. Altogether, we do not know when we have met a more genuine, amusing picture of a man.

We must quote one or two anecdotes of O'Connell before we conclude. Naturally in this book "the Liberator" appears as a demigod; and as the brilliancy of his glory has faded of late, we may give him the advantage of the following pretty and touching sayings. In the first he is talking about the practice of bringing in the children after dinner, an exploded notion, implying

earlier hours than society delights in now, and the comments of "my friend Peter Hessey, who was not remarkable for his politeness," thereupon.

"'Dan,' he said to me once, 'you should not bring in your children after dinner; it is a heavy tax upon the admiration of the company.' 'Never mind, Peter,' I said to him; 'I admire them so much myself that I don't require any one to help me.' My eldest daughter told me she was afraid I should spoil her Mary. 'I don't think I shall,' I said to her. 'I know I did my best to spoil you, my love, and I could not succeed.'"

The other story affords us a group of two figures—the great Irishman at a moment of anxiety and depression, and the burly and prosperous Bianconi in full delight of benevolent meddling and success.

"The Liberator's too open-handed generosity that once left him in galling though only temporary difficulties, sank deeply into my father's naturally warm heart. He and two other gentlemen undertook to set O'Connell's affairs straight for him. They saw that his income was large enough to meet the demands without sacrificing a single farm. My father cross-questioned O'Connell about the details of his property and about his liabilities to the bank, and, unlike most men in difficulties, O'Connell concealed nothing, nor left any secret untold. My father put his questions as delicately as he could, but he has said that he never suffered more acutely than in seeing the Liberator wince and so plainly show his sorrow. He, however, made a bargain, and a very wise one, too, in electing that he was not to be bothered about the matter until it was all settled. At length the happy day arrived. My father called upon his friend and found him standing writing at his high desk. He did not at once begin to talk about the matter, but held the bank-book in his hands, and he could see O'Connell occasionally looking askance at the little vellum-bound volume pretty much as a child eyes its spelling-book.

"'Well, Liberator,' my father said, 'won't you take a look at your bank-book?'"

"The question did not make a pleasant impression, and my father was obliged to open the book and point with his finger to the sum total, showing a fair balance to the credit of Daniel O'Connell, Esquire. My father said that he never would forget the expression that was then upon his friend's face. After a moment's bewilderment, O'Connell lifted up his eyes to the big crucifix that hung over his desk, took off his cap, and said, in a low and reverent tone, 'Thanks be to God.' Never was my father so much astonished as he was then, at seeing O'Connell thus raise his thoughts to heaven, *before he had verified the accuracy of the figures.* No man ever recognised more heartily than my father that though he had toiled and planted, it was God who had given him his good things; yet he must have worked out the amount for himself, and seen that it was correct before he could thus reverentially express his gratitude."

The last sentence is most characteristic; the italics are our own; the verification of the figures before expressing gratitude which a slight mistake in the reckoning might prove to be uncalled for, is delicious.

We had marked several Hiberniaisms of the most mellow flavour, as good in their unconsciousness as anything Lever ever invented; but stopping to reflect how much amusement we owe to Mrs O'Connell, and that even the most candid writer does not relish such a reflection, we forbear. She who has been so frank and honest with us, and who is so well aware of the imperfections of her sex, and to whom we owe so much entertainment, it would be miserable indeed if we were to turn upon her and twit her with the very utterances which give her biography half its charm.

'North Italian Folks' * is a book against which we feel it necessary to lift up an energetic protest. In the days when few people visited Italy, and its landscapes and costumes were little known—when people might be supposed unacquainted with the fact that the women in Genoa wear pretty muslin veils instead of bonnets, and the population generally has (or had) a way of going mad annually for a few days before Lent—it might have been legitimate enough, perhaps, to publish a number of feeble word-sketches and represent it as a book upon Italy; but now when everybody (who is anybody) has been there, and those who remain behind have heard to nausea and illimitable weariness the reports of the others, what possible necessity can there be for such a production? Mrs Comyns Carr has conferred upon her sketches various Christian names, and done her best to make us acquainted with the outside of each hero or heroine—letting us know carefully how many flashing dark eyes, how many fine straight limbs, what shining teeth and glossy hair each individual possessed; but few people will, we fear, be very grateful for the information. Perhaps the art of description has been altogether overdone of late. For our own part, we are disposed to think so. It is a very pretty art when sparingly exercised and kept in strict subordination to some subject more worthy attention. The masters of the art have always thus exercised it. When, at a moment of difficulty in the argument or weariness in the reasoning, Mr Ruskin steps aside and paints for us, with luminous transparency and refinement of colour, a bit of sea, a bit of sky, perhaps only a cloud afloat on the serene, or a boat

skimming like a swallow over the crisped water—who is there that does not say, Thank heaven! with devoutest satisfaction? And as Mr Carlyle threads his way through the philosophy of Clothes, what a delicious long breath of pleasure do we not draw when homely Entepfuhl with its apple-orchards, with the blue hills around it and the world beyond, rises softly out of the soil mirrored in the moist wonder of little Teufelsdröckh's wide-open eyes. Thus, too, when George Eliot, resting from her fine investigations of mind and soul, more rare and wonderful than any landscape, sets down before us, steadfast and sweet, a bit of English soil with dewy hedgerows and prosperous fields, and wide skies hanging low over the tranquil breadth of the scene—does any one venture to blaspheme? These great masters of the art use it with the reserve of wise and gracious power. But it has become a fashion to serve us up those hashes of foreign scenery, chiefly Italian, and to ring the changes upon tideless seas and glowing skies, and streets basking in the sun, and orange-groves and olive woods. The iteration grows more and more tiresome. Mrs Comyns Carr is better than many of her predecessors. She knows the country she describes, and her sketches of character, though slight, are not without truth; but it would be very well for writers thus tempted to master Lessing's argument about the purposes of art, and understand that words cannot, save in very powerful hands, embody scenery and colour. Then, again, imagine the boldness of describing in the year of grace 1878 the Carnival at Genoa! What confidence in one's self or ignorance of all that has been written in the past half-

* *North Italian Folks.* By Mrs Comyns Carr. Chatto & Windus, London.

century is necessary to go calmly through such an undertaking. To be sure there is something original in the following sentence which may separate it from the many descriptions which we have all read of the same dead and gone, but galvanised, folly. "Ladies of the nobility, beautiful, with hair dressed after the French fashion, and silken garments, and graciously smiling faces, begin to fill the balconies. They nod and laugh and pose gracefully to their attendant gallants; then they rise in their seats to pose and laugh again for other gallants who are in the masquerading throng beneath." How do ladies pose gracefully to attendant gallants, and pose again for others? The book is illustrated by Mr Caldecott, whose charming drawings in previous years gave so much delightful grace and character to the belles and the beaux in Washington Irving's delicate sketches; but Mr Caldecott, too, is washed-out and dull in his present appearance, and but that his hand is perceptible in the life and variety of the groups, we should be half disposed to believe that these were not fresh illustrations at all, but impressions from blocks worn out by much usage. We had looked for his reappearance with so much interest, that this is a disappointment; but it is a consolation to feel that, at all events, the fault is less with the artist than with the process of production which has managed so strangely to give this aspect of dimness and worn-outness to what must be original and recent work.

We have spoken somewhat strongly of the waste of description which has become so general

in light literature. And by way of contrast we turn instinctively to a book as unique and rare in its kind as the other is common, the anonymous novel, in one modest volume, called *Marmorne*.* This is a very remarkable book. It comes into the world without any flourish of trumpets, but it is of much more value than the majority of works which are more pompously announced. It is remarkable for its negative qualities as well as for its positive ones. There is very little "word-painting," that dangerous gift; yet a most characteristic landscape is set before us with no words wasted, but with perfect success. We seem to see the very spot in the wooded heights of Burgundy where these strange events took place. Still more unusual, there is no character-painting in this strange book. We are not excited by analysis of motives or anatomy of passions. The book is a narrative throughout, simple, straightforward, and reticent. The hero is vague, and the heroine not interesting; but the story enthralls the reader, and leaves an impression of power entirely controlled and under discipline, which of itself is a strengthening sensation to the mind. Not often do we meet with this sentiment of fresh cool strength, able to grasp its subject thoroughly, to manage it calmly, and to resist all those currents of emotion and tradition which shape a novel into the mould of its kind, in most cases whether the author will or no. The story is of three brothers, and it is professedly told by the youngest, Adolphus Segrave, who is the spectator of the three, not primarily affected by the action. The Segraves, a baronet's family in Eng-

* *Marmorne*. The Story is told by Adolphus Segrave, the Youngest of Three Brothers. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1878.

land, have a property in the wooded and somewhat melancholy hill-district of Burgundy, in which their life is gradually concentrated, owing to a rivalry between the two elder brothers, long unsuspected, but which leads to extraordinary complications. The very atmosphere of the district, which is curiously unlike the laughing country which we realise under the name of Burgundy, is in the book; and the old house of Boisvipère, *morne*, silent, shut in with its surrounding woods, is like a photograph—while the happier dwelling of Marmorne itself gives one of the truest sketches of a thoroughly French country-house which we remember to have met with in English literature. The silent Mademoiselle Abeille, with her delightful French-English—which brings out the natural vivacity and brightness of the girl, who is too decorous to say a word in her native language—is a charming sketch, and wonderfully real and lifelike. The heroine Ada is not interesting, neither do we feel a very deep concern for Julius the African traveller, who is her betrothed lover, and whose non-arrival is the cause of all her troubles. But perhaps even the absence of warm interest in these two chief persons of the tale makes us more sensible of the force of the narrative, which flows on so strongly and smoothly, leaving us but little time to watch the straws on its surface, or criticise the banks between which it flows. Too often these banks, and the floating straws that dally on the languid stream, take all our interest from the course of the current. But here, for once, the story is superior, and vindicates its intrinsic importance. And strange though the plot is, there is no sensationalism, no *tours de force* in it. The means used are all legiti-

mate, and we feel the effort attained to be honourable to both the writer and the reader. It is scarcely possible to give higher praise.

The little episode of the French war which is brought into the story, is not pitchforked in as a mere variety, as is generally the case, but is really serviceable as giving a certain reasonableness to the extraordinary expedient of the elder brother's imprisonment. We are tempted to quote one fine and striking scene from this portion of the book. Ada, M. de Marmorne's daughter, has fallen into a kind of apathy caused by the intense strain of heart and brain to which she has been subjected by the uncertainty of her lover's return, and the long delay of any news from him. At last the morning has come which she had solemnly appointed two years before as the time of his return, and her half-craze of suspense yields to a sick and strange, yet absolute certainty, that, exact to the time of the tryst he will appear.

"We met in the *salle-à-manger* at half-past four o'clock in the morning. I at once observed that Ada wore exactly the same plain dress she had worn two years before, and the same white cap, or one just like it. She did exactly the same things too, like an actor going through a part he has played before. There seemed not to be the slightest shadow of doubt in her mind about his coming. 'It is not *quite* as it was two years ago you see, Monsieur Adolphe,' she said, turning to me cheerfully, 'for then there were only three bowls upon the table, and now there are four. That is because I was too sad then to take any *café au lait*; but I shall take it to-day, and not be alone. I have put myself a *petit pain* too, as you see, and there are eight eggs instead of six.' . . . Then she took out her watch, 'It is time to boil the eggs now: he will be here in a few minutes.'

"I shall remember the boiling of those eggs as long as I live: the pan

on the red embers from which last night's ashes had been raked away ; the bubbling steaming water ; the eggs lying in it as in a nest, but agitated by the rising steam, and jolting against each other. 'Messieurs the English like their eggs boiled longer than we do ; these four are for papa and me, the other four are for you and Monsieur your brother.' . . .

"What would she do next ? would she merely wait and wait till the broad daylight came to dissipate her illusion ? At the very moment, when M. de Marmorne and I were painfully wondering, Ada's delicate and sensitive ear caught a sound in the distance. 'He is coming,' she said ; 'I hear the hoofs of his horse in the forest !'

"She went to the window and opened it. There was no wind, and through the dark air of the early morning a faint sound came to us as if two horsemen, or perhaps more, were riding along the forest road in the direction of the house of Marmorne.

"'You hear,' said Ada ; 'I knew he would be in time ! He will have left his luggage behind, to come more quickly on horseback.' M. de Marmorne looked at me strangely. At last he said, 'My daughter, you will take cold ; let me close the window.' Then he led me out into the courtyard, and said in a low voice, 'I wish it were possible to get Ada out of the way. It is not Monsieur Jules who is coming. Listen to the step of those horses.' We listened silently for a few seconds. The sound of hoofs became louder and nearer. 'Those are not horses hired at an inn,' the old gentleman resumed ; 'they have the cavalry *pas*.'

"It was perfectly true. The step, which had been a trot, now subsided into a walk : but it was the regular, firm walk of the cavalry, which carries the rider well over the ground. . . .

"The steady tramp of hoofs came with a dull but very audible sound on the gravel of the avenue. The courtyard of Marmorne was paved, and the pavement extended fifty yards into the avenue itself. When the hoofs struck the stones, I felt that indescribable thrill of emotion which electrifies every one who hears for the first time the close approach of the enemy. A

minute later, the old courtyard rang with the clatter of three war-horses.

"It was so dark that I did not see the riders ; but M. de Marmorne came to the door with a lamp in his hand, and the light of it flashed upon them. They were Prussian Uhlans. One of them rode forwards towards M. de Marmorne, revolver in hand, and said in a loud voice, and with a tremendously strong Teutonic accent, 'We want breakfast for ourselves and fodder for our horses. You've no free-shooters in this house, have you ? If any one harms us he will suffer for it, and so will you. Show us the stable.'

"M. de Marmorne led the way to the stable, and I immediately joined him. The process of feeding the horses was simple in the extreme. The soldiers removed the head-gear from the animals, emptied a corn-bin on the floor, and left them to regale themselves at will. They appeared to enjoy this wastefulness as an act of authority, but did not otherwise make themselves disagreeable.

"We went back to the house. M. de Marmorne had not been able to get Ada out of the way. There she stood in the dining-room, and met us with a pale, set face, that I shall never forget.

"'Ada,' said her father gravely, 'are you satisfied now that not one of these three soldiers is Monsieur Jules ? If you are convinced, had you not better go to your own room ?'

"She looked at each Prussian separately, with a bewildered gaze, as if she were losing her senses, but remained fixed in the place where she stood, and did not utter a single word.

"'You have a young lady here, and she is very pretty,' said the Prussian corporal, with his fearful and wonderful French pronunciation. ('Fous avez une *témoisselle* ici, qui, ma foi, est bien *sholie*.')

"Then he went on, in a loud and careless voice, like a man who knows that he is master of the situation, and that he is powerful enough to be alike above criticism and contradiction—

"'You have got up early to-day, my pretty girl. It was because you expected me ; was it not ? Well, you

see, here I am. And you have got breakfast ready for us, so kindly ! Four bowls for coffee—one, two, three, four. Eight eggs, just ready. That makes three bowls for us poor German, who are, oh, so hungry ! and the fourth is for your own sweet self, my dear, who will doubtless keep us company on this auspicious occasion. Is the coffee quite ready ? Do be so kind as to pour it out.”

It is perhaps a little late in the day to bring forward here a novel which has been for some time before the public, and the merit of which has been already fully acknowledged. But amid the crowd of indifferent or bad works of fiction which are always hurrying into the world, it is an unusual gratification to be able to note one remarkable book after another in this kind. ‘*Marmorne*’ is anonymous ; but ‘*The City of Sunshine*,’* though bearing the name of its author, is also a first work, and introduces a new writer to the public. It is no usual fate for a critic to have two such characteristic works under his hand at the same moment. ‘*The City of Sunshine*’ is a much more important and elaborate work than ‘*Marmorne*.’ Its subject is one much less within our range of observation ; indeed, the scene is so entirely new to us, that we have to resort chiefly to internal evidence to judge of its truth to nature. Experts, indeed, tell us that its fidelity to fact is wonderful ; and the faces of old Indians brighten with recognition at the strange little crowded world of the Indian village, so unlike anything with which we are acquainted. For the story is entirely an Indian story. The only Englishman introduced is a local magistrate, and he only appears twice, and is in no way important to the action of the tale.

An oriental valley, smiling and sweet, with the great Gungaputra flowing through it, and Dhupnagar, the City of Sunshine, throwing up its white houses against the darkness of the distant hills, is the scene ; and in the village all is native and of the soil, with the exception of certain new ideas and developments of character, in which the Englishman has been engrafted upon the Hindoo, in one case with the most comical and amusing effect ; in the other, with the most semi-tragic seriousness. The village rises before us from the absolute unknown, into all the variety of real life. The proud but ruined gentleman, with his one fair daughter, is a character sufficiently cosmopolitan ; but yet Kristo Baboo is quite individual, bearing no more resemblance to the poor proud fathers with whom we are acquainted in other climes, than humanity requires. The priest, the other potentate of the village, who is prosperous as well as noble, is less unlike anything we have ever met with ; but though he is no devotee, he has still sufficient belief in the sacred Linga of his temple to command our respect and even admiration. His son, the young student Krishna, who is the modern Hindoo Hamlet, the sentimental waverer between two opinions, a convert to Theism, yet unable to screw his courage to the sticking point, and almost won back to a decent idolatry and adherence to the established faith by the prospect of love and happiness, is one of the instances of the effect of English education upon the native mind, to which we have already referred ; while the delightfully comic figure of the native barrister, Romesh

* *The City of Sunshine : a Novel.* By Alexander Allardyce. 3 vols. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1877.

Chunder Roy, otherwise R. C. Roy, of the Outer Temple, a graduate of the London University, and friend of the Marquis of Gotham, is the other. Krishna is rather like the sentimental hero everywhere, and has a great deal of mental trouble to get through before he eventually makes up his mind : but Mr R. C. Roy, whose mind is quite made up about everything he encounters, with his abundant confidence in himself and his own superiority, is a figure quite novel and delightful ; and all the more amusing that he is honest and shrewd in his impertinence, and does the best possible service while getting himself snubbed and laughed at—a treatment which he bears with all the composure of imperturbable vanity and good-humour. How the educated native may like the sketch is a different question, but we know of nothing so clever and amusing that has ever been contributed to fiction by our Indian empire. Heretofore, art of this kind has not flourished there ; and though the meeting has called forth some notable studies of Anglo-Indian life to which ‘Maga,’ with her well-known and characteristic modesty, cannot do more than refer in passing, the Hindoo has furnished us with little more than an occasional supple impostor, like the fashionable heathen whom Colonel Newcome crushed in society, except in the few but fine works of Colonel Meadows Taylor. Mr Allardyce has evidently fallen heir to this vacant kingdom—with an enrichment of originality entirely his own ; for we do not remember anything in the books of his predecessor which can be compared to Mr R. C. Roy, who is introduced as follows to the admiration of the reader :—

“Forth from the palanquin crawled a man of middle stature, with skin

blackier than the blackest native of Dhupnagar, but dressed foppishly after the manner of the Anglo-Indian dandies of Calcutta. An enormous *sola* or pith-hat, covered with yellow silk and resembling in shape a huge overgrown toadstool, was perched jauntily upon his crisp locks ; his dress was a loose jacket of black paramatta, with a vest of the same material sufficiently low in the breast to show a dirty shirt-front garnished with gold studs, and a pair of stiffly-starched white trousers, which had apparently been just put on to enhance the solemnity of the wearer’s entrance into Dhupnagar. His feet were encased in natty little boots of shining patent leather, and he wore a necktie of the most gorgeous colours. Rings, pins, watch-chains, and charms, with precious stones dug from the mines of Bristol, that Golconda of the West, adorned his elegant person in great profusion. In one hand he poised a gold-headed cane, while in the other he flourished a scented handkerchief of less than doubtful whiteness.

“‘Thus far into the bowels of the land,’ as the divine Shakespeare saith, soliloquised the stranger, addressing himself in the English tongue, as he stood up and looked about him ; ‘but little bowels I shall find here, I warrant me : O *dura ita*, the restraints that caste and superstition have cast upon a naturally hospitable race ! That’s two puns, but it is too dark to take them down. Peace be with ye, friends,’ added he in Bengalee, turning towards the crowd of villagers.

“‘Upon you be peace,’ replied Gangooly, coming forward and salaaming, but sorely puzzled in his own mind as to what hybrid phenomenon this might be, wearing the dress of a foreigner yet having the features and tongue of the Bengalee.

“‘Are you the headman of this village ?’ demanded the hybrid, shaking out the perfume from his pocket-handkerchief as Gangooly thoughtlessly approached too closely to his delicate nostrils. The headman again salaamed and answered in the affirmative, adding, moreover, the information that his fathers had been headmen of Dhupnagar since the British had obtained the stewardship of Bengal, Be-

har, and Orissa. 'And have you no hotels in this benighted and heaven-forsaken hamlet, my good friend?' said the stranger, whom we may without further reserve introduce to the reader as Mr R. C. Roy. 'Is there any decent place where a gentleman can get a night's lodging?'

"I don't know, Baboo — that is, Sahib, I mean," said Gangooly, scratching his head. 'Your honour sees that when respectable Hindoos come to Dhupnagar we are like to fight among ourselves for the pleasure of entertaining them; for verily, as holy writ sayeth, "That man is truly excellent who offers to a guest a soft seat, clean water, and sweet words:" and when a poor man comes among us we all give him something to make up a meal, and quarter him with some one of his own condition; for as the scriptures again say, "Benevolence towards all living creatures—this is religion." But in the case of—that is to say—in fact, your honour,' stammered the headman, twirling his *chaddar* in perplexity, 'strangers never do come here, and so we don't know very well what we would do with them. And is your honour a Hindoo?' demanded Gangooly, dubiously, as he eyed the pantaloons and Bristol jewellery. 'You will excuse our asking this, for we are simple people, and seldom see any one except our own folks.'

"A Hindoo! of course I am a Hindoo. Give me a light, some of ye," said Mr Roy, taking out his cigar-case; but polite as Bengalees in general are, not a soul stirred to do the bidding of this man of doubtful caste. 'There is not a better-born man in all your valley than I am,' he continued, striking a light for himself on the side of a fusee-box.

"But are you a man of caste, Sahib?" asked Gangooly, fidgeting about uneasily at the idea of being impertinent to one who might be a Rajah or a Deputy-magistrate, or some other great official of Government, but at the same time fearing lest he should compromise the caste of himself or his neighbours by giving hospitality to a pariah.

"Caste, indeed! do I look like a man of caste?" cried Mr Roy, indig-

nantly. 'Why, man, I was six years in England, and have eaten more beef in my time than all the cows of Dhupnagar would make, if they were killed and hung up by the hind-legs to-morrow.'

When this latter horrifying announcement is made, the bystanders hurry away, alarmed and scandalised by the impious blasphemy, all except "Gangooly, the headman, who still stood uneasily before the stranger, scratching his head, and twisting the corner of his upper garment in mute perplexity as to what he should do with this awkward arrival." Mr Roy, however, has come with a special mission from the Theistic Society, to which Krishna belongs, to arrest the young convert in his back-fall towards Hindooism; and on hearing that Krishna himself has just passed, rushes after him along the village street.

"Hi, Mr Gossain! Mr Gossain!" he shouted out in English as he pursued, 'stop just half a minute, will you? The pleasure of five minutes' talk with you, Mr Gossain.'

"The sound of English words in the streets of Dhupnagar calling his own name made Krishna pause in amazement. He could hardly credit his ears, and felt inclined to think that his fancy must have played him false, but there was the speaker running breathlessly after him through the darkness. Who could it be? Krishna's heart sank at the thought that some of his theistic Calcutta friends had come to intrude themselves upon his retirement, and perhaps to annoy him by their interference in his domestic concerns. It was with a sense of relief that he saw when the man came panting up that he had to deal with one who was an utter stranger. 'How do you do, my dear Mr Gossain?' cried Mr Roy; 'believe me, I am delighted to make your acquaintance. Allow me to introduce myself—Mr R. C. Roy, of the Calcutta Bar, and your very humble servant.'

"What a comfort it is to hear civilised speech once more!" cries this delightful being, disgusted with the "vile barbaric Bengalee," which he has been talking; and when his unsatisfactory interview with Krishna is over, he consoles himself for the young Brahmin's failure in hospitality by an unresentful assurance that "I daresay our friend the publican can get me a chop and a pint of Ind Coope."

We must not, however, forget everything else in our devotion to Mr R. C. Roy. The other semi-European, the Dipty, or Deputy-magistrate, is almost as good, though we have in him a better-known character—the false judge and sub-ornner of evidence being much more conventionally in keeping with English ideas of the mild Hindoo than the honest, little, vain, good-hearted hybrid barrister. Mr Alardyce, however, touches a higher note in the curious wild Mussulman household, which he places at the very gates of his village. European influence has told upon the master of this house in a different way; and if we may take the Subadar Shamsuddeen Khan as a type of the Mohammedan officers of the Company, then they are very noble fellows. This old man is worthy to take his place by the side of Roland Caxton, and may be named even in the same breath with Uncle Toby. The young reprobate, his son, interests us much less, and there is perhaps a touch of effort in the trooper Agha, who is the faithful servant of the pair, nurse and tutor, and abettor of the youth in all his dangerous follies. But the Subadar himself is a very fine sketch, and shows a rare power in the author. We have, unfortunately, no space for any further extract than the following, which shows the noble old man and his

rough attendant, at the moment when young Afzul's vagaries have gone the length of placing him under very grave suspicions. The Subadar, already anxious and unhappy about his son, had been sent for by the Magistrate, who knows and esteems him, to be informed of the grave charges against Afzul, and has bound himself to guard the young man in his own house, in order to avoid the ignominy of an arrest, till an examination can be made. He has just arrived broken-hearted, at his house, on his return from this interview.

"'Agha,' said Shamsuddeen, turning round and pointing with his sabre to the trooper, 'stand forward.'

"'Yes, Subadar Sahib,' responded the Khyberree, coming briskly forward with a military salute.

"'Tenshun!' The trooper instantly drew himself stiffly up in the required attitude. 'You will arrest my son immediately he returns; put him in irons, confine him in the old *zenana*, and mount guard upon the door with a loaded carbine, until you are relieved.'

"'Yes, Subadar Sahib,' replied the Khyberree, saluting.

"'And hold no communication of any sort with the prisoner, remember.'

"'No, Subadar Sahib;' and Agha saluted again.

"Shamsuddeen went slowly away to his own apartment, supporting his feeble steps upon his sword, and when there he got out an old Koran from a battered haversack that had served him when a private trooper, and sat down by the dim night-lamp to compose his thoughts by devotion. But the tears ran thick and fast down his furrowed cheek, and bedewed his long white beard, so that his eyes could not distinguish the sacred letters. There was no bed for Shamsuddeen that night.

"The Khyberree calmly went to the stables and got out a pair of handcuffs, loaded his carbine, and returned to take up his post at the gate. A vague sense of some heavy calamity for which he himself was in a great

measure to blame, had fallen upon the trooper's mind, and rendered him incapable of any thought, save that the Subadar's bidding must be done. The night was bitter cold, and Agha shivered while he kept his sorrowful watch; but it was not the cold that made the hardy Khyberite quail. His trembling hands would hardly light his hookha, and he had scarcely taken the first whiff when he dashed the bowl from his lips with a muttered oath. 'O Allah!' he cried, looking up towards the sky, 'it is long since I asked aught of Thee for myself, and I may never trouble you more—but spare, oh spare the Child!'"

We are not quite sure whether the call to "Tenshun!" with which the old officer always reduces his troublesome trooper to silence and obedience does not look a little artificial,—but Mr Allardyce knows best. The picture of the old man is throughout fine. We can only fall back upon the same assurance to ourselves that the author knows better than we do in respect to the

story of Radha, the Hindoo maiden. Could a girl have so much freedom in a Hindoo house? and are clandestine meetings possible in such a locality? This goes somewhat against our preconceived ideas; and we think that the supposed necessity for a thrilling love-story has been a little in the author's way in his construction of this remarkable novel. We think he would have been more at his ease had he considered this less. And far superior to the mere love-tale, which is supposed to be of the first necessity in a work of fiction, is the real service such a writer can do in opening up the true humanity of other races, the points, whether humorous or touching, in which all men can understand and sympathise. Love-tales are common enough; but it is from very few hands that we can hope to get such a figure as the Subadar, or a delightful new acquaintance like Mr R. C. Roy.

FRENCH HOME LIFE.

(Second Series.)

NO. IV.—THE INFLUENCE OF WOMEN.

THE main properties of natural and mechanical forces have been determined with sufficient exactness to enable us to recognise that, amongst other conditions, they may be either momentary or continuous; that, again, when they are continuous they may be regular or varied, according as their successive impulses are equal or unequal; and also, that they may be accelerating or retarding, because they act sometimes in the direction of an existing movement and sometimes in opposition to that direction.

Now, does it not seem that these same characteristics apply to certain human influences as positively and as really as to material energies? Are not almost all of us acting on our neighbours, just as physical agencies do, either permanently or exceptionally, either methodically or tumultuously, either precipitatingly or checkingly? The moral pressures which we are exerting on each other appear, in all these respects, to obey laws so analogous to those which guide the movements of matter, that even our special privilege of free-will does not look powerful enough to liberate us from the common rules which hold the whole of nature. With all our advantages of liberty of intention, with all our faculties of volition and choice, we do not succeed in emancipating ourselves from the universal yoke: we remain bound towards each other by the great principles of motion, just as if we were comets, cannon-balls, or clouds.

And when we come to think

about it, we can scarcely fail to acknowledge that it is quite reasonable it should be so, for the influences which we exercise around us may be described, after all, as mere shapes of force; our sympathies and our repulsions do substantially the same work in us as centripetal and centrifugal attractions effect in matter; our affections proceed like gravitation, with the same persistence, with the same convergence to a centre. We may therefore consider, without much exaggeration, from what we see in ourselves, that the correlation of forces applies to other mights than those of substance; that latent potencies, and equivalents, and conservation of power, are not terms of physics alone; that the ideas expressed by them belong perhaps as much to human nature as to science.

But if the actions of men are tied, like those of solids, by general regulations of universal application, they are subject—in contradistinction to ponderable matter—to a scarcely calculable variety of what astronomers call “disturbing causes”; to so many, indeed, that the perturbations provoked by them are far more numerous and important than the workings of the rules which they invert. They produce an irregularity so immense, so contorted, and so elastic, that it almost resembles liberty. Their caprices effect what neither routine nor reasoning is able to attain. Exceptional and temporary though they be, they move as masters within us and around us; they are more prevalent, more acknowledged,

and more generating than the permanent laws whose application they suspend. "Disturbing causes" constitute, in fact, the great essential leverage of our lives.

It is not, however, until we consider the separate action of women that we remark the full diversity of these wayward forces, and note the extreme eccentricity of the orbits into which they sometimes manage to fling the bodies that they exercise their power upon. The closer we look at this action, the more we try to measure and to weigh it, to analyse it and to decompose it into its constitutive parts, the more do we discover in it strange atoms and heterogeneous vigours, the more do we recognise the amazing inconsistencies, the prodigious contradictions, of the results which it provokes. It is the most protean of agencies, the most fitful of activities, the most contingent of causations. In no two women in the world is it precisely alike; and even in the same woman it presents continually such strange mutations, exhibits such sudden transformations, performs such violent revolutions, that its fluctuations and its aberrations are as difficult to follow out as the shiftings of the waves.

Yet, varying as are the aspects of the cause, the effects produced by it are a thousand times more multifiform still; they are so diverse, so disparate, and so divergent, so all-including, so all-dominating, and so sweeping, that they suffice to prove, by their own evidence alone, that an extraordinary powerful agent must be at work behind them. Of the three great springs which stir up men—money, vanity, and women—the last, if we may judge it by its products, is incontestably the most puissant. And not only is it the strongest and the widest in its movements, but it has also the special and the splendid capacity of

sometimes leading men to the noblest and the least selfish of their deeds—a capacity which can scarcely be imputed, even exceptionally, to either vanity or money.

Furthermore, in addition to these potencies, the influence of women has, not unfrequently, the virtue of acting on us by memory as visibly as by direct employment. It does not necessarily need the presence of the operator; it governs often from afar; it extends its sway through time and distance; it maintains it unimpaired indeed, in many cases, after death; it has the privilege of outliving its source.

All these characteristics lie outside and beyond laws; they are essentially the offspring of "disturbing causes." Laws continue to exist beneath them and beside them; but though those laws are immutable and omnipresent, they are not only obscured and hidden away by the profusion of external accidents which are littered about them, but their action itself is incessantly arrested by the obstacles which those accidents cast in its way. In the struggle between the two, we observe one of the rare examples of a defeat of order by hazard, of an effacement of natural essences by random artifices. The chances of personal character and of personal situation, the agitation of the passions, and, more than all perhaps, the great mass of activities which we habitually describe by the vague name of civilisation, are the main producers of these accidents; so that, as the modern woman is essentially personal, so she is by far the most complex, the most curious, and the most highly-wrought of the products of civilisation; and it is not astonishing that the constitution and the manner of her influence should partake of her own origin and nature, and should re-echo the salient peculiarities of her own character.

But though the forms of action of that influence are as many as the stars, its issues all spring from one common source. Those issues include every shifting shape, every pulsating mood, every vibrating form that sentiment can assume, from love to hate, from longing to remorse, from ambition to disdain, from obedience to revolt ; yet all of them, without distinction, rise from one general birthplace — imagination. Whether women work upon us by the heart or by the head, through our eyes or through our ears, by vainglory or by virtue—whether they lift us up or drag us down—whether they lead us to honour or to shame, to sorrow or to joy, to error or to truth—it is invariably by some thrusting of imagination that they guide us. We do not always perceive this truth at first, because we naturally hesitate to recognise identity of origin in results which vary like the colour of sunset clouds ; but their very variety supplies a crowning evidence of their common paternity, for no germ but imagination could bud into such boundless dissimilitudes.

As, then, imagination is in some measure or shape the essential root of all the influence which women wield around them, it is natural that, in looking over Europe for signs of the activity of that influence, we should find its most conspicuous expansions amongst those who most excite imagination, amongst the creative brightening women of France—the women who nationally possess, above all others, and in exuberant abundance, the special idiosyncrasies, the exceptional efficiencies, the delicate capacities which are indispensable to the full, thorough, plenary evolution of the power which we are considering. The sway of women over the acts of men presents in France an intensity of undisputed

reality which we can discover in no other land. It is there that it can be studied in its most advanced actual form ; it is there that it exercises its highest prerogatives, that it asserts its strongest will, that it thrusts itself most vividly forward as a ruler of the generation. Its action on individuals is immense there, for good and bad ; but that part of the subject lies altogether outside our limits ; we are discussing it here exclusively in its general effects.

In Christian countries the influence of women is everywhere : it is in everything we think, and wish, and do ; it is in all the questions of our time—in politics, in religion, in morals, in virtue, and in vice ; it constitutes in each kingdom a distinct and preponderating form of the national movement. Its local efficacy rises not only with the habits and the tendencies of the race, not only with the individual ability of each woman, but almost more—with the impressibility, with the faculty of imagination, of each man. It therefore naturally presents its most complete and most vigorous manifestations in lands where specificity of personality, sentiments of prompt emotion, and facility of ardour, eagerness, and passion, are developed between the sexes in the proportions best suited to the case. It is because these rare conditions are found, in all their force, in the strangely endowed, impressionable French blood, that France has become the great triumphant field of women's action. Numbers of women there, are in their own eyes, apostles—apostles in the world and in their homes. They are, both of themselves and in their ways of life, professors of the political, religious, artistic, or sentimental faith to which they may happen to have given up their will ; they take for themselves, individually, all the victories

of their cause. And as they preach to an eager and excited audience, the union between actors and spectators produces a play such as no other theatre in the world can show.

In the other lands of Europe the influence of women may be said, in general terms, to present certain determined but limited aspects; it is calming, soothing, restraining, and it is simultaneously duty-teaching, elevating, purifying. But in France it assumes, in a multitude of cases, an additional characteristic, of a totally different species. It is often all that it is elsewhere; it is often moderating and softening, rectifying and redeeming: but it is, continually, something else besides; it is—visibly and nationally—stimulating. There is, perpetually, in the leverage which Frenchwomen exert around them, a manifestly instigating tendency—a palpably enkindling force—a quickening, impelling, inflaming agency. Their action can be as tender, as moderating, as that of any women on earth; but it can also assume, with amazing ease, all the forms of incitation and arousing. Here lies its great characteristic: it is in the examination of the results produced by this marked form of work that we discover the special national effect of the influence exercised by Frenchwomen. In the other elements of their empire they act, more or less, like other women: but in this great line of action they are themselves alone; in this they expend a power which no other women of the world display.

To see this power in its fullest effectiveness, we must not seek for it at either the top or the bottom of society; it is in the middle strata that it is especially discoverable in the true fulness of its capacity. The women of the lower sections possess no directing energies of the sort

which we are discussing here; and those of the highest rank are too utterly without class influence to be able to exercise a national domination. It is in the centre that we find the real acting women of France—the women of energy, of number, and of will. There we see at work a mass of organised pressure which stretches out to the corners of the land, which grasps and urges on the entire life of the people,—which makes itself felt in thought, in talk, and in events.

On the strange fact of the absence in French society of any guidance from above, it is, however, necessary to say something more before proceeding further. The difference between the position and the ascendancy of the high-born in England and in France is so enormous, that it is essential, in addressing English readers, to insist upon it with special emphasis. We all know how immense is the force of that position and that ascendancy amongst ourselves; but in France no such force exists at all. A certain small part of the best *noblesse* there constitutes a group apart—a group, of which the members bear great names, but which enjoys no prerogatives, exercises no rights, applies no teaching, awakes no praise, provokes no sympathy. This group is rarely accessible to outsiders, excepting as mere acquaintances; it purposely surrounds itself by a barrier within which it vegetates, in ancient prejudices, in self-esteem, and in horror of our time; it has but few contacts with the true life of France, with the movements of opinion, with the realities of today. It offers to the generation no accepted model; it supplies no admired example; it serves in nothing as a recognised guide. There is no national imitation of it, no national admiration of it, no national employment for it. It exists

as a force in its own eyes only; the country does not even regard it as a representative social order, still less as a valued national instrument. And yet the members of this group, with all their feebleness and unproductiveness, do form, most incontestably, the highest society in France. But France cares nothing for them; it asks them for no instruction. It imitates; or if it sometimes imitates, it does so by modifying, by substituting, and by arranging: by casting aside all notions that do not tend to practical application and employment. It has worked out for itself a general state, in which neither blood nor money is regarded as an inevitable master—in which both are envied but not adored; a state which is based on equilibrium of sentiments rather than on parity of birth—on fundamental sympathies of idea rather than on accidental unities of situation.

Foremost in the eminently national labour of creating and maintaining this state stand the women of the middle classes. It is they alone who are the typical women of the land. Abandoned by the recluses at the top, unaided by the toilers at the bottom, it is they who are the instituting workers; it is by them and by their efforts that the lesson of women's present social use in France is now taught.

The peculiar organisation of France offers, it is true, a special and a magnificent field of action for them. But how cleverly they use it! The effacement of the *noblesse* as a caste leaves the ground clear for them, it is true. But how skilfully they till it! Their very faults assist them. Outside their own homes their fond in-door temperament seems to change. In society they show themselves inferior in heart and (as a natural consequence perhaps) superior in intelligence to the men around them. Possessing all the

abilities of women, and working on all the weaknesses of men; wielding all the arms of shrewdness, aptitude, coquetry, and charm, and directing them against sensation, emotion, and excitement,—they conquer almost as much by their defects as by their qualities. In their action on society, their failings and their merits labour side by side.

The great glaring fact distinctive of the Frenchwoman is that she is herself. Unlike the Englishwoman, she yields to no dictation from above, she imitates no nationally-admired type, she accepts no pattern: her manner, her tactics, her language, and her art are forcedly her own, for the excellent reason that no adopted text stands before her to be copied. The effect of this absence of a constantly-repeated model is naturally to create variety in an abundance which is unknown elsewhere. And here lies the first explanation of that stimulating action to which allusion has been already made. As no woman is exactly like any other woman, or handles any two men in the same fashion, or even operates by the same method on the same man for two days running—as bearing, attitude, and procedure, are perpetually changing—it follows that the subjects operated on find themselves exposed to a continuous stream of fresh sensations, and to all the incitements which necessarily result therefrom. In the personal originality of each Frenchwoman lies the great secret of her action. Her processes of each moment are varied with the shiftings of the situation; she consults no precedents, no usages, no rules; she admits neither fac-similes nor duplications. Her habit of individual performance, and her conviction that she is as capable as any other woman of deciding how she ought to behave in any given case, combine to endow

her with fertility of resource and rapidity of decision ; she stands before her circle of the world as an unceasing appropriator of new means to her ends, and as an equally unceasing provoker of new emotions around her. Her sovereignty is generated by her variety. As the mass of the women of the middle class assume this attitude, it follows that variety attains, in France, a development, and possesses a virtue, of which we can discover the like nowhere else. In England we get on without it, or, at all events, with very little of it. We all live substantially alike ; we think, and talk, and move almost exactly as our neighbours do, and we are content ; our system of society is based on uniformity ; our women behave in the self-same fashion to everybody they know. But in France, if a lady has a dozen people in her *salon*, she acts a dozen parts to them ; she is a distinct person to each one of them, and each of her incarnations is proper to herself alone—it contains nothing that is recognisably borrowed from another. And she does all this instinctively, unconsciously, without an effort.

This remarkable capacity is not, however, acquired by pure self-teaching. Although no guidance to it is obtainable from above, the women of the middle class do aid each other copiously. The influence of contact which, in so many forms, is so strangely powerful in France, applies here with immense effect. All the women of a set act and react upon each other ; each one of them attentively observes the doings round her ; each one of them absorbs, digests, and reissues whatever pleases in her friends. What she gives back is different from what she took. She weaves a new fabric with the materials she has seized, so fresh, so transformed, that no one but a very close ob-

server would detect its origin. And yet it is in part by this means that the infinite variety of her action is composed. The faculty of adaptation is the second of the great secrets of women's influence in France.

But that faculty could scarcely be exercised on so elastic a scale unless the composition of the society which supplies the elements of this ceaseless adaptation were equally elastic. It is precisely because the middle class in France is multifold in the diversity of its components, almost unmeasured in the determination of its limits, and most generously open-handed in its reception of new recruits, that the women who belong to it find before their eyes a ceaseless study of peculiarities, distinctions, novelties, and originalities. If the social section to which they are attached were a closed order, they would rapidly rust in it ; their natural capacities would be insufficient to protect them from the mouldiness induced by solitary inaction. The condition of the small band above them supplies proof enough of that. But that section is singularly wide, for it stretches upwards and downwards as well as sideways. The highest class is so limited, it guards itself so strictly (excepting in cases of marriage for money), that the mass of the ordinarily well born are excluded from it, and are forced, in spite of themselves, to enter the ranks of the middle class. A vast majority of the bearers of titles must therefore be counted as forming part of the latter ; and though titles have no meaning now in France, they continue, all the same, to possess so real a social value, that their proprietors occupy, as a rule, a front place in the group to which they may happen to belong. After them come the *rentiers*, the members of professions, the upper *employés* of

the State, and all the undetermined stragglers who, in France as elsewhere, aid to make up the great central array. And this is not all. Just as the middle class dilates overhead in a fashion strange to England, so also does it swell out beneath with a charity equally unknown to us. It is the great incorporator of France, the great assimilator, the great absorber. Its gates are open to all the clean, to all the well-behaved, and, above all, to all the intelligent—to every one who can personally contribute to the joy of those who receive him. Degrees exist in it—human vanity requires that they should—but they are degrees over which it is easy to leap: they serve, indeed, to mark out the sympathies of groups, far more than to bar the progress of individuals.

The result is, that the so-called middle class of France includes, in reality, representatives of almost every grade in the land, of every occupation, of every ambition, and of every idea: it is, practically, an all-containing, universal association, which offers to a studying woman a virtually limitless field of teaching. Under conditions of such a nature, it is not surprising that the result should be as large as the cause, and that the diversities of tone and attitude assumed by Frenchwomen should be as abundant and as diverging as the types and temperaments from which those women have the opportunity of extracting impressions and conceptions. The variety of their conduct is a product of the variety of their contacts; and this latter, again, is a consequence of the variety of the elements of the society in which they live.

And if the women are assisted by these special conditions of the national system to develop their inherent capacities, and to appro-

priate, fertilise, and utilise all the means which accidents of situation may cast before them, the men beside them are led on, simultaneously, by the action of the self-same causes, to throw open their own natures, and to eagerly breathe the exciting social atmosphere which surrounds them. Both men and women are thrust forward on the same road by the same impulsions; the faculties of the one, and the impressibility of the other, are augmented side by side, by an agency which equally affects them both. The constant manipulation of new sensibilities not only provokes in the man a growing appetite for more and more of them, but also educates the woman to supply them. In this reciprocal community of action and counter-action between the two lies the third mainspring of the stimulating force of Frenchwomen.

A mutual position of such a kind—a position which is observable nowhere but in France—would not, however, be realisable even there, if very special natural dispositions did not lend themselves with rare appropriateness to its attainment. A passing allusion has been already made to the most strange but very evident fact, that, in the details of social relation, the men are more emotional than the women, and the women more intelligent than the men. Of course, there are exceptions in tens of thousands; but, taking the population as a whole, it is one of its most manifest characteristics that, in society, it is the women who think most, and the men who feel most. This inversion of the rules which apply elsewhere to the distribution between the sexes of the temperaments and dispositions which are generally supposed to be essentially proper to each of them, is one of the strange social signs of the France of to-day. Indoors, in families, the

proportions seem equal. But out of doors, there is nationally a perceptibly greater spread of mental qualities amongst the women than amongst the men—more quickness, more acuteness, more discrimination, more judgment; and, simultaneously, as if to counterbalance this exception, there is a relative drying up of the heart amongst the women, and an abnormal development of it amongst the men. It cannot be too often repeated, that towards their own kindred, as daughters, as wives, and especially as mothers, Frenchwomen are as tender, as loving, as devoted and unselfish as any women on earth; and that no deficiency of heart is discoverable in them in their houses, or in their attitude towards their parents, their husbands, or their children. But in their social practice it is, in innumerable cases, distinctly discernible. Now it is precisely of social practice that we are talking: we shall come presently to the influence of women at their firesides; thus far we are considering it exclusively in its action on the outside world. One of the principal characteristics of that action is, that the women who exercise it are rarely carried away by emotions—that, on the contrary, they retain almost always a perfect control over their impulses, and are able to suppress all unneeded fervency and pathos, and to conduct their lives with prudent equanimity. And their circumspection and reserve are exhibited quite as much in their relations with other women as in their conduct towards men. Frenchwomen do not often make hearty friends with each other. They are the most perfect acquaintances that the earth can supply; but there is something in the constitution of their nature which seems to force them to put aside their real attachments for their own blood

alone, and to deprive them of the faculty of solid, durable fellowship with anybody who is not of their stock. There are exceptions, as was said just now; but no spectator who has had opportunities of sufficiently observing the characteristics of French society will deny that this is the rule.

Under such conditions, the women start with an immense working pre-eminence over the men. They are calm, collected, wary; they are not weakened by idle enthusiasms or by foolish magnanimities; no stupid generosities affect their coolness or enfeeble their self-control; they never forget that their objects in society are amusement, not interest—power, not sympathy—vanity, not fraternity. They do not generally care to be made love to, for love-making is a process which sometimes entails inconvenience if it be carried too far; so, as they abhor inconvenience, they all shrink from its possible causes. And these women, mistresses of their acts and thoughts, untouched and unimpassioned, operate on men whose whole natures are eager, glowing, excitable—on men who feel instinctively and profoundly, and who exhibit everything they feel. The contest is unequal. By mere superiority of self-possession the women dominate the men.

And when we see that, in addition to this first advantage, they possess the second power of greater endowment in all that concerns the clever handling of social contacts—when we recognise that they are brighter talkers, quicker thinkers, more attentive observers than the men around them—we are confirmed in the impression that men meet women in French society without a fair chance of victory, and that the issue of the battle is decided before the strife begins. In this double

supremacy of indifference and intelligence we find the fourth great source of the incentive nature of the reign of Frenchwomen.

The fifth cause is more difficult to perceive; for, instead of being general like the other four, it is personal—instead of being national, it is individual. But though it is the least easy to detect and to measure with precision, it is by far the most curious and attractive, for it is the performance of the woman herself. The other elements of the subject are, more or less, external hazards; this part of it leads us into the very core of the question. Here it is that we observe how fitnesses of situation are utilised; how peculiarities of national organisation are wielded for a purpose; how characters are played on; how opportunities are seized and fertilised; how advantages are developed; how expedients and resources are applied. Here it is that we detect at work the specialties of the Frenchwoman, — her inventivity, her activity, her assiduity, her laborious preparation of her plans, her infinite forms of variety, her particular fashions of self-love. Her character comes out entire in her manner of composing and directing her influence over the society in which she lives. But all these details differ somewhat in each example; they are exactly alike in no two cases. It is not, therefore, possible to describe them by generalities or approximations; a separate picture of each model would be essential in order to set them forth completely. As, however, there are one or two millions of models, and as it would be difficult to correctly depict them all, we cannot attempt a study of persons; we must content ourselves with a glance at the processes employed.

Of the three exterior forms of action—talk, manner, and dress—

which are at the disposal of all women, it is from talk that the French extract their real results. Their employment of manner and of dress is conducted with a scientific skill unknown in any other land; but, great as is their proficiency in the handling of those two sources of influence, it is by talk alone that they bring about the highest and most subjugating of their effects. Even the accident of beauty helps them little: it is so unfrequent amongst them; they are, by their nature, so disinclined to trust to passive elements of attraction; they are, on the contrary, so accustomed to energetically employ the most active measures of attack; they are all so thickly surrounded by examples of constant and vigorous use of personal exertion in order to please, to influence, and to win,—that, by the joint force of habit and example, they learn to regard mere ordinary beauty, if they happen to possess any of it, as a weapon which is usually insufficient to carry them to a victorious position in their world. Scarcely any of the Frenchwomen who are endowed with it attach excessive pride to it. They perceive that it disposes other people to look at them admiringly, and to talk somewhat about them; but with their prodigious commonsense, and with their singular national capacity for rightly estimating the relative values of things, they recognise that, by itself, it rarely leads them to any solid influence. The men and women round them want something more than prettiness—they desire to talk, to listen, to be amused and interested. So, as looking or being looked at is not enough for any of them, they end by laying down the law that beauty alone gives no sufficient masteries in life to its holder. And, furthermore, even if it did bestow complete authority and

undisputed control, there are not many women in France who would content themselves with unwon homage—who would consent to leave their faces to inertly conquer for them—who would sit down silently in their beauty and abandon the inspiring strife which leads to well-gained consciously-merited command. The women of France are an essentially *living* race—a race of combatants, who scorn unfought-for victories and torpid triumphs. Their joy in life is, not only to fight, but to fight with arms which they have forged themselves for their own hands, and so to accomplish a double success as belligerents and as manufacturers.

Under such conditions, and with such natures, it is comprehensible enough that Frenchwomen should regard talk as their sword of war, manner and dress as supplementary weapons of attack, and beauty as an unaggressive ally, which adds, it is true, to the effect of a review of troops, but which is of little reliable service in campaigning.

Still there is, all the same, a special vitality of function about their dress and manner. Those two agents are not idlers; they are not, like beauty, passive waiters on destiny: they are, on the contrary, producing workers; they are animated provokers of sensation; they are worthy to be counted as active colleagues of talk, as accentuators of its effects, as fortifiers of its arguments. Manner, indeed, forms an essential ingredient of the rhetoric of a Frenchwoman; it underlines her meanings by look, by attitude, and tone, by movement and expression. Her eyes, her hands, her shoulders, add intention to her words. Without the aid which they bring up, without the background which they supply, her oratory would perceptibly lose vigour. She knows that verbal eloquences, however admi-

nable they may be, gain in spirit, in import, and in power, if they are supported, strengthened, and emphasised by the physical eloquences which dexterous women can annex to them. Talk is the real conquering force. It is to their tongues, not to their bodies, that the women of France intrust their cause; yet dress and manner are regarded by them as indispensable auxiliaries. None but the foolish place them in the front of the combat; but every woman who merits to be counted as a social artist takes care to utilise them in subordination to her speech, as tools, assistants, confidants, or servants. Even her clothes alone, apart from her manner, supply subservient symptoms of her individuality; they help to constitute her self. They are not a being detached from her, an *annexe*, a supplement, or a support—they are not even a frame for her; they are an element of the picture she presents, a breathing of her essence.

The union of these forces makes up the visible strength of a Frenchwoman in society. That strength, in its external element, is an outcome of them all—of all of them held in one collective yoke, all pulling with a will together, all reined and guided by a skilful hand. How acts their charioteer?

Almost every Frenchwoman who has a place in her world pursues two main objects—amusement and power; it is only subsidiarily that she looks for satisfactions of her vanity of body. First, and above all, she wants to laugh; secondly, she wants to govern; it is only thirdly that she wants to be admired. There are, of course, a multitude of exceptions of all kinds; but the rule is, that she puts diversion first, ambition second, and conceit third; and she organises her actions so as to attain those three results, in that order, if she can. Her ordinary

purpose being to serve and please herself alone—her head and heart being usually indifferent to any will but her own—she is able to pursue her task and to utilise her means without the hesitations or contritions which preoccupy and hinder other women less imperturbable than herself. This does not imply that she is exactly and completely selfish; she certainly is not so—in the strict meaning of the word, at least: it means only that she is extremely self-possessed, extremely reasonable, extremely capable of defending her opinions and of abetting her desires. In handling the team of personal forces which draws her through life she would shrink from driving over other people, but she would unhesitatingly expel them from her road; she would be pained to hurt them, but she gives them to understand distinctly that their duty is to get out of her way. Her whole proceeding is collected, calculated, cool; but it is not cruel. Her head controls her heart, but she never ceases to be a woman.

A temperament like this makes of her, however, a predestined despot. She pursues her own designs with a will which beats down obstacles, and with an indifference to other wills which doubles the value of her own. And yet, cold-blooded as she is herself, she generates around her an atmosphere of excitement and emotion, and finds her own amusement in the eagerness, the earnestness, and the vehemence which she stirs up in others.

Her influence consists in rousing sentiments which she does not feel, in provoking agitations which she does not share, in creating stimulants which have no action on her. All France proclaims that influence: its character, its tendencies, its merits, and its faults, are all, in some degree, the children of her work. Her fashioning is every-

where; the history of her country is half made up of it; and her power is even greater now than it has ever been before.

She is aided in her procedure by certain conditions which extend the field of her operations, and multiply the effect of her acts. The national longing for easily-attained, inexpensive social amusement, especially in the shape of bright talk and laughter, creates a situation which seems to be made on purpose for her; for not only does she participate in the longing, but she is, additionally, exactly fitted to satisfy it. Both her disposition and her education prepare her to take an active place in a society of which the elements and the objects are almost exclusively personal—in a society which subsists, essentially, by itself alone, without extraneous aid. Its food is chatter; it lives on conversation. It does not reject balls, or dinners, or any other special additions to its habitual nourishment; but it can get on perfectly without them, for the reason that nearly all its members are competent to supply the one aliment which is really indispensable to its existence. This general independence of all accessory forms of entertainment, this faculty of fabricating their diversion without any other instrument than their tongues, create for each man and woman a position of active individual participation in the movement of society, which is entirely different from anything that we usually see in England. Our own tendency is to claim, wherever we go, that effective amusement be provided for us, without imposing on ourselves the labour of supplying part of it. In France, the exact contrary is the case. There, everybody produces; and those who produce most—for the common advantage—are the most popular, and the most dominant. So that, as the women are more productive than the men—as they

are the great contributors—as they talk more and laugh more—they lead more and dictate more. It is mainly they who have made the society of France what it is—gay, intelligent, natural, and self-supporting; they have well earned the place of power which they occupy in it.

But they have not done all this quite alone. If they have worked out such remarkable results on so vast a scale—if they have succeeded in creating a system of social intercourse, so complete in its own properties and abilities that it can dispense with most of the added pleasures which are needed generally elsewhere, it has been, in some degree, because they have been silently aided by a most powerful co-operator. The simplicity of the forms of French society, the fact that people meet in it for the unaided satisfaction of being together, with nothing to do or to look at, are due, not only to the labours and the capacities of the women, but also, partly, to the national love of economy. An association which costs nothing has been created. It would scarcely have been invented by any women whatever, unless they had been driven to it by pressure which they could not resist. But such a pressure existed, and exists, in France: the women could not battle with it, so they turned its current cunningly into the direction of their own work, and made a helper of it. It is they who have led the society of France to adopt and apply the admirable principle that, though poverty is an extreme inconvenience, it is neither a disgrace nor a crime. In England it shuts the door to contact with the world in any of its recognised manifestations. In France it obliges certain people to be less smart than others, but it deprives them of no rights whatever—it diminishes in nothing the sympathy with which they are received.

Rich and poor meet, other things being alike, on a footing of absolute equality. The accident that one came in a carriage and the other in a cab—that one wears diamonds and the other no jewels at all—has not the faintest influence on their respective positions in a *salon*. As has been said already, money is envied in France, but it is not yet regarded there as a personal quality; neither its absence nor its presence constitutes a reason for knowing or not knowing, for liking or disliking. Parity of privileges is not dependent on parity of fortune. Some of the brightest and most influential women in the society of Paris are the wives of poor men, and live in little rooms on fourth floors. The result is, that as social rights proceed from social merit—that is to say, from the power of pleasing and attracting—the struggle for influence is scarcely affected by the possession of money. All that money really does for those who own it is to create for them opportunities of action; it does not give to them the faculty of using those opportunities.

From this situation results a special instigation for women. They are all, in their respective sets, substantially equal to each other at the start; not one of them is dragged down because her purse is light, or pushed up because it is heavy. The place of each one in the race is earned for herself by herself — by her own individual science and efforts. Mothers do their best to aid their daughters, and friends occasionally help friends; but assistance so supplied is rarely durable. In nearly every case each woman ends by recognising that no one can really succour her, and that she must do her work alone.

Against the amplified and varied personality which is evoked amongst Frenchwomen by all these causes—against the developed but concen-

trated individual preponderance which results from it—society, as a whole, has no resistance to offer. The ablest of the women go to the front, by sheer force of superior value; the rest of them fall, successively, into such places as they can win and hold; and the men form around them all a cluster of unquiet, expectant, but submissive associates in the common task of rendering life agreeable.

This domination of women enables them to perform a great and special work. It is they who hold society together; it is they who cement and aggregate it; it is they who prevent disunions, who ward off the dislocations and decompositions of *coteries* which are so frequent elsewhere; it is they who bestow on their sets and circles the rare faculty of preserving their composition substantially unchanged, of going on for years without allowing any of their members to stray off to other gatherings; it is they who achieve the wonderful feat of keeping up in man, as years climb on, the love of social gladnesses; it is they who agglutinate all ages and all ambitions in the common pursuit of drawing-room excitements; it is they who, as they grow old, find means of pleasing in new ways—who decorate their white hair with winning charms—who make of the French grandmother one of the most delightful and most respect-inspiring types of Europe.

If, then, with these results before us, we regard the action of women in France in its purely cohesive effects—if we look at it as a creator and maintainer of a brilliant, seductive, susceptible society, we have no reason for hesitating to proclaim that it is an admirable and most productive agent. So long as the point of view is limited to pleasures, laughter, and personally-produced distractions, it is scarcely possible to conceive anything more perfect

than the result attained, or any course more thoroughly adapted to its function than the one we have before us here. If we consider it, again, as a developer of the imaginative faculties—as a provoker and a teacher of graceful talk, of instructive contacts, of excited fancies and conceptions, of all the stimulants which we can suppose to be applicable to the constitution of a social state where women are the sole chiefs, and where men accept vassalage for the sake of the diversions which they find in it; if we contemplate it as a system which permits all merit to conquer its own place—which excludes no candidates, no conditions, no aspirations, no shapes of power or attraction; if we watch it as a magnificent example of the process of public competitive examinations;—if we view it in any of these special lights, we must own that it does its work perfectly.

But if we carry the survey further,—if we look at the outcome of all this in the national character; if we follow out, according to our means of observation, its issue in the race as a whole; if we endeavour to determine how far French qualities are strengthened, how far French faults are cured, by the immense and undisputed social leverage which is left in the hands of women,—then we become disposed to doubt whether, after all, this most brilliant instrument is really worthy of the admiration which, at first sight, we were led to feel for it.

It is difficult to avoid suspecting, when we look at the matter in this broad light, that a general excitability such as that which permeates through the greater part of French society, must constitute a somewhat unhealthy *regime* for those who are subjected to it. Even if we can perceive no strain, no effort; even if all seems natural and fitted to its place; even if we can discover no signs of histrionic artifice; even

then, if we can detect no labour, and therefore no fatigue—no acting, and therefore no deceit,—it remains difficult to admit that the constant stimulations which form the inherent substance of this society can fail to deleteriously affect the systems of those who are perpetually exposed to them.

And again, as regards the choice of objects and desires in life, is it not reasonable to conceive that all this facile tempting, all this easily-attained emotion, must naturally draw men away from solid thoughts, and disable them somewhat for the work of life?

If it be imagined that there is exaggeration in suggesting that such a result can be produced by such a cause, it may reasonably be answered that the contemporaneous history of France is offering many proofs that special hidden causes are dragging down the temperament and the vigour of the nation, and that those causes may perhaps be discoverable in directions where their existence would not necessarily be suspected at first sight. In the influence before us we find a social power which, taken as a whole, and allowing nothing for exceptions of any kind, may be described, in general terms, to be exhilarating but not elevating, brightening but not educating, appetising but not strengthening. Is it not then just to point to it as presenting precisely some of the very characteristics which are proper to exhausting causes, some of the very components which must of necessity be included in unbracing atmospheres?

If the multiplication of the imaginative faculties, the development of conversational ability, the increase of affectionateness, were the sole recognisable fruits of its action, even then there might be, as regards national advantage, some arguments to urge against it; but as it cannot be pretended that these

products stand alone, as they are manifestly surrounded by a variety of other far less desirable outgrowths, it is surely quite fair to suggest, with recent events before us, that the want of character and sturdiness which France has exhibited of late years, has possibly been provoked, in some degree at least, by an enfeeblement resulting from the excessive supremacy of women, and by the enervating operation of a system of society based mainly on personally-created excitements.

It is perfectly true that the systems which are applied elsewhere may not be producing any better consequences; but that argument proves nothing as concerns France. Her society remains what it is, what her women have made it—delightful to the individuals who compose it, but in all probability debilitating to the country as a whole.

If, however, the influence of Frenchwomen has reached no higher end than this in its outdoor applications, it has produced a decidedly better issue in its home employments. It is not perfect there, but it presents itself in a form which invites much admiration.

In their families most Frenchwomen are seen at their best, both in their personal attitude and in the work they do. Some few of the worst amongst them present, it is true, an even less satisfying aspect in their private than in their public outlines; but the mass of them are, certainly, remarkably good performers of home labour. The particular faults which are so discernible out of doors, disappear, in great part, inside the houses; and though they are often replaced by other defects,—though bad temper, impatience, and dictation may be substituted for frivolity, vanity, and ambition,—yet, on the whole, the change begets a manifest improvement. The selfishness of society becomes converted into the

affection of home, and everybody gains by the transposition; for the modifications induced by it are perceptible, not only in the woman herself, but also in those upon whom she works. The soothing, improving influences which we usually attribute to women are exercised in such strength around the firesides of France that their frequent absence in the world outside is partially compensated by their general presence indoors.

Indoors the Frenchwoman exhibits a rare capacity for becoming the faithful friend, the active companion, the true helpmate and guide. Indoors she shows how thoroughly she understands the active partnership of marriage; how effectively she can practise the duties which result from keenly-felt associations and from common responsibilities. Indoors the calculating woman of the world almost always disappears; in most cases the daughter, wife, and mother, stand forward in completeness. The home ties, the home tendernesses, efface all outside thoughts. It is within her own walls that the Frenchwoman is, most of all, herself.

And this home power is not limited to one class. Unlike the social influence of women, it is found from top to bottom of the ladder,—in cottages as in *châteaux*—in shops as in *salons*—amongst workwomen as amongst ladies; and the miscellaneousness of its actions is proved by the almost total absence of brutality and ruffianism in the lowest of the men. The intimate bond which holds French families together is no monopoly of a rank or a place—it is a universal property of the nation; and in stimulating the vigour of that bond—for, in a different fashion, there is stimulation indoors as well as without—the women render the very highest of all the services of which women are capable. In the capacity of excit-

ing as well as attaching—of rendering home bright as well as sweet—of increasing the value of home duties by decorating them with attractions—lies one of the most enviable faculties of the Frenchwoman; for by its aid the charm of home life can be carried to a higher wealth of national productiveness than seems to be attainable by any other system yet applied.

All this is the work of women. They are often well aided by the men; but the true merit is attributable to the women alone. They have had the sense to perceive that their home action should not be limited to the placid discharge of moral functions and of regulated proprieties. They have recognised that, in addition to that element of their labour, they have also to brighten life around them; that they have not only to aid men to do their duty, but to help them to be content while they are doing it.

It is in this fashion, and by this agency, that the singular development of the family tie, which is so marked a feature of French life, has been attained; that the extreme personal attachment which usually joins together the members of the same kindred has been generated.

The action of these influences on the nation at large has been to provoke remarkable reverence for authority in families. It has inclined the young and old to live together; it maintains a willing respect from children to their parents. Rebellion against the elders is very rare in France; they are, on the contrary, habitually surrounded by an earnest and unweakening deference, so feminine in its tenderness that, though it is exhibited equally by both men and women, it is, manifestly and unmistakably, a product manufactured by the latter alone. No man could have originated such gentle, loving veneration as we see bestowed upon the old in many of

the homes of France. In his, again, no class distinctions are discoverable; the disposition to honour the grey hairs of the house seems to be inherent throughout the land.

This attitude towards ancestors is, however, only one of the many shapes in which the frank cordial acceptance of home obligations is exhibited in France; it supplies only one example of the eagerness of the people to try to render pleasant and attractive every home duty which they have to perform. In varying degrees and fashions nearly every other indoor liability is discharged by them with the same successfully-worked-up surrounding of welcome-ness, with the same will to facilitate its execution by ornamenting it.

The skill of the women shows itself in this in all its creative and productive force; and certainly it would be difficult to conceive any more useful end to which it could possibly be directed than that of luring on successive generations to fulfil the responsibilities of kinship as if they were pleasures. It is not always easy to love all one's relations; but the French manage to do it habitually, as if it were the most natural and the most delightful process to which they could possibly be subjected. Aunts, uncles, and cousinhood to the third degree, come in for fondness; neither ugliness nor stupidity deprives them of it; for everybody seems to regard the offering of it not only as an inherited necessity, but as a delectable operation. As for children, the entire nation lives to cherish them: nowhere is the love of them carried to such extremes as in France; but as that particular element of the subject has been discussed here on a former occasion, it may be omitted now.

The other influences exercised indoors by Frenchwomen seem limited and dwarfed, comparatively, by the

side of those which have just been indicated. Their great essential work is one of affection: their great object is to intensify home attachments; the rest counts as little. Intellectually, they cannot be said to generally produce any striking effects on the members of their families; on the contrary, they appear to reserve the greater part of the action of their intelligence for the world outside. Their home labours are so concentrated on the cultivation of flowers of the heart, that the ripening of fruits of the head is, relatively, a neglected procedure. And furthermore, as a general rule, the Frenchwoman is rarely a good or a willing teacher in the ordinary educational sense of the word; she unconsciously guides by the accidents of contact, but she hates to give ostensible lessons. Of course there are exceptions to this rule; but those exceptions are rare.

Regarded as a whole composed of two parts, the influence of the women of France can scarcely be considered, in either of its divisions, as producing entirely satisfactory results. In one direction it develops the head and weakens the heart; in the other, it works almost entirely by the heart and neglects the head. In neither does it combine all the powers of our nature; in neither does it seek to attain the great results which might be effected by the union of those powers in equal force.

Out of doors it assumes one form; indoors it takes another: but both are incomplete, for each wants what the other possesses. There is no majesty, no loftiness in the issue either way. It is amusing, or it is tender; but it is not grand. It is charming to the stranger; it is dear to the Frenchman: but to neither of them is it a real teaching, elevating, ennobling force.

"ONLY JEAN."

CHAPTER I.

MINISTER of a parish in a densely-populated manufacturing town in the south of Scotland, and having suffered severely from fever, I gladly accepted an offer made me by a friend to go for a few months in summer to take charge of a parish in the West Highlands, a remote district on the sea-coast.

In order to appreciate thoroughly the beauty of the scenery to which I went, and realise the sense of exquisite freshness given by the sea breezes, one must have suffered as I had suffered from the constant smoke and dirt which made open windows almost a forbidden pleasure. How I had longed and panted for fresh air! and here the very act of breathing was a pleasure. As health returned, I began to wander far and wide, and one day I found myself exploring a long stretch of moor, seemingly interminable. Heather, not yet in full bloom, and countless marsh-flowers, were mingled together; piles of peat were drying in the wind;—all this lay before me and around me, on the one hand, while, on the other, far below my feet, the sea lay sparkling as each wave caught the sunlight on its crest. On the opposite coast rose the beautiful hills of Skye; the breeze swept the clouds overhead fast, and their shifting lights and shadows made their forms seem ever new; myriads of sea-birds whirled high above me, screaming to each other in ceaseless uproar; larks sang joyously through it all; and all the time the grand monotony of the rolling waters breaking upon the rocks chanted an accompaniment.

After walking some distance, I

came to one of those sudden breaks in the land forming a narrow glen. It was watered by a burn charged with the brown memory of the peaty soil through which it passed, and growing purer and clearer as it filtered through the stones, leaping over others as the descent grew deeper, till it fell in one lovely glittering shower into the sea.

The ground rose abruptly on either side of it, and on the banks all the way down, primroses grew in utmost profusion—late primroses such as can hardly be found elsewhere, with such exquisite freshness, such long stems, and such luxuriant leaves; their very look brought a sudden sense of coolness and spring-tide. Beside them, in somewhat stately beauty, tall foxgloves reared their heads; just coming into bloom, and of every imaginable hue—pure white, delicate pink, with splashes of a darker colour in their hearts, and beautiful crimson, with dainty brown pencillings. Ferns grew in their tenderest greens; club mosses showed every gradation of tint, from richest emerald to olive green; a few silver-stemmed birch trees dipped and moved, swayed by the wind, and forming a lovely contrast to some sturdy stiff Scotch pines that stood at the head of the glen, as though they were its sentinels.

Near these pines, and sheltered by a rising ground behind it, stood a shieling or cottage, humbly built, but with evidences of unusual care in its surroundings. Nothing of the untidiness that speaks of a hurried life was there: a paling, almost concealed by honeysuckle and the common Ayrshire rose,

fenced the little garden; more honeysuckle was trained against the wall; and the windows stood wide open. It was the only sign of man or his habitation I had seen in my walk, and as I sat down on the bank to rest and eat my luncheon, I wondered if the people living in this solitude were in any way influenced by the beauty which surrounded them, or whether they lived unappreciative lives, not knowing that their "lines" had fallen in such "pleasant places."

In a moment or two my thoughts were, in a measure, answered; the door of the cottage opened, and a girl came out with a dish under her arm piled with clothes she had been washing. She paused for a moment, as though a little dazzled by the sun, and looked round as if she thoroughly enjoyed the beauty that lay about her; and then, with a swift light step, she came down the bank till she stood on a flat stone close to where the burn was imprisoned in a sort of pool. Setting down the clothes, she began to rinse them in the clear water and wring them out, then holding them up she shook them out, one by one, and threw them on the bank. It was the homeliest possible occupation, and her dress differed in nothing from the dress of most Highland girls—a short linsey petticoat, a jacket of some washing material, with the sleeves rolled high up above the elbow; but her gestures were full of grace, and her hair was of a rich ruddy brown, that shed a sort of light round her head, and reminded me of old pictures I had seen.

I was unwilling to remain so near her without letting her know of my presence, so I rose and went down the bank to speak to her. She answered me with the utter absence of self-consciousness and with the simple directness possessed

by all fine natures; her manner was reserved but kindly, and her voice was low-toned and musical. She was not beautiful, if beauty depends upon feature and outline, but she had a most interesting and pathetic expression in her dark eyes; and when she smiled, her face lighted up wonderfully. She offered me refreshment, which I declined, but I accepted her invitation to rest for a little while in the cottage.

There is no use in trying to account for the interest claimed by one stranger when many pass by unheeded; but from the first, before I knew her, I felt that this girl had a history, and that in some way she had suffered, and borne nobly.

The cottage at first seemed dark after the sunshine, but as my eyes became accustomed to the subdued light, I saw the figure of an old woman lying on a bed at the farthest end of the room. I had never seen any one living so absolutely devoid of colour as she was,—hair and face were bleached—nothing but the keen and restless look of her eyes, and the incessant movement of her long thin hands busily knitting, spoke of life.

The girl went up to her, and told her in a low voice who I was, and then placed a chair for me by the bedside; and as I sat down, I felt conscious of a peculiar feeling, as though in the presence of some weird being, and I sat silent for a little by the side of this motionless figure, under the gaze of those piercing and questioning eyes. When she spoke, the impression was increased, as it was in a clear shrill whisper that seemed to reverberate through the room in a manner absolutely startling.

I asked if she had been long lying there, and she said, "Near eleven years," with a little sigh.

"Does your granddaughter always live with you?" I asked.

She looked at me quickly. "Do ye mean Jean? She's no my granddaughter; she's only Jean."

"Only Jean." I thought it sounded a strange way of naming the active-looking girl before me, moving to and fro so quietly about household matters, but it was not said unkindly. Was it my fancy, or did a brighter colour

come into her face as she heard the words?

I stayed some little time there; and though the old woman (whose name I found was Elspeth, commonly called Widow Grant) did not ask me to return, she looked pleased when I offered to do so; and I left the place, interested in my new acquaintances, Jean showing me a quicker but not so beautiful a way home, across the moor.

CHAPTER II.

The parishioners of whom I was now in charge lived in widely-scattered houses, and I could not help often contrasting their lives with the lives of my own people in the south. There, everything was contracted and small—space was our most needed thing—families were huddled together in houses, made more dirty and wretched by what is called a "common-stair," and which it was therefore no one's business to keep clean; and though an inspection was made now and then by sanitary commissioners, and charitable people did their best, there are a thousand ways in which sanitary laws can be evaded; and charitable people, with a few notable exceptions, have the most unhappy knack of assisting the wrong people. Who can blame them? As a rule, the deserving poor are exactly those who shrink from help, and who, with a handful of meal and hardly a potato left, show a brave face to the world, and allow no necessity to appear.

The very poor are everywhere deserving of pity; but in the country, fresh air, a little firewood, and, above all, pure water, are to be had for nothing. In towns, the first is often not to be got; the poor cannot afford to buy the second; and when I think of the water-rate—I

am no political economist—I have a most unjust dislike to the man who collects the water-rate—and I never can see why God's free gift to man should be sold by spoonfuls at the cost of many lives! However, much is being done, and more will follow.

Here, in this beautiful place, space was quite unlimited: all down the hillside linen lay bleaching in the sun, and another contrast was not only in the way it was left out all night, but in the absence of bolts, bars, and shutters in the houses. Not even the shop had shutters, and theft was as unknown there as though a mounted guard watched incessantly over the place.

The shop (there was but one) sold every imaginable thing, from treacle and herrings to needles and cheese, and the widow who kept the shop was an autocrat in her way. She was licensed to sell spirits, and it would be good for humanity if all "licensed individuals" acted on the same firm principles. To some she positively refused to sell at all—to others she allowed only what she considered right for them to have. She knew the private affairs of each individual, and was guided by that. I have seen her refuse "a dram" to a lanky, shy-looking shepherd who

asked for one, saying to him in the tone you might use to an unreasonable child, "Hoot awa', Sandy, ye ken weel your head is nae like ither heads, and a drap will set it spinning. Na, na, man, gang hame, and dinna compare your head with ither!" and the man quietly withdrew with a look of sheepish resignation. To another man she said, "Surely I didna hear ye rightly; it's na a dram ye're seeking and your wife sae sober" (which did not refer to sobriety, as might be imagined, but to sickness). When he showed temper she said, with a change of voice that would have suited an actress, "I'm sorry I've no spirit good enough for you, Mr Cran, but you'll get it at the next shop," which was exactly eleven miles off. With this carefulness for the welfare of her neighbours she was not at all above making a close bargain; and I feel convinced (and indeed my housekeeper never lets me forget it) that I paid more than I ought to have done for some bandanas that I bought at her shop.

From this woman, who talked upon all subjects *con amore*, I heard a great deal about old Mrs Grant and Jean, and everything I heard was to the credit of both. The old woman had been an excellent mother to a delicate daughter who died of a broken heart on the sudden death of her husband. The only grandchild, "Kenneth Malcolm," had been brought up by the grandmother, and, as was often the case in Scotland before school-boards came in the way, he had received a first-rate education, and had turned out by all accounts a fine young fellow, steady and clever.

Mrs Grant had come to Burnside more than forty years before my first acquaintance with the place: no one knew *why* she had come there, or anything about her antecedents. It was supposed the old

laird was acquainted with her story, but he had never told it to any one. He had requested his nephew and successor to allow her to live out her life rent-free, and, in addition to this, a small yearly sum was paid to her from some unknown source. She was incessantly busy, and her spinning and knitting were quite famous. Jean had gone to her when she was a well-grown child of ten, and the relations between them were more those of mother and child than of mistress and servant. When she had been there two or three years misfortunes began to come, and they never come singly! Widow Grant fell and hurt herself so much that she did not recover the injury; then she had a paralytic stroke, and by degrees sank into the complete state of helplessness in which she was when I first made her acquaintance. Jean's devotion was unceasing, and her spinning and knitting filled up the gap when the poor old woman was helpless. Very confused and various accounts were given of how and why Kenneth had gone away. All that people knew for certain was that Jean, for the first and only time since she had lived at Burnside, had gone to Skye, and returned only the very day Kenneth had left for New Zealand, and that they had not met.

Not long after his departure, the little sum of money which made the small household so comfortable suddenly ceased; and Widow Grant had refused, in an excited and determined manner, to allow any inquiries to be made about it. Jean acquiesced. Their wants were very few, but everybody said that since Kenneth's departure she had not looked the same; and it was evident that, as in all life's histories, a romance was woven through it all. Though why, as by all accounts Kenneth had been "sair set" on

having her for his wife, she should have refused him, and have actually been the cause of his leaving the country, was beyond the comprehension of every one.

My visits to Burnside became of great interest to me. The old woman began to look forward to my arrival with much evident pleasure, and the freshness and originality

of Jean's remarks were very pleasant. She had read nothing save the pages of nature so lavishly distributed round her; but everything came with such acute observance, and her mind naturally was so refined, that I used to feel when with her as if I had more to learn from her than she could learn from me.

CHAPTER III.

I shall always remember a certain autumnal day, not long before I left this Highland spot,—a day when the golden haze of an "Indian summer" filled the air. In a valley stretching away through the hills, some oats were ready to cut, and a neighbouring farmer who had imported the first reaping-machine to that part of the country, had lent it for the occasion.

Every one turned out as though it were a festival. In harvest many a respectable married woman earns enough to clothe herself and her children for the rest of the year. The work is pleasant to them, and they are as proud of their quickness and dexterity as any London belle of her prowess in dancing. It was certainly one of the prettiest sights I ever saw; the many colours of the various dresses, the activity and merriment as the machine worked round the field, leaving the straight lines of prostrate corn in its track in regular rows. At stated intervals one woman and a man were placed; a dexterous little band, woven from the cut corn, was laid on the ground, and an armful of corn laid upon it; then the man's stronger fingers knotted the ends round it, and set the sheaf upright. The driver and his fellows hurried on the horses and tried to keep the workers busy; and the workers, with many a laugh and jest, exerted

themselves with their utmost quickness, in order to stand ostentatiously idle before the machine came round again. Seated on the hillside, where the lingering gorse flowers and wild thyme attracted countless bees, I watched the scene, trying to distinguish the faces I knew.

After a little while I recognised Jean, her active and upright figure one of the busiest there. As usual, she was bareheaded, and her hair gleamed like red gold in the sunlight. As usual, too, her manner had the quiet reserve that she never laid aside; and a noticeable thing was the silent respect with which the man with whom she worked treated her. He followed her footsteps as though one wishing to serve her, not as an equal.

I sat long, enjoying the peaceful and happy scene—familiarity had only made me more fond of that secluded spot—and I thought I had learned to appreciate it better; sweet scents and sounds were all around me. The breeze swept past me as it rose and died away, ruffling the surface of the corn as it ruffled the surface of the sea, and hurrying the flight of the countless insects that rustled their wings among the wild flowers.

I was roused from my day-dream by seeing a little barefooted lad I knew run off to Jean and pull her gown. In a moment she had

snatched up her plaid, spoken to the manager, and was gone, followed by the boy. I conjectured that the old woman was perhaps ill; but I was always afraid of intruding, and I knew that if I was wanted, Jean would send for me. I left the hillside, and wound my way up a steep path leading homewards. I paused at the top to rest a moment, and take one other look of the brilliant and busy scene, when a clear voice began to sing a

lovely Gaelic air, with a mournful refrain in a minor key. It was quaint and wild, with the pathetic sound that invariably accompanies beautiful music. Another voice joined in, and yet another; and as the voices swelled up in harmony, I thought no melody appeals so forcibly to our highest feelings as the untrained voices of a people, expressing in their own natural manner the untutored feeling of their hearts.

CHAPTER IV.

I had gone to bed late, and as usual had left my window open, watching as long as I could a most unusual sunset, when I was awakened by a noise that in my half-dreamy state seemed as though the sea had burst its bonds, and was rushing over everything. I never remember seeing such heavy rain! It came down in torrents, bending down the heads of the sturdiest flowers in the little garden below my window, and washing all the gravel off the sloping walks. Thunder reverberated round the hills, and vivid flashes of lightning shot across the sky. A thunder-storm is never so magnificent as among mountains; and the echoes, repeated again and again till they died away in the distance, seemed almost continuous. It lasted long. Peal after peal succeeded each other; the birds, frightened and bewildered, flew from branch to branch to seek the smallest shelter, and sent forth melancholy chirps, as though to reassure themselves.

By breakfast-time the rain had moderated, and the thunder-storm was over; and I went out to enjoy the well-known pleasantness of the air after it, and to notice the damage my poor flowers had sustained. As I stood there, I saw a figure hurry-

ing towards me, with a plaid thrown over her head. It was Jean. She was looking white, and spoke in a quick and agitated way. Mrs Grant was ill, and would like much to see me. She had had news; and I saw that the news, whatever it was, had affected Jean equally. In a few minutes I was ready, and we walked the shortest way to Burnside. As we came near the cottage, Jean said, in a low voice, "Kenneth is married—he is coming home;" and, leaving my side, I entered alone. Whiter than usual Mrs Grant could hardly look; but there was great distress in her keen blue eyes, and in the helpless beseeching way in which she stretched out her hands.

"Tell Jean she must stay," were almost her first words; and it then at once occurred to me that this coming home might bring about painful complications; and that if Kenneth had forgotten, Jean still loved.

Kenneth's marriage had been a surprise; but when Mrs Grant put his letter into my hands, and begged me to read it, I quite understood the pain it must have caused her. He wrote in a sad and desponding way,—was evidently sorry for his young wife—found it impossible to remain there, surrounded by her

relations—began several times to send a message to Jean, carefully scratching out what he had begun; and finally leaving all unsaid, he ended by hoping his grandmother would be kind, and make allowances. It was a letter written in such evidently low spirits, and the want of happiness was so painfully manifest, that it was quite sad to read.

I sat long, and talked with the old woman. She told me Jean never would listen to Kenneth; but even she did not know why. She was sure she liked him. She thought some one had made mischief. Altogether, it was a comfort to her to talk it over with me; and though I felt utterly incapable of giving advice, once the reserve she usually showed was broken into, she opened up to me more of her own thoughts and feelings than I had ever yet seen—and the confidence comforted her.

I went down by the burn side, intending to speak to Jean, but stopped when I saw her sitting, her face buried in her hands. As she heard my footsteps, she raised herself up. She had so sad, so despairing a look, that I felt I *could* not speak to her just then. Her lips parted, and, raising her eyes, she murmured, so low that I could hardly catch the words, "A day will come when we will know the reason of all," and went slowly up the bank, her head drooping, and her hands clasped together, as though endeavouring to suppress her excitement.

When I arrived at home I found a telegram summoning me south. The dearest friend I possessed had been severely injured in a railway accident; and within a few hours I was going to him, my thoughts too fully occupied to think of Burnside.

Winter had come early. Storms had already caused havoc amongst the shipping, and brought distress to many a home. I was plodding my way through the daily cares and troubles of my large parish, when I one day received a letter from Jean, reminding me of a promise I had made her of doing her a favour, and entreating me to get her a place, ever so humble, it did not matter.

Her letter distressed me. It was written in such evident sorrow—not a word of Kenneth or his wife, and of Mrs Grant only that she was much the same.

Perplexed by her letter, I still had it before me when I heard a bustle in the little hall, and my friend Mr Macrae, the minister of the beautiful parish where I had spent those well-remembered summer months, stood before me, his coat sprinkled with snow, his colour raised by the frosty air, and a look of quiet happiness that told me at once his long engagement was drawing to an end. He had come to try and persuade me to take his duty for one fortnight, and was delighted to find small persuasion needed.

Two days more saw me on my way. Not long after I started, a most violent snow-storm set in. So long as we were in the railway our progress was pretty good; but with something like forty miles of coaching, through the wildest scenery, and over a road that divided tremendous hills, it became a work of the greatest difficulty. Gangs of men had to accompany us, and every now and then we were obliged to get out and allow the coach to be cut out of the drifts. When night came, we had to spend it in a miserable little inn, where the peat-smoke, having no proper outlet, made the air of the room nearly intolerable; and the only provisions were oat-cake, very hard cheese, and whisky.

As this last was a thing I never touched, I was delighted to find that a spring of clear water rose near the house, and that, though surrounded by icicles, it was obtainable.

Next morning we pushed on, to find, as is often the case near the sea, that the snow had given place to rain, which was pouring down pitilessly; and never did I so rejoice over a welcome as on that weary day when I found myself greeted by a splendid fire, a cloth that rivalled the snow, and a most excellent tea, with bannocks, and all sorts of home comforts before me, from kippered salmon to home-made marmalade.

The next morning was one of unceasing rain. Early in the afternoon, the old servant, with evident reluctance, brought me a message a man wished to see me. It was Kenneth. As is usually the case, he was completely different from the idea I had in my own mind conceived of him,—tall and fair, with a sun-burnt face, and the manner and appearance of a man who had seen a good deal of the world—one of nature's gentlemen, in outward semblance at any rate. He came to see me, and to tell me of old Mrs Grant's evidently approaching end. Then, with a lowered voice, he spoke of Jean, and with frankness said that the position at home was intolerable to her. Without casting blame on his wife, he showed me that Jean could find no home with her if old Mrs Grant died, and asked me what could be done.

I had often seen the sore need that existed in a children's hospital near me for just such a person as Jean, and spoke to him of it. He bent his head a little, and I saw that the idea of any service so far from him gave him an acute pang, and that he put force on himself, and was trying to think it was for the best.

Something I said brought out the fact that his wife's people in Australia were not very respectable, and a flash in his eyes showed that certain remembrances were not pleasing. All at once he flung back his hair, and standing up, said to me, "You are very kind, sir, and the truth is best. My wife's father is a ticket-of-leave man. She is very young, and does not know the shame."

I grasped his hand, and, as he was leaving, he said, "Do you know, sir, why Jean held out,—why Jean would not marry me? Her father is living; he is shut up for a crime, but they could not punish him, for he has not his wits. He is a criminal lunatic."

I could not speak for a moment; then I said, "Does Jean know? I mean, about your wife——"

An angry look gleamed in his eyes, and he said, "She told Jean when she was angry the other day. She is very young," he said, in a tone of defence, and went out.

So this was the story—the higher nature felt the disgrace, and gave up her happiness and sacrificed herself, and then had to stand by and see that the sacrifice had been in vain; and I thought of her murmured words, "A day will come when we will know the reason of all." Poor Jean!

It was nearly dusk when the faithful old servant came into my little sitting-room. "Though yon man had the sense to leave you in peace," she began, "here's an urgent message for you. Mrs Grant's dying, and would fain see you; and such a night!" she said, looking out at the never-ceasing rain.

Wrapping myself well up, I hurried off, contrasting the wet and dreary walk with my first walk there. Nothing could be more miserable than this one—in places almost ankle-deep in boggy mud,

the heavy rain blotted out the hills, and the wind sent it in slaps against my face, and countermanded the use of an umbrella. Kenneth met me close to the burn, with the intelligence that the poor old woman had slept away peacefully; and we were talking together, looking at the torrent of water pouring down, when we saw the bank underneath the little plank bridge below the house suddenly give way. The plank remained treacherously in its place, supported by a sod of earth only a few inches thick. "This is terrible," said Kenneth, as he started off and ran up towards it. He was still on his way (it all passed in a very few minutes) when the door of the cottage opened, and his wife, a girlish-looking creature, with lint-white hair, ran down, and stepped on to the plank, just as her husband reached it. He was too late to save her; and, with a shrill scream I never shall forget, she fell, with the plank, into the foaming stream.

I can give no clear or connected account of that dreadful night. I remember seeing Jean, with a resolute face, wade in from below and reach her; and the memory still haunts me of the two figures struggling in the water, and Kenneth's face as he tried to breast the torrent and go to their assistance. I hurried for help, and help came. I saw Kenneth carrying one figure home, and others tended one lying

on the bank, and in the still, white, upturned face, I recognised Jean.

Though I was shivering from head to foot, partly with excitement and partly with cold, I did not leave till I saw that her eyes unclosed and knew that Jean lived.

I paid the penalty of having been so long exposed to the damp, and was in bed for several weeks with rheumatic fever. When I recovered, I heard that Jean was with a neighbour, and that she and Kenneth had been almost daily to ask for me.

Two summers came and went, and once more I was in that lovely Highland place. The cottage at Burnside was deserted, and the primroses and foxgloves realised the poet's idea—

"Full many a flower is born to blush
unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

But some miles away there is a comfortable farmhouse, where flowers also bloom and linen lies bleaching in the sun. It is essentially a home of peace; and kindness is spread round, and is made to reach many far beyond its boundaries. Here Kenneth and his dark-eyed wife live, their happiness tempered by remembrance; and her welcome is as kind, and her smile far sweeter and brighter, than it used be in the days when I knew her as "only Jean."

THE STORM IN THE EAST.—NO. X.

RETROSPECTIVE.

IN all European annals the year 1877, lately ended, is, and will be, most remarkable. The magnitude of the war which raged through six of its months, the sanguinary actions, the desolating effects, would have stamped the period as noteworthy; but, unfortunately, the present century has had a large acquaintance with great, desolating, bloody wars, and would scarcely recognise a scourge of that kind as giving special prominence to a year. It is the savage character of the war just concluded, and the peculiar circumstances in which it was waged, that will distinguish it from other wars of the age, and that will mark 1877 as a very exceptional year.

Enthusiasts had imagined that they had discovered preventions against war—that they could generate and foster influences which should fill the human mind to the exclusion of strifes and convulsions. Though experience has proved that these were mere dreamers, yet it will be conceded that opinion has been inclining during the last sixty years, more and more strongly as time advanced, towards humane and just settlements of differences between nations; towards a readiness to recognise, and, if possible, to obviate, all just grounds of complaint; and towards restriction within the narrowest bounds, in regard to both space and severity, of inevitable hostilities. We had reached the elevation, we thought, of condemning war in the abstract; of regarding wars for the old objects of conquest and robbery as intolerable, and therefore impossible; and of believing that “the last expedi-

ent of kings,” when every milder one had failed, would, in action and suffering, be exclusively the concern of armies, and would scrupulously refrain from molestation of unarmed and unoffending populations. It was imagined that we had purged war of its ferocity; that even the professional soldier had been made willing to economise destruction and to avoid the infliction of needless pain. If wars could not be made to cease in all the world, they would in one quarter of the world be waged delicately; warriors would be as ready to pour in oil and wine as to inflict the necessary wound: the contest would be between responsible beings, urged as moderately as if

“A brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.”

Every scene of the late war has been acted, as it were, in supreme irony at Europe's complacent estimation of itself. Greater prodigality of horrors has never been exhibited since the world began. The march of Attila, the decrees of Timour, are not blackened with more shocking deeds and designs; indeed they could not be. The basest savagery has been equalled in the character of the cruelty and carnage, and has been outdone a thousand-fold in the scale on which these horrors have been perpetrated. The battle-fields were bloody, God knows; but their details were tender mercies compared with the murders and tortures and atrocities too frightful to name, with which every quarter of Turkish land has been made familiar. Never perhaps did such a sea of blood cry from the ground

to heaven, or such abundance of savage cruelties invoke retributive justice. Increased knowledge had shown how to multiply destruction and intensify ruin; it did not suggest the sparing of a single victim, however helpless and innocent. Progress was apparent in the reaping of the harvest of death; in obduracy and depravity human nature showed itself as unsophisticated as in the days of Noah, when the young world was filled with violence. Progress! yes, this testifies of our progress: a barbarian Czar declaring, and prosecuting, an unjust and unnecessary war upon a weaker neighbour; arming a million of barbarians, and marching at their head, to devastate a foreign land,

“With Ate by his side come hot from hell.”

Depopulated towns and villages; race set upon race, and the land made red with murder; unbridled pillage and indiscriminate ferocity; “all pity chok’d with custom of fell deeds,”—these are the signs of our boasted progress. The nations of Europe which stood by and would not move a finger to stay the carnage, are they who claim to have cherished the liberal arts, and to have softened men’s dispositions. Their behaviour will not go far to establish their claims.

It has been said of Russia that it is her particular desire to be esteemed a *civilised* power. She is as sensitive about any marks which connect her with Asiatic ignorance and savagery, as is the fifth in descent from a negress about remaining indications of black blood. One who would please her must pretend to see nothing about her that is not strictly European—nothing that is behind the most advanced of nations. If this be truly her weakness, she subjected the veneer on which she wears her

polish to a cruel ordeal in undertaking to carry on a war under the very eyes, as it were, of Europe. A Cuban hound may be domesticated and made to exhibit much of the docility and affection natural to dogs of a softer breed; he will be playful, and will lick the hand in return for caresses, and his eyes will wait upon the eyes of his master: but let him smell blood, and he will soon let you know who his ancestors were. The Muscovites, no doubt, believed that they would make this war in the most chivalrous style as regarded both strategy and conduct. Their belief in their military ability was a great blunder, but it was a greater blunder to imagine that their barbarians could observe any measure in dealing with those who might be at their mercy. Cossacks, Bulgarians, Circassians, are the scapegoats upon whom the most revolting cruelties are laid; but these all formed portions of the Imperial army. And the inhuman treatment of prisoners of war, the driving out of the populations of whole districts, the persistence in inflicting the miseries of war on the Turks after they had made submission—who is to relieve the Muscovites of the *odium* of these charges?

Our business now, however, is not to apportion blame, but to point to the ferocity of the war as a stain upon the age, and as one reason why the year 1877 will be always a year of especial note. Another distinguishing mark of the year is the very peculiar relations which then existed among the states of Europe.

It is a truth that Russia was allowed to make this war, almost as if there had been no state near her save her victim, while no country in Europe dared openly to approve of her proceeding, and the majority of the states undoubtedly objected

to the war being waged. All the Powers were paralysed for the time, and prevented by different causes from interfering, so that the way was left open to Russia to pursue her designs unimpeded. The coincidence that all remained at the same time inactive was most remarkable. Providence had decreed that Russia's evil purposes should have way, and we have seen how the arena was kept clear for her. We have yet to see what will be the consequences to her of having abused her opportunity as she has done!

We propose to look over the war months of the past observable year, and to bring together the principal events which we before spread out over our monthly records. The armistice affords a convenient opportunity for doing this. While the wretched Turk is trying to get his breath, and the Russian is calling more men into the field, as if his appetite for blood were not yet appeased, or as if he did not look upon his plunder as yet secure, we take our retrospect of the eventful time.

In May last, Russia began to pour her legions into both European and Asiatic Turkey, thus beginning the war. We say this, regarding Roumania as a part of Turkey, which, strictly speaking, it then was. The war in Europe may be divided—divides itself, one may almost say—into three periods: viz., that during which the Russian armies were performing operations prior to their first attack on Plevna; that which embraced the whole defence of Plevna by Osman; and that which, following the said defence, brought the war to an end in January of this year. The Asiatic campaign also separates readily into three periods, which are marked by—1st, the Russian advance and retreat of the summer; 2d, the Ottoman maintenance

of a position on the frontier line of Armenia; 3d, the Russian winter advance to Erzeroum.

The naval operations of the year were not important enough to deserve a continuous account; they can conveniently be noticed in connection with the land campaigns as they occur. That her navy should have formed so poor a part of the defences of Turkey is inexplicable and discreditable. She had a fine, numerous, well-appointed fleet, while the Russians were almost destitute of ships in the Euxine. She had ironclad small craft to enter estuaries and hinder commerce, and she had several monitors on the Danube. The navy did not prove altogether useless throughout the war, but it failed of such achievements as might reasonably have been expected of it. At the commencement of the strife Turkey declared a blockade of all Russian ports on the Black Sea; and she maintained this pretension to the end, although on more than one occasion her ability to maintain the blockade was called in question by neutral nations.

The little principality, Montenegro, was already at war with Turkey, and had been so for ten months when Russia declared war. Servia did not at this time break the peace which she had lately made with the Porte. Roumania maintained loyal relations with the Porte, but was subjected to the passage of Russian troops, stores, and war material through her territory, under a convention which she made with Russia on 16th April. Egypt was preparing to help Turkey with a land force. Great Britain, in the early days of the war, objected to the campaign being carried into Egypt; and that region did not become a theatre of war. Russia entered into the contest without an ally, unless Montenegro may be so called.

Hostilities began first in Asia. Indeed, what we have distinguished as the first period of the Asiatic campaign was over before swords were crossed in Europe. The reason of this is apparent when we remember that Russian and Turkish territories touch each other in Asia Minor, along the line from Batoum on the Black Sea, to Mount Ararat, and each nation had its army on the frontier. Either side, therefore, by making a slight advance, might commence the war, and the Russians did so commence it; while in Europe a long interval had to be crossed before the armies could be in contact, as we shall see.

The Russians were understood to have some 100,000 men available for the war in Asia. The Turkish force may have numbered 80,000 men, including the garrisons of Kars and Ardahan, and a force of observation on the Persian frontier.

The first important act of war was the crossing of the frontier and occupation of the Turkish town, Bayazid, by Russian troops, the Turkish force which had previously occupied that place having evacuated it, and retired before the enemy. Shortly after, a Russian force attacked Batoum, but met with so vigorous a resistance there that they failed to attain their object. From that time to the end of the war they did not desist from an observation of that place, which frequently warmed into a sharp attack; but up to the signing of the armistice they had not obtained possession of it. Possibly they considered that its fall must necessarily follow their seizure of Eastern Armenia, and that it would be more profitable to lay their strength on the advance to the capital, Erzeroum, than to use a larger force in the reduction of Batoum. Their columns pressed

forward. They formed the siege of Kars, prepared for an attack on Ardahan, and began to push towards Erzeroum.

Meanwhile the Turkish navy had given evidences of an activity and sagacity which were not sustained by its later achievements. The Grand Duke Michael, the Russian commander in Asia, kept his eye fixed, with a soldier's yearning, on the territory which invited his grasp in front; but he seemed not to remember that behind him—between him and Russia proper—lay many conquered tribes nourishing a deadly vengeance against his inhuman countrymen, and all more or less ready to rise in insurrection whenever a favourable opportunity should offer. The Turks noted his eagerness to push forward, and the weakness of his rear. They sent an expedition up the Black Sea, which attacked and took the forts at a place named Sukhum Kalé, on the coast to the north-east of Poti. A force was thrown ashore there, and the Abkassians at once rose in revolt. The revolt spread. It was a happy idea, but it was imperfectly carried out. The Turks should have strained every nerve to maintain this insurrection. Had they done all which we think they might have done in that direction, it would scarcely have been possible for the Grand Duke's army to advance into Armenia in the beginning of winter. As it was, this Caucasian revolt greatly assisted the Turkish arms.

A few days after this the Russians took Ardahan, and garrisoned it; and, the weather having by this time become mild, they pushed westwards by three different routes. It is questionable whether at this time the Turkish army had been got into fighting condition, for it did not make the most of the mountain passes which lay between the

frontier and Erzeroum, but continued to fall back until men began to believe that there would be no defence at all, and that Armenia was as good as won by the invader. This yielding of ground by the Turks had at least the effect of enticing the Russian troops to push on in a foolhardy manner, which eventually brought them disaster. For the Turkish general, Mukhtar Pasha, meant fighting, although he was somewhat unready at the first.

Very soon the Russians found that they had been advancing at too great a pace. Irregular troops threatened their communications; the Turks at Batoum, having been strengthened, became very troublesome; and the influence of the Caucasian revolt began to be felt. Rather suddenly, the Russian columns, instead of seizing Erzeroum, as had been expected, began to retreat. Of course the Turks followed them. But one Russian column, willing to rid itself of its pursuers, and finding a favourable opportunity, turned and gave battle, outflanking the Turks, punishing them severely with artillery, and finally forcing them to retreat with heavy loss, the Ottoman general being killed. Hereupon Mukhtar reinforced the beaten (that is, his right) division, led it on the pursuit in person, and brought the Russians again to action on the 21st June. After a battle said to have lasted fourteen hours, he defeated them heavily. Having followed them up, he, on the following day, again engaged and again defeated them. The strength of the invasion was for the time broken; and there can be little doubt that, if the Turks had known how to avail themselves of the command of the sea, the Russians might now have suffered great humiliation in Asia.

While the invaders were hasten-

ing their retreat, some Kurds collected in the neighbourhood of Lake Van; and these marched upon, attacked, and took from the Russians the town of Bayazid, driving its garrison into the citadel, and there blockading them. Presently after this Mukhtar was in communication with the garrison of Kars, which had never been fairly invested, and which had successfully resisted all the enemy's attacks. An attempt was made by the Russian general Tergukasoff to recapture Bayazid: it failed, but the garrison of the citadel sallied during the *mêlée*, and such part of it as was unharmed retreated with the beaten assailants. There was nothing now but disaster for the Russians. They were compelled to raise the siege of Kars, and to retreat to the frontier almost along the whole line. But that they retained Ardahan they had been driven back to their base; they were as far as at the first from their object, and were now weighted with the discouragement which must have attended so conspicuous a failure. There need be little hesitation in attributing this failure to bad generalship. We have not become wise after the event. We condemned the Russian strategy from the commencement of their advance.

As to the Turks, they did not half utilise their opportunities in this first act of the campaign. There were probably many reasons for this—want of means being to a great extent the cause. Yet we believe that a nation of more discernment and enterprise, and with soldiers as brave as the Turks, would, even when so unprovided as they were, have at least attempted some measure calculated to crush the Russians utterly after they became embarrassed by their blunders.

The first two months of the Eu-

ropean campaign were passed in bringing the opposing armies within striking distance of each other. The Czar's armies, which had been collected on the Roumanian frontier, crossed the Pruth, and proceeded on their march to the Danube, obtaining all the assistance they could from the railway which traverses the Principality. The host was of very great magnitude, and the trains required for it were brought up slowly and with immense labour. The invasion of Roumania began in April, and the Danube was not crossed till the end of June. It could hardly be but that during such a transit disputes would occur between the Russian and Roumanian Governments; but such differences as arose were composed without much trouble. It is remarkable that, although the Sultan was the sovereign lord of Roumania, and the resources of this, his own dependency, were being used to carry war across the Danube, nothing worth recording was done by the Turks in the way of impeding the Russian march. They might, before the Russians occupied the Principality in any strength, have destroyed railways, bridges, and roads, and even done more than that to impede progress. They did little or nothing.

Some Russian troops had reached the left bank of the Danube early in May, and for a month the legions continued to arrive and to establish themselves at points along the river. On the 11th May a shell from one of their batteries at Galatz struck one of the Turkish monitors on the river, ignited her powder-magazine, and blew her up. Ten days later Roumania departed a stage from her condition of neutrality by declaring her independence. On the 26th another monitor was destroyed by a dashing attack of torpedo-

boats, which reflected the highest credit on the Russian officers engaged in it. The Czar arrived in Roumania and joined his troops on 4th June. A few days afterwards an attempt was made to destroy another Turkish vessel by torpedoes; but this time the Turks were on the alert: they fenced the vessel with a cordon of boats, and the attack failed, with loss to the Russians. All this time the latter were bringing down their heavy stores and siege-artillery almost unmolested. As their batteries were completed, they engaged the Turkish batteries on the opposite bank, but they kept to the Roumanian side until the spring-floods of the river had subsided.

The Turks on their side were very apathetic. It was not known how little they were really doing, and many men credited them with profound designs of which they were guiltless. Their gunboats on the river were miserably inefficient. They allowed the Russian preparations for crossing to proceed; indeed it is questionable whether they received any accurate information of the enemy's doings. They had not thought fit to occupy the commanding points on the left bank; and, considering how little they seemed to understand the means by which troops at those points might have been supplied or supported or withdrawn, perhaps they were right. They put the fortresses on the Turkish bank into a tolerable state of defence, and garrisoned them as well as they could; but the troops came slowly up. We know not what dispositions they made for enabling their forces most effectually to resist the enemy's passage of the river; but we know that whatever they did make proved ineffectual at times of need. The appointment of Abdul

Kerim to the chief command in Bulgaria was most unfortunate. The man is represented to have been old, obese, diseased, and apathetic. But such a selection is now seen to have been quite in accordance with other arrangements, caused by the incapacity and perversity of the Ottoman Government. Whatever hopes we were induced during the course of the war to form of a prudent and patriotic spirit being somewhere present, and sometimes in the ascendant at Constantinople, were due to the capacity of one general, whose employment we may now ascribe to his merits having fortunately escaped the notice of the rulers of his people. We may say, in brief, that the defence of Bulgaria was in all respects most inadequately provided for.

The Russians, notwithstanding that Roumania had been left entirely at their disposal, did not make rapid progress, nor such progress as there is reason to believe that they expected to make. Indeed we have little doubt that from the first they misconceived their undertaking, and under-estimated its difficulties. What they wanted in foresight and knowledge they made up in energy and perseverance. They brought up, overland and in pieces, some gunboats for service on the Danube, and they adapted to their service such vessels as they could obtain in Roumania. After some time they got together, in Roumania, a large pontoon-train, and they at last brought up to the left bank of the river a quantity of heavy artillery and ammunition for forcing the passage. They had so much to do after arriving in sight of the Danube, that an enterprising adversary might have most seriously retarded the invasion, if he could not frustrate it altogether. The Grand Duke Nicholas com-

manded the army destined to invade Bulgaria.

It will be convenient to mention here a fact which did not come to light until after the passage of the river had been accomplished — namely, that there were Bulgarians at towns on the southern bank, in communication, by telegraph and otherwise, with the Russians in Roumania. By this means the invader was, of course, much assisted in choosing places and lines for crossing: it is discreditable to the Turks that they did not discover and prevent the treason.

The first passage of the river was made from Galatz into the Dobrudscha. The troops crossed on rafts and in boats. A portion of the first detachment landed at Matchin, and another portion at Hirsova. About 6000 men got over in all on the 22d June. They met with little opposition, and were able to establish themselves. From time to time the force in the Dobrudscha was reinforced, until it amounted to 40,000 men. General Zimmerman commanded there. The Czar was profuse of acknowledgments and crosses to the troops that had passed.

A more important passage was effected at Sistova a few days later. On the 27th June a first division of the 8th army corps crossed to that point from Simnitsa, and landed before the Turks were aware of their design. A second division was not so fortunate as to escape without opposition, but it effected its landing after sustaining some loss. Several thousand Russians were soon on the Turkish bank at Sistova, and a communication across the river established, which was not again permanently broken during the war. The Turks, after an unavailing struggle, retired from Sistova to Biela—that is to say, the Turkish troops did so. As for the unwar-

like Turkish inhabitants, they were, without distinction of age or sex, subjected to every species of barbarity, and the town of Sistova was sacked. There commenced a series of cruelties on the Mohammedan population which kept pace with the Russian advance, and cannot be said to have terminated yet.

Tirnova, the ancient capital of Bulgaria, was the point on which the invader now directed his march. There was something of a combat at Biela, but, in truth, the Grand Duke's forces reached Tirnova with wonderfully small trouble. The passivity of the Turkish troops was incomprehensible at the time; but we know now that it proceeded from the utter incapacity of the Pasha whom the infatuation of the Porte had placed in command. With troops so brave as the Turks have proved themselves, resistance might have been offered with every chance of success to the passage of the river; or the Russians, when still but a few of them had crossed, might have been crushed by a superior force. But all opportunities were lost. It was known that Abdul Kerim had a very large army, yet he kept his corps continually in the background—most of them in the fortresses. It is supposed that he was not well provided for the field; but even this excuse will not suffice for not making some effort to overwhelm the invader while he was weak in Bulgaria.

The Russians had seized the towns adjacent to Tirnova—among them, Selvi and Plevna. Of the latter town they were dispossessed by some troops of Osman Pasha, the commandant of Widdin. The recapture of the place made but little noise among the startling events of the time, yet this little

exploit was the foundation of all the fame which the Ottomans won in Europe during the war. The invader at this time was as desirous of going ahead as he had been in Asia, and he pushed forward as recklessly in Europe as he did there. He was at Drenova, then at Gabrova: hazardous as such a movement must be under the circumstances, it was announced that his advanced column would certainly cross the Balkans. Meanwhile there occurred a really sharp passage of arms on the Danube. Nicopolis, a fortified position, was garrisoned by 6000 Turks, and commanded by a brave soldier, Hassan Pasha. A Russian force, greatly outnumbering the garrison, carried this post by a *coup de main* after a desperate fight. The Turks were at last obliged to surrender at discretion, and Hassan gave up his scimitar to the Czar in person. The loss of Nicopolis was a serious blow to the Turks—one means of impeding the passage of troops and of resisting the establishment of a bridge was gone from them.

Almost together with the news of the taking of Nicopolis came the further intelligence, hardly believed at first, that General Gourko, at the head of a small force, was master of the Schipka Pass over the Balkans. A day or two more and the news was confirmed. The Turks, it appeared, had guarded the important mountain passes as carelessly as they did everything else. In the Schipka—the only pass through which ran a road practicable for artillery and other trains—they had manned three redoubts; but there were other more difficult passes which had been left, as the saying is, to take care of themselves, the Turks supposing, probably, that the ruggedness of the ways, and the snows which still whitened the hills,

would deter the enemy from attempting them. Such a calculation did great injustice to the enterprise and fortitude of General Gourko's soldiers. They, or a part of them, guided by some Bulgarians, made their way, with much pain and travail over the Hain Pass, and took the Schipka in reverse, while their comrades from the Gabrova side attacked it in front. The Turks within it, whom it would be a misnomer to term the defenders, on perceiving that the enemy was upon them, at once took to flight, making their escape by some lateral passages of the mountains. Thus the Russians with comparative ease had opened for themselves a way into Roumelia. So fortunate, and so little opposed had been their progress hitherto, that it was difficult to believe in any other result of it than that their legions would be speedily at Adrianople and threatening the capital. In the Divan all was consternation. Such troops as could be collected from the south were hurried up under Reouf Pasha to cover Adrianople, and another resource was drawn upon, although there was much doubt felt whether the drafts which it might yield could arrive on the scene of action in time to be of any avail. The resource we allude to was the army which had been for some time past fighting in Montenegro. The Montenegrins had been beaten and punished, and their principal towns taken. It was thought, therefore, that, although the insurgents had not been reduced to submission, a large portion of the Ottoman forces might be withdrawn from this, which had now become a secondary campaign, and transported to Roumelia, where the struggle for the life of the Ottoman empire seemed about to take place. Accordingly, Suleiman

Pasha, a leader who had been fortunate in the west, was ordered to embark with 40,000 men on the Adriatic coast for passage to the railway terminus in Roumelia, from whence they could be conveyed to the neighbourhood of the Balkans.

While Suleiman was on his way, an event, which attracted at the time much less attention than did Suleiman's translation, occurred in the north. Osman Pasha had advanced from Widdin in hope to save Nicopolis; but that place had been so vigorously attacked and so soon reduced, that he found he was too late. He did not thereupon return to Widdin, but occupied Plevna, a place which his troops had begun to strengthen with earthworks when they first retook it, and the capacity of which for defence this able leader soon perceived. Here, while all interest was fixed on the Balkans, he surrounded himself with impregnable lines, and accumulated the stores and troops necessary for defending them. The next best thing to saving Nicopolis was to institute another place of arms close on the enemy's line of advance.

Towards the end of July even the Sublime Porte seems to have become sensible of the utter incapacity of Abdul Kerim Pasha. That commander was removed, and Mehemet Ali Pasha was withdrawn from the army in Montenegro and invested with authority in Abdul Kerim's stead.

Having thus brought the account to the last days of July, we have reached the boundary which we have described as marking the first period of the war both in Europe and Asia. Russia was now to experience a period of reverse on both continents, the events of which were immediately directed by the gallant and able leaders who opposed her in the field; but the

original cause of which was the insufficiency of her preparations for the task which she had set herself. It was already apparent that the Russian army was spread over a larger area than it could conveniently hold ; that the Bulgarian strongholds were sufficient to occupy the army, immense though it was, with which she had made the invasion ; and that, if she wished to overrun Turkey and to arrive at Constantinople in a single campaign, it was imperative that she should employ an army larger still—much larger—than that which had already crossed the Danube. This truth was, no doubt, more or less clearly perceived by the Russian leaders themselves. They required an illustration or two to fix it in their minds, and those they very soon were supplied with.

The situation in Bulgaria was that Russia had established communication over the river by means of bridges and ferries, and that she was in possession of a strip of country extending from Sistova and Nicopolis to the Balkans ; but all along this line she had the Turkish armies on her flanks, so that she was compelled, for the sake of her communications, to keep a very large force there. A body of about 18,000 men had crossed the Balkans, but it was beyond her power to support these with a continuous stream of invaders of Roumelia. For the present, she seemed to have reached the limit of her ability. Her losses by disease were understood to have been very severe ; transport was so difficult in wet weather that she had great difficulty in feeding her troops when rain continued for any time ; she seemed, without much molestation from the enemy, to be coming to a standstill. In Asia, she had done worse than nothing, because she had lost the *prestige* with which she commenced

her invasion, and terror of her had disappeared from the minds of her enemy's troops.

We now take up the second period of the war, and give priority to the European campaign, the interest of which by far exceeded that of the campaign in Asia.

Before the end of July the Russian armies in Europe had encountered considerable reverses. They had seized upon some towns south of the Balkans, the possession of which Reouf Pasha showed a disposition to dispute with them. Suleiman Pasha had landed, and was marching with part of his force to join Reouf in front of Adrianople. In Bulgaria, the position of Osman Pasha at Plevna was found to be a great impediment and an annoyance. The Grand Duke Nicholas therefore resolved to sweep Osman's corps away. Accordingly, on the 19th July, he sent a force against it which did little more than reconnoitre ; for they found it so strong that it was useless to attempt to crush it without more men. More had joined them by the next day ; they had grown to be 10,000 to 12,000 strong—still inferior to the Turks, yet they determined to attack, and did so. The result was that they were beaten off, with a loss of many officers, including a general, and of 2000 men. The Russians had experienced, as yet, no resistance like this during the war, and they were astonished. Neither did their admiration abate when the Turks, following up their advantages, descended upon Lovatz or Loftcha, a town about twenty miles south of Plevna, drove out the Russian garrison, and captured a quantity of arms and ammunition. Yet, though they were astonished, they thought no more of these affairs than that the Turks had by some lucky accidents come off with better

than their usual fortune; they did not dream of sitting down under these affronts—indeed they had no doubt but that they would speedily be reversed. General Krüdener got ready, somewhat tardily, for clearing the Turks out “bag and baggage;” and the Turks on their part strengthened still further their position, making their lines three deep, each line consisting of batteries and places of arms, connected by deep and well-covered trenches. Osman Pasha’s force was considerably strengthened before the enemy paid his next visit; and Krüdener, determined to make all sure this time, brought with him some 50,000 men—an army, in fact. The Russians were before Plevna on the 27th July, and seem to have spent two days in reconnoitring and making feints, for it was not till the 30th that they made their grand attack. On that day they advanced in three divisions, plying the Turks so with artillery-fire that they overpowered the batteries of the outer line, and after heavy fighting got within it. Then bringing forward their artillery to the captured trenches, they assaulted the second line as vigorously as if their work were only now beginning, although it was the afternoon of a July day. Again the artillery made its impression, and once more the Russian infantry dashed at the lines, struggling hand to hand with the defenders, and finding their match. At last they outflanked some works of the second line, and forced their way in, but were here met by such a deadly artillery-fire from the inmost line of all, that they were checked a little before nightfall. They did not recoil nor even waver, but they suffered fearfully, and did not advance, the musketry now, as well as the guns, destroying them fast. This state of things lasted some time, neither

party gaining ground, when suddenly a conquering spirit came upon the Turks, who charged like fresh troops upon the foe, and drove him out of the second line with the bayonet. Neither did they stop here, having once begun; but after the darkness had fallen, they completely cleared the first or outer line, remaining at last masters of the whole of their works. Krüdener was in no condition to attack again, and he withdrew, sorely beaten. This was the most extensive affair that had occurred, and the invaders got entirely the worst of it. They lost between 10,000 and 15,000 men killed and wounded; and the invasion experienced a stunning check, from which it did not recover for a long while, and never would have recovered at all if the Turks had known how to avail themselves of the glorious victory which they had achieved. A few days later, the Russians tried to retake Loftcha without success.

Meanwhile other struggles than those at Plevna had been going on in the period 27th–30th July. Reouf Pasha was doing what he could to stem the invasion south of the Balkans, and Suleiman was coming to his aid, but had not joined him. The Russian general Gourko had seized on the towns of Kesanlik, Yeni Zaghra, and Eski Zaghra, and from the last mentioned Reouf was doing his best to dislodge him. The Turkish general attacked once without success, yet bravely tried again next day. His second assault, however, though most gallantly sustained, was at last repelled with such loss to him that he drew off in miserable plight, expecting to be destroyed on the morrow. But it happened that, while he was fighting, Suleiman was marching with rapid strides to join him. The latter arrived after the

battle, let his men take their night's sleep, and then at daybreak set upon the Russians, who, never expecting a third attack, were completely disconcerted, and, after a short resistance, made off to the mountains. This victory, and the news of the greater victory at Plevna, which soon reached him, seem to have determined Gourko to abandon for the present attempts to hold his ground in Roumelia. He withdrew across the hills, leaving only a detachment in the Schipka Pass, of which it was thought advisable to retain possession, as it was hoped that it might yet be wanted for a descent upon Roumelia.

It will have been perceived that at the beginning of August the condition of the Russian armies was very depressed. They could not make head against the Turks; it was very questionable whether they could hold their ground much longer in Bulgaria; the invasion had come to a stand-still. In this strait the Czar and his generals determined upon bringing up more troops. The Imperial Guard was ordered to march at once for the seat of war, and a further mobilisation of considerable magnitude was decreed. At the same time the Roumanian army was so far allowed to participate in the war, that to it was confided the charge of Nicopolis and of some other points on the Turkish side of the Danube. It would be several weeks before the earliest reinforcements could come up, and what might happen in the meantime if the Turks should exhibit any energy, was a serious consideration. They did not, as it turned out, exhibit any energy worthy of the occasion, and the Russian plan of holding fast where they were, though it seemed a desperate one when it was adopted, was in the long-run successful.

The opportunity at this time afforded to the Turks was a great one. Mehemet Ali Pasha's army in position along the river Lom, with the quadrilateral behind it, held in the Russians to the eastward and threatened them from that side. Osman's troops had resisted them successfully and might assail them on the west. On the south, Suleiman and Reouf had just cleared Roumelia of invaders, and might be expected soon to appear north of the Balkans. These had all great liberty of action and power of co-operation; whereas the Russians, by the necessities of their scheme, were tied to the Danube and to lines of communication leading therefrom.

Osman Pasha rested within his lines after his great victory, and gave the enemy time to recover. Mehemet Ali Pasha had some slight encounters with the Russians in his front, but did nothing to materially affect the issue of the war. Suleiman Pasha was on the traces of Gourko's corps in their retreat from Roumelia. Gourko himself had gone to bring up the Imperial Guard from Russia; but his troops went into Bulgaria, with the exception of the guard of the Schipka Pass. For three weeks after the victory at Plevna there was very little fighting or movement of any kind. On 21st August Suleiman Pasha commenced what may be called the war in the Schipka Pass—a contest which lasted many weeks, and which was at first waged with the greatest fury on both sides. The situation, the rugged character of the ground, the desert condition of the region, invested the warfare with a romantic colouring, but it affected the issue of the campaign very little. Suleiman, for unexplained reasons, made the most desperate efforts to cut off the Russians in the pass, or at

the least to drive them out of it, at a time when similar persistent bravery in Bulgaria might have saved his country. In his early efforts he had nearly succeeded in working round the Russian position, which was saved by the narrowest of escapes. A reinforcement from Tirnova came up, after a march of fifty miles, just in time to balk Suleiman of his victory. The infantry was brought up on troop-horses, so as to save time, and their strength. For long after this the fighting went on there. More than once Suleiman believed that he had got possession of the pass, but he was always wrong in this fancy.

On the 30th August Mehemet Ali fought a great battle at Karahassan on the Lom. He first surprised the Russian commander and drove him back; then he executed a turning movement, attacked again, and forced the enemy across the river, securing a large booty. The Russians could ill afford a defeat just now; and it seemed as if Mehemet were about to effect important operations. The following day the Turks from Plevna came out and made a grand attack on the Russian positions. Both sides claimed a victory: the battle had no important result.

At this time (end of August) the Roumanians, under their Prince, Charles, were allowed to actively participate in the war. As they could not pretend that they had received any injury from Turkey, it can only be supposed that they made war from political motives. They made a bridge for themselves, and came over from 26,000 to 30,000 strong. Another attempt upon Plevna was being planned, and the Roumanians were to co-operate with the divisions told off to that service. Russian reinforcements were beginning to arrive.

On the 3d September, the Russians, long unused to success, enjoyed a piece of good fortune. They were emboldened by their increased strength to make a sudden attack on Loftcha. This they managed very well, coming upon the place with a force much superior to its garrison, and assailing and capturing its works with great resolution. The defenders were not made prisoners, but effected their retreat in good order, and protected the withdrawal of the Mussulman inhabitants.

Two days after this, a Russian column, having advanced against some of Mehemet Ali's troops at Kaselevo on the Lom, the affair, not at first of magnitude, grew to be a great battle, in which the Turks were victorious, and by which they gained important territory. They were now between the Lom and the Yantra, and dangerously near to the Russian line of communication.

But now came on the most notable battle of the whole war. The Russians and Roumanians had been making great efforts to straiten Plevna on some of its fronts, and were at length in enormous force before it and meditating an irresistible attack. The Grand Duke Nicholas devoted himself to this work in the west. The Czarewitch, at Sistova, commanded the corps which was opposed to Mehemet Ali. They thought themselves prepared by the 6th September, and on the 7th opened a crushing artillery-fire, which was sustained until the 11th, without, apparently, overwhelming the garrison of the place. On the last-named day, which was the Czar's birthday, it was determined to make a general assault *de vive force* under the Imperial eye. A platform was erected that the Czar might

stand on it and witness the expected achievements of his troops. From morning till night the redoubts and lines were assaulted over and over again, with the greatest valour and devotion; but the undaunted Turks met every advance with the utmost steadiness, and with a musketry-fire that was absolutely annihilating. Nothing could stand before it: but the brave Russian troops fell and died under it in thousands. Death was confronted on the one side and inflicted on the other till evening fell; and the Czar had to come down from his stand, having witnessed horrors in plenty, but not having witnessed the catastrophe which he went up to see. After he was gone, and when it was dark, the Russian troops made yet another venture, caught the Turks off their guard, and captured three redoubts. As soon as it was day, the Turks assailed the captors and retook two of the redoubts, leaving one, the Grivitza, to the Russians—the sole prize of a series of assaults which had cost the Czar 16,000 men. It had been a glorious action for the Turks. They were about 60,000 strong within their lines, and had been assailed by 90,000 of the enemy. Osman was now the most distinguished soldier of the war.

Men's minds were soon hurried away from reflection on the splendid defence, for on the 14th September there was another important action at Sinan, provoked by the Russians, but ending in the victory of Mehemet Ali's troops, who routed the enemy with great slaughter.

It was now clear to the Russians that they could never take Plevna by a *coup de main*; and so they resolved to enclose and starve out Osman and his brave garrison. As their troops came up they executed

this plan of beleaguering the Plevna garrison, to help which so little had been done by the Ottomans. What little help had been given had come from Mehemet Ali, who was now removed from his command and replaced by Suleiman, whose unaccountable lingering in the Balkans had been a prominent reason why his country had missed the great opportunities of the last two months. About the same time—that is to say, early in October—Osman was raised to the supreme rank of Gazi for his services. A Turkish force began to collect at Orhanie, under Chefket Pasha, with a view of keeping open Osman's communications with the south, and of finally relieving him. By Chefket's aid a large quantity of stores and a reinforcement of men were passed into Plevna; but it became more and more apparent that relief from without was not to be expected for Osman's army, and that if an early winter did not force the invaders to desist from their blockade, he must either contrive to evacuate the place, or he would have to surrender it to the enemy. General Gourko, who had by this time returned to Bulgaria, started with a force in the direction of Sophia to frustrate Chefket's designs; and every endeavour was made to isolate the heroes of Plevna. Troops were at length becoming plentiful with the Russians; they used 120,000 men in circumventing Gazi Osman, who thus showed himself to be a great power.

A series of events which were of intense interest while they were occurring, may now be rapidly described, as, in retrospect, it can be seen that they did not much affect the general course of things, which were all tending in one direction. Post after post between Plevna and Sophia was taken with more

or less slaughter, and at last the investment of Plevna was complete; Chefket's force seemed to promise but little, and the end of Osman's great episode drew near. Mehemet Ali Pasha appeared once more upon the scene, and came to Sophia to organise a strong force, which, however, never grew to be strong. Reouf, at length abandoning the Schipka folly, which had been left to him as a legacy by Suleiman, came up to join Mehemet; but, combined, they could do nothing for the relief of Plevna. From information which leaked out from time to time, it was known that Gazi Osman was becoming more and more straitened. His circumstances were being betrayed by spies, and the Russians began to have a clear idea of the time when he must succumb. Things went on in this way through November. The Roumanians now began to capture small posts in the direction of Widdin. Everything was going badly for the Turk.

On a sudden Suleiman began some fierce fighting in the neighbourhood of Pyrgos, and had a little success. Then he made an advance from several points at once, captured Elena, and threatened Tirnova, but the energy of his troops was soon expended. They paused in their advance, whereupon the enemy collected himself, and the scare was over. The meaning of Suleiman's activity was soon apparent. It was a last effort to avert Gazi Osman's doom. As soon as it failed, that hero attempted to break out of Plevna, sword in hand, at the head of his troops. He crossed the river Vid; his face was toward Widdin. Every motion of his was known outside. The Russians waited for him, surrounded him, shot down his soldiers, wounded himself. He fought for five hours. The enemy recoiled at first before the vehe-

mence of his attack: afterwards they barred his way in overwhelming force. He would have retreated into Plevna, but the road was now closed behind him. All hope of escape was gone; and the most gallant of the Turks surrendered on the 10th December, and went into captivity with all the survivors of his host.

To go back now to Mukhtar Pasha, whom we left successful in the summer. He had so well drubbed his enemies that they left him in quiet for a month, and he was probably glad of the short lull. On the 18th August, however, they made a great attack on him at Yakinlar. By two o'clock he had beaten them. On the 25th he attacked them at Kizil Tepe, and took their camp. Then we hear but little of him till 19th September, when Mustapha, one of his generals, beat off an attack at Halkali.

During this period the Turkish navy stirred itself a little. There was a brilliant thing done at Tchamchira, near Poti, by an iron-clad frigate. It bombarded and destroyed a Russian fort. And at a point not far from this fort, Hōbart Pasha ran in with his ships, engaged the Russian troops on shore, and rescued, from a perilous position, 6000 Turks with all their stores. The ships were also very active later on in saving great numbers of the insurgents of the Caucasus, and taking them to Turkish territory. The Russians had got the upper hand of these poor wretches, and were treating them with their usual ferocity; the Turkish soldiers, who had at first supported the insurrection, having been withdrawn when Gourko crossed the Balkans and Roumelia was thought to be in danger. The withdrawal of them was probably an error, for it relieved the Grand Duke Michael of a very serious difficulty. An-

other Turkish ironclad was destroyed by torpedoes near Sulina in September, having been decoyed on to the danger by a Russian gun-boat. It was noticeable, too, at this time, that Russian floating batteries attacked, and made a desert of, Sulina, and that the Ottoman ships did not prevent or avenge the injury.

Early in October Mukhtar Pasha received the supreme rank of Gazi, which he had so well merited. On the second of that month he sustained a great assault of the enemy, who took from him the position of Great Yanilar, but were unable to drive him from Little Yanilar. On the following day the Russians abandoned Great Yanilar, so that the whole affair had the appearance of a Turkish success. It was, however, really not so: the enemy had been feeling his way to a still more powerful attack. The Russians had been reinforced now in Asia as well as in Europe, and Mukhtar, perhaps a little over-confident after so much success, was about to experience a bitter reverse.

The Russian army had grown to be twice as strong as that of Mukhtar, nevertheless the latter general continued to face it, and was evidently willing to fight it. One of the enemy's divisions had managed to get in rear of Mukhtar's left on the 14th October. Mukhtar had not fallen upon it at once, so there was time to send word of the situation of affairs to the Grand Duke, who, on the 17th, vigorously, and with much superior forces, attacked the Gazi's centre and right. The centre on the Awlias hill, though reinforced, could not withstand the shock, but after some fierce fighting gave way. The enemy's centre pushed in and separated Mukhtar's right, which had been posted on the Aladja Dag,

and the Russian division which had turned him the day before cut off his left. He was completely defeated, and had to take off in haste such of his troops as were yet at all in hand, and to fall back towards Kars. Some of his right wing made their way to him afterwards, but his strength was broken.

We have now reached the third and last period of the Asiatic campaign. Late as the season was, the Russian army advanced along its whole line after the great battle of Aladja. The siege of Kars was formed once more, and every available battalion not there employed was hurried after Mukhtar's shattered and retreating forces. The pursuers came up with him on 4th November at Deveboyun, before Erzeroum—a strong position, in which he received their attack. His troops resisted for nine hours, but at last gave way, and retreated into Erzeroum. The enemy was slow in following, and thus Mukhtar gained time to put the works round the place into some condition of defence. On the 9th the Russians came up and attacked; and they were not only repelled, but Mukhtar sallied, and fairly drove them back to Deveboyun. Another unsuccessful attempt was made upon Erzeroum; and after that, though the enemy remained near it, and more or less shut it in to the end of the war, yet it had not surrendered when the armistice was signed.

It was otherwise with Kars. That fortress was assaulted and taken on the night between the 17th and 18th November. The garrison was quite unequal to the defence of the numerous forts. They had many sick, and were destitute of numerous necessities. On the other hand, the attack was most bravely and resolutely carried out. The garrison

attempted to escape, but was intercepted and obliged to surrender. Quantities of stores were found in the place. The taking of it was an occasion of irrepressible triumph to the Russian armies in both Asia and Europe.

After November, when the Turks could do little or nothing to protect themselves in Asia, the frosts and snows came to their aid, and compelled the Russians to a style of warfare which was little other than inaction. Except an attack made by the Russians on Batoum just as peace was being concluded, which attack was repelled with great loss to the assailants, there is nothing more of importance to chronicle in the Asiatic campaign. Gazi Mukhtar was recalled to Constantinople when that capital appeared to be in danger after the fall of Plevna.

It remains only to narrate the collapse in Europe. With Plevna fell in reality the last hope of the Turks. Their defence after that was of the sorriest kind. Osman was the first and the last of their European generals who had shown any capacity, or who had stemmed the invasion. After he disappeared from the scene there was no one to take his place, and the immense army of Russians which he had kept engaged for so many weeks was now at liberty to penetrate into Roumelia, to lay siege to the fortresses, or to drive the Turkish field-forces out of Bulgaria. Suleiman Pasha took the initiative, and with a strong force made another attack in the neighbourhood of Pyrgos. It was an ambitious attempt, valorously made; and had he laid his plans with more prudence, and been ready to support his battalions in case of a check, the Russians might have been seriously impeded by it, as it was a blow aimed at their com-

munications. His first onset drove the enemy back upon Metchka, where they found support and a fortified position. Here he was delayed until strong Russian reinforcements came up, and then he had to retire in some confusion. As far as mere valour was concerned, the attack was splendid. The Turks advanced six times to the attack of Metchka, but they could not achieve it.

After this the Russians soon got in motion, and their principal design appeared to be to cross the Etropol Balkans and to take Sophia. At this time very severe weather set in; the river was filled with floating ice, and the bridges were swept away. This would have been a very serious hindrance to the invasion if it had occurred while Plevna was still holding out; but now that the Russians were virtually unopposed throughout Bulgaria, it was of less consequence. Just now, too, Servia threw off the mask which she had been wearing so long, and declared war upon Turkey—a treacherous and dastardly act. The Servians immediately broke out over their border: and, some towards Widdin to unite with the Roumanians, some towards Sophia to meet the Russians, began to advance and to dispute positions with the Turkish troops. Suleiman Pasha with part of his army was now moved by sea from Bulgaria to the region in front of Adrianople, to guard the line of the Balkans. It was hoped that Mehemet Ali's division would be able to secure the hills about Etropol; and also that, with the aid of the winter, a Russian seizure of Roumelia might for some time be averted. Sufficient apprehension was, however, felt to induce the Porte to circulate a memorandum among the Powers concerning the

situation, wherein it was allowed to appear that the Sultan would not object to the good offices of his neighbours being used for the purpose of bringing about a peace. This did not immediately produce any practical effect. Mehemet Ali was now once more removed from his command, and the two Pashas, Nedjib and Cheffket, appear to have exercised a joint authority over the troops covering Sophia. These were severally pressed upon, and although victorious in many minor actions in the mountains, yielded ground upon the whole.

The part of the Servian army which moved southwards left a force to besiege Nisch, and pushed forward on the Sophia road, capturing Leskovatz, Babina Glava, Ak Palanka and Pirot.

The Sultan now requested the Government of her Majesty to place before the Czar his desire that a peace might be negotiated. England consented to do this. While the result of the mediation was awaited, it was announced that Sophia would not be defended, but that Cheffket and Nedjib would fall back on Ichtiman and there take post at the head of the railway. This meant, of course, that they would withdraw from the Etropol Balkans. The retreat was very well conducted—the troops abandoning their positions with great order, and taking off their trains; while a rear-guard under Baker Pasha successfully resisted for a whole day the pursuing Russian army, and enabled their comrades to retire unmolested. After this brilliant feat, Baker brought off his rear-guard and rejoined the main force.

The way being thus open into Roumelia, the Russians passed over the mountains in great strength, encountering, from the weather and

from the ruggedness of the country, enormous difficulty and suffering in so doing. At Vratschesch, and again at Sophia, they found and appropriated immense quantities of stores.

It now became known that the Sultan had directly demanded an armistice from Russia, that course having been indicated in the answer which the Czar's Government returned to England's mediatorial communication. But military operations seemed to be proceeded with only the more vigorously by the invaders now that some prospect of peace presented itself. They still pressed forward against the Ichtiman position, and were known to be watching the passes in front of Adrianople. Suleiman Pasha was said to have declared that with less than 200,000 men he could not undertake to guard the Balkan line eastward from Ichtiman. From the style in which he now guarded the principal passes it may be inferred that even with the 200,000 men he would have made but a poor defence. The Russians, after overcoming incredible hardships and impediments in scrambling across the Balkan ridges by mountain-paths, and sometimes over the snow with no path at all, were able to take the Trojan Pass in front and rear, and thus to capture it, the Turks making off by some lateral tracks. Having thus got the Trojan, they were enabled to bring over a strong force, and with it to attack the Schipka from the Roumelian side, while another strong force from the Bulgarian end made a corresponding assault. The Turks found themselves helplessly enclosed; and, after a resistance of which the details were not communicated, they were obliged to surrender. Forty-one battalions of infantry, a regiment of cavalry, and

ten batteries of artillery thus fell into the invaders' hands—a grievous loss at this period!

This catastrophe, as it opened the Balkan passes to the eastward of Ichtiman, caused that position to be taken in reverse and rendered it untenable. The Turks had now to abandon it; and it was a question whether they could even fall back upon Adrianople, because the Russians were nearer to that city than they were. But fortunately for the Ottomans, the Russian troops, although they were themselves across and occupying Kesanlik, Eski Zaghra, and Yeni Zaghra, had not had time to bring over their trains, which could cross the hills but very slowly.

Just after Christmas the Turks lost a transport with 800 soldiers on board in the Black Sea, vessel and soldiers having surrendered to a war-ship of the enemy. The circumstances under which this loss occurred were extraordinary. Three transports were moving under convoy of two ships of war, yet one of the transports was separated from her consorts, and then with her 800 soldiers made prize by the enemy.

At the beginning of 1878 there was no intelligence of an armistice having been signed; and, after all their losses, the fears of the Turks increased enormously, and the state of panic led to the most fearful sufferings. The populations of the Roumelian towns, terrified at the approach of their inhuman enemy, abandoned their homes and property, and precipitated themselves upon the roads leading to the capital. The condition of these despairing crowds, after they had been a few days in flight, is described as having been in the last degree pitiable. Many ended it by self-destruction; death came and

relieved others. For the survivors of all ages and both sexes there remained only famine, exposure, and destitution. The accounts of this shocking exodus aroused the humane feelings of all Europe, and called forth a universal condemnation of the delays which the Russians were interposing in the way of the armistice, multiplying horrors like these in order that further military advantages might be seized before the cessation of hostilities.

The Turks at last abandoned Adrianople on the approach of the enemy, as they had before abandoned Sophia and Ichtiman. Suleiman Pasha, who had delayed too long at Philippopolis, had to fall back over the mountains to the coast, to be thence transported by sea to Constantinople. It was stated that the capital would be defended to the last; but after the manner in which other towns had lately been surrendered without a struggle, it was impossible to believe that much determination would be shown even in front of the capital. The Porte was now reduced to the depths of despair on witnessing the utter misery to which the population was subjected, the loss of heart in the army, and the difficulties which seemed to lie in the way of an armistice. Orders were sent to the commissioners who had gone to treat at the Russian headquarters to consent to any conditions, so that the war might cease; but even this unconditional surrender did not immediately produce the conclusion of negotiations. The Grand Duke Nicholas moved his headquarters from Kesanlik to Adrianople while things were still unsettled, taking the Turkish plenipotentiaries with him. Every day the prostration of the Turkish empire was becoming more and more profound; and every day the terms, suited to the deterio-

rating condition of Turkish affairs, seemed to grow heavier. Russia had certainly violated the spirit, if not the letter, of the assurances of a speedy peace which she had given to Great Britain.

At length it was known that on the 31st January of this year an armistice had been signed, after bases for a treaty of peace had been agreed upon. These terms were quite as hard for Turkey, as, from the conduct of her enemy, had been, or could have been anticipated. As communicated by the English Ministry to the Parliament, they were as follows :—

“CONSTANTINOPLE, Feb. 7, 1878.

“The armistice contains Ten Articles. It is concluded between Russia, Servia, Roumania, and Turkey.

“1. A notice of three days must be given before a resumption of hostilities takes place. The armistice is to be communicated to Montenegro by Russia.

“2. Restoration of the guns and territory taken after the signature.

“3. Gives the details of line of demarcation and neutral zone for Turkey, Russia, and Servia, placing in Russian hands almost all Bulgaria, Roumelia, and Thrace up to the lines of Constantinople and Gallipoli. Fortifications are not to be retained on the neutral territory, and no new ones are to be raised there. A joint commission will determine the line of demarcation for Servia and Montenegro. The Russians to occupy Bourgas and Midia, on the Black Sea, in order to obtain supplies, but no war material.

“4. Armies beyond line of demarcation to be withdrawn within three days of signature of armistice.

“5. The Turks may remove arms, &c., to places and by routes defined, on evacuating the fortifications mentioned in Article 3. If they cannot be removed, an inventory of them is to be taken. The evacuation is to be complete within seven days after the receipt of orders by the commanders.

“6. Sulina is to be evacuated within three days by the Turkish troops and

ships of war unless prevented by ice. The Russians will remove the obstacles in the Danube and will superintend the navigation of the river.

“7. The railways to continue to work under certain conditions.

“8. Turkish authorities to remain in certain places.

“9. Black Sea blockade to be raised.

“10. Wounded Turkish soldiers to remain under the care of Russia.

“The armistice commenced at seven P.M. on the 31st of January.

“The Turks have commenced the withdrawal of guns from the Constantinople lines.

“The Russian and Turkish commanders on the spot are to settle matters relating to the armistice in Armenia.”

The bases of peace, to which the Turkish plenipotentiaries were required to agree before any armistice could be signed, are now subjoined. These bases, we may hope, are the indications of the wishes only of Russia. Effect will be given to them not by the consent of Russia and Turkey alone, but by the consent of all the Powers which signed the Treaty of Paris. They show, however, what will be the result of the war, provided that Russia can have her will. They are five in number, viz :—

“I. Bulgaria, in limits determined by the majority of the Bulgarian population, which shall in no case be less than those indicated by the Constantinople Conference, shall be formed into an autonomous tributary principality, with a national Christian Government and a native militia. The Ottoman army shall no longer remain in it, except at some points to be decided upon by common agreement.

“II. The independence of Montenegro shall be recognised. An increase of territory equivalent to that which the fortune of arms has placed in her hands shall be secured to her. The definitive frontier shall be fixed subsequently.

“III. The independence of Rouma-

nia and Servia shall be recognised. An adequate territorial compensation shall be secured to the former, and rectification of frontier to the latter.

"IV. An autonomous administration, with adequate guarantees, shall be granted to Bosnia and Herzegovina. Similar reforms shall be introduced into the other Christian provinces of Turkey in Europe.

"V. The Porte shall agree to compensate Russia for the expenses of the war, and for the losses which she has been compelled to incur. The nature, whether pecuniary, territorial, or otherwise, of this indemnity shall be settled hereafter. His Majesty the Sultan shall agree to come to an understanding with the Emperor of Russia for the protection of the rights and interests of Russia in the Straits of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles."

It is expected that a Conference will assemble at an early date to consider how a settlement of the affairs of Turkey may most conveniently be made; but as it is to be earnestly hoped that the discussions of the Conference will lead to nothing more warlike than political disputes, they scarcely come within the scope of the present paper, which aims simply at giving a connected retrospect of the campaigns.

The Russo-Turkish war does not properly include the magnanimous outbreak made by Greece in Feb-

ruary, because that people did not get into motion until after the war was virtually at an end. They entered Thessaly, and excited an insurrection there; whereupon the Porte, having its fleet disposable by its convention with Russia, despatched some ships to the Piræus and Volo. The chivalrous Greeks, it seems, had made sure, before they acted, that Turkey was incapable of striking a blow of any kind. A general consternation was said to prevail at Athens when the coming of the ships was understood. It was all very well to carry fire and sword into Turkey; but dreadful to think that Turkey should presume to lay a finger upon Greece! The Greek invaders of Thessaly were immediately recalled, and this cowardly, contemptible nation escaped the just reward of its baseness.

We refrain, at present, from making reflections on the strategy, the conduct, or the objects of the war, having already written at considerable length. In a future paper, perhaps, these things may profitably be considered. For there is much to be learned from the contest. Everybody, except the Turk, will, we fancy, obtain new and valuable ideas from this Storm in the East.

ENGLAND AND RUSSIA.

SINCE the meeting of Parliament the march of events has been rapid enough to take one's breath away. At that date it seemed to us of the first importance that England should be united and prepared. She proved herself at the outset to be neither the one nor the other. However unsatisfactory the debates on the Address might have been, displaying as they did the greatest reluctance on the part of the Opposition to accord to the foreign policy of their own Government any support, it was as nothing to what subsequently occurred. The Russians advanced in considerable force to Constantinople, Gallipoli, the shores of the Ægean, and the Sea of Marmora; and the country found with dismay that the Cabinet itself was divided; that the Liberals were organising public meetings in all directions to thwart their own Government and encourage Russia; and that the chaotic sentiments of the nation were faithfully reflected in the irresolute and contradictory movements of the fleet. And since that time the forces of the Czar, without any infringement of the letter of their engagements, but, as it seems to us, in complete violation of their spirit and meaning, have not merely laid the whole of European Turkey prostrate at their feet—that territory in respect of which they desire no annexation, and aim at no aggrandisement—but they have placed Gallipoli and Constantinople in such a position as to lie ready to their grasp the moment either the march of events, or altered circumstances, or a desire to ameliorate Christians, render their reduction into possession desirable. The British fleet, moreover, was for a time excluded from the Dardanelles, and has at

last anchored near Constantinople, under protest from Turkey. Except for the arrival of the fleet, so long delayed, Russia has the whole substance of the thing in dispute, with all the British interests annexed and incident thereto, fairly in her clutches. With the Ottoman Government submissive in all respects to her will, she may or may not present their mutual engagements for the definitive sanction of the Powers. Even if she does, she knows the value of a *fait accompli*, the truth of the maxim *beati possidentes*. Facts are stubborn things for even a Congress to struggle with. Diplomacy may possibly again reveal the organised impotence of Europe in the presence of force and fraud. It is little consolation to reflect that one item of the month's events is that the Liberal party in England, which has so powerfully contributed to the effacement of its country, has also succeeded in completely effacing itself. It is absolutely routed, and not a moment too soon for the safety of the nation.

The present position of affairs is so extremely critical, and, to the eye of any remaining adherent of Palmerstonian policy, so disastrous, that it is desirable to reconsider what it is we are aiming at, and at what point short of the sources of the Nile we intend to adopt an attitude of defence and determination. What is conditional neutrality? For ourselves, we were amply satisfied with that "charter of our policy" which was announced last May. In the events which have happened, the cardinal points of that charter were Constantinople, the navigation of the Straits—the Dardanelles. When the Russian forces were making considerable ad-

vances in that direction, and information regarding negotiations were being withheld, the British fleet was ordered by a large majority of the Cabinet into Turkish waters to take care of British interests in the Straits, and to keep the water-way open. The conditions of peace, or what Count Schouvaloff was pleased to represent as such, were then first revealed; and as these furnished the basis of an armistice, the fleet was recalled. But the vote of credit, notice of which was given contemporaneously with the despatch of the fleet, was persisted in.

All the Cabinet agreed, at the date of the Queen's Speech, that the conditions of neutrality had not been infringed. But, nevertheless, differences had already arisen with regard to measures of precaution, and Lord Carnarvon had tendered his first resignation. The differences appear to be, that while in one view our duty was to guard by active measures of precaution against our interests being attacked and our conditions violated; in the other, our duty was to wait till the war was over, and, in concert with Europe, uphold those conditions as European interests.

Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon both resigned rather than sanction the movement of the fleet, on the ground that whilst the armistice was unsigned and military operations continued, such movement would encourage Turkey, and be a defiance to Russia, tending towards war. (See Lord Derby's speech, 'Times,' Feb. 9.) On the withdrawal of the fleet, Lord Derby returned to his office. And no doubt it is of very great importance that the Minister who has personally conducted all the complicated negotiations of the last three years should remain at his post. Unless a serious and unconquerable divergence of opinion arises, it is little

short of a calamity that the Foreign Minister should be changed at a moment like this. When the Coalition Cabinet fell, every one of the three statesmen to whom the Queen applied to form a Ministry made it a condition that Lord Clarendon should retain the direction of foreign affairs. And so at the present time, though most of us approved the more decided and spirited conduct of the majority of the Cabinet, it was a relief to the whole country to find that Lord Derby's resignation was cancelled.

But it is of no use closing our eyes to the significance of that step. It means that Lord Derby's policy temporarily gained the day; and that has not been a policy of vigour, though we hope it may yet prove adequate to the occasion. What is the Government view of conditional neutrality? According to Lord Beaconsfield, the despatch of last May did not consist only in words. "Though we wished," he added, "to preserve neutrality, we were bound to do our best to maintain the interests so defined." And his mode of carrying out that policy was to send the fleet into Turkish waters to vindicate those interests. If neutrality forbade the vindication of these interests, then, says the Premier, "I am no longer in favour of neutrality, but in favour of the interests of the country and the honour of the Sovereign." To the same effect spoke Lord Salisbury: "I know," he said, on January 17th, "that the wave of war is approaching closely to the localities with which our interests are connected;" and therefore the Government must be intrusted with "the proper means for efficiently performing its great duty." On the 25th January, immediately after the despatch of the fleet, the proposed conditions of peace were made known by Count

Schouvaloff to the British Government. They contained not a syllable about the further advance of Russian troops; and thereupon the fleet was recalled, Count Schouvaloff repeating Prince Gortschakoff's assurance that "we do not intend to settle by ourselves (*isolément*) European questions having reference to the peace which is to be made" (*se rattachant à la paix*). The proposed conditions, as they were received from Mr Layard the next day, included the "military occupation of certain portions of the empire not yet defined, by way of guarantee;" and we now know what that expression portended. Few will now dispute the correctness of Mr Layard's remark: "It is scarcely necessary to say this amounts to the destruction of the Turkish empire in Europe." There cannot be a doubt, we think, that whatever reasons, based on our policy of conditional neutrality, existed for despatching the fleet on the 23d, remained in full force on receipt of this communication from Mr Layard on the 26th, the day after its recall, if any measures of precaution were ever to be taken. But the view of conditional neutrality finally adopted by the Cabinet, precluded measures of precaution so long as Turkey was in arms. It must be remembered that previously to the 23d, the British Government, when asked by Prince Gortschakoff to specify more clearly the English interests which might be affected by the eventualities of the war, had replied "that any operations tending to place the Dardanelles under the control of Russia would be an impediment to the proper consideration of the terms of the final settlement between Russia and Turkey." They had also called for and received from the Imperial Cabinet an assurance that no military operations should be directed

upon Gallipoli, unless the Turkish regular troops should be concentrated there. They had also learnt, according to reports received from the Russian Government between the despatch and recall of the fleet, that Turkish troops were being directed on Gallipoli, and that a Russian corps of observation had been sent in that direction.

The sole difference between the circumstances as they existed on the 23d and those of the 25th were, that in the one case there was no definite or official knowledge that any armistice at all was in course of completion; and in the other, its terms, so far as they were known, appeared to be satisfactory—though only the day after, it turned out that they placed Turkey, and such British interests as are dependent for their protection on the continuance of existing arrangements, entirely at the mercy of Russia, subject to the future control of a Congress, whatever that might be worth. It appears to us that the recall of the fleet and the return of Lord Derby to office indicated the adoption of a view regarding conditional neutrality the least likely to check Russian advances; a view which obliged us to take at a later date, and under less favourable circumstances, the very step which was objected to and retraced as soon as taken. A divided Cabinet, a divided Parliament, and a divided nation, cannot act with vigour, promptitude, and resolution. Whatever the feeling may be now that it is too late, the tone, on the part of a considerable portion of the country, was one of resistance to the first action of the Cabinet. Most of us regret it now. But the effect of division at home was powerfully aided at the critical moment by the duplicity of Russian assurances, and the result is one of which none of us can be proud.

No blame attaches to the Prime Minister and the rest of the Cabinet who stood by him. But it is useless to discuss bygones. The question is, What is that conditional neutrality to which we are all of us pledged? Certainly we have none of us "looked with indifference" upon recent events, and in that point of view we have been true to our conditions. But in all other respects it would be difficult to distinguish between conditional neutrality and one which is absolute and complete. Though peace is not yet concluded, the war is practically over. Constantinople and Gallipoli are under the control of Russia, the Straits are menaced, and the British fleet was for a time refused admission into waters in the neighbourhood of which all hostilities had ceased, and nothing was in jeopardy but British and European interests.

Under these circumstances we must fall back upon the latest despatches of the Government, and on the speeches of Lord Derby since his return to office, in order to discover the official authorised view of conditional neutrality, and its application to the circumstances which have arisen. The Cabinet, since the rout and total disorganisation of the Liberals, is so completely master of the situation, that whatever policy it adopts the nation must follow. It is the only possible Government, and its future course must be estimated by reference to its proceedings since the 25th and 26th of last month. There are no actual belligerents between whom we can adopt a policy of any kind of neutrality. We have to deal as principals with Russia, or with Russia and Turkey combined. It is very difficult indeed to discuss any alternative course to that which we adopted, or to estimate its probable consequences—and it would

be a useless task. A war single-handed, for the purpose of insisting upon any arrangement which might prove to be as short-lived as that of the Treaty of Paris, would not have been worth the while: to fight a second time against destiny, and postpone it for twenty years, is not worthy of a wise nation. But it is obvious that, as between Russian force and fraud on the one hand, and the European concert on the other, the advantages preponderate in favour of the former. Swiftly and stealthily has Russia advanced to seize upon her prey. She has wrung the neck of Turkish power against the will of both Austria and England, and under their very noses. She, as far as appears, is the only Power which has a clear idea of what she wishes, and she is prepared to make every sacrifice for attaining her ends. While the others talk vaguely about their "interests," and object to detailed programmes, she steadily accomplishes her designs. There does not appear to be any joint scheme on foot among the other Powers for the maintenance of European interests, for securing the Straits, or for providing the means of replacing Turkish government in such a manner as may preclude war. A Conference may develop more differences than it can settle. Yet British interests are now in all cases declared to be European interests, for which we will contend, provided Europe takes her share of the burden. Although we should have applauded the occupation of Gallipoli, and the taking naval possession of the Straits the moment Russia passed Adrianople, we are not prepared to condemn the more prudent and cautious policy, notwithstanding that we did not expect it. A war between England and Russia alone is somewhat like a battle between a horse and a fish; but still we should have preferred to go to

the Conference with some part of the subject of controversy excepted from the grasp or immediate menace of Russia.

However, what says the Government? Lord Derby, on the 5th February, in reply to Lord Airlie, pointed out very distinctly that the permanent acquisition of Constantinople by Russia would be regarded by her Majesty's Government as a *casus belli*. But then a *casus belli* is, as we all know, a legitimate occasion for war, provided we are so disposed. Consequently, that is not a very definite statement. But he emphatically objected to "England taking upon herself, in an isolated manner, a duty which devolves upon the whole of Europe, and the performance of which should be shared by all the Powers." He was convinced that the Conference would show that we were not isolated. With regard to the temporary military occupation of Constantinople, that, he said, must be regarded as an operation of war, and England had warned Russia very earnestly that it was a step calculated to produce unfriendly relations, complications, and difficulties. In answer to Lord De La Warr, the Foreign Secretary pointed out that another reason for drawing a distinction between temporary and permanent occupation was the impolicy of enabling the Turks to drive us into war by leaving Constantinople open to Russian occupation. Consequently, in the charter of our policy, the political act of permanent acquisition was referred to, and not the military act of temporary occupation. On the eve of the armistice, however, the latter was strongly deprecated,—first, because of the impetus it would give to warlike feeling in England; secondly, it would stimulate a civil war of races in the city itself; and, thirdly, it would place Russia in a

position of undue advantage with respect to the final peace. No doubt, owing to these representations, Gallipoli and Constantinople were not occupied, although both are practically under the power and within the grasp of the Russians, and the terms of the bases of peace are described by Mr Layard as involving the absolute destruction of the Turkish empire. But that destruction must have all along been within the contemplation of those whose view of the application of conditional neutrality has finally prevailed. And it must also be taken to be the dominant policy that all the future arrangements, including those which concern British interests, which in all cases are European and not exclusive in their character, should be referred to the wisdom of the Congress. We have ourselves, no doubt, been strongly on the side of a pacific solution of these difficulties, but we were not prepared to see Russia in exclusive and undisturbed possession of the whole subject of controversy. But it must be remembered that the Government stand in official relation to all the facts; that they are convinced that in the Congress they will not be isolated; that these interests concern France, Italy, and Germany nearly as much as ourselves, and Austria much more so; and that the concert of Europe will be prevented, and allies will not be forthcoming, if England is hasty in assuming the character of a belligerent.

On the first night of the Session the Chancellor of the Exchequer described our policy of conditional neutrality as follows:—

"We are not anxious to place ourselves on a footing different from that of other nations, or to separate ourselves from the European concert. . . . Since Russia went to war, we have occupied a position precisely similar to that of all the other Powers who

took no part in the war. The language which has been used by the other Powers has been very similar to that used by ourselves. The Austrian Government explicitly declared their neutrality to be conditional, but they reserved to themselves 'full liberty of action for the protection of Austrian interests.' That is exactly the position of England."

What may have been the consequences of this absolute neutrality, and of the indecision both of Parliament and the country when the Prime Minister insisted upon a more vigorous course, is known only to those who shape the resolves of the Russian Government. The immediate effect of that course was that Russia partially laid aside for a time her reserve, and communicated what she was pleased to call the conditions. Notwithstanding that an armistice was signed, the fleet being recalled, her troops advanced, and considerable alarm and excitement were produced here as well as in Stamboul. The result was, that suddenly, and without suspicion on the part of any of the Powers, Russia was found to be master of Constantinople. It was deemed a satisfactory explanation that this was in pursuance and not in contravention of the terms of the armistice. And thereupon a portion of the British fleet was again ordered in the direction of the capital. It was explained that this was to afford protection to British subjects and British interests in that city, and to avoid the responsibility "of leaving undefended those whom we are bound to protect, and whom it is in our power to protect without difficulty or risk." The distinction between this order to the fleet and that which was given in January was, that "there was now no Turkish resistance to encourage, and there were no military operations in which we should seem to be taking part."

So far from a policy of conditional neutrality being one which never contemplated any limits to non-intervention, Lord Derby carefully explained that it did. "In fact, if we had intended war, it would have been not merely impolicy but madness to wait until the forces of Turkey were crushed in order to enter upon it." It seems to us that the sudden and total collapse of Turkish resistance took England and Austria utterly by surprise; and both countries, in order to avoid immediate war, somewhat altered their position. To quote again from Lord Derby: "The great issues of the war are to be referred to European decision. The crisis is not over; far from it. The circumstances may yet be more difficult and more grave; but matters have passed into a new phase."

The onward course of Russian victory, and the altered bearing of Turkey, have, no doubt, wounded the *amour propre* of this country, and quickened its determination to vindicate its rights. But we are disposed to believe that, having regard to all the difficulties of the position, if, and so long as, the waterway is kept open from the Black Sea to the mouth of the Dardanelles, the wisest course to take was to refer matters to the decision of a Congress. It is not a case for isolated interference, as matters have turned out. It is difficult to see how, if England commands the Black Sea, and Austria and Roumania command the land communications, Russia can consolidate her victories, or be in a position to make good her pretensions against the Powers, provided their indecision and disunion do not again reveal their impotence.

The complete collapse of Turkey, and the indecision of Parliament—the whole Liberal party, through their leader, condemning on the first night of the Session any mea-

asures of precaution, or any vote of credit for that purpose, as disingenuous to England and cruel to Turkey—practically left the Government no other alternative than that which they took. And if there had been less indecision with regard to the movements of the fleet, the course of the Government would probably have received a very general approval. That the fleet should have been anchored off Constantinople as soon as the Russians advanced southward from Adrianople, would seem to have been consistent with the previous course of our diplomacy. Three days before the 31st July—the day on which the Russians received their disabling blow at Plevna—her Majesty's Government began to raise the question of sending the British fleet to Constantinople, "and thus afford protection to the European population against internal disturbance." Three days after the fall of Plevna—viz., on 13th December—the temporary occupation by Russia of Constantinople or of the Dardanelles was strongly deprecated by Lord Derby; its imminence would call for measures of precaution—it might seriously endanger the good relations between the two countries. A month later, on the 13th January, the question of Gallipoli was raised.

On the 15th, two days after Parliament met, in order to avoid any possible misconception, Prince Gortschakoff was informed "that, in the opinion of her Majesty's Government, any treaty concluded between the Government of Russia and the Porte affecting the treaties of 1856 and 1871 must be a European treaty, and would not be valid without the assent of the Powers who were parties to those treaties." Austria apparently took a similar course; and this seems to be the policy

to which we now stand committed, in lieu of any active intervention on behalf of British interests—viz., to call for a European revision of the existing treaties, indicating at the same time by our preparations a firm intention of taking part in any active measures to which it may be necessary to resort in case Europe should be found to have a will and a voice, and Russia should be reluctant to defer to them. Parliament did not appear to sanction a more energetic course; and it seems that one of Lord Derby's first acts on his return to office was to repeat this intimation to the Russian Government, and to invite the Cabinets of Paris, Vienna, Berlin, and Rome to concur in that view. Various intermediate assurances were received from Prince Gortschakoff in regard to their future military movements; but we have before referred to them, and as they are either expressed or implied to be dependent for their observance on the march of events, we do not attach the slightest value to them. The wave of war has rolled up to the localities in which our interests are involved, and has undoubtedly threatened to submerge them. In lieu of immediate war in their defence, we assent to a Congress, and refuse to recognise any alteration of existing treaties without the consent of the signatory Powers—a position, of course, which is, in a diplomatic point of view, perfectly impregnable. Prince Gortschakoff does not, however, quite accede to this view. He says that "questions bearing on European interests,"—which is substituting a vague for a perfectly definite expression,—“will be concerted with the European Powers;” and further, that the bases of peace necessary before an armistice could be concluded were not definitive as they regarded Europe. What are

questions bearing upon European interests remains to be seen. Meanwhile Prince Gortschakoff has admitted the question of the Straits to be a European question, though it is not at all clear whether he regards it as one which may be prejudiced or seriously affected by a separate understanding between himself and Turkey.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer's speech on the 29th January, in proposing the vote of credit, was exactly in accordance with this altered view of our position; and, in fact, he was frequently reproached with basing his request for a vote of credit, not on the measures of precaution which were originally mentioned, but on the necessity of strengthening the hands of the Government at the Congress. At that time there was still the unaccountable delay in regard either to the signature of the armistice or in making known its terms. But with respect to the conditions of peace, the Minister was at pains to point out that they "involved and must raise questions that will be wider than those merely affecting the interests of the two belligerents," and vindicated the "necessity for European concert and concord." He insisted that "arrangements for the navigation of the Straits are not matters of British interest only; they are of European interest." He pointed to the difficulty that, if Russia and Turkey came to any agreement with regard to the question of the Straits, or any other matter of considerable importance, the agreement between those Powers, and the territorial and strategic arrangements which would be made upon that agreement, might give Russia such a voice in the council that no other voice could have a chance of being heard. He explained that the fleet was withdrawn under the erroneous impres-

sion that the question of the Straits would be decided between the Congress and the Emperor, instead of between the Sultan and the Emperor; and that as the armistice was on the point of being signed, there would be no further advance of the Russians on Constantinople. It was supposed that everything had been settled, subject to the decision of the Congress. And it remained for England to go into Conference with the strength of a united nation, and therefore the vote of credit was called for.

In other words, the speech indicated that our neutrality was absolute until the armistice was signed, and that then our policy was to put our case strongly before the Congress. Even party passion must now admit that all the accusations during the last eighteen months of the Cabinet being eager to go to war, were absolutely false, and that at the critical moment an interpretation had been put on "conditional neutrality" which precluded intervention till Turkey had laid down her arms, submitted to Russian conditions, and probably embraced a Russian alliance. The Government asked for six millions in order to strengthen their diplomacy, and as a measure of peace. It was at this stage that the Liberal party came on the scene and made their contribution to the national counsels. One would have thought they had no reason to be dissatisfied with the turn which things had taken; and that, limiting their forethought to the immediate future, their leaders would have seen the impolicy of taking any step which they would have to retrace within a week. They were asked to prove that England was united; they forthwith shattered their party. Their duty was to strengthen the Government; in trying to weaken it they paralysed themselves.

Mr Gladstone went down to Ox-

ford, and, critical as the situation was, revelled in recrimination, and pledged himself to obstruction. The Ministry, he said, for eighteen months had not merely harassed the country, but had done so with an unworthy motive—the desire of staying reform at home by substituting the consideration of external subjects. At one moment all the warring winds of heaven were shut up in the Cabinet, till it burst, producing fluctuations of policy which kept the country in a fever; at another moment the Prime Minister was the real inspirer of the Government policy, his colleagues being all ciphers—his will surmounting all opposition. He lamented that the great deliverance in Turkey—“the greatest deliverance ever wrought by a single stroke in the history of Europe”—had not been effected by England. The Government policy had been to maintain the independence and integrity of the Ottoman empire. But he, without Cabinet, departments, secretaries, ambassadors, and majorities in the two Houses, had overruled that policy by his speeches and his letters, which, God helping him, he would continue to supply. Still, he had not got to the root of the mischief. The proof of that was in the proposed vote of £6,000,000. “Your liberties are gone!” he exclaimed. “If money may be voted without proof of its necessity, the Government can be controlled no longer. To vote this money would be to encourage the Turks to prolong the war.” Fore-stalling the canard in the ‘Daily News,’ he inveighed against Mr Layard, and sundry unofficial communications which passed, he said, with Musurus Pasha. The conditions of neutrality had all been observed except by ourselves, who had committed an act of war by sending the fleet into forbidden waters. He

promised an earnest and strong resistance from the Liberal party. “Stand by you who may, they will.” But the Tories, “being utterly impervious to what we call reason,” he feared would carry it. If the Irish abstained, the people of England, Scotland, and Wales were strong enough without them, and electioneering agents throughout the country would compel the resistance of their representatives. At the Palmerston Club he vehemently declared that the policy of the Government had done all that could be done to sow in the minds of 80 millions of Russians distrust and resentment towards England. The inhabitants of Turkey also, both Christian and Mohammedan, regarded us with similar feelings. He entreated his audience to avoid the scandal and guilt of interference with the work which was being accomplished.

This was a demonstration in support of an amendment promised by Mr Forster, refusing the supplies as unnecessary, simply because no information had, up to that time, been received justifying a departure from neutrality. It is not very wonderful that the party fell to pieces over their amendment. Mr Gladstone and his followers, who compose one moiety of it, represent a policy of peace at any price, or of co-operation with Russia. Lord Hartington and his moiety of the party are in favour of setting certain limits to our neutrality; but in this amendment committed the incredible blunder of staking their foresight against that of the Government, the latter having all the advantage of official information. With their principles and their view of policy, they ought to have thrown the responsibility on the Government. Acting as they did, they had to retrace their steps in less than a week, with the result that,

besides weakening their party, they have discredited their own political judgment; they have forced themselves to share the Government responsibility, both of sending the fleet to Constantinople and of calling for this vote. And they compelled themselves to do this after using in debate terms of most reckless condemnation of the proposal of which, at the last moment, they shrank from questioning by their votes either the necessity or the propriety. It was their first attempt to set up for themselves, in reference to this Eastern Question; and the result will hardly tempt them to a second effort. Their speeches serve to show that their forethought will not carry them to the end of a week; that they run away from their own policy; and that their acts contradict their most solemn declarations. Their own followers hooted them on the eve of the division; they occupied night after night in debating, and contributed nothing whatever to the better understanding of this question. They wanted peace; they confessed that every night the debate went on they were stimulating war. They began the debate confiding in Russia; they ended it in a panic.

Mr Forster, in moving his ill-fated amendment, argued that the Government had shown no necessity for the money; that the House in parting with its control lost "one of its dearest and most valuable privileges;" that the estimate on the face of it was a sham estimate; that the terms of Russia were not unsatisfactory, but were the logical result of conquest; and that we must put up with the natural consequences of our neutrality. The idea of granting £6,000,000 would not have occurred to anybody but the Prime Minister, and was on a par with his belief that Russian encroachments in Asia could be

checked by an empty title. The Government's conduct had been such that it was astonishing they should ask even their own supporters for a vote of confidence. The vote would be inevitably interpreted as an attempt to lessen the advantages and check the aspirations of the Christian populations.

Mr Forster, on the other hand, in withdrawing his ill-fated amendment, was convinced that the Russian Government was withholding information from our Government and from other Powers. Every hour that he kept the amendment before the country after the news of their advance (which was in pursuance of the armistice) he was increasing the strength of the war party throughout England. His special motives for proposing it were: the fear that the vote would endanger our neutrality; its unprecedented and unconstitutional character; that the Government would make a bad use at the Conference of the influence derived from the vote—viz., would minimise the terms to be obtained by the Christians. All those objections had vanished, except the objections on the score of precedent and constitutional law; and these were outweighed by his objection to weaken the Government at the approaching Conference. Even then he gave no reasons for refusing to support the Government, though the First Lord of the Admiralty urged him, amidst derisive cheers from below the Opposition gangway, "to go a little further."

Mr Lowe fared still worse than his leader. Little dreaming that he would withdraw this amendment, and refuse to oppose the vote of credit, rather than weaken the Government, he exclaimed, "What possible reason can be given why we should support it? I for one, if you put me to torture, could not say I approve

the conduct of the Government." To grant this vote, he said, was to participate in a course of vulgarity and snobbishness. It was doing "what no gentleman could think of doing without repugnance." It was a degradation. To force it upon the House "transcended the limits allowed to a Parliamentary majority." "Not only have they no right to make us behave in a manner unbecoming a gentleman, but I do not think it is fair upon us that we should be made extremely ridiculous. I am prepared to make many sacrifices for the country—of course every one is prepared to die for it—but every one is not prepared to make himself a laughing-stock to all mankind." And further than that, the Government had "no right not only to make us vulgar and ridiculous, but to enlist our sympathies in a cause that is utterly futile." To vote money because the Government wanted its hands strengthened, passes the limits of human patience; "and they who think as I do cannot possibly agree to it." His advice was to muzzle the Premier, and go into Congress with united England at their back. Mr Goschen actually argued that the Government were stronger without the vote than with it; and in a day or two withdrew his opposition rather than weaken the Ministry.

All was to no purpose. The longer the debate went on, the more reluctant were Lord Hartington's followers to lend themselves to a course of obstruction. Mr Norwood, for instance, the Member for Hull, spoke the sentiments of many Liberals who regard the situation as too grave for proceedings of the kind before the House. He condemned the agitation which had been resorted to by the party to which he belonged, and declared that it was based upon a popular error. Considerable blame, in his opinion, at-

tached to those who encouraged the belief that there was any danger of England breaking her neutrality, or going to war on behalf of Turkey. He deprecated any attempt to prejudice the Government in the eyes of the country at a juncture like the present. No good purpose could be answered by the amendment. It could only discredit the Ministry at a difficult time, and for his part he dare not vote for it. Lord E. Fitzmaurice also protested against the spectacle of dissension before him, and added that he had been reading a great number of foreign newspapers since the debate began, and he found "that although they differed widely in political principles, they were all unanimous in looking upon the attitude of the English House of Commons and the English people fighting amongst themselves at a moment so solemn, as not only extraordinary, but undignified."

On February 7 the Government announced to both Houses of Parliament, on Mr Layard's authority, that, notwithstanding the armistice, the Russians were pushing on to Constantinople—that the Turks had evacuated Silivria, and were abandoning the lines of Tchataldja, which were thirty miles distant from Constantinople; expressly pointing out that those steps might be taken, not in contravention, but in pursuance, of the conditions of the armistice—a view which was subsequently confirmed by a telegram from Prince Gortschakoff. Mr Forster immediately declared that the aspect of affairs in the East was so changed that he should withdraw his amendment; and Lord Hartington hoped that the Speaker might at once leave the chair. Mr Fawcett pointed out that, since the debate had begun, peace had been signed, and an armistice concluded, and yet the debate had been pro-

ceeded with, though now the amendment, without the slightest notice, was given up on receipt of news which had not been confirmed. Thereupon a strong outburst of feeling was manifested on the Liberal benches against the miserable issue which had been placed before them, and a strong determination expressed of presenting a united front to the foreigner. Lord Hartington deprecated a division, and said that he and his friends would refuse to vote. Then came the telegram of Prince Gortschakoff, which was considered at the time to contradict Mr Layard; but still Mr Forster deprecated further discussion on his amendment, because "circumstances were very considerably changed," while, at the same time, he hinted that it was inconsistent on the part of the Government still to ask for the money, as the war had ceased. Mr Gladstone said, that if Mr Layard was not right, he was tremendously wrong; "but if he is right, then the position and attitude in which the House approaches this subject are immensely changed." A general cry for an adjournment was raised, which Lord Hartington supported, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer refused, pointing out that events were always happening, and rumours were always arising. The discussion accordingly proceeded, Mr Walter saying that, after an experience of nearly thirty years, he could truly say he had never listened to a debate which had given him so much pain. As Sir Stafford Northcote pointed out, the subject which ought to have been discussed was the general policy of the country.

On the 8th of February the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced the terms of the armistice to the House, and the establishment of a neutral zone, including the lines of Tchekmedjia, which protect Con-

stantinople, but which were being evacuated by the Turks. He added that a portion of the British fleet had been sent to Constantinople "to protect the lives of British subjects." Thereupon the vote was passed by a majority of 204; even Mr Gladstone, who opposed it, admitting that there were British interests which must be supported.

The debate for all practical purposes was thoroughly worthless. The 'Times' said it was one which marked an epoch in our history, and which our children's children would look back upon as a crisis or turning-point in our national life; but what is it which the 'Times' will not say in regard to the Eastern Question? The personalities were somewhat brisk, but below the usually high standard of parliamentary taste and temper. Mr Hardy's speech was far the most spirited in the debate. It expressed the determination of the country, and rejected, with becoming indignation, the insidious advances of Mr Gladstone. His challenge to the Opposition to advance in the House the baseless charges that so many of its members had bruited in the country, gave the first check to the "lying spirit" that has been productive of so much political mischief during the past few months. The Ministers, every one must now admit, had been most falsely accused and most outrageously vilified, and if they repelled the accusations against them with more than ordinary warmth, it was the natural result of unscrupulous opposition. The frankness with which the Secretary of State for War faced the difficulties of the situation, and the firm tones in which he vindicated the necessity for the country being placed in such a position as would secure for it the exercise of its proper influence in any coming negotiations, are among the most reassuring signs that the

Ministry has shown. Mr Hardy clearly spoke the voice of the country, and was responded to everywhere, and most immediately by the vote in the House. Mr Trevelyan had only himself to thank when he found members complaining that the issue whether he was a liar and a coward was unworthy of the notice of the House. It was time to teach aspiring members of Opposition that the tongue is an unruly member, set on fire in a particular quarter for purposes of discord. But Mr Gladstone's was the most remarkable oration. Notwithstanding his eighteen months of incessant hostility to the Government, and his display less than a week before at Oxford, he professed himself anxious to devise an understanding with the Ministry, and contribute "towards the tranquil and concordant settlement of this great question." He must perfectly well have known that the Ministry could not without dishonour enter into any understanding with him, and the display was as ineffective for that purpose as it was paradoxical and egotistic.

However, this speech was of importance in one respect, that it was the first time that we have been favoured with Mr Gladstone's views of British interests. We are glad to see they include the free navigation of the Danube, the retention by Roumania of Bessarabia, leniency to Turkey, so far as it does not mean cruelty to Turkish subjects. No opposition, however, is, according to him, to be offered to Russia in a hostile manner, "because I deprecate, until a real necessity comes into view, even the remotest association of friendly discussion with the rumour of arms." With regard to the Straits and Constantinople, the Government should be content to act in concert with the rest of Europe. And they might also befriend the Hellenic

provinces. In fact, when Mr Gladstone recapitulated points of agreement between himself and the Ministry, he began to discover, what has been clear throughout, that there never has been any practical issue or difference to lay before the country, except that between his own Russophile followers and the equally wrong-headed alarmists who thirst for a general war and proclaim the dangers of universal spoliation. The mass of reasonable Englishmen on both sides in politics are fairly agreed, and have been so throughout these prolonged discussions. It is the newspapers and the agitators who cannot live without burning questions to discuss, and who must manufacture them if they do not arise spontaneously. The only time when a real question of policy had to be discussed and decided, was before public attention was really called to the subject, — viz., whether we should uphold the Turkish empire by force of arms or decline to renew that burden. From the moment that that question was decided in favour of neutrality, and of leaving the Turks to defend themselves, the path of international duty was clear, — viz., to stand by our treaties, avoid entangling engagements, discourage war, facilitate negotiations for peace, uphold British interests—which in all cases are European interests—and favour a durable settlement, one which might be as beneficial to the subject-races and as effective in drying up the causes of disturbance as possible. The differences which have arisen have been mostly in respect of details, and theories, and sentiments which have not affected the ultimate purpose in view, though they have expanded, in the case of easily-excited natures, into two opposite tendencies,—one towards war against the Turks, the

other towards war against Russia; in the former case, to expel a nation—in the latter, to indulge a spirit of general combativeness. Mr Gladstone was anxious to bury past controversies—and well he might be. They have been a most important part of the Eastern Question, although they have drawn from our own party spirit and party conflicts nearly all their aliment and vigour. Their consequences have been momentous. They certainly forced the hand of diplomacy; and, by prematurely disclosing the neutrality of this country, removed the last restraint upon Russian ambition and aggression. They all centred round one point, the presumed intention of Lord Beaconsfield, because he held suitable language to Russia, to plunge this country into the war threatened or raging in South-Eastern Europe. That war has now ceased, and nothing can be clearer than that the firm intention of the Government was exactly the other way—viz., to keep us out of it. And probably nothing has contributed more efficiently to that end than the firm and uncompromising attitude which Lord Beaconsfield has preserved in regard to the interests of this country. It has satisfied England, and influenced Russia. The former was quite as important a consideration as the latter. Had the Prime Minister repeated the hesitation and vacillation of Lord Aberdeen, the storm of passion which it would have aroused would probably have rendered war inevitable. The opponents of the vote of credit wisely shrank from that stimulus to the war spirit of this country which they unwittingly produced. Statesmanship on this occasion has anticipated and intercepted popular commotion, and the result thus far is peace. Foreign affairs have been regulated by the Cabinet, and

not by the voice of agitators, who have been invariably silenced when they have met the Ministers face to face in Parliament. If Mr Gladstone's agitations had in any way conduced to the maintenance of peace, we would willingly give him all credit. But in our view they are much more responsible for the war which actually raged than for English abstention from it. It was the forcing the hand of diplomacy which produced the war; the successful maintenance of neutrality, and, as we still hope, of the conditions upon which it was based, is due entirely to the Government. It remains to be seen what is the result of recent vacillations, and of the revelation of those inopportune divisions for which Mr Gladstone is so largely responsible. The result of the recent manoeuvres of Opposition has been, to rouse the determination of the English people; and public support has rallied round Lord Beaconsfield at the most critical moment of all—and, we hope and believe, before it is too late. It is the spirit and sagacity of the Prime Minister which have raised us from absolute contumely and contempt; and we hope that the resolute measures which he has at last been enabled to adopt will successfully ward off a useless and unnecessary war, which nothing but a passion for turning the cheek to the smiter would ever bring down upon us.

There is not an Englishman, unblinded by party passion, who is not convinced that, with the Russians at Constantinople, the British fleet must be at the Bosphorus. For ourselves, we regret that it was not there long before the Russians reached the lines of Tchekmedjia, and before the Porte would have dreamed of protesting against the Dardanelles being entered. We have seen no adequate explanation of the

broad distinction which was drawn between the movement of the fleet before and after the signature of the armistice. Both in the negotiations, in the terms, and in the manner in which they were carried out, there was an evident intention on the part of Russia to steal a march on the Powers. The degree to which Turkey has ceased to be a free agent, and become a mere instrument in her hands, has yet to be discovered. It seems to us that the difficulties with which we have now to contend are far greater than they might have been had our interference come at a time when, without active intervention, it might have influenced the terms both of the armistice and of peace. But we are disposed to trust in the assiduous, anxious efforts of the Ministry to guide this country safely through the difficulties which lie before us. All the questions which arise are questions of relative importance; a present decision must be come to in regard to the uncertain contingencies of the future. No doubt it was of the last importance that we should not become a principal in the war which has just ceased, and an ally simply of Turkey. No doubt our right policy is to preserve the European concert, and not, if we can help it, undertake the unaided defence of interests which are European. If we press forward unduly, Europe will hang back. But while the Powers are courteously reserving for one another their several posts of duty and danger, the Russians have been pressing on; and if they, in collusion with Turkey, present a one-sided arrangement as respects the Straits to the Congress as a *fait accompli*, we shall be in an awkward position. If our fleet is in time to prevent that, and can preserve the waterway open from the *Ægean* to the Black Sea without the assistance of

a land force, British interests, come what may, will be safe enough. Lord Hartington and Mr Gladstone have both approved its despatch; and with the gracious though tardy intimation by the latter statesman that British interests, which he defined as above, are "at all times the most immediate and direct duty of the Government," the fear of disunion, in case we have to battle for the freedom of the Straits, has, we trust, vanished. Europe, however, must insist not merely that Russia foregoes for the present any exclusive domination over them, but that guarantees be provided against future encroachment or annexation in that direction whenever Christian institutions in the neighbourhood may be alleged to stand in need of improvement. The destruction of the Ottoman Parliament, and the closing of the Straits, may grace the annals of that despotism which the Liberals of England applaud for its humanity and unselfishness, but they will be an outrage upon civilisation and a dishonour to England.

The return of the fleet to Turkish waters followed upon the Russians occupying the Tchataldja lines, and the Turks withdrawing from those of Tchekmedjia. Though at first only six vessels were ordered to enter the Dardanelles, in the end Admiral Hornby was allowed to exercise his own discretion as to the strength of naval force which was suitable to the occasion. The protest of the Porte was doubtless due to Russian instigation, or in obedience to Russian commands. At the last moment the Turks desisted from forcible opposition. Prince Gortschakoff preferred a counter-demonstration. He was obliged "to contemplate the entry of a portion of his troops into Constantinople." Every one must admit that after the sudden occupation of the lines of Tcha-

taldja, and the rise of angry passion on the part of this country which that measure primarily occasioned, the Government have acted with vigour and spirit. Lord Derby immediately demanded whether Prince Gortschakoff's contemplated step was in order to protect the Christians, or as a point of military honour. He told the Turks that they could not be trusted to guard the lives and properties of British subjects, who were entitled to the protection of their own flag. And as Russia developed the plan, while regarding the British move as "of a pacific nature," of sharing in a common duty by the temporary entry of her troops into Constantinople, Lord Derby pinned her to the pacific admission, but insisted that the approach of friendly ships and the entry of a hostile army were two very different things, and that the latter was "uncalled for by any circumstances of military or other necessity." To the uncompromising tone thus adopted, and the tolerably plain intimation that any attempt to threaten the communication of the fleet by an advance on Gallipoli would be met by a declaration of war, we probably owe it that no overt act of hostility has yet been committed. The situation is still most grave: but in proportion as this country is determined, we feel sure that Russia will be prudent; or at all events, in proportion as this country shows indecision or timidity, Russia will be aggressive and defiant.

It appears that the Congress is to assemble about the middle of March, when Russia will have to reckon with the Powers. Those who have adopted a policy of neutrality must be prepared to acquiesce in its consequences, and accede to arrangements which, how-

ever distasteful, could only be disputed by those who had accepted the burden and risks of belligerents, or were willing to number themselves with the *damnosa hæreditas* of the war. Russia has acquired an immense increase of power, influence, and *prestige*.

It is all very well for Mr Gladstone and his followers to insist that England must co-operate in securing the good government of the Christians. That question, with the fall of the Turks, has passed from our hands; and much good successive Liberal Governments did with it while they had the chance! Diplomatically we may strive to prevent any political arrangements which will unduly increase Russian power in the south-east, just as Germany will strive diplomatically to keep the Straits open. No Power is willing to state its programme; each will indicate its "interests." "Were Germany," said Prince Bismarck, "now to announce her intentions at the Conference, she would simply render it impossible for herself to continue the work of mediation. In such a case, the programme announced by Germany might be adopted by others, when the peace this country wished to maintain might be imperilled. Accordingly, it would be a serious mistake to avow a programme which might be evaded by some and taken advantage of by others." In fact, Germany is not in a position to go to war with Russia, but she will mediate, and, as a broker, arrange a bargain. The chief interest of Prince Bismarck's recent speech was the declaration that Germany was specially interested, "that the Straits and waterways, like the Danube from the Black Sea upwards, be free as they have been heretofore." He declares it "certain" that this end would

be attained, "according to an official communication received from St Petersburg."

Austria, on the other hand, regards some of the stipulations of peace as calculated to produce changes in the relative position of the European Powers in the East to her detriment. It is hoped that these will be "smoothed over;" but the prospect is somewhat alarming. If difficulties of the kind which Austria fears are merely smoothed over, or if the questions which we are concerned with are merely adjourned to a season more convenient for the aggressor, the Eastern complication will be as formidable as ever. If Turkish entanglements are not to be succeeded by Anglo-Austrian ones, the Conference should provide for the permanent neutrality of the water-ways, and for the demolition of all fortifications which threaten these in the exclusive interest of any one Power, whether Turkey or Russia. The best way of settling the difficulty as to who should hold the keys, is to provide that there should be no keys to hold. The aggrandisement of Russia in other respects has not been opposed by any single Power; and

it would be madness to quarrel over the ruins of an empire, at the risk of finding a formidable work of re-organisation presented to us as the price of victory. Difficult as the entanglement is, the motives which have deterred from a general war are still as operative as ever. France and Germany have obviously no intention of fighting; Austria has had enough of war in the last twenty years; Turkey is crushed; Russia is exhausted; and Great Britain has already moved her fleet to the quarter where her interests are threatened, and her demands are backed by the whole of Europe. The chances, therefore, are strongly in favour of a pacific solution; but we trust that it will not be effected by an adjustment which will be only temporary in its character. A durable settlement is what the whole of Europe longs for; and experience shows that no settlement has a chance of lasting which contains within itself the seeds of future disturbance, and leaves forbidden fruit dangling before the eyes of an aggressor, who is constantly on the spot, and whose lust for spoliation is only for the moment checked.

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JOHN CALDIGATE.—PART I.

CHAPTER I.—FOLKING.

PERHAPS it was more the fault of Daniel Caldigate the father than of his son John Caldigate, that they two could not live together in comfort in the days of the young man's early youth. And yet it would have been much for both of them that such comfortable association should have been possible to them. Wherever the fault lay, or the chief fault—for probably there was some on both sides—the misfortune was so great as to bring crushing troubles upon each of them.

There were but the two of which to make a household. When John was fifteen, and had been about a year at Harrow, he lost his mother and his two little sisters almost at a blow. The two girls went first, and the poor mother, who had kept herself alive to see them die, followed them almost instantly. Then Daniel Caldigate had been alone.

And he was a man who knew how to live alone,—a just, hard, unsympathetic man—of whom his neighbours said, with something of implied reproach, that he bore

up strangely when he lost his wife and girls. This they said, because he was to be seen riding about the country, and because he was to be heard talking to the farmers and labourers as though nothing special had happened to him. It was rumoured of him, too, that he was as constant with his books as before; and he had been a man always constant with his books: and also, that he had never been seen to shed a tear, or been heard to speak of those who had been taken from him.

He was, in truth, a stout, self-constraining man, silent unless when he had something to say. Then he could become loud enough, or perhaps it might be said, eloquent. To his wife he had been inwardly affectionate, but outwardly almost stern. To his daughters he had been the same,—always anxious for every good thing on their behalf, but never able to make the children conscious of this anxiety. When they were taken from him, he suffered in silence, as such men do

suffer; and he suffered the more because he knew well how little of gentleness there had been in his manners with them.

But he had hoped, as he sat alone in his desolate house, that it would be different with him and his only son—with his son who was now the only thing left to him. But the son was a boy, and he had to look forward to what years might bring him rather than to present happiness from that source. When the boy came home for his holidays, the father would sometimes walk with him, and discourse on certain chosen subjects,—on the politics of the day, in regard to which Mr Caldigate was an advanced Liberal—on the abomination of the Game-laws, on the folly of Protection, on the antiquated absurdity of a State Church;—as to all which matters his son John lent him a very inattentive ear. Then the lad would escape and kill rabbits, or rats, or even take birds' nests, with a zest for such pursuits which was disgusting to the father, though he would not absolutely forbid them. Then John would be allured to go to his uncle Babington's house, where there was a pony on which he could hunt, and fishing-rods, and a lake with a boat, and three fine bouncing girl-cousins, who made much of him, and called him Jack; so that he soon preferred his uncle Babington's house, and would spend much of his holidays at Babington Hall.

Mr Caldigate was a country squire with a moderate income, living in a moderate house called Folking, in the parish of Utterden, about ten miles from Cambridge. Here he owned nearly the entire parish, and some portion of Netherden, which lay next to it, having the reputation of an income of £3000 a-year. It probably amounted to about two-thirds of that. Early in life he had

been a very poor man, owing to the improvidence of his father; but he had soon quarrelled with his father—as he had with almost every one else—and had for some ten years earned his own bread in the metropolis among the magazines and newspapers. Then, when his father died, the property was his own, with such encumbrances as the old squire had been able to impose upon it. Daniel Caldigate had married when he was a poor man, but did not go to Folking to live till the estate was clear, at which time he was forty years old. When he was endeavouring to inculcate good Liberal principles into that son of his, who was burning the while to get off to a battle of rats among the corn-stacks, he was not yet fifty. There might therefore be some time left to him for the promised joys of companionship if he could only convince the boy that politics were better than rats.

But he did not long make himself any such promise. It seemed to him that his son's mind was of a nature very different from his own, and much like to that of his grandfather. The lad could be awakened to no enthusiasm in the abuse of Conservative leaders. And those Babingtons were such fools! He despised the whole race of them—especially those thick-legged, romping, cherry-cheeked damsels, of whom, no doubt, his son would marry one. They were all of the earth earthy, without an idea among them. And yet he did not dare to forbid his son to go to the house, lest people should say of him that his sternness was unendurable.

Folking is not a place having many attractions of its own, beyond the rats. It lies in the middle of the Cambridgeshire fens, between St Ives, Cambridge, and Ely. In the two parishes of Utterden and Netherden there is no rise of ground

which can by any stretch of complaisance be called a hill. The property is bisected by an immense straight dike, which is called the Middle Wash, and which is so sluggish, so straight, so ugly, and so deep, as to impress the mind of a stranger with the ideas of suicide. And there are straight roads and straight dikes, with ugly names on all sides, and passages through the country called droves, also with ugly appellations of their own, which certainly are not worthy of the name of roads. The Folking Causeway possesses a bridge across the Wash, and is said to be the remains of an old Roman way which ran in a perfectly direct line from St Neots to Ely. When you have crossed the bridge going northward—or north-westward—there is a lodge at your right hand, and a private road running, as straight as a line can be drawn, through pollard poplars, up to Mr Caldigate's house. Round the house there are meadows, and a large old-fashioned kitchen-garden, and a small dark flower-garden, with clipt hedges and straight walks, quite in the old fashion. The house itself is dark, picturesque, well-built, low, and uncomfortable. Part of it is as old as the time of Charles II., and part dates from Queen Anne. Something was added at a later date—perhaps early in the Georges; but it was all done with good materials, and no stint of labour. Shoddy had not been received among building materials when any portion of Folking was erected. But then neither had modern ideas of comfort become in vogue. Just behind the kitchen-garden a great cross ditch, called Foul-water Drain, runs, or rather creeps, down to the Wash, looking on that side as though it had been made to act as a moat to the house; and on the other side of the drain there is Twopenny Drove, at

the end of which Twopenny Ferry leads to Twopenny Hall, a farmhouse across the Wash belonging to Mr Caldigate. The fields around are all square and all flat, all mostly arable, and are often so deep in mud that a stranger wonders that a plough should be able to be dragged through the soil. The farming is, however, good of its kind, and the ploughing is mostly done by steam.

Such is and has been for some years the house at Folking in which Mr Caldigate has lived quite alone. For five years after his wife's death he had only on rare occasions received visitors there. Twice his brother had come to Folking and had brought a son with him. The brother had been a fellow of a college at Cambridge, and had taken a living and married late in life. The living was far away in Dorsetshire, and the son, at the time of these visits, was being educated at a private school. Twice they had both been at Folking together, and the uncle had, in his silent way, liked the boy. The lad had preferred, or had pretended to prefer, books to rats; had understood, or seemed to understand, something of the advantages of cheap food for the people, and had been commended by the father for general good conduct. But when they had last taken their departure from Folking, no one had entertained any idea of any peculiar relations between the nephew and the uncle. It was not till a year or two more had run by, that Mr Daniel Caldigate thought of making his nephew George the heir to the property.

The property indeed was entailed upon John, as it had been entailed upon John's father. There were many institutions of his country which Mr Caldigate hated with almost an inhuman hatred; but there were none more odious to him than that of entails, which institu-

tion he was wont to prove by many arguments to be the source of all the ignorance and all the poverty and all the troubles by which his country was inflicted. He had got his own property by an entail, and certainly never would have had an acre had his father been able to consume more than a life-interest. But he had denied that the property had done him any good, and was loud in declaring that the entail had done the property and those who lived on it very much harm. In his heart of hearts he did feel a desire that when he was gone the acres should still belong to a Caldigate. There was so much in him of the leaven of the old English squirarchic aristocracy as to create a pride in the fact that the Caldigates had been at Folking for three hundred years, and a wish that they might remain there; and no doubt he knew that without repeated entails they would not have remained there. But still he had hated the thing, and as years rolled on he came to think that the entail now existing would do an especial evil.

His son on leaving school spent almost the whole four months between that time and the beginning of his first term at Cambridge with the Babingtons. This period included the month of September, and afforded therefore much part-ridge-shooting—than which nothing was meaner in the opinion of the Squire of Folking. When a short visit was made to Folking the father was sarcastic and disagreeable, and then, for the first time, John Caldigate showed himself to be possessed of a power of reply which was peculiarly disagreeable to the old man. This had the effect of cutting down the intended allowance of £250 to £220 per annum, for which sum the father had been told that his son could live like a gentleman at the

university. This parsimony so disgusted uncle Babington, who lived on the other side of the county, within the borders of Suffolk, that he insisted on giving his nephew a hunter, and an undertaking to bear the expense of the animal as long as John should remain at the university. No arrangement could have been more foolish. And that last visit made by John to Babington Hall for the two days previous to his Cambridge career was in itself most indiscreet. The angry father would not take upon himself to forbid it, but was worked up by it to perilous jealousy. He did not scruple to declare aloud that old Humphrey Babington was a thick headed fool; nor did Humphrey Babington, who, with his ten or twelve thousand a-year, was considerably involved, scruple to say that he hated such cheese-paring ways. John Caldigate felt more distaste to the cheese-paring ways than he did to his uncle's want of literature.

Such was the beginning of the rupture which took place before the time had come for John to take his degree. When that time came he had a couple of hunters at Cambridge, played in the Cambridge eleven, and rowed in one of the Trinity boats. He also owed something over £800 to the regular tradesmen of the university, and a good deal more to other creditors who were not "regular." During the whole of this time his visits to Folking had been short and few. The old Squire had become more and more angry, and not the less so because he was sensible of a non-performance of duty on his own part. Though he was close to Cambridge he never went to see his son; nor would he even press the lad to come out to Folking. Nor when, on rare occasions, a visit was made, did he endeavour to make

the house pleasant. He was jealous, jealous to hot anger, at being neglected, but could not bring himself to make advances to his own son. Then when he heard from his son's tutor that his son could not pass his degree without the payment of £800 for recognised debts,—then his anger boiled over, and he told John Caldigate that he was expelled from his father's heart and his father's house.

The money was paid and the degree was taken: and there arose the question as to what was to be done. John, of course, took himself to Babington Hall, and was consoled with by his uncle and cousins. His troubles at this time were numerous enough. That £800 by no means summed up his whole indebtedness,—covered, indeed, but a small part of it. He had been at Newmarket; and there was a pleasant gentleman, named Davis, who frequented that place and Cambridge, who had been very civil to him when he lost a little money, and who now held his acceptances for, alas! much more than £800. Even uncle Babington knew nothing of this when the degree was taken. And then there came a terrible blow to him. Aunt Babington—aunt Polly as she was called—got him into her own closet upstairs, where she kept her linen and her jams and favourite liqueurs, and told him that his cousin Julia was dying in love for him. After all that had passed, of course it was expected he would engage himself to his cousin Julia. Now Julia was the eldest, the thickest-ankled, and the cherry-cheekedest of the lot. To him up to that time the Babington folk had always been a unit. No one else had been so good-natured to him, had so petted him, and so freely administered to all his wants. He would kiss them all round whenever he went to

Babington; but he had never specially kissed Julia. There were three sons, whom he never specially liked, and who certainly were fools. One was the heir, and, of course, did nothing; the second was struggling for a degree at Oxford with an eye to the family living; the third was in a fair way to become the family gamekeeper. He certainly did not wish to marry into the family;—and yet they had all been so kind to him!

"I should have nothing to marry on, aunt Polly," he said.

Then he was reminded that he was his father's heir, and that his father's house was sadly in want of a mistress. They could live at Babington till Folking should be ready. The prospect was awful!

What is a young man to say in such a position? "I do not love the young lady after that fashion, and therefore I must decline." It requires a hero, and a cold-blooded hero, to do that. And aunt Polly was very much in earnest, for she brought Julia into the room, and absolutely delivered her up into the young man's arms.

"I am so much in debt," he said, "that I don't dare to think of it."

Aunt Polly declared that such debts did not signify in the least. Folking was not embarrassed. Folking did not owe a shilling. Every one knew that. And there was Julia in his arms! He never said that he would marry her; but when he left the linen-closet the two ladies understood that the thing was arranged.

Luckily for him aunt Polly had postponed this scene till the moment before his departure from the house. He was at this time going to Cambridge, where he was to be the guest, for one night, of a certain Mr Bolton, who was one of the very few friends to whom his father was still attached. Mr Bolton was

a banker, living close to Cambridge, an old man now, with four sons and one daughter; and to his house John Caldgate was going in order that he might there discuss with Mr Bolton certain propositions which had been made between him and his father respecting the Folking property. The father had now realised the idea of buying his son out; and John himself, who had all the world and all his life before him, and was terribly conscious of the obligations which he owed to his friend Davis, had got into his head a notion that he would prefer to face his fortune with a sum of ready money, than to wait in absolute poverty for the reversion of the family estate. He had his own ideas, and in furtherance of them he had made cer-

tain inquiries. There was gold being found at this moment among the mountains of New South Wales, in quantities which captivated his imagination. And this was being done in a most lovely spot, among circumstances which were in all respects romantic. His friend Richard Shand, who was also a Trinity man, was quite resolved to go out, and he was minded to accompany his friend. In this way, and, as he thought, in this way only, could a final settlement be made with that most assiduous of attendants, Mr Davis. His mind was fully set upon New South Wales, and his little interview with his cousin Julia did not tend to bind him more closely to his own country, or to Babington, or to Folking.

CHAPTER II.—PURITAN GRANGE.

Perhaps there had been a little treachery on the part of Mr Davis, for he had, in a gently insinuating way, made known to the Squire the fact of those acceptances, and the additional fact that he was, through unforeseen circumstances, lamentably in want of ready money. The Squire became eloquent, and assured Mr Davis that he would not pay a penny to save either Mr Davis or his son from instant imprisonment—or even from absolute starvation. Then Mr Davis shrugged his shoulders, and whispered the word, “Post-obits.” The Squire thereupon threatened to kick him out of the house, and, on the next day, paid a visit to his friend Mr Bolton. There had, after that, been a long correspondence between the father, the son, and Mr Bolton, as to which John Caldgate said not a word to the Babingtons. Had he been more communicative, he might have perhaps saved himself

from that scene in the linen-closet. As it was, when he started for Cambridge, nothing was known at Babington either of Mr Davis or of the New South Wales scheme.

Mr Bolton lived in a large red-brick house, in the village of Cherterton, near to Cambridge, which, with a large garden, was surrounded by an old, high, dark-coloured brick-wall. He rarely saw any company; and there were probably not many of the more recently imported inhabitants of the town who had ever been inside the elaborate iron gates by which the place was to be approached. He had been a banker all his life, and was still reported to be the senior partner in Bolton's bank. But the management of the concern had, in truth, been given up to his two elder sons. His third son was a barrister in London, and a fourth was settled in Cambridge as a solicitor. These men were all married, and were doing well in the world,

living in houses better than their father's, and spending a great deal more money. Mr Bolton had the name of being a hard man, because, having begun life in small circumstances, he had never learned to chuck his shillings about easily; but he had, in a most liberal manner, made over the bulk of his fortune to his sons; and though he himself could rarely be got to sit at their tables, he took delight in hearing that they lived bounteously with their friends. He had been twice married, and there now lived with him his second wife and a daughter, Hester,—a girl about sixteen years of age at the period of John Caldigate's visit to Puritan Grange, as Mr Bolton's house was called. At this time Puritan Grange was not badly named; for Mrs Bolton was a lady of stern life, and Hester Bolton was brought up with more of seclusion and religious observances than are now common in our houses.

Mr Bolton was probably ten years older than the Squire of Folking; but circumstances had, in early life, made them fast friends. The old Squire had owed a large sum of money to the bank, and Mr Bolton had then been attracted by the manner in which the son had set himself to work, so that he might not be a burden on the estate. They had been fast friends for a quarter of a century, and now the arrangement of terms between the present Squire and his son had been left to Mr Bolton.

Mr Bolton had, no doubt, received a very unfavourable account of the young man. Men, such as was Mr Bolton, who make their money by lending it out at recognised rates of interest—and who are generally very keen in looking after their principal—have no mercy whatsoever for the Davises of creation, and very little for their customers. To have had dealings with a Davis is

condemnation in their eyes. Mr Bolton would not, therefore, have opened his gates to this spendthrift had not his feelings for the father been very strong. He had thought much upon the matter, and had tried hard to dissuade the Squire. He, the banker, was not particularly attached to the theory of primogeniture. He had divided his wealth equally between his own sons. But he had a strong idea as to property and its rights. The young man's claim to Folking after his father's death was as valid as the father's claim during his life. No doubt, the severance of the entail, if made at all, would be made in accordance with the young man's wishes, and on certain terms which should be declared to be just by persons able to compute the value of such rights. No doubt, also—so Mr Bolton thought—the property would be utterly squandered if left in its present condition. It would be ruined by encumbrances in the shape of post-obits. All this had been deeply considered, and at last Mr Bolton had consented to act between the father and the son.

When John Caldigate was driven up through the iron gates to Mr Bolton's door, his mind was not quite at ease within him. He had seen Mr Bolton on two or three occasions during his university career, and had called at the house; but he had never entered it, and had never even seen the ladies; and now it was necessary that he should discuss his own follies, and own all his faults. Of course, that which he was going to do would, in the eyes of the British world, be considered very unwise. The British world regards the position of heirship to acres as the most desirable which a young man could hold. That he was about to abandon. But, as he told himself, without abandoning it he could not rid him-

self from the horror of Davis. He was quite prepared to acknowledge his own vice and childish stupidity in regard to Davis. He had looked all round that now, and was sure that he would do nothing of the kind again. But how could he get rid of Davis in any other way than this? And then Folking had no charms for him. He hated Folking. He was quite sure that any life would suit him better than a life to be passed as Squire of Folking. And he was quite alive to the fact that, though there was at home the prospect of future position and future income, for the present there would be nothing. Were he to submit himself humbly to his father, he might probably be allowed to vegetate at the old family home. But there was no career for him. No profession had as yet been even proposed. His father was fifty-five, a very healthy man—likely to live for the next twenty years. And then it would be impossible that he should dwell in peace under the same roof with his father. And Davis! Life would be miserable to him if he could not free himself from that thralldom. The sum of money which was to be offered to him, and which was to be raised on the Folking property, would enable him to pay Davis, and to start upon his career with plentiful means in his pocket. He would, too, be wise, and not risk all his capital. Shand had a couple of thousand pounds, and he would start with a like sum of his own. Should he fail in New South Wales, there would still be something on which to begin again. With his mind thus fixed, he entered Mr Bolton's gates.

He was to stay one night at Puritan Grange; and then, if the matter were arranged, he would go over to Folking for a day or two, and endeavour to part from his father on friendly terms. In that case he

would be able to pay Davis himself, and there need be no ground for quarrelling on that score.

Before dinner, the matter was settled at the Grange. The stern old man bade his visitor sit down, and then explained to him at full length that which it was proposed to do. So much money the Squire had himself put by; so much more Mr Bolton himself would advance; the value had been properly computed; and, should the arrangement be completed, he, John Caldigate, would sell his inheritance at its proper price. Over and over again the young man endeavoured to interrupt the speaker, but was told to postpone his words till the other should have done. Such interruptions came from the too evident fact that Mr Bolton thoroughly despised his guest. Caldigate, though he had been very foolish, though he had loved to slaughter rats and rabbits, and to romp with the girls at Babington, was by no means a fool. He was possessed of good natural abilities, of great activity, and of a high spirit. His appreciation was quicker than that of the old banker, who, as he soon saw, had altogether failed to appreciate him. In every word that the banker spoke, it was evident that he thought that these thousands would be squandered instantly. The banker spoke as though this terrible severance was to be made because the natural heir had shown himself to be irrevocably bad. What could be expected from a youth who was deep in the books of a Davis before he had left his college? "I do not recommend this," he said at last. "I have never recommended it. The disruption is so great as to be awful. But when your father has asked what better step he could take, I have been unable to advise him." It was as though the old man were telling the young one that he was too bad

for hope, and that, therefore, he must be consigned for ever to perdition.

Caldgate, conscious of the mistake which the banker was making, full of hope as to himself, intending to acknowledge the follies of which he had been guilty, and, at the same time, not to promise—for he would not condescend so far—but to profess that they were things of the past,—and impatient of the judgment expressed against him, endeavoured to stop the old man in his severity, so that the tone in which the business was being done might be altered. But when he found that he could not do this without offence, he leaned back in his chair and heard the indictment to the end. “Now, Mr Bolton,” he said, when at length his time came, “you shall hear my view of the matter.” And Mr Bolton did hear him, listening very patiently. Caldgate first asserted, that in coming there, to Puritan Grange, his object had been to learn what were the terms proposed,—as to which he was now willing to give his assent. He had already quite made up his mind to sell what property he had on the estate, and therefore, though he was much indebted to Mr Bolton for his disinterested and kind friendship, he was hardly in want of counsel on that matter. Mr Bolton raised his eyebrows, but still listened patiently. Caldgate then went on to explain his views as to life, declaring that under no circumstances—had there been no Davis—would he have consented to remain at Folking as a deputy-squire, waiting to take up his position some twenty years hence at his father’s death. Nor, even were Folking his own at this moment, would he live there! He must do something; and, upon the whole, he thought that gold-mining in the colonies

was the most congenial pursuit to which he could put his hand. Then he made a frank acknowledgment as to Davis and his gambling follies, and ended by saying that the matter might be regarded as settled.

He had certainly been successful in changing the old man’s opinion. Mr Bolton did not say as much, nor was he a man likely to make such acknowledgment; but when he led John Caldgate away to be introduced to his wife in the drawing-room, he felt less of disdain for his guest than he had done half an hour before. Mr Bolton was a silent, cautious man, even in his own family, and had said nothing of this business to his wife, and nothing, of course, to his daughter. Mrs Bolton asked after the Squire, and expressed a hope that her guest would not find the house very dull for one night. She had heard that John Caldgate was a fast young man, and of course regarded him as a lost sinner. Hester, who was with her mother, looked at him with all her young big eyes, but did not speak a word. It was very seldom that she saw any young man, or indeed young people of either sex. But when this stranger spoke freely to her mother about this subject and the other, she listened to him and was interested.

John Caldgate, without being absolutely handsome, was a youth sure to find favour in a woman’s eyes. He was about five feet ten in height, strong and very active, with bright dark eyes which were full of life and intelligence. His forehead was square and showed the angles of his brow; his hair was dark and thick and cut somewhat short; his mouth was large, but full of expression, and generally, also, of good-humour. His nose would have been well formed, but that it was a little snubbed at the

end. Altogether his face gave you the idea of will, intellect, and a kindly nature; but there was in it a promise, too, of occasional anger, and a physiognomist might perhaps have expected from it that vacillation in conduct which had hitherto led him from better things into wretched faults.

As he was talking to Mrs Bolton he had observed the girl, who sat apart, with her fingers busy on her work, and who had hardly spoken a word since his entrance. She was, he thought, the most lovely human being that he had ever beheld; and yet she was hardly more than a child. But how different from those girls at Babington! Her bright brown hair was simply brushed from off her forehead and tied in a knot behind her head. Her dress was as plain as a child's—as though it was intended that she should still be regarded as a child. Her face was very fair, with large, grey, thoughtful eyes, and a mouth which, though as Caldigate watched her it was never opened, seemed always as if it was just about to pour forth words. And he could see that though her eyes were intent upon her work, from time to time she looked across at him; and he thought that if only they two were alone together, he could teach her to speak.

But no such opportunity was given to him now, or during his short sojourn at the Grange. After a while the old man returned to the room and took him up to his bed-chamber. It was then about half-past four, and he was told that they were to dine at six. It was early in November,—not cold enough for bedroom fires among thrifty people; and there he was left, apparently to spend an hour with nothing to do. Rebelling against this, declaring that even at Puritan Grange he would be master of his own

actions, he rushed down into the hall, took his hat, and walked off into the town. He would go and take one last look at the old college.

He went in through the great gate and across the yard, and passing by the well-known buttery-hatches, looked into the old hall for the last time. The men were all seated at dinner, and he could see the fellows up at the high table. Three years ago it had been his fixed resolve to earn for himself the right to sit upon that dais. He had then been sure of himself—that he would do well, and take honours, and win a fellowship. There had been moments in which he had thought that a college life would suit him till he came into his own property. But how had all that faded away! Everybody had congratulated him on the ease with which he did his work,—and the result had been Newmarket, Davis, and a long score in the ephemeral records of a cricket match. As he stood there, with his slouched hat over his eyes, one of the college servants recognised him, and called him by his name. Then he passed on quickly, and made his way out to the gravel-walk by the river-side. It was not yet closed for the night, and he went on, that he might take one last turn up and down the old avenue.

He had certainly made a failure of his life so far. He did acknowledge to himself that there was something nobler in these classic shades than in the ore-laden dirt of an Australian gold-gully. He knew as much of the world as that. He had not hitherto chosen the better part, and now something of regret, even as to Folking—poor old Folking—came upon him. He was, as it were, being kicked out and repudiated by his own family as worthless. And what was he to do about

Julia Babington? After that scene in the linen-closet, he could not leave his country without a word either to Julia or to aunt Polly. But the idea of Julia was doubly distasteful to him since that lovely vision of young female simplicity had shone upon him from the corner of Mrs Bolton's drawing-room. Romping with the Babington girls was all very well; but if he could only feel the tips of that girl's fingers come within the grasp of his hand! Then he thought that it would lend a fine romance to his life if he could resolve to come back, when he should be laden with gold, and make Hester Bolton his wife. It should be his romance, and he swore that he would cling to it.

He turned back, and came down to dinner five minutes after the time. At ten minutes before dinner-time Mr Bolton heard that he was gone out and was offended—thinking it quite possible that he would not return at all. What might not be expected from a young man who could so easily abandon

his inheritance! But he was there, only five minutes after the time, and the dinner was eaten almost in silence. In the evening there was tea, and the coldest shivering attempt at conversation for half an hour, during which he could still at moments catch the glance of Hester's eyes, and see the moving curve of her lips. Then there was a reading of the Bible, and prayer, and before ten he was in his bedroom.

On the next morning as he took his departure, Mr Bolton said a word intended to be gracious. "I hope you may succeed in your enterprise, Mr Caldigate."

"Why should I not as well as another?" said John, cheerily.

"If you are steady, sober, industrious, self-denying and honest, you probably will," replied the banker.

"To promise all that would be to promise too much," said John; "but I mean to make an effort." Then at that moment he made one effort which was successful. For an instant he held Hester's fingers within his hand.

CHAPTER III.—DANIEL CALDIGATE.

That piece of business was done. It was one of the disagreeable things which he had had to do before he could get away to the gold-diggings, and it was done. Now he had to say farewell to his father, and that would be a harder task. As the moment was coming in which he must bid adieu to his father, perhaps for ever, and bid adieu to the old place which, though he despised it, he still loved, his heart was heavy within him. He felt sure that his father had no special regard for him,—in which he was, of course, altogether wrong; and the old man was equally wrong in supposing that his son was unnaturally

deficient in filial affection. But they had never known each other, and were so different that neither had understood the other. The son, however, was ready to confess to himself that the chief fault had been with himself. It was natural, he thought, that a father's regard should be deadened by such conduct as his had been, and natural that an old man should not believe in the quick repentance and improvement of a young one.

He hired a gig and drove himself over from Cambridge to Folking. As he got near to the place, and passed along the dikes, and looked to the right and left down the

droves, and trotted at last over the Folking bridge across the Middle Wash, the country did not seem to him to be so unattractive as of yore; and when he recognised the faces of the neighbours, when one of the tenants spoke to him kindly, and the girls dropped a curtesy as he passed, certain soft regrets began to crop up in his mind. After all, there is a comfort in the feeling of property—not simply its money comfort, but in the stability and reputation of a recognised home. Six months ago there had seemed to him to be something ridiculous in the idea of a permanent connection between the names of Caldigate and Folking. It was absurd that, with so wild and beautiful a world around him, he should be called upon to live in a washy fen because his father and grandfather had been unfortunate enough to do so. And then, at that time, all sympathy with bricks and mortar, any affection for special trees or well-known home-haunts, was absurd in his eyes. And as his father had been harsh to him, and did not like him, would it not be better that they should be far apart? It was thus that he had reasoned. But now all that was changed. An unwonted tenderness had come upon his spirit. The very swallows by the brook seemed to appeal to him. As he saw the house-chimneys through the trees, he remembered that they had carried smoke from the hearths of many generations of Caldigates. He remembered, too, that his father would soon be old and would be alone. It seemed to himself that his very mind and spirit were altered.

But all that was too late. He had agreed to the terms proposed; and even were he now to repudiate them, what could he do with Davis, and how could he live for the present? Not for a moment did he entertain such an idea, but he had

lost that alacrity of spirit which had been his when he first found the way out of his difficulties.

His father did not come forth to meet him. He went in across the hall and through the library, into a little closet beyond, in which Mr Caldigate was wont to sit. "Well John," said the old man, "how have you and Mr Bolton got on together?"

There seemed to be something terribly cold in this. It might be better that they should part—better, even, though the parting should be for ever. It might be right,—nay, he knew that it was right that he should be thrust out of the inheritance. He had spent money that was not his own, and, of course, he must pay the debt. But that his father should sit there in his chair on his entrance, not even rising to greet him, and should refer at once to Mr Bolton and that business arrangement, as though that and that alone need now be discussed, did seem to him to be almost cruel. Of all that his father had suffered in constraining himself to this conduct, he understood nothing. "Mr Bolton made himself very plain, sir."

"He would be sure to do so. He is a man of business, and intelligent. But as to the terms proposed, were they what you had expected."

"Quite as good as I had expected."

"Whether good or bad, of course you will understand that I have had nothing to do with them. The matter has been referred to two gentlemen conversant with such subjects; and, after due inquiry, they told Mr Bolton what was the money value of your rights. It is a question to be settled as easily as the price of a ton of coals or a joint of beef. But you must understand that I have not interfered."

"I am quite aware of that, sir."

"As for the money, something over a third of it is in my own hands. I have not been extravagant myself, and have saved so much. The remainder will come out of Mr Bolton's bank, and will be lent on mortgage. I certainly shall not have cause for extravagance now, living here alone; and shall endeavour to free the estate from the burden by degrees. When I die, it will, in accordance with my present purpose, go to your cousin George." As this was said, John thought that he perceived something like a quiver in his father's voice, which, up to that point, had been hard, clear, and unshaken. "As to that, however, I do not intend to pledge myself," he continued. "The estate will now be my own, subject to the claim from Messrs Bolton's bank. I don't know that there is anything else to be said."

"Not about business, sir."

"And it is business, I suppose, that has brought you here—and to Cambridge. I do not know what little things you have of your own in the house."

"Not much, sir."

"If there be anything that you wish to take, take it. But with you now, I suppose, money is the only possession that has any value."

"I should like to have the small portrait of you,—the miniature."

"The miniature of me," said the father almost scoffingly, looking up at his son's face almost suspiciously. And yet, though he would not show it, he was touched. Only if this were a ruse on the part of the young man, a mock sentiment, a little got-up theatrical pretence,—then—then how disgraced he would be in his own estimation at having been moved by such mockery!

The son stood square before his father, disdaining any attempt to evince a supplicating tenderness

either by his voice or by his features. "But perhaps you have a special value for it," he said.

"No, indeed. It is others, not one's self, that ought to have such trifles—that is, if they are of value at all."

"There is none but myself that can care much for it."

"There is no one to care at all."

"No one else that is," he added, wishing to avoid any further declaration. "Take that or anything else you want in the house. There will be things left, I suppose—clothes and books and suchlike."

"Hardly anything, sir. Going so far, I had better give them away. A few books I shall take." Then the conversation was over; and in a few minutes John Caldigate found himself roaming alone about the place.

It was so probable that he might never see it again! Indeed it seemed to him now that were he to return to England with a fortune made, he would hardly come to Folking. Years and years must roll by before that could be done. If he could only come back to Cambridge and fetch that wife away with him, then he thought it would be better for him to live far from England, whether he were rich or whether he were poor. It was quite evident that his father's heart was turned from him altogether. Of course he had himself to blame—himself only; but still it was strange to him that a father should feel no tenderness at parting with an only son. While he had been in the room he had constrained himself manfully: not a drop of moisture had glittered in his eye; not a tone of feeling had thrilled in his voice; his features had never failed him. There had always been that look of audacity on his brow joined to a certain manliness of good-humour in his mouth, as

though he had been thoroughly master of himself and the situation. But now, as he pushed his hat from off his forehead, he rubbed his hand across his eyes to dash away the tears. He felt almost inclined to rush back to the house and fall on his knees before his father, and kiss the old man's hands, and beg the old man's blessing. But though he was potent for much he was not potent for that. Such expression of tenderness would have been true; but he knew that he would so break down in the attempt as to make it seem to be false.

He got out upon Twopenny Drove and passed over the ferry, meaning to walk across the farm and so out on to the Causeway, and round home by the bridge. But on the other side of the Wash he encountered Mr Ralph Holt, the occupier of Twopenny farm, whose father also and grandfather had lived upon the same acres. "And so thou be'est going away from us, Mr John," said the farmer, with real tenderness, almost with solemnity, in his voice, although there was at the same time something ridiculous in the far-fetched sadness of his tone and gait.

"Yes, indeed, Holt; I want to travel and see the world at a distance from here."

"If it was no more than that, Mr John, there would be nothing about it. Zeeing the world! You young collegers allays does that. But be'est thou to come back and be Squoire o' Folking?"

"I think not, Holt—I think not. My father, I hope, will be Squire for many a year."

"Like enough. And we all hope that, for there aren't nowhere a juster man nor the Squire, and he's hale and hearty. But in course of things his time'll run out. And it be so, Mr John, that thou be'est going for ever and allays?"

"I rather think I am."

"It's wrong, Mr John. Though maybe I'm making over-free to talk of what don't concern me. Yet I say it's wrong. Sons should come arter fathers, specially where there's land. We don't none of us like it—none of us! It's worse nor going, any one of ourselves. For what's a lease? But when a man has a freehold he should stick to it for ever and aye. It's just as though the old place was a-tumbling about all our ears." Caldigate was good-natured with the man, trying to make him understand that everything was being done for the best. And at last he bade him good-bye affectionately, shaking hands with him, and going into the farmhouse to perform the same ceremony with his wife and daughters. But to the last Ralph Holt was uncomfortable and dismal, foretelling miseries. It was clear that, to his thinking, the stability of this world was undermined and destroyed by the very contemplation of such a proceeding as this.

Caldigate pursued his walk, and in the course of it bade farewell to more than one old friend. None of them was so expressive as Holt, but he could perceive that he was regarded by all as a person who, by his conduct, was bringing misfortune not only on himself, but on the whole parishes of Utterden and Netherden.

At dinner the Squire conversed upon various subjects, if not easily to himself, at least with affected ease. Had he applied himself to subjects altogether indifferent,—to the state of politics, or the Game-laws, or the absurdities of a State Church, the unfitness of such matters for the occasion would have been too apparent. Both he and his son would have broken down in the attempt. But he could talk about Babington—abusing the old

family—and even about himself, and about New South Wales, and gold, and the coming voyage, without touching points which had been, and would be, specially painful. Not a word had ever been spoken between them as to Davis. There had, of course, been letters, very angry letters; but the usurer's name had never been mentioned. Nor was there any need that it should be mentioned now. It was John's affair,—not in any way his. So he asked and listened to much about Richard Shand, and the mode of gold-finding practised among the diggings in New South Wales.

When the old butler had gone he was even more free, speaking of things that were past, not only without anger, but, as far as possible, without chagrin—treating his son as a person altogether free from any control of his. "I daresay it is all for the best," he said.

"It is well, at any rate, to try to think so, sir," replied John, conscience-stricken as to his own faults.

"I doubt whether there would have been anything for you to do here—or at least anything that you would have done. You would have had too much ambition to manage this little estate under me, and not enough of industry, I fear, to carry you to the front in any of the professions. I used to think of the bar."

"And so did I."

"But when I found that the Babingtons had got hold of you, and that you liked horses and guns better than words and arguments——"

"I never did, sir."

"It seemed so."

"Of course I have been weak."

"Do not suppose for a moment that I am finding fault. It would be of no avail, and I would not thus embitter our last hours together. But when I saw how your tastes seemed to lead you, I began to fear

that there could be no career for you here. On such a property as Babington an eldest son may vegetate like his father before him, and may succeed to it in due time, before he has wasted everything, and may die as he had lived, useless, but having to the end all the enjoyments of a swine."

"You are severe upon my cousins, sir."

"I say what I think. But you would not have done that. And though you are not industrious, you are far too active and too clever for such a life. Now you are probably in earnest as to the future."

"Yes, I am certainly in earnest."

"And though you are going to risk your capital in a precarious business, you will only be doing what is done daily by enterprising men. I could wish that your position were more secure; but that now cannot be helped."

"My bed is as I have made it. I quite understand that, sir."

"Thinking of all this, I have endeavoured to reconcile myself to your going." Then he paused a moment, considering what he should next say. And his son was silent, knowing that something further was to come. "Had you remained in England we could hardly have lived together as father and son should live. You would have been dependent on me, and would have rebelled against that submission which a state of dependence demands. There would have been nothing for you but to have waited, and almost to have wished, for my death."

"No, sir; never; never that."

"It would have been no more than natural. I shall hear from you sometimes?"

"Certainly, sir."

"It will give an interest to my life if you will write occasionally. Whither do you go to-morrow?"

It had certainly been presumed,

though never said, that this last visit to the old home was to be only for one day. The hired gig had been kept; and in his letter the son had asked whether he could be taken in for Thursday night. But now the proposition that he should go so soon seemed to imply a cold-blooded want of feeling on his part. "I need not be in such a hurry, sir," he said.

"Of course, it shall be as you please, but I do not know that you will do any good by staying. A last month may be pleasant enough, or even a last week, but a last day is purgatory. The melancholy of the occasion cannot be shaken off. It is only the prolonged wail of a last farewell." All this was said in the old man's ordinary voice, but it seemed to betoken, if not feeling itself, a recognition of feeling which the son had not expected.

"It is very sad," said the son.

"Therefore, why prolong it? Stand not upon the order of your going but go at once—seeing that it is necessary that you should go. Will you take any more wine? No? Then let us go into the other

room. As they are making company of you and have lighted another fire, we will do as they would have us." Then for the rest of the evening there was some talk about books, and the father, who was greatly given to reading, explained to his son what kind of literature would, as he thought, fit in best with the life of a gold-digger.

After what had passed, Caldgate, of course, took his departure on the following morning. "Good-bye," said the old man, as the son grasped his hand, "good-bye." He made no overture to come even as far as the hall in making this his final adieu.

"I trust I may return to see you in health."

"It may be so. As to that we can say nothing. Good-bye." Then, when the son had turned his back, the father recalled him, by a murmur rather than by a word,—but in that moment he had resolved to give way a little to the demands of nature. "Good-bye, my son," he said, in a low voice, very solemnly; "may God bless you and preserve you." Then he turned back at once to his own closet.

CHAPTER IV.—THE SHANDS.

John Caldgate had promised to go direct from Folking to the house of his friend Richard Shand, or rather, to the house in which lived Richard Shand's father and family. The two young men had much to arrange together, and this had been thought to be expedient. When Caldgate, remembering how affairs were at his own home, had suggested that at so sad a moment he might be found to be in the way, Shand had assured him that there would be no sadness at all. "We are not a sentimental race," he had said. "There are a dozen of us, and the sooner some of us disperse ourselves,

the more room will there be in the nest for the others."

Shand had been Caldgate's most intimate friend at college through the whole period of their residence, and now he was to be his companion in a still more intimate alliance. And yet, though he liked the man, he did not altogether approve of him. Shand had also got into debt at Cambridge, but had not paid his debts; and had dealings also with Davis, as to which he was now quite indifferent. He had left the university without taking a degree, and had seemed to bear all these adversities with perfect equa-

nimity. There had not been hitherto much of veneration in Caldigate's character, but even he had, on occasions, been almost shocked at the want of respect evinced by his friend for conventional rules. All college discipline, all college authorities, all university traditions, had been despised by Shand, who even in his dress had departed as far from recognised customs and fashions among the men as from the requisitions of the statutes and the milder requirements of the dignitaries of the day. Now, though he could not pay his debts—and intended, indeed, to run away from them—he was going to try his fortune with a certain small capital which his father had agreed to give him as his share of what there might be of the good things of the world among the Shands generally. As Shand himself said of both of them, he was about to go forth as a prodigal son, with a perfect assurance that, should he come back empty-handed, no calf would be killed for him. But he was an active man, with a dash of fun, and perhaps a sprinkling of wit, quick and brave, to whom life was apparently a joke, and who boasted of himself that, though he was very fond of beef and beer, he could live on bread and water, if put to it, without complaining. Caldigate almost feared that the man was a dangerous companion, but still there was a certain fitness about him for the thing contemplated; and, for such a venture, where could he find any other companion who would be fit?

Dr Shand, the father, was a physician enjoying a considerable amount of provincial eminence in a small town in Essex. Here he had certainly been a successful man; for, with all the weight of such a family on his back, he had managed to save some money. There had been small legacies from other Shands,

and trifles of portion had come to them from the Potters, of whom Mrs Shand had been one—Shand and Potter having been wholesale druggists in Smithfield. The young Shands had generally lived a pleasant life; had gone to school—the eldest son, as we have seen, to the university also—and had had governesses, and ponies to ride, and had been great at dancing, and had shot arrows, and played Badminton, and been subject to but little domestic discipline. They had lived crowded together in a great red-brick house, plenteously, roughly, quarrelling continually, but very fond of each other in their own way, and were known throughout that side of the country as a happy family. The girls had always gloves and shoes for dancing, and the boys had enjoyed a considerable amount of shooting and hunting without owning either guns or horses of their own. Now Dick was to go in quest of a fortune, and all the girls were stitching shirts for him, and were as happy as possible. Not a word was said about his debts, and no one threw it in his teeth that he had failed to take a degree. It was known of the Shands that they always made the best of everything.

When Caldigate got out of the railway carriage at Pollington, he was still melancholy with the remembrance of all that he had done and all that he had lost, and he expected to find something of the same feeling at his friend's house. But before he had been there an hour, he was laughing with the girls as though such an enterprise as theirs was the best joke in the world. And when a day and a night had passed, Mrs Shand was deep among his shirts and socks, and had already given him much advice about flannel and soft soap. "I know Maria would like to go

out with you," said the youngest daughter on the third day, a girl of twelve years old, who ought to have known better, and who, nevertheless, knew more than she ought to have done.

"Indeed Maria would like nothing of the kind," said the young lady in question.

"Only, Mr Caldigate, of course you would have to marry her." Then the child was cuffed, and Maria declared that the proposed arrangement would suit neither her nor Mr Caldigate in the least. The eldest daughter, Harriet, was engaged to marry a young clergyman in the neighbourhood, which event, however, was to be postponed till he had got a living; and the second, Matilda, was under a cloud, because she would persist in being in love with Lieutenant Postlethwaite of the dragoons, whose regiment was quartered in the town. Maria was the third. All these family secrets were told to him quite openly, as well as the fact that Josh, the third son, was to become a farmer, because he could not be got to learn the multiplication table.

Between Pollington and London Caldigate remained for six weeks, during which time he fitted himself out, took his passage, and executed the necessary deeds as to the estate. It might have been pleasant enough—this little interval before his voyage—as the Shanda, though rough and coarse, were kind to him and good-humoured, had it not been that a great trouble befell him through over conscientiousness as to a certain matter. After what had passed at Babington Hall, it was certainly expedient that he should, before he started for New South Wales, give some notice to his relatives there, so that Julia might know that destiny did not intend her to become Mrs Caldigate of Folking. Aunt Polly had,

no doubt, been too forward in that matter, and in wishing to dispose of her daughter had put herself in the way of merited rebuke and disappointment. It was, however, not the less necessary that she should be told of the altered circumstances of her wished-for son-in-law. But, had he been wise, he would so have written his letter that no answer should reach him before he had left the shores of England. His conscience, however, pinched him, and before he had even settled the day on which he would start, he wrote to his aunt a long letter in which he told her everything,—how he had disposed of his inheritance—how he had become so indebted to Davis as to have to seek a new fortune out of England—how he had bade farewell to Folking for ever—and how impossible it was under all these circumstances that he should aspire to the hand of his cousin Julia.

It was as though a thunderbolt had fallen among them at Babington. Mr Babington himself was certainly not a clever man, but he knew enough of his own position, as an owner of acres, to be very proud of it, and he was affectionate enough towards his nephew to feel the full weight of this terrible disruption. It seemed to him that his brother-in-law, Daniel Caldigate, was doing a very wicked thing; and he hurried across the country, to Folking, that he might say so. "You have not sense enough to understand the matter," said Daniel Caldigate. "You have no heart in your bowels if you can disinherit an only son," said the big squire. "Never mind where I carry my heart," said the smaller squire; "but it is a pity you should carry so small an amount of brain." No good could be done by such a meeting as that, nor by the journey which aunt Polly took to Pollington. The

Caldigates, both father and son, were gifted with too strong a will to be turned from their purpose by such interference. But a great deal of confusion was occasioned; and aunt Polly among the Shands was regarded as a very wonderful woman indeed. "Oh, my son, my darling son!" she said, weeping on John Caldigate's shoulder. Now John Caldigate was certainly not her son, in the usual acceptation of the word, nor did Maria Shand believe that he was so even in that limited sense in which a daughter's husband may be so designated. It was altogether very disagreeable, and made our hero almost resolve to get on board the ship a week before it started from the Thames instead of going down to Plymouth and catching it at the last moment. Of course it would have been necessary that the Babingtons should know all about it sooner or later, but John very much regretted that he had not delayed his letter till the day before his departure.

There is something jovial when you are young in preparing for a long voyage and for totally altered circumstances in life, especially when the surroundings are in themselves not melancholy. A mother weeping over a banished child may be sad enough — going as an exile when there is no hope of a return. But here among the Shands, with whom sons and daughters were plentiful, and with whom the feelings were of a useful kind, and likely to wear well, rather than of a romantic nature, the bustle, the purchasings, the arrangements, and the packings generally had in them a pleasantness of activity with no disagreeable accompaniments.

"I do hope you will wear them, Dick," the mother said with something like a sob in her voice; but the tenderness came not from the approaching departure, but from her

fear that the thick woollen drawers on which she was re-sewing all the buttons, should be neglected — after Dick's usual fashion. "Mr Caldigate, I hope you will see that he wears them. He looks strong, but indeed he is not." Our hero, who had always regarded his friend as a bull for strength of constitution generally, promised that he would be attentive to Dick's drawers.

"You may be sure that I shall wear them," said Dick; "but the time will come when I shall probably wear nothing else, so you had better make the buttons firm."

Everything was to be done with strict economy, but yet there was plenty of money for purchases. There always is at such occasions. The quantity of clothes got together seemed to be more than any two men could ever wear; and among it all there were no dress-coats and no dress-trousers; or, if either of them had such articles, they were smuggled. The two young men were going out as miners, and took a delight in preparing themselves to be rough. Caldigate was at first somewhat modest in submitting his own belongings to the females of the establishment, but that feeling soon wore off, and the markings and mendings, and buttonings and hemmings went on in a strictly impartial manner, as though he himself were a chick out of the same brood.

"What will you do," said the doctor, "if you spend your capital and make nothing?"

"Work for wages," said Dick. "We shall have got, at any rate, enough experience out of our money to be able to do that. Men are getting 10s. a-day."

"But you'd have to go on doing that always," said the mother.

"Not at all. Of course it's a life of ups and downs. A man

working for wages can put half what he earns into a claim, so that when a thing does come up trumps at last, he will have his chance. I have read a good deal about it now. There is plenty to be got if a man only knows how to keep it."

"Drinking is the worst," said the doctor.

"I think I can trust myself for that," said Dick, whose hand at the moment was on a bottle of whisky, and who had been by no means averse to jollifications at Cambridge. "A miner when he's at work should never drink."

"Nor when he's not at work, if he wants to keep what he earns."

"I'm not going to take the pledge, or anything of that kind," continued the son; "but I think I know enough of it all, not to fall into that pit." During this discussion, Caldigate sat silent, for he had already had various conversations on this subject with his friend. He had entertained some fears, which were not, perhaps, quite removed by Dick's manly assurances.

A cabin had been taken for the joint use of the young men on board the *Goldfinder*, a large steamer which was running at the time from London to Melbourne, doing the voyage generally in about two months. But they were going as second-class passengers, and their accommodation therefore was limited. Dick had insisted on this economy, which was hardly necessary to Caldigate, and which was not absolutely pressed upon the other. But Dick had insisted. "Let us begin as we mean to go on," he had said; "of course we've got to rough it. We shall come across something a good deal harder than second-class fare before we have made our fortunes, and worked probably with mates more uncouth than second-class passengers." It was impossible to oppose counsel such as this, and

therefore second-class tickets were taken on board the *Goldfinder*.

A terrible struggle was made during the last fortnight to prevent the going of John Caldigate. Mr Babington was so shocked that he did not cease to stir himself. Allow a son to disinherit himself, merely because he had fallen into the hands of a money-lending Jew before he had left college! To have the whole condition of a property changed by such a simple accident! It was shocking to him; and he moved himself in the matter with much more energy than old Mr Caldigate had expected from him. He wrote heartrending letters to Folking in spite of the hard words which had been said to him there. He made a second journey to Cambridge, and endeavoured to frighten Mr Bolton. Descent of acres from father to son was to him so holy a thing, that he was roused to unexpected energies. He was so far successful that Mr Daniel Caldigate did write a long letter to his son, in which he offered to annul the whole proceeding. "Your uncle accuses me of injustice," he said. "I have not been unjust. But there is no reason whatever why the arrangement should stand. Even if the money has been paid to Davis I will bear that loss rather than that you should think that I have taken advantage of you in your troubles." But John Caldigate was too firm and too determined for such retrogression. The money had been paid to Davis, and other moneys had been used in other directions. He was quite contented with the bargain, and would certainly adhere to it.

Then came the last night before their departure; the evening before the day on which they were to go from Pollington to London, and from London to Plymouth. All the heavy packages, and all the

clothes had, of course, been put on board the Goldfinder in the London docks. The pleasant task of preparation was at an end, and they were now to go forth upon their hard labours. Caldigate had become so intimate with the family that it seemed as though a new life had sprung up for him, and that as he had parted from all that he then had of a family at Folking, he was now to break away from new ties under the doctor's roof. They had dined early, and at ten o'clock there was what Mrs Shand called a little bit of supper. They were all of them high in heart, and very happy—testifying their affection to the departing ones by helping them to the nicest bits, and by filling their tumblers the fullest. How it happened, no one could have said, but it did happen that, before the evening was over, Maria and Caldigate were together in a little room behind the front parlour. What still remained of their luggage was collected there, and this last visit had probably been made in order that the packages might be once more counted.

"It does seem so odd that you should be going," she said.

"It is so odd to me that I should ever have come."

"We had always heard of you since Dick went to Cambridge."

"I knew that there were so many of you, and that was all. Brothers never talk of their sisters, I suppose. But I seem to know you now so well! You have been so kind to me!"

"Because you are Dick's friend."

"I didn't suppose that it was anything else."

"That's not nice of you, Mr Caldigate. You know that we are all very fond of you. We shall be

so anxious to hear. You will be good to him, won't you?"

"And he to me, I hope."

"I think you are steadier than he is, and can do more for him than he can for you. I wonder, shall we ever see each other again, Mr Caldigate?"

"Why not?"

"New South Wales is so far, and you will both marry there, and then you will not want to come back. I hope I may live to see dear Dick again some day."

"But only Dick?"

"And you too, if you would care about it."

"Of course I should care about it," he said. And as he said so, of course he put his arm round her waist and kissed her. It did not mean much. She did not think it meant much. But it gave a little colouring of romance to that special moment of her life. He, when he went up to his bed, declared to himself that it meant nothing at all. He still had those large eyes clear before him, and was still fixed in his resolution to come back for them when some undefined point of his life should have passed by.

"Now," said Dick Shand, as they were seated together in a third-class railway carriage on the following morning—"now I feel that I am beginning life."

"With proper resolutions, I hope, as to honesty, sobriety, and industry."

"With a fixed determination to make a fortune, and come back, and be *facile princeps* among all the Shands. I have already made up my mind as to the sum I will give each of the girls, and the way I will start the two younger boys in business. In the meantime let us light a pipe."

FASHION AND FANCY.

"FRIGHTFUL! When could it have been in fashion?"

Hearing these words, in a moment I became aware of what our military correspondents term "the situation." It was certainly an awkward one. I had slipped open the drawing-room door after breakfast, thinking that in that sunny and luxurious abode, usually deserted during morning hours, a quiet corner for me and my newspaper would not be amiss—and here I was, or was about to be, launched on that most boundless of oceans, a feminine discourse upon dress! For the above remark was uttered in a soft treble pipe, and at least half-a-dozen other pipelets equally soft, responded.

Being a man, and not a youth, my first impulse was to beat an instantaneous retreat, closing the half-opened door before it had attracted observation; but the trampling of rough-booted feet, the odour of fuseses, and the unmistakable bass notes wanting to the treble variations within, proclaimed that I was taken in the rear. The sportsmen, the mighty men of valour, and the beardless boys who hung upon their moustachioed lips, inhaling wisdom as they puffed tobacco, were drifting through the hall, apparently without any settled destination.

I knew their ways; I had been in the house with them for three days at least, and had learnt to long as ardently as the most fervid lover of the sport, for the blissful "Twelfth" that was to dawn on the morrow. I need hardly say, after this, that we were in Scotland, and that the month was August. The year was —, a good while ago.

Still the "Twelfth" then, was as

the "Twelfth" now, the day of days, and for it I, in common with all, panted. Then we should be rid of as idle, useless, and good-natured a set of incubi as ever existed. Then we should have an end to that seemingly eternal kennel talk, and be able to stroll once more round the terrace without passing a yawning figure extended on every bench. There remained but a single day, and the joyous emancipation for all would take place; but, meantime, I had to beware of chance meetings, for even a stupid like myself might be a peg for some to hang their idle talk upon.

A plague upon them! What was to become of me? Here was I, an elderly man, who had a right to peace and quiet, a right to be left alone, to say nothing of a right to exemption from rheumatism in a dry and warm summer month,—here I was, I say, kept standing in a draught—all the drawing-room windows were open, as was the hall door—whilst I vacillated betwixt a choice of evils.

How long would these ruffians hang on in the hall? How many were collected at the door, and how soon would the rest follow? It was little use attempting to guess; they were all over the place, and without any apparent intentions of "moving on." One took up a matchlock, another exhibited feats with a cane, and two more began a languid game of billiards.

I chose the ladies and fashion, and boldly entered the drawing-room. The door was sunk in a wall many feet thick, so that all the time I had been standing in the entry, I had been invisible to both forces within and without.

No sooner was I fairly committed

to the venture than I found, as many another desperate man has done before me, a way of safety open as by magic. It had escaped my memory that over this doorway—a side one—hung a voluminous embroidered curtain, behind which a new-comer was screened from observation until he had drawn it on one side. It did not hang close to the door; the door could be shut ere the curtain was raised. By these means a tiny recess was formed, so that although the girls were clearly within a few feet of it, and their chatter was as audible as though the curtain were not there, my presence remained a secret.

They had not heard any of my manœuvres, being engrossed with the subject in hand; and it was plain that if I chose, I might ere long slip out, as I had slipped in, unobserved.

Perhaps you cannot understand the exquisite relief of that discovery? I daresay not. You have never walked three streets round to avoid shaking hands with a friend? I have. I cannot tell you why, for I don't know myself, but it is no less true. The sight of my friends, especially my women friends, when I am not in the vein for it, is far more disagreeable to me than that of my enemies. To them I need not pull off my glove, and be hearty, and rack my brains to remember whom I ought to ask after. They come stolidly up, and as stolidly go by, and there is an end of the matter. I meet Bristle, who sneered at my paper on the Code of Health and Longevity, constantly, and don't mind it at all; but when it comes to beginning your smile twenty yards off, and having to stop it suddenly with the recollection that it is a mistake, it should have been a sympathetic look, and the halt upon the pavement, and the getting under way again with the inevitable

tendency to laugh at nothing, it is really a nuisance. I don't above half like meeting a man whom I see daily, though we only know each other by sight; but when he is one whom I am on excellent terms with, it is of course far worse.

Telling this is merely in explanation of what may otherwise appear to be the unreasonable satisfaction which caused me to rub my hands in secret glee at having found so snug a retreat.

Although myself unseen, however, it by no means followed that others were unseen by me. On the contrary, through a chink in the curtain, not above half an inch wide, I had an excellent view of the whole party, who were now with much animation, bustle, and laughter, in the full tide of the discussion.

What it was about I did not care to inquire minutely, even of my own ears, my eyes being on duty, and understanding what they were about tolerably correctly too.

A very pretty picture it was. Youth and beauty was the order of the day in the old Scotch country-house. And a charming group of fair faces and graceful forms bent and swayed around a huge mirror, which, Parisian fashion, came close down to the ground, and lost itself in a bank of rich and varied summer flowers. Taller than all the rest, by half a head, was our lovely young hostess, Carry Brand.

I am as old as Carry's father, and she has been my great pet and favourite for three-and-twenty years, being the term of her short life; so I may be pardoned if, in these pages, I seem, to indifferent ears, to speak of her too partially.

She is a beauty, none can deny that. A beauty with long blue-black hair, blooming carmine cheeks, and grey eyes.

She is not clever. She is good,

kind, and gentle—must I confess it? *too* gentle, if such a thing can be. Perhaps (although I would rather not have allowed it), perhaps the word ought to have been pliable. She must agree with the last speaker,—she neither can nor will decide for herself.

Well, what is the use of being vexed? Those beautiful eyes, that flash and glitter like stars, although they do soften and shine at times sweetly enough, will never have the living soul in them that I have seen in some eyes—eyes which strike a wild chord of remembrance through even this foolish old heart. Those softly folding lips will never utter aught beyond the pleasantries, the commonplaces of life. So be it. I am resigned: I take my dear girl as she is, and love her dearly.

It occurred to me in a sort of misty way that there was something peculiar about Car upon this particular morning; yet I might have remained in my corner from Whitsuntide till Martinmas without discovering what that something was, had not my senses been provoked to the discovery by all the tongues of the fair bevy clamouring at once to an older lady, who just then entered by the other door—

"Oh, Maria, do come and look at Carry's gown!"

Gown? Well, of course I looked at the gown too. But, although I looked, expect not, dear reader, that it will be within my powers to describe. No, that I cannot do. I will but hint at what I saw, and you, with your ardent imagination and receptive mind, may fill up, in any way you please for me, the deficiencies of which I am but too well aware.

This, then, I believe I saw. A curious, massive, shining, stately robe, in colour white, but gently fading into yellow. Silk or satin? you will say. It might have been

one of these, but to my thinking it was something richer and finer than either. Somehow, looking upon it gave me a strange sensation. I rubbed my eyes, looked again, and fell a-dreaming.

In front of an antique mirror, on the walls of an old, dark, oak-panelled chamber, there stood a tall and graceful dame, gorgeously arrayed, from the snowy plume with diamonds clasped, to the silver-clocked stocking and high-heeled slipper; and by her side was a little awe-struck boy, who, as he gazed with upturned face upon all that sparkle and splendour, wondered in his secret heart if there ever was anybody so beautiful as his mother. Those flowers upon her ample skirt, how often with admiring finger he was wont to trace their outline, to pick at the hard berries, and stroke the silky leaves! The rose was there in every stage of its fragrant existence—the tight firmly-closed bud, the puffy bursting bud, the wrinkled three-quarters-grown bud, the full-blown rose in its glory; then the rose in decay, drooping and withering, yet beautiful still. Geraniums, too, clustered round the borders of the robe, as well as hanging fuchsia-bells, dahlias, and carnations. All were friends of his, known and beloved.

He was such an odd boy, she said, that if he liked to be there, he might; he did no one any harm, but she could not understand such a taste. However, it kept him quiet, and as long as he meddled with nothing he was welcome to come. So he came; and so, seated on a low stool by her side, the old man saw him now.

When the vision faded, or how long it lasted, cannot here be told. I awoke, it was gone, and I was still in the recess, an involuntary, but—I blush to record it—a by no means unwilling spy. I could not

help it, I was fascinated, rooted to the spot.

The voices of the chattering group were loud as ever; indeed I was conscious that, although no sense had been conveyed to my absent understanding, they had literally never ceased for a moment.

Laughing and prating, they were still collected round their leader, who was herself the merriest of the party.

"Don't I look as if I had stepped out of the ark?" said she.

"My dear Carry, no. You would positively have been thought antiquated, even then! You are, you must be, antediluvian."

"Oh yes, antediluvian!" cried a chorus.

Then one began, "Did you ever see such a Gothic sleeve?"

"Gothic! Bessie! You ignorant thing! Why, we had just pronounced the whole to be antediluvian."

"Never mind," retorted Bessie—a good girl, who gives herself no airs, and never sets up for being infallible—"antediluvian or not, neither you nor I ever saw such a sleeve in our lives."

"Well, yes, it is hideous," allowed the other.

(Hideous! Some one behind the curtain started.)

"Oh, frightful! Oh, shocking! Oh dear me, yes!" echoed one voice after another. "It really is hideous," all agreed.

"Surely, my dear, your good grandmother must have been studying economy; 'tis not two inches wide," exclaimed one.

"This was not among my grandmother's things," replied Carry. "It belonged to Mr Oldham's mother. He gave it me."

(Yes. By this time he knew that. He had recognised, understood it all, some minutes before.)

"It was thought very grand in

its day," continued Mrs Brand, apologetically.

"No doubt, dear. And the good man thinks it so to this day, I'll wager a pair of gloves. What could have put it into his dear old bald pate to make it over to you?"

(Bald pate, indeed! Not as bald by half as your father's, Miss Bessie. Impertinent minx! Not another word do I write in your favour, you may wager your pair of gloves upon *that*, madam.)

"I don't know why he gave it to me," said Carry; "but I am sure he meant it in kindness." (Bless her dear heart!) "I daresay he thought I might wear it, even, you know," she continued. "What should he care about fashions? I really did put it on the first day after he had presented it, and perhaps—perhaps I was a little bit naughty in saying how much I admired it, meaning only the *material*, you understand," anxiously; "but I always feel as if I had been punished enough, for I am sure it lies on my conscience how I have never made the slightest use of it, and never shall."

"Wicked creature! But what made you bring it out to-day?"

"Why, poor grandmamma's wardrobe that was left to me, only arrived a few days ago; and so, when I was arranging it, I remembered Mrs Oldham's gown. Something in the curious old scent about the things brought it to my recollection, and I mean to lay it by with the others."

"You got the whole wardrobe? What was there in it? Laces? Furs? Anything worth having?"

"Lace? Yes, there was a good deal of lace, but all of one kind. She seems to have had a mania for that old Venetian point. For my part, I don't admire it. The furs were spoilt, except one sable boa, which I mean to have made into a

muff. Some of the things I sent off to Madame R., to see if anything could be done to them; and now the question is, when I shall see them again? Not till she has copied every single thing worth copying, you may be sure."

"Was there nothing wearable? No dresses?"

"Not one. Nothing to compare with this in splendour, and yet you see what a guy it is! They are something the same in shape, but not made of half such rich material. It is really a pity that this is so far gone, that one can do nothing with it, is it not?"

"Far gone? My dear Car, I don't believe it has been worn half-a-dozen times; and that is *nothing*, no wear *at all*, for a gown of this kind. Quite different from our flimsy things," said the elderly Maria, who had been examining it narrowly, and now stood with a piece between her fingers.

"I did not mean far gone in the way of being worn out," replied Carry. "I mean too entirely out of date; too far back in the dark ages of fashion, to be capable of any transformation. Before you go, Maria, I must show you the others. You are a *savant* in matters of this kind, and can deliver a lecture on all the different trimmings. By the way," continued the lively prattler, "what a pity it is that my worthy grandsire had not taken the precaution of laying in camphor some of his velvet suits and ruffles! What charades we might have had! With Charley Thorne for manager, too!"

"The ruffles would have been valuable; old point," said Maria.

"Yes, but where are they? There is nothing whatever but female attire, and that principally consists of useless dresses."

(Useless dresses! I had once heard Car say that this poor Maria was dependent, and one whom it was

difficult to help. Why then did she not observe that wistful glance? Why not let the dresses be no longer "useless"?)

"Oh, indeed!" was all she said, and there was a great show of indifference. "Are all the same?"

"All? yes. But you shall see." (Perhaps then she had noticed the look. I had hope for Maria).

"You shall have a regular turn-out," continued Car (my hopes were now a certainty), "and you will give me the benefit of your experience. *This*, however, is really untranslatable."

"Oh dear, yes! I should faint with horror if you were to appear in it!" cried an affected creature, with a lisp. "I really should. I can't stand anything *outré*—it makes me quite ill."

"You need not be afraid, Selina. I will spare your feelings, for I tell you frankly that nothing should ever tempt me to be made into a fright. I am far too vain." (She is not vain, and she knows she is not,—from behind the curtain.)

"Of course," continued the young lady, seriously, "I should not have ventured down-stairs had I not known we had the house to ourselves. What *would* the men have said to such an apparition? I had a narrow escape too, for they did not go out so soon as usual."

"There is always the recess," observed one.

(The chink in the curtain was hastily closed.)

"Of course; but I had passed that door," replied the fair one; "and, you know, I did want to hear what you thought."

(The curtain slipped apart again.)

"Besides, I fancied, it would amuse you," concluded Mrs Brand, growing aggrieved.

"So it does—so it does. A perfect comedy." She was assured of this on all sides.

"Such a waist!" cried one. "Where could the dear old lady's waist have been?"

"Such a neck! A yard below the throat!"

"Such a petticoat! A mile above the ground!"

"Do look here! Look at this tucker! All the pattern of the stuff woven in. That part is really rather pretty, though so odd."

Every one seized a piece of the tucker.

"Carry, I think it's *beautiful*," said a small voice, in accents that had not been heard before; and little Nelly Bertram, who had been altogether swamped in hoops and flounces hitherto, was now visible sitting on a stool among the geraniums, with her hands folded in her lap. "I saw one like it in London last week," continued the child; "and I think it was in the British Museum. It was in *some* museum, I know. Why don't you send this gown to the British Museum too?"

"Oh! what a good idea of Nelly's!" cried one. "Send it, by all means, Car. Say you found it wrapped round a Pharaoh, and in high preservation. A few bones inserted down the sleeve would make the illusion complete."

"Tom would do that for you," suggested Bessie, who had a roguish brother. "I say, Carry, do let Tom see it, and see you in it. You might—just for once."

"Nonsense," said Carry, shortly.

"Oh, do. Tom admires you vastly, as you very well know, and he will take your picture in it, if you will sit to him. I wish you would—it would be quite a curiosity."

"No doubt of that!"

Others, however, took up the cry, and she was unmercifully urged. She grew peevish, she certainly would do nothing of the kind; but

if any one of the others was ambitious of sitting for her portrait in the antiquated robe, she should be made heartily welcome to it, for the occasion.

Then began the excuses.

"It would be different for me, with my fair hair; but you dark people can wear anything you please," alleged a pretty little milk-and-water blonde done up in pale blue.

"And I don't affect white, either," said another, of a sallow complexion.

"I'm too tall for anything *outré*," said Bessie. "That is to say," seeing her mistake, for Mrs Brand overtopped her by an inch and more, "considering that I have no special good looks to fall back upon."

"It is a world too wide for me," thought a sylph, who was strapped in until her figure resembled an hour-glass.

"Take my advice, Car, and make it over to your maid," suggested the affected Selina, who had before promised to faint, and now meant to be thought exceedingly fine.

"Indeed I shall do no such thing," retorted Carry, for once roused by so base a proposal. "It is a very great deal too good for her. If it is old-fashioned, it is a splendid brocade; and I wonder what Mr Oldham would say if he knew I had given away his mother's gown to a servant."

(Ay! What would Mr Oldham have said? His eyes had opened at the suggestion.)

"Well then, dear, I'll tell you what to do," nodded the hour-glass, seriously. "Make an ottoman of it. Whenever we have any work or material that we are puzzled what to do with, I devise an ottoman. They always look well, you know, and fill up a room. Besides, people like to sit on ottomans; every shy person pokes about in search of a

humble inoffensive seat, and he is sure to seize upon an ottoman, if he possibly can! One does not even take up the whole of it! Oh, there is no doubt the vocation of this dear old gown is to be an ottoman!"

"Why, you would not use the half of it! Try curtains," said Bessie.

But the ingenious ottoman-projector was not to be foiled.

"An ottoman is such an easy thing to have made," she said. "Any one can make some kind or other. Your own carpenter would have it ready in a day. Make two, if there is enough material. We have ours always made to open, and they are delightful; perfect abysses of rubbish!"

The abysses of rubbish carried the day, and the garment was doomed.

"It would be so nice, really, to use it," said Carry, "that I don't think even Mr Oldham would object."

(He did, but then was neither the time nor place to do so.)

Accordingly, seeing the discussion was at end, and as it was unlikely that the sentence would be carried into immediate execution, I bided my time for expostulation, and was just turning away when there was a flutter and stir in the midst of the small assembly. A cane was tapping at the low window, and there, behold! a black head and Turkish fez.

"Captain Thorne! It's Captain Thorne!" tittered the girls.

"Oh, hide me, dears!" cried the hostess.

"Run up-stairs! Quick!" exhorted one, moving towards the window with very evident intentions of opening it.

"Pray don't, yet—*pray* don't," besought Carry.

"He'll think it odd, won't he, if we take no notice," replied the

other. "He wants us to come out, I am sure. See, he is climbing up now. Slip out by the side door, and we will stand between you and the window."

Carry bounded towards the recess, discovered me, and stood still, confounded.

"Dear Mr Oldham, you have been here all this time listening to—to our silly talk?"

"Even so, my dear, and it has entertained me much. We will discuss it another time; but come, I must now assist your escape. Get away as fast as you can, for I observe the Captain's head and shoulders are already half-way through the window."

Away she flew, too much fluttered to attempt another word; and I speedily followed, for the knickerbockers and heather-mixture stockings of Captain Thorne were now following their owner's upper storey into the room; "and," thought I, "when one silly young man is the centre of attraction to a dozen silly young women the case is worse than any I know, unless for 'young' you read 'old.'"

All this happened on a bright summer day, and we were in the glorious Highlands, surrounded by blue waters, blue mountains, blue skies. I felt drawn to a solitary ramble. Resisting, therefore, every entreaty to join the riding and boating parties, I vanished from among them, but little regretted, no doubt.

It was six o'clock when, on my return, I sank down into the depths of a soft arm-chair, beside an open window which fronted the golden western sunshine, and proceeded to enjoy a delightful hour of rest and Elia's Essays. Taking fright, however, after some length of time, that I should for the one-and-twentieth time be late for dinner, I resolved neither again to look at my watch

nor begin another tempting chapter, but commence at once the tedious task of dressing. It was not until this was complete, until the well-worn luxuriously easy garments were one and all donned, that I ventured to pause, and found, with satisfaction, that for once in my life I might have the credit of descending to the drawing-room in really good time. To the drawing-room, therefore, I went, and behold! it was empty,—I was the first. I fancied I could even detect, as I waited a moment in the hall, a subdued shuffle of feet across the passage, as of some of the excursionists returning, anxious to slip to their chambers unobserved. I had paused in the hall to enjoy the first brilliancy of the sunset, and the next comer did the same, as she speedily made me aware.

"You here!" exclaimed Mrs Car, as she streamed in, all muslin, lace, and sweet-smelling blossoms. "I thought I was ready so soon. I was standing in the hall to look at the view. What a pity that this window does not look out on the sea! It seems as if the one idea of the people who built these old houses, was to exclude every possibility of a view from all the principal rooms!"

She then paused, and it seemed as if an idea had occurred to her.

"By the way, I meant to speak to you," she said, with something of an effort. "I was so vexed about it. I don't know what you must have thought of us. We were only in joke, you know. That is—you see—that is——"

"Listeners never hear any good of themselves, of course, my dear. But with the exception of my bald pate, which got a rap from Miss Bessie I believe, I don't know that I have any particular charge to lay against any of you."

This not being what she had

anticipated, doubled the good creature's confusion, and I was revengeful enough to enjoy seeing how impossible it was for her to justify herself, when no fault had been imputed.

At last pity moved me.

"You thought I should be offended because you ridiculed the old gown?" said I.

She seized the opening.

"It was not the *gown*, indeed, it was only the *fashion* of it. Everybody said how—how handsome the material was." (Everybody meant Maria, I presumed. She alone had recognised its merits.)

"I see," said I. "You meant no harm, my dear, bless you! Don't let me have all those blushes to answer for. And as for the gown, why, it seemed very fine to me forty years ago, to be sure, but we have rusted together. A new generation has sprung up, which knows not Joseph, nor his coat of many colours. I was accustomed to regard my mother as the finest of her sex; she was a woman the like of whom one seldom sees now—one seldom saw *then*; but if it won't turn your head, my dear, I may say that you sometimes bring her to my recollection. Perhaps it may be some compensation for all the jests made at your expense this morning, Mrs Brand, to hear that an old man thought he had not seen so pretty a sight for many a year."

"Did you? Really?"

She looked to see whether I too was making fun of her.

"Yes, I did."

"And you are sure, quite sure, you did not mind?"

"Quite sure," replied I. "And so there's no more to be said."

"Oh, how good you are!" she exclaimed, with a sigh of relief. "This has been vexing me the whole day. I was so afraid you had been hurt, and I thought you

would hardly comprehend how it was, for of course it is different to you——”

“Quite so, quite so,” said I, with sudden recollection. “And that reminds me that—as you say it is different to me, and certainly it is—for the sake of auld lang syne, I have a favour to ask. It is a whim, a fancy of mine, my dear, but I think you will not refuse me. I seem to feel as if I could not bear to think that anything she wore, that I remember her in so well, was cut to pieces to cover furniture. So you won’t think me unreasonable, will you, Carry,” continued I, hurriedly, for I feared I was, “if I ask you not to do that? Don’t wear it, my dear, never put it on again, if it makes you the least uneasy; but lay it by, and keep it safely somewhere, for her sake.”

“I will—I will.” Her dear eyes filled with tears. Why, I cannot imagine, unless my voice was less firm than I had hoped it was.

“It shall never be touched,” cried she, emphatically. “I don’t care what the girls say. And if it would give you any pleasure,—I mean, if you would like to see me in it sometimes—I—I will certainly put it on.”

“No, no. You are the best of girls; but I demand no such sacrifice. Just let it alone, and we will never speak about it again.”

She turned a ring on her finger, and hesitated.

“That was one thing I was thinking about. If you spoke of it, the others would hear how I had been caught, and they would quiz me unmercifully—Captain Thorne particularly. He never lets a thing drop. But,” added she, quickly, “tell me, how came you there? That door is usually bolted.”

“It was not,” said I; and, impelled to a bad pun, I added, “so I bolted in. I know no more.”

“And were you there the whole time?”

“Ah, that I cannot tell. But, to tell you the truth, I fancy so; for your remark about having had a narrow escape leads me to imagine that you had fled from the same set of intruders that persecuted me.”

“Well,” said Carry, after considering, “you must have been there, and you heard the worst. But you have forgiven us”—putting her hand in mine—“so I will try to forget the rest.”

“Except your promise,” I ventured to remind her.

“My promise? Oh yes. No fear. It is a compact.”

The door opened as all was thus harmoniously arranged, and one after another dropped in till the party was complete.

I kept my promise, and no doubt Carry would have kept hers; but, owing to no fault of ours, all were not equally discreet.

The joke had transpired.

The Captain had seen something. He had insisted on knowing what that something was—what they were all laughing about.

Bessie, or Lily, or Selina had told; and Mrs Brand was exposed to the full fire of the gentleman’s wit.

She must appear once more in her Noah’s ark costume. She must give them all the treat from which they had so cruelly been excluded.

But the lady was obstinate. No importunities could move her until, in the confusion of the moment, I transgressed, and, following my own train of thought, joined my entreaties to those of the others.

Carry gave me a look that might have said, “Et tu, Brute!”

One part of my engagement I had forgotten. I was never to have asked her to wear the gown.

I was mute; and, seeing my

penitence, there arose an evident struggle in her bosom.

She stepped to my side, and whispered, "If *you* wish it, I will."

"No, no," said I, "it was only —"

But she was gone. I suppose she read in my countenance how very greatly I did wish it.

"Now," thought I, "is my hour of triumph. The minds of men," I mentally argued, "are less gregarious and frivolous than those of women, which, afraid for a moment to differ from those around them, follow their leader like a flock of sheep. If I am wrong in this matter, I am wrong; but I should like to be pronounced so by a good independent judgment."

A good independent judgment!

Listen!

The beautiful creature reappeared, blushing betwixt modesty and vexation, and stood in a blaze of dazzling wax-light. My exultation was complete, but so was my scorn; for whilst no doubts could now shake the conviction that my judgment was correct, I read in the looks of all around, one universal—titter.

Yes, they absolutely were unable to conceal their diversion. Out of, I daresay, a dozen of my own sex, only two or three had the boldness, the audacity, or what you will, to affirm that the dress became the wearer—and they, with one exception, were old codgers like myself.

That exception, I am glad to record it, was her husband, who said, and almost swore, that never in his life had he seen Car look handsomer.

The rest, to a man, deserted to the ladies. "Mrs Brand, to be sure, could wear anything; still——" and a smile and shrug supplied the verdict.

Old-fashioned dress, dress in general, dress to come, and dress exploded, was now the talk.

The majority were all for the reigning fashion. They could see no beauty, no elegance, in anything that had had its day, although it surprised me to observe how ready they were to acknowledge the claims of the most daring novelty, provided it were only new enough.

"The last thing," which was "scarcely to be had;" the style, which Madame l'Impératrice was just "introducing;" what any court milliner had pronounced "was to be,"—all of these were recognised to have merits; and only against one outrageous invention did I hear the involuntary protest—"Dear! how hideous!" which, however, was instantly afterwards converted into "but, no doubt, it will be very *becoming*."

As, in this discussion, the men were, to the full, as deeply engrossed as the women, I soon turned aside, and buried myself in a book of prints for the remainder of the evening.

A few months after this I went abroad, the fogs and earth-mists of November proving bad for a delicate chest. The south of France was tried, and discarded: some change more complete than this was urged by the doctor.

To the East my thoughts had long inclined; and at length, overcoming all obstacles, I found myself on board the steamer off Brindisi, little guessing that five long years would pass ere I should again tread its deck, homeward bound.

For five years, however, I wandered about the Holy Land, till at length, renewed in body and mind, I was pronounced fit for Old England again.

How green the meadows looked, how fresh they smelt! Yet it was not to country lanes and winding streamlets that first my steps were bent, but to great, noisy, busy London, then in the height of that

madness which, I am told, is called by learned folks the "season."

Emerging from Charing Cross, I drove to a quiet hotel, and with justifiable complacency regarded the innumerable carriages filled with surging billows of millinery, or the hansoms with their solitary white-necktied occupants, which crossed me on my way.

I was not going in for eight o'clock dinners, folly, and humbug.

I could lead a rational life in the metropolis of the world, if no one else could.

I had lived too long in other lands to be carried away by the blandishments of society.

All very fine. Three days afterwards, at ten o'clock—positively at ten o'clock, almost my usual bedtime—there was I, a man of sixty, with not a chick or a child to lead me to such places, preparing myself to go out to—abomination of abominations—an evening party.

Not a dinner, not a ball, but a great gathering of people for no object whatever, whose only hope for the time being is, that they may have half a foot of carpet to stand upon, and half a glass of champagne, ere they are hurried to the door.

For this was I laboriously decorating at that unearthly hour, and greatly were my feelings tried by the persistency with which the two ends of my neck-tie turned the wrong way.

It took me fully ten minutes longer to dress than I had calculated upon, and fearing to be late I ordered my driver to lose no time.

I was afraid of missing the pleasure in store for me, for it had been agreed between me and my hostess, that I was to be in the room before the arrival of Henry and Carry Brand.

For this I had come. I had not

seen them previously, as they had only come to town the day before, and I had kept my arrival a secret.

B—— Square was reached duly. The rooms were ready, brilliantly lit and decorated when I entered, but they were empty.

For some time I was left to their contemplation, or to that of my own figure reflected in innumerable mirrors; but at length the mistreas of the mansion hurried in, armed with a thousand apologies.

For these, however, I soon found there was not the slightest occasion. She was in perfect time, whereas I had been at the party nearly an hour before the party had commenced.

The guests, however, had no sooner begun to arrive, than, as if by common consent, they all appeared together; and the rolling of carriages, the bawling of names, and the chatter and rustle of a myriad tongues and dresses ceased not for a moment, after the din once fairly set in. Not a single face did I recognise. Wandering disconsolately about that great London ball-room, I came at length upon a little group that recalled bygone days.

The ladies of the circle (several of them were now married) were the same with whom I had often stayed at Henry Brand's, cousins of him and of each other; these were Bessie Dale, Maria Hardy, and Lily—I forget her surname, for she had changed it.

With her I entered into conversation; but as we had no topics of interest in common, and as I found her, like the rest, to be engrossed with much that was altogether unknown to me, we were soon reduced to the level of spectators. Presently she was joined by another young lady.

"You never knew any one more

lucky," said Lily. "They only came up last night, and Carry is in such good looks, and in such spirits. They have succeeded to a large property, you know, and Henry means to stand for the county."

This was news to me, and, as I could not help hearing what was said, I thought it fair to listen.

"Henry has given her some diamonds," continued Lily. "They are to be worn for the first time to-night."

"They are beautiful," said Bessie Dale, turning round at the word 'diamonds.' "I saw them this afternoon. And you will be astonished when you see her dress, I can tell you; it is more like a Court train than anything else."

"You have seen her, then?"

"Went there at five, and we had tea in her dressing-room. That girl Sophia was there too, whom they have adopted. She will prove a thorn in their sides, or I am mistaken! She wanted to go about this season, fancy! A great school-girl. Car won't take her, and quite right, too; but you have no idea what spiteful, disagreeable things she kept saying the whole time I was there."

"What about?"

"Anything and everything. Carry's things which were being spread out by the maid, for instance. The one for to-night is magnificent. Miss Sophia turned down her lips, and observed that it was certainly more fit for a foreign princess or an Eastern sultana than for plain Mrs Henry Brand; but of course *her* opinion was of no value, as she was never taken anywhere, and could not judge."

"Impertinent creature! What did Carry say?"

"Let it pass, as she always does. Told her her time would come, or something of that sort. Ah, there she is!"

I bent forward at the words. But Carry Brand, coming up the staircase (we were on the landing), was arrayed in—or did my wits really forsake, wilfully mislead me?—*my mother's gown*, the once hooted at, despised garment, of other days! Could it—could it—*could* it be?

The likeness between the two women was startling as I gazed upon her, and was probably the reason of my instant recognition of its cause.

The hair which had formerly hung in curls over her shoulders was now drawn back and piled above her head, and diamonds crowned the glossy *bandeaux*. She was my mother's picture.

Yes, Carry Brand, followed by the admiring looks of all who witnessed her arrival, wore the ridiculed robe in which she had a few years before scarcely ventured to present herself, and I fancied that I could even detect that she wore it proudly.

"Isn't it lovely?" cried every lady who looked.

"Well," said Bessie, drawing a long breath, and giving her shoulders a comical little shrug, "how the men do stare! One positively does not like to be eclipsed in that way. I shall give way to despair."

"What about, Miss Dale?" A black moustache had strolled towards us, and caught the last words.

"Because I'm jealous, Sir John. I'm jealous of that beautiful lady and her beautiful gown. Women always are jealous of each other, are they not?"

"Pon my word, I don't know," said he. "Who is she?"

"My cousin, Mrs Brand."

"Ah!" he said. "Good-looking. Where are you going after this?"

He had no more to say.

I now made a vigorous effort to sally from my corner, and was slowly edging in by a side doorway, when a slight tap on my arm preluded a "Ah! I thought so; remember me, Mr. Oldham?"

It was Captain Thorne.

"Happy to see you are not a mummy yet," said he. "How do do? Town very full."

It was kind of him to stop me, and though we had never been intimate, he seemed all at once to become a friend. With warmth I grasped the two fingers he extended towards me, and looked into his kindly stupid face with enthusiasm.

He observed that Egypt was "all the go," and wanted to know what specimens I had brought home. Ah! I didn't shoot? But at least I had brought with me an Arab costume for private theatricals! No? really?

With this his interest in the subject came to an end. For I observed that although he ejaculated "Ah!" and "Indeed!" or "You don't say so?" at proper intervals, his eyes and ears were roving all the time.

Seeing this I stopped. This appeared to give the captain satisfaction; and as I began to show the preliminary symptoms of moving on, he inquired where I was steering for.

"That room," I said. "Mr and Mrs Brand are there; and I have not seen them yet."

"Are they? I'll take you in tow. Amazing fine woman, Mrs Brand. There she is, one can always see her above the rest. Just stand still where you are, and we can't fail to encounter."

We did so, and in the interval it occurred to me to test the Captain on the subject of the old gown. Awkwardly enough, I referred to its former appearance, and inquired,

hypocritically, if he did not think it was the same?

"Very pawbably, I dessay," said he. "Fine rig. Quite the rage now."

"Oh, indeed!" said I. "You admire it, then? Of course being 'the rage,' makes all the difference."

"Of course," assented he. "When a thing's the thing, you know, it makes the thing quite the thing."

This might be his way of putting it, but it was obvious the sentiments were shared by all. By Carry too. She laughed at *me*, not at *herself*.

"Of course we needed to be told it was beautiful," she said; "we don't pretend to judge for ourselves."

"And how has it been altered?"

"How? Not at all. Hardly at all. There was no need for alteration."

"No need for alteration!" cried I, affecting astonishment, "when it was 'a yard below the neck' and a 'mile above the ground' (these two phrases in particular having remained in my memory), and it was——"

"All that was bad, I know," interrupted the gay girl, without so much as a blush. "But you do not understand, my dear Mr Oldham, it—it is *the fashion* now. Brocades have come into vogue again, and my dressmaker says this is the finest she has ever had in her hands. I assure you, whenever I look at it I am quite charmed with myself, and with you. Who would have imagined that——"

"It was to have been an ottoman."

"Oh fie! That was only an idea of that absurd Fanny Derrington's. I could not have believed you would have been ill-natured enough to have remembered that all these years. And this is our first meeting too! Henry, did you ever see

any one look more malicious? He is exulting over us all!"

"Not over Henry."

"Over me, and the girls, and Charley Thorne,—he is here to-night, did you know? Have you seen him? He was talking to us a minute ago. Oh, to be sure it was you he was with when we met him! My head is all in a buzz. Who is that man with the star? Look at his bows! He must be a Spaniard! Henry, some one is nodding to you. Vehemently. No, not there at all. Beyond that blue feather. Can't you see? Oh, Henry, how slow you are! He has disappeared now. He made faces and signs; I am sure he wanted something. There are the Cliffords in the doorway. They never come into a room—it is their way. They just let themselves be seen at each house, and then they go. Oh, Mrs Vyse—Henry, I want to speak to Mrs Vyse most particularly; she is going to take charge of Tommy for the Cat Show, and wrote to say he must be sent to-morrow, but never mentioned where! I have no idea if it is to her house, or—oh, Henry, I shall never catch her up; why would you not come sooner?"

"Look here," said Henry; "if you think I am going to run after all the old women with cats that you take a fancy to, you may set your mind at rest on that point, now and for ever. Be a witch with your own cat if you like, but don't go and herd with the other witches, or I'll be off. What more do you want? Can't you stay quietly in

this corner with Mr Oldham and me?"

Oh, to be sure. Of course she could. She did wish most particularly to speak to Mr Oldham, and when would he come and see her? To-morrow morning? No, not to-morrow, for she must go out, but the next day—some day—any day, at two o'clock?

I soon put her at her ease; I was leaving town immediately, and would wait for our next meeting till it could be accomplished under happier auspices.

It was arranged that I was once more to be of their shooting-party in August, and soon after they took their leave. The rooms were emptying, and the handsome pair were followed by looks of admiration. "Who is she?" "Who are they?" passed from lip to lip. "Her dress is perfection," said all.

"Perfection, indeed!" "O Fashion!" quoth I, for the opportunity was great, and the feelings of a reformer stirred my bosom. "Fashion," I repeated, and paused to consider in what strain the address was to be continued. A withering sneer curled my lips; contempt made itself manifest in my countenance. "Perfection, indeed! ye slaves of folly,"—I raised my hand in act of declamation,—an old gentleman in a mirror opposite did the same. He looked ugly, tired, and cross, and, moreover, was distorting his features into a grimace so repulsive, that—I went then and there home to bed.

After all, I had had my revenge.

TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

ON THE HARDENBERG.

BURST, O heart, thy stony cerements,
 Dreams of long ago arise !
 Songs of rapture, tears of anguish
 Gush forth, gush in wondrous wise.

I will ramble through the pinewood,
 Where the living brooklet springs,
 Where the forest monarch wanders,
 Where the darling throstle sings.

Up the mountain I will clamber,
 To the rifted crags away,
 Where the morning's flush is kindling
 Round the castle's ruins grey.

There I'll sit me down and ponder
 On the days of old,—on all
 The lordly knights and lovely ladies,
 Vanished long from bower and hall.

Grass has overgrown the tilt-yard,
 Where the castle's haughty lord
 Kept the lists against all comers,—
 Won the victor's proud award.

Ivy coils about the window,
 Where the Queen of Beauty stood,
 Who the imperious all-subduer
 With her lovely eyes subdued.

Ah, the hand of Death has conquered
 Conquering dame and conquering knight ;
 Low in dust that grizzly mower
 Lays us all, howe'er we fight.

" Herz, mein Herz, sei nicht beklommen."

HEART, heart mine, no longer vex thee,
 But thy weird in patience dree ;
 Soon returning Spring will bring thee
 What the winter took from thee.

Think, how much, how much is left thee,
How the world is still so fair !
And, heart mine, whate'er delights thee,
Thou to love mayst freely dare !

" In den Küssen welche Lüge."

OH, the sweet lies lurk in kisses !
Oh, the charm of make-believe !
Oh, to be deceived sweet bliss is,
Bliss still sweeter to deceive !

What thou'lt grant, I know, my fairest,
Vowing, "Nay, I never must !"
I will trust whate'er thou swearest,
I will swear what thou wilt trust.

" So hast du ganz und gar Vergessen."

AND hast thou forgotten, so fickle thou art,
That I so long have possessed thy heart—
Thy heart so dear, and so false to me,
That nothing could dearer or falser be ?

And hast thou forgotten the love, the pain,
That wildered my heart, and maddened my brain ?
Which was the greater I cannot state,
I only know that they both were great.

" Der Mond ist aufgegangen."

THE moon is up, and shining
The quivering waves along,
In my arms is my love reclining,
Our hearts beat quick and strong.

Clasped to her breast I am lying,
The waves lapping in to our feet ;
"Hush ! 'Tis but the low wind sighing !
Why shakes so thy white hand, sweet ?"

"Ah, love, this is no wind sighing !
'Tis the mermen's song, I know ;
And these are my sisters crying,
Whom the sea took years ago."

"Das Meer erglänzte weit hinaus."

THE sea loomed wide, a shining flat,
The eve its parting smile lent ;
By the fisherman's lonesome house we sat,
Alone we sat, and were silent.

Up rose the mist, the surges rose,
The sea-mew kept round us sailing,
And tears fell thickly and fast from those
Sweet eyes with a gentle wailing.

Upon thy hand I saw them fall,
And there on my knees I sank down ;
From thy white hand I kissed them all,
These tears I kissed and I drank down.

Since then I have withered away,—for years
My soul like a dead thing to me ;
That ill-starred woman with her tears
Has sent very poison through me.

"Der Abend kommt gezogen."

THE twilight has died in darkness,
The mist gathers over the sea,
The waves moan round with a mystic sound,—
What may yonder white thing be ?

The sea-nymph comes out from the breakers,
Sits down by my side on the shore ;
Her breasts of snow, they gleam and glow
Through the filmy vest she wore.

She clasps me so close to her bosom,
That bear it I scarcely may ;
"Too tight dost thou press, too closely caress,
Thou beautiful water-fay !"

"With clinging arms I caress thee,
And press thee with all my might ;
For there is a charm, that will make me warm
In the chill of this bitter night."

"The moon looks paler and paler
Through the haze of her cloudy way ;
Thine eyes are more dim, and in tears they swim,
Thou beautiful water-fay !"

"They are not more dim, nor more tearful,
 Though dim and tearful they be,
 For a drop or twain within them remain,
 Which I brought with me up from the sea."

"The scream of the sea-mew is dirge-like,
 The waves climb and burst in spray,
 And thy heart leaps, stirred up from its deeps,
 Thou beautiful water-fay!"

"My heart it leaps, stirred up from its deeps
 By a tempest too fierce to bind;
 For I love thee too well for words to tell,
 Thou dearest of mortal kind!"

"Der bleiche, herbstliche Halbmond."

THE waning autumn moon looks
 Through the clouds that are o'er it blown;
 The pastor's house, by the churchyard,
 Stands silent and alone.

The mother is reading the Bible,
 Staring into the lamp is the son;
 One daughter sleepily stretches
 Herself; says the younger one:

"How drearily, drearily follows
 One day on another, ah me!
 'Tis only when some one is buried,
 There's anything here to see."

The mother says, as she sits reading:
 "You're wrong; only four have died
 Since the day they buried your father
 By the lych-gate there outside."

Says the elder daughter, yawning:
 "I won't go on starving with you;
 I'll be off to the Count to-morrow,
 He's rich, and he loves me too!"

"At the Crown are three jolly fellows,"
 Cries the son, with a laugh, "and they
 Know how to make gold by the handful,—
 They'll readily teach me the way!"

The mother she flings the Bible
 Full into his haggard face;
 "So you mean to turn robber, accursèd
 Of God and of all your race!"

They hear a knock at the window,
 They are 'ware of a beckoning hand ;
 Outside they see the dead father
 In his preacher's black cassock stand.

THE SLAVE-SHIP.

I.

THE supercargo, Mynheer van Koek,
 In his cabin sits, and counts up
 His profits to come, and he smiles to see
 How the tot of the ship's load mounts up.

"The spices are good, and the pepper is good,
 Sacks, barrels three hundred of crack stuff ;
 Then there are the gold and the ivory ;—
 But better than all is the black stuff.

"Six hundred negroes in barter I took,
 Dog-cheap on the Senegal river ;
 Their flesh is firm, their sinews like steel,
 Of the best brand our makers deliver.

"Brandy I gave in exchange for them,
 Glass beads, and cutlers' gear, too ;
 If only one half of them live, I gain
 One hundred per cent,—all clear, too.

"Even say, three hundred negroes are all
 We've left us at Rio Janeiro,
 They'll fetch me a hundred ducats per head
 From the house of Gonzalez Pereiro."

He had got so far, when Mynheer van Koek
 Had his cheery dream broken in on
 By the cutter's surgeon walking in,
 Doctor Avish M'Tavish M'Kinnon.

A stick of a man, on whose blazing nose
 Full many a red wart figures ;—
 "Now, my surgeon-in-chief," exclaims Van Koek,
 "How get on my darling niggers ?"

"Thanks, thanks for inquiries !" the doctor says ;
 "I came to say, overnight, sir,
 The mortality 'mongst them has mounted up
 In a way that's exceptional quite, sir.

"Amidships they always died two a-day,
But last night seven of them hooked it,—
Four men, three women—that's the loss,
I've been to the day-book, and booked it.

"Their bodies, I tested and tried them well;
For these rascals—don't I know them?—
Often sham to be dead, on the simple chance
That into the sea we throw them."

"I took the irons off their limbs,
And, as I commonly do, sir,
Their bodies, as soon as the sun was up,
Clean overboard I threw, sir.

"In an instant up shot a swarm of sharks
From below to overhaul them:
They are so fond of the negro beef;
My pensioners I call them!

"They have followed the ship's wake ever since
We left the coasting station;
The creatures sniff up the carcass smell
With epicure exultation.

"To see them snap at the dead men is
As pretty a sight as one knows of!
One seizes a head, another a leg,
What is left the others dispose of!

"When they've cleared off all, they go tumbling round
The ship, quite contented and happy,
And they leer at me, with a look that says,
'A capital breakfast, old chap, eh!'"

But here, with a sigh, Van Koek breaks in;
"How to get this mischief under?
This dreadful mortality, how am I
To arrest its growth, I wonder?"

The doctor answers: "The fault's their own,
These niggers drop off so quickly;
Their own bad breath has made the air
Between decks horribly sickly.

"Many have died, too, of doleful dumps,
Too deadly dull to endure them:
By a trifle of music and dancing and air
Let us of their megrims cure them."

Then cries Van Koek, "Good sound advice !
My medical staff commander
Is sage as Aristotle himself,
The tutor of Alexander.

"The President of the Society
For tulip-culture in Delft, sir,
Is clever—very—but not by half
So clever as yourself, sir.

"Ho ! music ! music ! These black knaves
Shall here on the deck cut capers ;
And those who decline, the cat-o'-nine
Shall quickly cure of the vapours."

II.

High in the great blue vault of heaven
Many thousand stars were gleaming,
So wistful-sad, so large and calm,
Like the eyes of beautiful women.

They are looking down upon the sea,
That is veiled in a phosphorescent
Purple-tinged vapour out for miles ;
The waves make a murmur pleasant.

No sail flaps on the slaver's ship,
As 'twere dismantled it lies there ;
But lanterns shine on the quarter-deck,
And the sounds of music rise there.

The pilot has taken the fiddle in hand,
The cook on the flute is playing,
A smart young cabin-boy beats the drum,
On the horn is the doctor braying.

Some hundred negroes, women and men,
Halloo, and caper, and wheel round,
As though they were mad ; and their iron gyves
Beat steady time, as they reel round.

They stamp the deck with insane delight ;
And many a swarthy fair, too,
In transport her naked partner clasps,—
And oh, the groans that are there too !

The mate is *mâitre des plaisirs*,
And the laggard dancers he has
Quickened with strokes of his cat-o'-nine
To friskier ideas.

And Diddle-dum-dey and Tootle-te-too ;
 The din lures up from the deep there
 The monsters of the watery world,
 That drowse in a fatuous sleep there.

Hundreds and hundreds of sharks swim by
 Possessed by a dreamy distraction,
 And up at the ship they glower and blink
 In a maze of stupefaction.

They're quite aware that the breakfast-hour
 Has not arrived, and their jaws are
 With yawning agape, one can see them set
 With teeth as thickly as saws are.

And Diddle-dum-dey and Tootle-te-too—
 Such endless dancing and setting,
 The sharks in sheer impatience the while
 Their teeth on their own tails whetting.

I trow they love not music, they,
 And, like most of their kidney, show it ;
 "Trust none that does not music love !"
 Says Albion's greatest poet.

And Tootle-te-too and Diddle-dum-dey,
 The dancing it goes on stoutly ;
 By the fore-mast stands Mynheer Van Koek,
 And he folds his hands devoutly.

"For Jesu's sake, spare, Lord, the lives
 Of these black sinners, spare them !
 If they've angered Thee, ah, well Thou know'st,
 To swine we may compare them.

"Oh, spare their lives, for Jesu's sake,
 That all us mortals died for ;
 For unless three hundred head survive,
 I lose every stiver I tried for !"

"Deine weissen Lilienfinger."

OH, if thy white lily fingers
 I but once again might kiss,
 Press them to my heart, and, swooning,
 Fade away in speechless bliss !

Thy clear violet eyes before me.
 Flit both day and night, I ween ;
 And one question still torments me,
 "What may these sweet riddles mean ?"

MINE IS THINE.

PART X.—CHAPTER XLV.

THE eight months succeeding the events narrated in our last chapter, effected a good many changes in the external circumstances of Esmè and Cosmo. Lord Germistoune, accustomed to have his own way in all things, was, at first, impatient to extract from his daughter an acknowledgment of her error, and a confession that she had ceased to think of Cosmo; and, at short intervals, recurred to the subject with the formal expression of a hope that she had "come to her senses." But Esmè, always candid and fearless, never wavered from her original declaration. For her, "change was impossible;" and although she expressed this with all gentleness, and with dutiful regret that there should be variance between her father and herself, it was with a constant firmness which gradually led the old lord to suspect that the high-handed system would not answer. At last, under the inspiration of Mrs Ravenhall, whom he consulted by letter, he was persuaded to adopt a more politic method, which aimed at the reduction of obstinacy by the influence of time and silence. Exercising an amount of self-restraint, which was very irksome to him, he ceased to make any allusion to "the affair," and Cosmo's name never crossed his lips, though that "audacious miscreant" was constantly, and bitterly, in his thoughts. But this change did not greatly avail Esmè; for her father had resolved to combine with the silent, something like the solitary, system; that is to say, he would neither pay nor receive visits: and in this he persevered for some weeks, with the results on his irritable temper

which were naturally to be expected. From it poor Esmè had much to endure; and what with that, what with the blankness of life, when it is only illumined by vague and distant hopes, her lot promised to be a sad one. Indeed, when she looked out on the glorious summer of love and sympathy which was, in one sense, so near, and, in another sense, so far, the winter of her discontent was, at times, all but intolerably cold and dark and dreary. But here, again, Mrs Ravenhall intervened, strongly deprecating such a modification of the system which she had induced Lord Germistoune to adopt; and here, again, his lordship was persuaded to change his tactics. He did so, as he did everything, in a violent and exaggerated way. He filled the castle with guests; he offered visits, right and left, in the district; when he had exhausted it, he shifted his quarters to Ferniehall, and kept open house there; and at all the festive gatherings which, at this time of the year, keep Scotland in a state of high carnival, he and his daughter were present, without fail. Hitherto he had affected a certain regal exclusiveness and social reserve; he had avoided, to use his own phrase, "making himself cheap;" and his change of habits naturally excited remark. Those who knew him little, solved the problem by deciding that he wished to get his daughter married; those who knew him best, thought that he was not the man to take any initiative in such a matter, expecting—as he certainly would expect—to be beset by swarms of suitors—all of the highest distinction—from among

whom it would simply be his duty to select the most eligible. Those who knew him least were, however, nearer to the mark.

Hitherto he had put away from his mind, as distasteful, the idea of Esmè's marriage; he felt that, when the swarms began to close round him, it would be time enough seriously to consider it. But this horrible affair had altered all his views, and alarmed him seriously, in more ways than one. It was true that, during his lifetime, he could prevent Esmè from marrying Cosmo; and her dutifulness was so strong that he might almost reckon on his veto holding good, when he was no longer alive to enforce it. But what if this prohibition should result in her remaining permanently single? It was this consideration which affected him, almost, if not quite, as much as Cosmo's outrageous audacity; for, with Esmè, the entail ended, the titles would be extinct, the family, in fact, at an end. Lord Germistounne had therefore revolutionised his habits for the present, with a double object. In the bustle and excitement of a gay life, Cosmo was to be forgotten by Esmè; and in the haunts of the eligible, she was to meet an appropriate magnate who, by espousing her, should save the family from extinction. Propelled, therefore, by these two motives, the old lord dragged Esmè about the country, eager to be everywhere, like a match-making mother who hungers and thirsts for the espousal of her daughters. Eager to be everywhere, yet choked with the sense of humiliation which all this involved; and, in the extra *hauteur* of his manner and acerbity of his tone, visiting the resentment which it caused, upon all the world. If there had been any chance that his daughter would coincide in his matrimonial schemes for her, his

own conduct would have neutralised them. For, now looking upon all young men as possible, and even probable, aspirants, he carried himself scowlingly towards every youth, until cause had been shown why he should do otherwise; and, even in the case of any one who, being eligible, showed a disposition to pay attention to his daughter, his lordship thought it due to himself to adopt a tone of suspicious austerity and condescension, which was meant to convey to the young man that it was only by the stretching of a point, that he could be considered eligible, and that there was no sort of margin to spare. And, indeed, in deciding on the question of eligibility, he was honestly in this dilemma, that no one who was not very great was good enough; and any one who was great enough to be good enough would be apt, by superiority of title, to swamp the Germistounne honours: and that *his* family should be extinguished, by merging even in a ducal house, outraged an egotism which took cognisance of the unborn generations of his descendants, to the end of time.

It came to pass from all this, that suitors were discouraged, and that young men in general were frightened away from Esmè, not caring to run the blockade of her father's fierce and sleepless observation. Before long, Lord Germistounne could not but see that she was not sought after, the blame of which he, of course, laid at her door alone. "She is hankering after that villain Glencairn, and so snubs every one else." This was how he explained it to himself; and the fire of his wrath burned yet the more hotly against "the villain," and reflected itself in the harsh tone which he adopted towards his daughter.

From Scotland, Lord Germistounne carried her to his seat in Wales, and there, for a time, mysti-

fied his neighbours by his novel ways of life; and thence, in the feverish pursuit of his objects, he took her abroad for the winter. Whatever virtue change of scene may have in obliterating misplaced attachments, he certainly gave it a fair trial,—rushing from place to place in that region of the Continent with which the pursuit of health had, before now, made him very familiar. With the exception of Monte Carlo, there was scarcely a station on the Riviera of which he did not make trial. He liked Cannes—he had always liked it; for the people there, were generally, more or less, *comme il faut*, and the climate was, as a rule, pleasant. But, after a fortnight, he found that, on this occasion, it did not suit his purpose. There was little distraction and no excitement, and the male visitors were—as they always are—octogenarian, sick, married, or beardless. In short, it was unavailable. Nice had never been to his taste, but he tried even it, and found it, as of yore, full of *rococo* English and Americans, and with a foreign element which made his aristocratic and respectable blood boil and freeze, in turns. Carried past the sunny, but sinful, heights of Monaco, Esmè had to dree the weird of a ghastly week in that stuffy *morgue*—Mentone; and another in San Remo, that fair paradise of deadly dulness; and thereafter, expiated her sins in a penitential pilgrimage, which brought her, by fits and starts, through Genoa, Pisa, and Florence, to Rome. In all these places her father conducted himself with the same feverish haste and insolence—looking in, as it were, at the door of society in each—scanning its *personnel*, and then retiring with the sort of air adopted by some supercilious exquisites, of seeing no one “good enough” to justify his continuance in such a sphere.

At Rome they fell in with Tom Wyedale, who, having “broken the bank” at Monte Carlo, had resolved not to give the bank a chance of recouping itself at his expense, and so had fallen back on the Eternal City, which, that winter, offered exceptional facilities for relieving pecuniary plethora, by means of *baccarat*.

Lord Germistoun was, by no means, cordial to Tom, and discouraged intimacy. In his eyes, Tom was no longer the light-hearted *farceur*; he was now a probable aspirant, and therefore, probably, a crafty, designing dog; besides which, he was the intimate ally of the man who had caused all this woe. Esmè was overjoyed to see her old friend, who, besides being the friend of Cosmo, was hearty and cheery, and a very bright relief to the gloom which surrounded her. Tom, himself, had little difficulty in comprehending the ordeal to which she was being subjected, and his kindly nature longed to give her comfort. And he did give her comfort, in the best possible way, by talking about Cosmo, with the unconsciousness which he knew how to assume, and by, accidentally as it were, giving her minute intelligence about him, which cheered her with the knowledge that her lover was true to his vow not to despond, but to hope and work. As to his love, she required no assurance on that head. It was delightful thus to talk about him again, and with one who, though apparently unconscious, was so sympathetic in his views of Cosmo; it was delightful, but her satisfaction was too obvious, and so brought its own extinction. For, when her father observed the pleasure she had in meeting Tom, his suspicions became acute, and he let his quondam *protégé* know, very frankly, that his society was not desired. So Tom was completely

disestablished, and deeply resented the loss of many dining and other advantages, which he had counted on extracting from the "old Buffalo."

In this strange way the winter passed for Esmè—passed like an evil dream, in which her father's spasms of wild vagary and personal unkindness constituted the episodes, and the forlorn sense of separation, and the anguish of love's hopes deferred, formed the grand central trouble upon which the episodes of evil dreams are built. From all the many sources of pleasure once familiar to her, in these places of sojourn, she was now in a manner cut off. Her father dogged her like a detective, and contrived, by methods more galling than open words, to let her feel that she was suspected and under surveillance. The glories of nature, the beauties of art, and the delights of social intercourse, lose their charm under such conditions, and Esmè had no alleviations. It was, therefore, to her unmingled satisfaction, when an alarm of fever at Rome decided her father to return to London much earlier than he had purposed. Her lot could not be worse there than here; and she would, at all events, be near Cosmo, perhaps see him sometimes; and that, even though they must hold no communication, was much—indeed, a world of consolation. So that Lord Germistoune's varied efforts to efface, stamp out, or supplant her affection, had been all so much labour in vain. They had helped to take the colour from her cheek, and the brightness from her manner, but that was all. The old lord had more, a great deal more, than a suspicion that this was the case; but of course there was no relenting on his part; and so, they were no sooner settled in the family mansion in town, than he set about taking measures which, under proper safeguards, should insure for Esmè

every opportunity and distraction which the season, now commencing, could supply. Foremost among these measures was, that he secured the alliance, offensive and defensive, of an eminent dowager—a kinswoman of his own. This was the Lady Octopa Hawker, a great power in society, and who, on the matrimonial war-path, first for her daughters and then for her nieces, was believed to have taken more scalps than any extant pursuer of men. Her ladyship had married off all her own near belongings; but the instincts of the conqueror were still keen within her, and she longed for new achievements. With hearty cordiality, then, she undertook the chaperonage and social supervision of Esmè, whose personal attractions and dazzling prospects promised *éclat* to Lady Octopa herself, and a basis of operations wide enough for the ambition of a great strategist. She quite understood what Lord Germistoune wanted. There had been a foolish entanglement in the country, which still haunted the girl's fancy. Esmè's settlement was therefore more than a matter of general expediency—it was urgent. Lady Octopa quite grasped the situation. Similar "cases" had been successfully manipulated by her, before now; and she assured Lord Germistoune confidently, that he might make his mind easy.

So Esmè was launched into the vortex; and, under the system of Lady Octopa, with which his lordship consented not to interfere, she had every distraction and opportunity which London affords. It could not be said that she became the fashion; she was not mobbed and gazed at from chairs, hastily climbed as posts of observation, which are among the attentions now enjoyed, in this well-bred metropolis, by ladies who chance to

be the rage of the hour. Neither by the style of her beauty, nor by her manner, was she at all likely to be, in this sense, the fashion; but she soon became the object of much interest, of some real devotion, and of considerable pursuit. To this

she was indifferent, since all men but one, were to her like shadows. But London was more endurable than Scotland and Italy had been, for the sway of Lady Octopa, was less harassing than her father's sway—and Cosmo was in town.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Cosmo was in town; but we must go back a little, and trace the events which led to the circumstances under which he was there. When he left Scotland, seeking, in movement and rapid changes of scene, some distraction from grievous mental pain, he crossed the Channel, and, without purpose or programme, found himself presently at Marseilles; and thence, in the same haphazard way, went over to the island of Corsica. This he explored unrestingly, scaling the rugged heights of the Monte d'Oro and the Monte Rotondo, traversing the noble forests of Aitone and Vizavona, crossing the island by that grand and unique route from Bastia to Ajaccio, and moving half round it, partly on foot, partly in the rough vehicles of that primitive land. His fare was simple, his lodging rough, his physical exertions severe; he lived alone with nature, and amidst aspects of nature constantly changing but always noble; and soon, in a measure, recovering the equilibrium of thought which he was in quest of, he felt in a position to turn his face homewards, before the prescribed month had elapsed. At Marseilles he found letters awaiting him, and one from his father which induced him to continue his journey to England, with all speed. The news it contained was entirely welcome and opportune, being to the effect, that the sitting member for Puffboro' had, on visiting his constituents,

found it expedient to reconsider his intention of "sticking to his post,"—that he had now, in fact, taken steps to retire, and that the writ for a new election was to be issued immediately. Mr Glencairn stated that, acting upon what his son had said to him, some months before, he had gone down to the place himself, and set matters in train for Cosmo's candidature, and already done a little quiet canvassing on his behalf; but that his own personal appearance on the scene, and the issue of his address, at the earliest moment possible, were necessary.

Cosmo telegraphed that he was on his way home, and lost so little time that, before thirty-six hours had elapsed, he was in the borough. Here awaiting him he found Mr Hopper, whom, in consideration of a good many electioneering qualities, his father had sent down to "manage" matters.

"Come at last!—and most welcome, Captain Cosmo!" cried Hopper. "And now, since there is no time to lose, perhaps you would kindly throw an eye over this, and then we can send it to the printer at once. There were one or two points we were in doubt about, so couldn't issue it, before your arrival." He produced a roll of paper.

"What is that?" asked Cosmo.

"The address, Captain; your address."

"My address!—and you *thought* of issuing a statement of my principles, without my sanction?"

"The committee thought of it, Captain, and urged it on us, as we were, roughly speaking, in possession of your views; but we decided that it was not the right thing to do, and we didn't do it."

"It would have been a most reckless and un——"

"Exactly. It would. We felt that it would be so. We couldn't pledge ourselves on the 'Burials' question, you see. Mr Buster, a strong Nonconformist, but a leading man here, goes for being buried in the parish churchyard, without what he calls 'any priestly abominations.'"

"Well?"

"Well, Captain, we didn't know whether you mightn't insist, so to speak, on the 'abominations;' and, though we got a strong hint that if we could assure him that you would help him to be interred without them, it would, in fact, mean a good many votes, we daren't do it, Captain—daren't do it; and didn't. Besides, it was clear that games were going on between the parties here, which I was only allowed half to see, and I felt that it was quite possible that Buster's votes were safe, without any pledge from you."

"It is a matter of perfect indifference to me whether Mr Buster is buried in the churchyard or in his cabbage-yard; but——"

"Clearly so, and naturally," said Hopper, taking out a pencil, and scrolling an addition to the address, which he read aloud as he wrote—" 'Will advocate fullest concessions on this point—will be glad to see all Nonconformists buried—in the manner that may be most satisfactory to them.' There!—that ought to net Buster and his followers!"

"You are too hurried, Mr Hopper; and if you think I am going to make pledges to catch votes, you are mistaken."

"Never dreamt of such a thing,

sir! With a man of your mould, that would be out of the question. Quite."

"Then—well, let me look at this paper which is supposed to expound my principles."

"Roughly, Captain; only *roughly*. There it is."

Cosmo ran his eye over it, murmuring aloud the principal heads—" 'General support of the Conservative party—time-honoured institutions—economy,' &c. &c. — 'a jealous watchfulness over the efficiency of our postal system, especially as regards foreign and colonial mail service—importance of maritime *nexus* between the hemispheres—friction of thought in an international sense—action and reaction—bonds of sympathy tightened—international pulse'—why, what on earth is all this?"

"Go on, Captain—go on!"

" 'Urgent necessity for reform in oceanic mail-service—gross abuses in this department—for example, as to port selected in connection with mail-service between Great Britain and the grand republic of New Gotham—consider present state of things a scandal and a reproach, which no Government ought to tolerate, which no Conservative administration would dream of maintaining—if returned, would use every effort to promote governmental action in the matter——' " Cosmo threw the paper down. "The whole thing," he said, "is absolutely meaningless to me."

"For the moment, sir, no doubt it is; but it is full of meaning for the constituency, and that's the main point."

"Is it?"

"Well, in a sense. You see, Captain, what the people in general here want, is to get their port made the port for the Gotham mail-service instead of Dartboro', and what

we want—that is to say, Mr Glencairn and some of the leading inhabitants of the place—is to get the mail contract transferred from the ‘Eureka Steam Navigation Company’ to the ‘Great Antipodal Steam Navigation Company,’ of which they are principal shareholders, and whose ships already have their station here. Very well. You, Captain, as your father’s mouthpiece——”

“I will be no man’s mouthpiece.”

“I was wrong. You will be no man’s mouthpiece—naturally not; but, having a son’s sympathy in a father’s interests, and knowing the utter inefficiency of the ‘Eureka’——”

“I know nothing about it!”

“Oh, my dear Captain, but it is notorious!”

“Well, well.”

“Knowing the inefficiency of the ‘Eureka,’ and the complete organisation of the ‘Antipodal’——”

“Again you beg the question.”

“Feeling sure, I should perhaps say, that any organisation which, like the ‘Antipodal,’ enjoys the direction of such men as your father, is certain to be complete, and therefore best adapted for the public service. Knowing and feeling this, and being aware that Puffboro’ is nearer to New Gotham, by twelve nautical miles, and to London, by five statute miles, than Dartboro’ is—you can scarcely hesitate to promise your support to the demand of Puffboro’, when it asks to have the privilege of Dartboro’, in this matter of the mails, transferred to it. The ‘Eureka’ contract expires in two years. The ‘Eureka’ and Dartboro’ have had *their* innings, and misused them. Turn about’s fair-play; why shouldn’t Puffboro’ and the ‘Antipodal’ have their innings next—particularly when that would advance the public interests?”

“But what has all this got to do with politics?”

Hopper held up his hands. “Politics, Captain?—everything: it will settle the politics of this borough for a generation. You see they’re a *leetle* bit hazy here, *about* politics. The fact is, with a few exceptions, they don’t, I suspect, care very much in reality about parties, except in so far as their own interests are concerned. They pretend to, of course, but *I* twig them. *I* twig them. Now Puffboro’, with a Liberal member, has been trying to get justice from a Liberal Government. It has always failed. The Liberals have sacrificed it to Dartboro’, which returns *two* Liberal members, and is a stronghold of the party. Very well. Now is the moment when Puffboro’ sees its way to success, by a change of front; for Conservatism is getting rapidly to the top, and is safe to be in power immediately. So what Puffboro’ is saying to itself is this: ‘If we support the Conservative ticket now, a Conservative Government might reasonably be expected to support us, at the expense of Dartboro’ and Liberalism, when the contract expires;’ so, between ourselves”——here Mr Hopper adapted his forefinger to his nose——“between ourselves, I think Puffboro’ is inclined to support a Conservative candidate who will pledge himself to bring all pressure to bear in the direction of its wishes.”

“What a disclosure of political immorality!”

“Well—in a sense; but there’s another way to look at it, and that is, that the worthy folk here enjoy the advantage of having the public interest bound up with their own. The efficiency of international mail-service is no trifle; and if that is promoted with special advantage to the Puffboro’ people, why, so much the better for them: but they, and

their member, are entitled to feel that, in urging their private interests, they are working for the public good, and a Conservative Government which might recognise their services, would be able to feel that they were granting a boon to the nation."

"Provided your statistics are correct."

"They are undeniably and demonstrably correct, Captain Cosmo."

"The real motives would continue equally small and sordid."

"My dear Captain, how far would you go? Would you sacrifice the public interests to avoid the appearance of selfish motives? As for a member of Parliament, he is bound to promote the interests of his constituency, where they don't clash with imperial interests; otherwise he is not their representative at all."

Cosmo bit his lip, and beat the ground impatiently with his foot. "I detest," he said, "the appearance of a bargain, in such a matter. I feel inclined to give up my candidature."

"But, Captain, you will have to make no *bargain* at all. You will simply have to say, as every other member says, 'I will promote the interests of this borough in every way in which I conscientiously can.' That's not much to say, surely; and I think *that* will satisfy them. You see the Liberals can't promise to meet their views, because that would be promising to sacrifice more profitable supporters at Dartboro'."

"I shall make it quite clear to them that there is to be no *bargain* on my part. If they choose to say that my pressing the interests of this port is to be a *sine quâ non*, or even a condition of their political support, I shall tell them that I won't take their political support on such terms."

"Quite! They won't say *that*."

"If, after hearing my views, they are satisfied with them, I can have no objection to say—of course, as a volunteered remark—that my best endeavours to promote their general interests will be at their disposal."

"To be sure. That's it, Captain. That will nick it. Ha! ha!"

"But is there no feeling at all in the borough on *any* political question?"

"Well, there are the Nonconformists, who are always inclined to give trouble. *They* are the politicians; and they *talk*, I believe, of a contest. I don't think they're in earnest. At all events, a few fair words from you would quiet them. I shall know more about *them*, in a few hours. As informed, up to date, my impression is, that their main political belief is that Puffboro' is, by twelve nautical miles, nearer to New Gotham than Dartboro' is, and therefore, &c., &c. Now, Captain, about the address."

"I won't allow a line of that preposterous production to go out, in my name. I have the main points of an address in my head, and, if you will come back in an hour, I can promise to have it ready for you."

"Very well, sir. I'll go and see the committee, in the mean time, and tell them you've come."

Accordingly Mr Hopper betook himself to the leaders of the party, and, with a great many winks and frowns, explained, jocosely, the state of Cosmo's mind.

"The Captain," he said, "is a philosopher, and has a conscience, and some other things that aint very convenient at election times; and he kicks at the idea of making 'a bargain,' as he calls it, for his seat, about this port and contract business. But he'll be as right as a trivet, if you only manage him

rightly. Now take this advice from me—that is, if you want him for your candidate,—and you can't get anything like so good a man for *your* purposes as he would be, with his father at his back; take this advice from me—receive his programme, which is sure to be harmless, and accept him unconditionally as your candidate. Not a word about the steamboats. I'll guarantee that he'll do the right thing for the borough, in that matter; I *can* guarantee it. I speak for his father, you know," added Hopper, with a wink which spoke volumes; "but if you press him for a pledge, in his own direct words, he'll very likely throw you over altogether. Be contented with *my* pledge—that is to say, his father's—for him."

Then the committee, satisfied that an autocrat and a millionaire like old Glencairn, would certainly be able to control his own son, agreed to this; and when Hopper had brought the address, they *did* formally accept Cosmo as their candidate, though some things in the address puzzled them, and might have strained their Conservatism, if there had been any abstract politicians among them. The decision was conveyed to him by a deputation who, warned by Hopper, behaved with great discretion during the interview, keeping the steamboats out of view, and being politic enough (under the same inspiration) to suggest certain modifications of his political programme. Cosmo combated their objections with great earnestness, and, after a show of argument and reluctance, they abandoned their positions, and admitted that he was right. A public meeting was agreed upon, for the following night, and the interview thus terminated to the mutual satisfaction of all concerned, — these worthy politicians desiring to send up to Parliament, not so much an

exponent of political philosophy, as an article with a brand which made it marketable; and Cosmo delighted to find that the constituency was, after all, inspired by disinterested political principle.

The meeting, which took place as arranged, although it embraced the whole constituency, was not a very large affair, when all were told. There were no "lambs," no tumult, no sort of excitement. The fact was, Hopper had made good use of his time in the interval; he had "got at" no end of people; and the leaders of the various political sections, who were all either deep in the "Antipodal," or at least closely identified in some way with the maritime interests of the borough, had, that afternoon, come to a pretty fair understanding. In this, Cosmo's pledge—that is to say, the pledge vicariously offered for him by the ingenious Mr Hopper—was an important factor; and Cosmo's brusque utterance about Mr Buster's burial, manipulated into comfortable and comprehensive English by the same artist, was tendered and accepted as a negotiable security.

An air of placidity, then, characterised the assembly; for things had oozed out: it was pretty well understood that the wire-pullers had decided that there was to be no contest, and the wire-pullers being the great employers of labour and the fountains of local patronage, their decision was everything, or nearly so.

Thus, even when Mr Buster, chief of the Nonconformist Radicals, passed into the room, looking very fierce and uncompromising; and when Mr Batt, captain of the higher Liberal section, stalked gloomily up the hall, as if he, too, "meant blood," no sensation was produced; even among the most simple-minded of their followers, the general

sentiment was "Walker!" Nor could the frantic exertions of Mr Hopper, who stood concealed behind the platform, clapping his hands and shouting "Bravo!" in a boisterous and infectious manner, warm the meeting into any enthusiasm, as Cosmo and his committee entered. Mr Whorkles (Conservative, and chairman of the "Antipodal") took the chair, and introduced the candidate as a gentleman of prodigious talent, and of a political creed so generous, enlightened, soundly constitutional, and, what he might call, philosophically expansive, that he could not conceive any one of any shade of politics—not revolutionary—failing to recognise in Captain Glencairn a right, fit, and proper, &c., &c. "Captain Glencairn," he went on, "is well known as a brave soldier—brave as a lion, as the British lion—who has served his country, and bled for it, on many battle-fields——" (Here Cosmo made a sharp gesture of dissent.) "Well, perhaps not exactly bled for it—that is an accident beyond the Captain's control,—but served it with every other distinction. He is also known as an eminent scholar, as a capitalist himself, and the son of one of England's merchant princes. When I add that he has strong local interests——" (another strong gesture of dissent from Cosmo)—"seeing that his father has condescended to recognise that there is, in our town and port, a sphere for his cosmopolitan operations as a capitalist—when I add that he is already heart and soul a Puffboro' man" (frantic applause by Hopper and committee), "and that the rights and privileges dear to Puffboro' will be jealously safeguarded by him,—I think I have said enough to recommend him to your cordial reception; and Captain Glencairn will now himself address

you." When the vociferations of Hopper and his *claque* had been stilled, Cosmo proceeded to do so, in a very effective manner. His handsome person and bearing produced a favourable impression, and, when he spoke, the charm of his voice and the grace of his language and intonation conciliated the audience, as such advantages always do, even when much that is thus musically conveyed is unintelligible to them.

He began by defining his position as a Conservative. He was devoted to the constitution, believing that its fundamental idea was in harmony with the genius of the British people. At the same time, he recognised that institutions require periodical modifications, so as to keep them abreast of changes and growths in the sentiments, conditions, and wants of the nation. He would, therefore, conserve the grand principle of political equilibrium which the constitution aimed at, by welcoming any changes in the methods of its application, which might, from time to time, become necessary, so as to guard the essential virtue of the principle from being obscured and hampered by accessories which had ceased to be consistent with the developed conditions of the national life.

On the other hand, he would resist changes dictated merely by the restlessness of parties, and the selfish ambition of leaders, just as he would oppose a policy of obstruction, which had no higher motive than the apathy of a party or its selfish timidity. In this sense he was a Conservative, and on these general principles he would act with the Conservative party, while they were animated by them.

He looked upon class jealousies as grand impediments to national prosperity. He was against all legislation that would sacrifice the

interests of one class to those of another. Interests must, more or less, come into collision from time to time; and, if equilibrium were to be maintained, mutual concessions and compromises must be made. It was the duty of statesmen, holding the balance evenly between classes, to direct and formulate these compromises, and, in the interests of the constitution, to provide compensations by legislation, earnestly considered and wisely timed.

We had recently passed through a period of much legislation. Many great questions had been settled, or put in the way of settlement. He would not pretend that, in all cases, he approved of the methods employed to settle them; but retrogression was foreign to our political usage, and he thought it was the duty of patriotic politicians to accept loyally what the nation had adopted, and to promote subsidiary legislation, so as to give it the healthiest developments.

It was with the present we had to do—the actually existing state of things—and also with the shaping of the future. The past was dead and gone; and, though we might lament many past things, as we mourned dead friends, yet, in neither case, ought we to suffer sentiment to blind us to the real work and duty of life, which lay in the present, and in recognising what the present calls us to do, and in doing it.

As a case in point, he would observe that great power had passed into the hands of the lower sections of society, by the extension of the franchise. For his own part, he had always felt that, in any such readjustment, the claims of intelligence ought to have been directly considered. As it was, there was no direct mechanical check on the preponderating influence of uneducated opinion. But the remedy he

would seek for this, lay, not in reaction, but in energetically perfecting the system of national education, which we had been far too tardy in inaugurating.

Cosmo then went on to indicate how his general principles would direct his action in reference to certain special topics, such as taxation, pauperism, local self-government, our military and naval systems, and the Church. With regard to the last, he avowed himself a firm supporter of the Establishment principle, and a faithful member of the Church of England; though he admitted that it required reform in several respects which he named and discussed. He then returned to the question of education, into which he went very minutely, and elaborated a scheme for the wide diffusion of technical instruction and training. He said that most burning party questions had been settled for the moment, and that the country should now give its very earnest attention to this question of education, and to another which, almost as greatly, and more immediately, affected the national welfare—viz., that of the relations between capital and labour. If there were neglect of these supreme questions, or feebleness in dealing with them, at this critical time, the period of our national decline would very soon commence.

As methods of adjusting disputes, he regarded strikes and lock-outs as unworthy of a civilised age. They were wasting the industrial life of the nation, paralysing capital, alienating trade, and leading the country to poverty and ruin. There was an inexorable limit to the concessions of capital, placed at the point where its employment ceased to yield profit. Driven beyond that, it must withdraw altogether, taking trade and employment with it, and leaving labour to starve. Capital-

ists were, of course, just as selfish as other men, and might be expected to postpone the interests of others to their own; they, however, must know better than their *employés*, where this point, separating profit and loss, lay. On the other hand, the *employés*, naturally looking to their own interests exclusively, might be expected to doubt the assurances of the capitalists, even when they truly asserted that the point had been reached, and so to press capital beyond what it was able to bear. Here, then, in mutual distrust, and in an antagonism of interests which was artificial, lay the source of perpetual dead-locks.

Lock-outs might sometimes be a selfish expedient, sometimes a simple necessity; and the same might be said of strikes. Who, then, was to decide in the matter? Private arbitration had proved ineffectual. The crisis was a grave one, and he was prepared to submit to a grave remedy. He would, in some form or other, make the State practically the arbitrator, and he would enforce its decisions by law. He was not prepared to suggest all the details of such an interference; but the outline of a scheme had occurred to him, according to which the interposition of the State would make disputes impossible. It appeared to him that, as the Bank of England indicated the rate of interest, from time to time, at the discretion of the directors; so the market-price of labour, in all the great industries, might be periodically struck by a Government Board, sitting in permanence, and armed with a final authority which the Bank of England did not possess. Subordinate district boards might supply to the central board the local knowledge which would enable them to adapt their enactments to the varying conditions of the districts.

This might be called crude and

fanciful. Perhaps it was so; perhaps, at the same time, it might contain the germ of a workable scheme. It might be said that this was an unjustifiable interference with liberty of contract. To this he would reply that, in the gravest disturbances of order, liberty, by a natural law, was sacrificed to self-preservation. Society selected the less of two evils, and turned to despotism to save it from anarchy.

He applied the analogy, and justified the arbitrariness of his proposal on exactly the same principle—by appealing to the anarchical state of things which it was intended to correct. It was the less of two evils, which had no other alternative apparently. Every man who turned his attention to public affairs, ought to consider this grave problem; and if every one did so, a solution would soon be discovered. As to the expense of carrying out such a system as he had indicated, that would, at worst, be trifling, compared with the incalculable loss involved in the present state of things. With this Cosmo concluded his address, which had the faintest possible interest or meaning for the great majority of his audience, who, however, applauded vigorously when he sat down.

The political lore of the majority was confined to certain cries and catch-words, and to those parrot-phrases with which that afflictive institution—"Parliament-out-of-session"—fatigues the public ear. But in Cosmo's speech there was no cue, of this sort, to start the divine utterances of the *vox populi*, for praise or blame. The eyes of the people, therefore, rested for inspiration on their leaders, who all occupied conspicuous seats. The Conservatives eyed Mr Whorkles; the Liberals watched Mr Batt—dock-proprietor first, and Liberal afterwards;

while the ultra-Radicals took their time from Mr Buster, between whose ravages and the Established Church, his interests, as a ship-chandler, acted, for the present, as a sort of breakwater.

As Cosmo's speech proceeded, the approval of Mr Whorkles and his following became more and more marked.

Mr Batt, on the other hand, gradually exchanged an air of armed neutrality for one of allayed apprehension, which was duly reflected in the quietness of his rank and file; while the Nonconformists, under the inspiration of Mr Buster—who had distinctly nodded his head once or twice in approval of Cosmo's sentiments—confined their active demonstrations to a little gentle howling, when Cosmo declared himself for the Established Church. The speech was a great success, in this sense, at least, that it enabled Whorkles, Batt, and Buster to carry out their secret triple alliance, which had for its aim the deliberate transfer of the constituency to the Conservative side, for considerations above explained. If Cosmo had turned out to be too pronounced in his opinions—a Tory, in fact—Batt and Buster could scarcely have ventured even to remain neutral; but, as it was, they felt that his views might conciliate a variety of creeds, and were advanced in such a way as to rouse no partisan animosities: and this impression was exchanged between them in furtive glances of congratulation. A show of opposition was, however, necessary, and it was duly forthcoming when a resolution affirming Cosmo's fitness had been moved. Then, after Mr Batt had received an affirmative signal from Mr Whorkles, in answer to a secret note which asked, "May I risk a question on the assimilation of the franchise?" and after Mr Whorkles

had sent a secret note to Mr Buster, which said, "Go it on the Burial question: he'll fit you, and none of us mind"—Mr Batt rose and said that there was, of course, a good deal in what Captain Glencairn had said which he could not pretend to hold with; still, there was a good deal, which, coming from a Conservative, it surprised him, in an agreeable sense, to hear. Considerable breadth of view was indicated in the Captain's professions, and he trusted they were not mere professions. As a very simple test of his sincerity in advocating equilibrium and justice, he would put to the candidate one question—Was he prepared to assimilate the franchise in boroughs and counties, and so relieve the agricultural population from a scandalous injustice?

Cosmo at once replied that he cordially assented to the principle of assimilation, though there were certain questions connected with carrying it out, upon which his mind was not made up.

Whereupon Mr Batt promptly sat down, after stating that the admission of the principle was satisfactory to him and creditable to Cosmo, and that he was not prepared to move a counter-resolution.

Then Mr Buster, with a well-feigned air of expecting no satisfaction, stated that, without criticising the speech in detail, he would take exception to one passage in it, which implied that there were no burning questions exercising the public mind at present. He denied that *in toto*. The grievances of Nonconformists were a burning question—ay! a question that was burning its way into the public conscience. Foremost among these, the great question of the day was that known as the "Burials" question. Now, would the candidate's even-handed justice extend relief to Dissenters in that respect?

Cosmo replied that, as he had before said, he was a faithful Churchman; but he, for one, could see no disloyalty to the Church in desiring to admit Dissenters to the privilege which they desired. He knew that it was largely held by Churchmen that to give way on this point was to surrender an outwork protecting the Church itself; but he was soldier enough to know that it was bad tactics to waste strength upon untenable outworks—and an outwork, which rested upon what he ventured to think was foolish prejudice and injustice, was both weak and indefensible. He would resist with all his might any unjust encroachments upon the Church; but, both as a matter of right and of expediency, he was heartily for making the concession in question. Whereupon Mr Buster, glancing triumphantly at his disciples, remarked that half a loaf was better than no bread; and that, as no other candidate was before the meeting, he, like Mr Batt, would refrain, for the present, from moving a counter-resolution, and so sat down. The motion was then put to the meeting; and a respectable

forest of hands being held up in its favour, though Batt, Buster, & Co. of course remained neutral, Cosmo was declared to be unanimously found “a fit and proper person.”

At the nomination, a few days after, no opposition was offered; and Cosmo was elected, believing, in the guilelessness of his heart, that he owed his return to the electors' sympathy with the unselfishness and even-handed justice which illustrated his political creed. The steamboats had been carefully kept in the background. “No pledges! no bargains! I am free as air! and it is a very worthy constituency!” Thus he congratulated himself, innocent of the fact that Hopper had pledged him to Whorkles, and that Whorkles had purchased Batt and the Liberals with the same pledge, and managed Buster and the Radicals with it and other contrivances, and that the whole constituency, more or less, looked upon him simply as the *coupon* of a Conservative bond, in which they had invested, and which they hoped a Conservative Government would honour, when it was presented for payment.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Cosmo's electioneering proceedings began, as we have seen, a few weeks after his flight from Scotland, and before November commenced, he wrote himself M.P. Some time must, therefore, elapse before his new duties would give him that daily employment and occasional excitement which are salutary, in cases like his. His Continental raid, however, followed by the bustle and success at Puffboro, had done much for him, keeping him free from those mists of despondency which are apt to settle on the mind, when sorrow assails a merely

contemplative life; and, while the impetus was still on him, he returned with vigour to political study. He had no intention of becoming a Parliamentary specialist—taking up a question and hammering away at it, so as to keep his name before the public, as the manner of some is. But recognising that want of concentration had hitherto rendered his powers unproductive, he devoted his earnest attention to one or two political problems which appeared to him to be already grave, and likely to be recognised as such, in the near future.

And thus he passed the remainder of the recess.

His love was deep and true as ever, but he kept it under strong control; and far more successfully now than heretofore, he combated those accesses of reverie which paralyse intellectual vigour. It was no longer a time for dreams. His love had passed from the region of dreams, and, uniting itself, in the noblest way, with the realities of his life had introduced him at last to the sphere of Duty. Esmè was his guiding star and guardian angel: she had led him to that sphere, and in it he must not dream, but work, for Duty's sake and hers. At times, indeed, the sense of their separation would obtrude itself almost overwhelmingly—so cruelly complete it seemed—grieving him for her, even more than for himself, though he could not dream of the utter desolation of her present lot. But, constantly, her guardian-angel words came back to him—"Say to yourself that I am standing beside you, trying to help you with my love and my prayers;" and, from the words, he took heart and comfort for them both. He went little into society, but he was often cheered by visits from Phil Denwick (now sitting at the feet of Mr Hopper), which were ever welcome; for Phil was the most sanguine and sympathetic of confidants, and, besides, the only one with whom he could speak of Esmè. The only tidings he had had of her were by a letter from Tom Wyedale, written after he had seen her at Rome; and in which, with kindly intent, he made much of the marvellous interest she had evinced in hearing of his doings. "I am now, however, under the ban myself," he said, "and I suspect it is for sake's sake. Never mind! we shall both live to outflank the old gentleman. By the by, he was pretty strong

about your Puffboro' speech, which he had read, and described it as 'distinctly sinister.' For this, however, you will easily console yourself, when I tell you that Miss Douglas spoke of it with an enthusiasm which made her eyes sparkle and her cheek flush. Oh, you lucky dog!" And, indeed, Cosmo for the moment felt himself to be the happiest and most fortunate of men. That she should admire the speech itself, was much; but his lover's instinct told him that her eyes had sparkled because she had accepted it as a witness of his loyalty to her, and of all his pledges; and *that* was happiness indeed, for it meant *her* happiness—and caused by him.

Poor souls! there was but little comfort for them at this cheerless time! No wonder they made much of such small mercies as came their way.

Thus Cosmo passed the months gravely, and even sadly, but guarded from morbid melancholy by purpose, labour, and hope. As for Esmè, we have seen what her sad history was, during the section of time which, for the purposes of our narrative, may be considered to have terminated with the opening of Parliament. At that time there was for each, in a certain sense, a new point of departure. For, about that time, the Germistounes returned to London, and, while Cosmo took his seat in the House and inaugurated a career which he hoped might lead him to Esmè, she, under the pilotage of Lady Octopa, was embarked on a new course which was intended, effectually and finally, to separate her from Cosmo. Henceforth, indeed, life had more alleviations for both; but Cosmo had still the best of it. The man usually has, in such cases. Working is better than weeping; and while the woman, as a rule, has to drift, at the mercy of the chapter

of accidents, or of the caprice or authority of others, powerless to shape her own course, the man can swim, it may be, against a current so strong as, for the moment, to make progress imperceptible, but still with the great consolation of a conscious exercise of will and effort to reach the point aspired at. Cosmo, then, with his definite work tending in some degree at least in that direction, had the best of it.

But life in the vortex of society—that kaleidoscopic life, with its swiftly succeeding transformations, episodes, and exigencies—forces distraction on the saddest heart, and Esmè, not sadder than she had been in Italy, had here the distraction which was lacking there.

The weeks rolled on; the antepascal season was in such full swing as Lent permits. Cosmo's voice had not yet been heard in the House. Searching constantly in the Parliamentary reports, Esmè only found his name in the division lists, or, now and then, in connection with a petition embodying some parochial aspiration on the part of Puffboro'. On the other hand, Lady Octopa had scored no success; for though Lord Ribston was by this time off in his yacht, to avenge, on the bodies of bears and arctic sea-fowl, the prompt refusal with which Esmè had met an early proposal from him, her ladyship could not credit herself with the finish of an affair in which she had not started.

Esmè and Cosmo had never met. Each had had a fleeting glimpse of the other, when the other was unaware; but they had not met eye to eye. Esmè longed, yet feared, to meet him—longed to hear his voice again, even though his words were not for her; yet feared a *rencontre* in society, not knowing how she might control herself, or be able to support the stranger's

part which she must play. If they met in the streets even, she did not know what she should do. Might she bow? She was pledged not to communicate with him, and it was a nice question whether to bow were "to communicate." It is pretty obvious how love's casuistry would have settled this question, had the opportunity occurred; but the opportunity did not occur. Nor was it strange, for, in all the world, there is no place where two people are less likely to meet than in London, when it is the object of one to avoid a meeting. And this was Cosmo's object. He foresaw many evil results for them both, and even for their eventual hopes, should there be a risk of their meeting, if only occasionally, in society; and so, though his longing was great, to the full, as hers, he exercised stern self-control, and excused himself from all such engagements as seemed likely to lead to it.

Esmè's longing to see him grew and grew: even to hear him spoken about would be something; and to hear him spoken about in connection with some hopeful achievement would be the best of all. But this was denied her; she began to feel that they might as well be the inhabitants of separate planets: and, even in the whirl which her chaperon concocted for her, there were times when she could not struggle with utter despondency. It was during one of these sad crises that Lady Octopa, having a nephew with a military grievance which was to be incidentally ventilated, by some one, during the discussion on the Army Estimates, proposed to take Esmè to the House of Commons, one evening; and Esmè, thinking that she might thus have a chance of seeing Cosmo, unseen herself, and with no violation of her compact, eagerly assented; and they went.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

They were well placed in the gallery; and as the House had not yet gone into committee, the benches were still pretty empty. Esmè, who had never been there before, watched the gradual entrance of the members with interest. She was surveying the *ensemble* of the House, with that sense of disappointment which usually accompanies a first visit to the greatest legislative assembly in the world—thinking, indeed, that it was the most “extraordinary-ordinary” looking assemblage she had ever seen—when her view changed in an instant, and a glory came over the whole place, as Cosmo entered. He looked pale and fatigued, but his handsome face did not lose in interest by that; and his air was as full of spirit and dignity as of old. He entered alone, and Lady Octopa remarked him.

“Do you know who he is?” she inquired, turning to Esmè, whose heart was beating very quick.

“Yes,” she said, with an effort. “Mr Glencairn.”

“Oh, yes! one of the new members. I forget what he sits for. Ah! he goes to the right side, at all events. I thought he would. He is very good-looking. Do you know him?”

“Yes—no. We met him abroad, and—and in the Highlands.”

“There is really something most distinguished and interesting in his appearance—very much so, indeed!” said Lady Octopa (who had an eye for a handsome man), as she inspected the young member through her glass. “Is he rich? is he a *parti*? Who is he?” she continued.

“I believe he is rich,” faltered Esmè, “but I cannot give you any particulars about him;” and then she went on hurriedly to inquire who was “that very fat man—just

come in—with his hands in his pockets?”

“Oh! I should be sorry to know; probably one of the trades-union members. He looks quite the rat-tener. An odious wretch! But,” turning her eyes again to Cosmo, “what a delightful creature, Mr — what is his name? Ah, yes!—Mr Glencairn looks! I declare I am *quite* smitten. We must find out all about *him*.”

It was sweet to Esmè to hear her lover appreciated, for once; but it was not unmingled sweetness; for her ladyship’s appreciation was embarrassing for the moment, and her researches might lead to awkward results. Lord Germistoun, in informing her that there had been “a foolish entanglement” in the country, had not, of course, divulged the name of the entangler.

Business went sleepily on, for a time; a good many questions were asked and answered or evaded, displaying the usual amount of droll antithesis in their subjects, and at last the House went into supply on the Army Estimates.

The Secretary for War made his statement, in the tone of mingled jubilation, apology, and recrimination, which has been sometimes known to characterise such deliverances.

He must admit, he said, that the estimates were large, but they showed no material advance on the estimates of right honourable gentlemen opposite; indeed, any trifling advance there might be, was entirely due to the action of these right honourable gentlemen, when in office.

The army estimates must always be large in this country; but he ventured to assert that this country would never grudge them, provided they secured an efficiency in the

service, which he was prepared to show that it at present displayed.

He would admit that, for the moment, there was a certain difficulty in obtaining recruits; but, if trade entered on the period of depression which was confidently anticipated, that difficulty, they might hope, would disappear—and the difficulty was in no respect greater than it had been, during the administration of right honourable gentlemen opposite, and the army was notoriously held in an esteem by the nation, which it had not enjoyed under them. The quality of our soldiers was much canvassed; but he could not admit that the harsh view occasionally taken of them was just. They were young—that was true; perhaps too young—that was a matter of opinion; but that was a fault which tended to correct itself from the nature of things; and, in any case, the average of the army, in this respect, was as high as it had been when right honourable gentlemen opposite held power.

As for the *physique* of the troops, an American general, whom he had met, last week, at a Guildhall banquet, told him that he had recently lunched with the general commanding at Aldershot, and afterwards inspected the division there, when the impression he carried away was, that the Aldershot soldier was *twice* the size of the American soldier. Now, making every allowance for the national propensity of Americans to underrate what belonged to themselves, he thought the committee would find, in the opinion of this eminent authority, a satisfactory answer to strictures which had been passed upon the *physique* of our troops. Of course, it might be better—he was not going to deny that—but the improved conditions of agricultural life impeded recruiting in rural districts, and to some extent forced us rather to de-

pend upon the urban population, which was, perhaps, more remarkable for mental activity than great bodily vigour. After all, a robust body was not everything; but, he that as it might, he was glad to believe that, under the control of right honourable gentlemen opposite, the *physique* of the army had been very much beneath its present standard.

With regard to desertion, they had certainly to deplore a rather high figure. Still, it might be worse; and he expected much from the abolition of the infamous practice of branding, by which the deserter had formerly been identified. That abolition was a distinct challenge to the chivalrous nature of British soldiers, which, when they had had time to understand it, they would not be slow to answer, by remaining true to the colours, in enhanced numbers. An honourable gentleman said "Oh!" but he, for one, was proud to express his entire confidence in the chivalrous nature of the British soldier. Well, now, too much was made of this desertion, which evidenced youthful levity and impatience of restraint, rather than a disloyalty which would display itself before the enemy. What he said was, "Bring them before the enemy, and then there would be no desertion." It was all very well for honourable members opposite to cry, "Find them first!" but, twenty years ago, the proportion of deserters was nearly as high as at present, and it would be in the recollection of the committee that, at that time, right honourable gentlemen opposite were the advisers of her Majesty.

Our reserve was steadily increasing, and our prospects were altogether hopeful, in that respect. It had swelled this year by the respectable increment of 370 men, and he called that hopeful. At

the close of the century, it would amount to no less than 50,000 men, which he ventured to think was considerable. An honourable and gallant gentleman laughed, but he would tell him that if he thought that result tardy and unsatisfactory, he for one did not agree with him. If it were so, however, who, he should like to know, was to blame? Why, who but honourable and gallant gentlemen—members of this House—who systematically impeded military reform, and who, he felt bound to say, as a rule, supported the policy of right honourable gentlemen opposite.

And so the right honourable gentleman went on, in a strain which some members, still sitting in the House, may remember to have been not unusual, making the best of a bad business, asserting that it was not bad, or if bad, better, or at least not worse, than it had been under the sway of political opponents, and painting the future in glowing colours. The impression sought, and with some success, to be left upon a House—which had no sort of wish to face disagreeable truths, and deal frankly with a difficult but vital question—being, that things were jogging on very well,—a little expensively, but still very well; and that, if there were any defects in the working of the system, these were due to the immense load of difficulties bequeathed, by right honourable gentlemen opposite, to the existing administration, who could not have coped with them at all, but for the extraordinary energy and acumen which they possessed. Codlins, in fact, was the friend—not Short.

There was, we may be sure, plenty of loud cheering when the right honourable gentleman sat down, smiling, and awaited the criticism of honourable, and gallant, and other, porcupines opposite.

These were to the front, as in duty bound, and the committee were favoured with a considerable diversity of military speculation, theory, argument, anecdote, and sarcasm; notable among which were an elaborate attack upon the existing tactical unit, delivered by a stockbroker, and the remark by an Irish major, that he thoroughly endorsed the right honourable gentleman's statement as to the great esteem in which the army was now held by the nation; as a striking proof of which, he begged to adduce the case of a man whose martial zeal had recently induced him to enlist in ten regiments on one day. The only pity, he added, was that the fine fellow's admiration for them all had been too impartial to let him join any one of them, so that this sort of zeal was not as profitable as could be wished; and it seemed that, though you might manufacture a man out of nine tailors, you could not be sure of getting one soldier out of ten recruits.

Cosmo sat, with his head resting on his hand, so that his face was concealed, and Esmè, beginning to feel somewhat wearied by all this prosing, sat back to rest, a little absently, so that some portion of the House was out of her view. Presently there was a short lull in the speechifying, and then silence was broken by sounds which recalled her, with a beating heart, from her temporary reverie. Lady Octopa looked quickly round.

"Esmè," she said, "you must not sleep, my hero is going to speak."

The caution was quite unnecessary. Esmè was already sitting up, breathless, motionless, with all her eyes fixed upon *her* hero—her beloved—whose hour, she said to herself, had at last come. What music his voice had for her, as with a slight tremble in it, but with an air

of modest self-possession, he entered on the terrible ordeal of a maiden speech! Apparently the House, to some extent, shared her feeling, for there was rather an unusual silence after he had completed his first sentences, in which he made a graceful apology for so early an intrusion on their attention, which he could only justify by appealing to some little practical knowledge of a profession which had been his own, and some little study and observation of the working of Continental military systems. The House, besides being affected, like other assemblies, by grace of manner and diction, and above all things, by the charm of voice, always gives a generous hearing to all beginners who do not attempt to take it by storm, and Cosmo's manly but respectful bearing, combined with these other personal advantages, procured ready applause for his apology, and bespoke favourable attention for what he had to say.

He wished, he said, to make a few comments upon the right honourable gentleman's statements with regard to recruiting and desertion. The two questions were bound together by the direct relation of cause and effect, and he impeached our present system of recruiting as essentially responsible for the enormous amount of desertion from the ranks which took place. The right honourable gentleman suggested remedial measures, but he ventured to submit that no practicable improvements in the conditions of military life, which were superinduced upon the present system, would have any effect in correcting the evil. To have a healthy tree you must have a sound root. There was only one remedial measure, and that was to change the principle upon which our method of obtaining soldiers at present rested. Desertion was not the most serious

evil which resulted from our present system, though it was a very clear evidence of its unsoundness. It pointed, by its enormous proportions, to the fact that our soldiers were drawn, in an alarming degree, from the most worthless element of our population; and it was only by altering our system of recruiting, that we could escape from so deplorable a state of things. It was no argument to say that, under the same system, our safety and renown had been upheld in former times. Times had changed, the conditions of national life had altered—notably in the greater concentration of the population in towns; and these changes, which had visibly affected the whole national character, had, unquestionably, and gravely, deteriorated both the *morale* and the *physique* of the class with whom the recruiter had mainly to do. There was scarcely a point of resemblance between the soldier of to-day and the soldiers who fought in the Peninsular war. The desertion, alone, showed that we were dealing largely with a class morally worthless; and that it was physically worthless, or at least unworthy, was proved by the wretched standard of size exacted, by the reports of medical men, and even by the cursory observation of any one who chose to look at our troops, with eyes which really desired to see the truth.

The men displayed, in a large degree, the imperfections of a stunted race—that was to say, of a race intended by nature to be stalwart, but whose proportions had been shrivelled by the results of artificial and unhealthy life, hereditarily transmitted. There was no stamina in such men. Our present system, then, tended to give us men morally and physically worthless—a rotten plank on which to rest the national honour and safety;

and, as time went on, the evil tendencies of the system would progressively develop themselves. But did it give us enough even of such men as we possessed? It did not. The matter stood thus:—In times of average prosperity, it was notoriously almost impossible to keep the army up to its strength. When trade was very dull, a rush was made to the service. Little was said about the deficit; much was made of the plethora; it was obtruded, so as to suggest that it represented the average state of things. The most inferior men were, of course, the first to be thrown out of employment, and these were the men who made the rush. It seemed to follow from this, that it was only when trade languished that we could get even a numerically sufficient force to protect the interests of trade.

If the system were insufficient in time of peace, in time of war it could only be made to work in a most inefficient way, and at a ruinous expense. In a war of any duration, he would venture to predict its total collapse. During the Crimean war, enormous bounties had to be offered to enable us to fill gaps in our ranks with the most wretched material; and even that expedient could only be made to work by resorting to volunteering from the embodied militia, which involved the expense of a double machinery, and forced us, to some extent, to pay twice over for our soldiers. Even this rich country, if it were involved in a protracted war, could not afford to pay at such rates, even for soldiers vastly superior to those which the system would supply. What, then, would be the result? Why, a radical change of system in time of war, when it would be effected at the greatest risk and disadvantage.

This was what the voluntary sys-

tem did for us; and he could not anticipate any improvement, from the introduction of a shorter term of service. When the "ten years" act came into force, a deterioration in the class of men who enlisted was very soon visible, and he was not aware that any increased facility in obtaining recruits was experienced. The full effects of that Act began to be felt during the Crimean war, and we had never been able to get the same stamp of soldiers since that time. As for the reserve which might be created under a short-service system, even if the most sanguine anticipations were fulfilled, the results would still be insufficient, and afford no satisfactory compensation for the other disadvantages of the system, among which was the grave one that it would give us nothing but raw and inexperienced non-commissioned officers. At the present moment, we had practically almost nothing to fall back upon. The country dwelt with vague complacency on the Volunteers. They were a noble force, of which we did well to be proud, but they did not constitute a *reserve* at all. They were an independent force—applicable to special duties, and valuable in their own sphere; but they were not homogeneous with the army, and could not be associated with it as a reserve, in the proper acceptance of the term.

This was what was done for us by the present system, which appeared to him to have few redeeming points. It was only made to work, at all, by the splendid qualities of the officers, who were equal in all, and superior in many, respects, to the officers of any other army.

The voluntary system used to be held up as a subject for national glorification. "Our soldiers are not *compelled* to be soldiers," it was said, boastfully. Why, then, did they enter the army? From chiv-

alrous patriotism, and a noble ambition for renown? If that were so, it was at least a little remarkable that these high qualities should be found only in the dregs of our society. No: the voluntary system was the reverse of glorious; it degraded the profession of arms by placing it in competition—as a matter of money—with other trades, and farther degraded it, by forcing it to compete on such terms that it could only secure the *residuum* of the labour market. In his humble opinion, the voluntary system was no longer suited to the altered conditions of the country; and besides, the country, since it formed part of the European system, could not afford, notwithstanding its insular advantage, altogether to vary its usages from those of neighbouring nations, and certainly not where a violent variation involved national risk.

In these words, he indicated the direction in which he would seek a remedy; but he felt that he had already too long occupied the attention of the House, and he would not presume to enter upon the details of any scheme which might have occurred to him. The House, however, taken with Cosmo's manner, good voice, and fluent delivery, and perhaps a little by the unusually frank manner in which, as a "military member," he dealt with so sacred a subject, encouraged him to go on and propound his views; which he did, with much modesty, merely submitting his scheme as a sort of outline of what might contain some elements of a practicable system.

The House, he said, must be prepared to listen to a word at which the country had been carefully taught to shudder, and that was "conscription." That was the vital principle of his scheme. If it were adopted, he ventured to

think that our difficulties would be at an end; and, with our vast population, it might be applied in such a way as to involve small individual hardship and small disorganisation of the industry and trade of the country, even if it were desired to have a very large army at disposal. Situated as this country was, it would be necessary to have a dual system, retaining, in regard to India, that which at present existed, under certain modifications; but to this he would return presently. Briefly, the system which he would introduce would combine, with some elements of our own, some elements borrowed from the German and Swiss systems.

He would make the whole male population, theoretically, liable to military service, between the ages of nineteen and forty. This wide area of liability would afford full scope for exemptions, and the interests of the higher classes might be further studied, by recognising, in our organisation, the German "volunteer" or "one-year-man" system. With regard to the ages to be affected by the first incidence of the conscription, that question involved many complex considerations, as to population and so forth, and he would not be expected to settle it offhand; but, as a mere suggestion, he would put the ages at, between nineteen and twenty-three.

The army would be for home service, exclusively, in time of peace; for general service in time of war, or grave national exigency.

Every conscript drawn would be sent to one of a number of training centres, and would remain there under permanent staffs of highly-skilled instructors, until a high degree of efficiency had been attained.

From each batch of trained conscripts a second selection would be made by lot. Those thus selected

would be liable to three years' continuous service with the colours, in camp or garrison at home. The remainder would be dismissed to civil life, being only required to attend an annual training of ten days, and occasionally (in certain categories) certain more extended manœuvres during their period of service.

There would, no doubt, be many difficulties during the process of transition from the old to the new system, and provisional regulations would have to be made as to the incidence of the earlier conscriptions, so that it should not bear too unevenly upon the youngest men. But, when the system was developed, it would work automatically in distributing its pressure with perfect equitableness. The number of continuous-service-men need not, under the altered conditions, be nearly so great as that of the force now garrisoning the kingdom; and it might progressively diminish as the development of the system gave a constantly increasing *potential* army—that was to say, of soldiers not with the colours, of men engaged in all the avocations of civil life, but trained and fit for service in times of exigency; and, with regard to these men, there might be another class of categories of exemption. He then went rapidly into some of the more important details of the scheme, of which this was a rough outline, repeating, finally, that it necessarily involved a dual system, for that, in regard to India, the voluntary system must be retained,—corrected, however, by reverting to the old period of service for which soldiers, specially engaged for that country, were enlisted; the expense of this force to fall, of course, exclusively upon the Indian Government, its depots to be associated with the territorial army at home, and its officers to be interchangeable with those of that force.

He would encourage the Colonies, in every way, to adopt an organisation similar to that of the proposed army for home service; and the only difficulty remaining would be with regard to the garrisons of Malta and Gibraltar, which might, however, be met by associating them with the Indian organisation, from which it might also be advisable to borrow for each of the considerable colonies a model corps, to serve as a standard of efficiency, and a living symbol of the imperial connection. The expenses, under the latter heads, would be a matter for equitable arrangement with the Indian and Colonial Governments.

As to the comparative expense of the proposed and the present systems, they must remember that, under the former, the militia would be abolished, and the volunteers would be unnecessary, and perhaps incompatible with it; and he believed that the *direct* saving, at least, which it would effect, would be very great.

In a few sentences Cosmo thus placed his scheme before the House, and concluded as follows:—

“There may be fallacies and flaws in the principle and in the details of such a scheme; but I venture to think that it has these merits: that, with the smallest possible hardship to the individual—with the smallest possible injury to productive industry, and at a reduction of *direct* expense—it would give us a force large enough, and extensible enough, and strong enough, to place this country in a position of power and impregnability which it has never before enjoyed—not even during the period when the rest of Europe was less menacing and less aggressive, from being less armed. For it would not merely give us the advantage of adequate numbers; it would yield quality as well as quan-

tity; it would fill the ranks of the army with the flower instead of the weeds of the population, giving us a rank and file worthy of the officers, who, as a class, possess every quality which is most nobly typical of the English race. I fear I shall be met with the cry, 'Conscription! the people will never stand that!' Change the name, then, and call it 'consecration.' Don't tell the people that they will never stand it. If you think it is right, tell them that they *must* stand it. Tell them that the men they have elected to govern them, know that it is for the country's good, and they *will* stand it, if they see you are in earnest. If you are afraid to do this—afraid of what?—afraid of compromising party interests?—afraid of responsibility? It can scarcely be anything else. Well, then, if you prefer party to patriotism, you are unfit to rule; and, as to responsibility, it is possible to reign without governing, but it is impossible to govern, if you shrink from all initiative and all control of public opinion."

The concluding apostrophe was addressed neither to one party nor to another, but generally to the Legislature. Those who sat on the same side with Cosmo, however, gave it, of course, a party signification, and cheered vociferously, though probably the main propositions of the speech were unpalatable to the majority of the cheerers. The results, however, as far as Cosmo was concerned, were highly satisfactory, the cheers of the party being added to the cheers of those who generously recognised the merits of a new speaker, and of those who, in various parts of the House, sympathised with military reform in general, and with any assault on the existing state of things military. So that when Cosmo sat down, though he had somewhat strained

the usages of the House, it was amidst strong manifestations of general applause. We have seen that, in the old period of his hesitations, he asked himself this question—

"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?"

And, no doubt, to the vast majority of his audience, on this occasion, the quotation would have sounded apposite; but he was fluent, musical, gentleman-like, and spoke with an air of thinking earnestly about his subject, and not about himself at all. Hence these cheers. A combination of circumstances had made his maiden speech a signal success.

"Capital! I like him!" said Lady Octopa. "He is very handsome, and seems to be so deliciously in earnest. I like him. My dear child, what is the matter?"

The cheers had been too much for poor Esmè. Her face was pale, and her eyes were full of tears. She murmured that the heat was overpowering, and that she would like to go; and Lady Octopa kindly consented to leave, with the tale of her martial kinsman's grievances unheard.

There was a considerable fuss in the papers next morning about the speech. It was approved of very warily, by a very few; it was assailed by most, from opposite points of the compass: this organ described it as despotic and arbitrary—that organ stigmatised it as democratic and revolutionary; but they nearly all agreed in the fine old imperviously-crustured objection,—it involved a principle which the country "would never stand." At the same time there was a general recognition of Cosmo's patriotic motive, and of his promise as a parliamentary speaker. It was talked

about, of course, in society, too. Lady Octopa had a dinner-party the next night, and was full of it. Lady Octopa was clever, but she devoted the *fine fleur* of her brains to social intrigue. In politics she was cynically without principle, and disbelieved in any political motive, apart from party or personal considerations; but Cosmo's "escapade" delighted her by its novelty and audacity, and she was full of it.

"Instead of humdrumming in the Lords, you should have been with Esmè and me in the Commons last night, Lord Germistoun," she said to the old lord, who, with his daughter, was of the party.

"Ah, indeed!" said Lord Germistoun, who had been too gouty to read the parliamentary reports, and had not heard of the incident,—"ah, indeed! was there anything stirring there?"

Esmè, who was within earshot, turned pale.

"Oh yes!" said her ladyship; "a young member made his maiden speech, and dashed into the middle of the Estimates, with all sorts of startling ideas to show that the money would be wasted, as long as we are what we are."

"Ha! ha! one of the new-light Radicals."

"Not at all; a Tory, a very handsome man, with the most delightful voice in the world, and a capital speaker. I quite fell in love with him. He wishes to introduce the Swiss system, or something of that sort,—only fancy! But he managed to make it sound very plausible."

"The contemptible scoundrel!"

"No, no; I tell you I am in love with him, and I cannot hear him spoken of so. I am resolved to know him, and to make him quite my *protégé*; and he is an immense *parti*, I hear. The odd thing is, I can't remember his name. Colonel

—Colonel —I know he *is* a soldier——"

"Lord Alexander Overslaugh, perhaps? He is a clever youth, but has some sinister ideas."

"No, no; not Lord anything: Colonel or Major or Captain something. Oh! what *is* his name? Esmè, you can tell me; what is his name?"

"Whose name, Lady Octopa?" gasped Esmè.

"Why, the handsome member, with the fine eyes and the divine voice—last night, you know—in the House."

Esmè made no reply.

"Why, how stupid you are! The man who abused the army; said they were all stunted and immoral? Why, you *do* know him. Now I remember, you told me so."

"Mr Glencairn," muttered Esmè, with her eyes cast down.

"Of course! Mr Glencairn. Do you know him, Lord Germistoun?"

"I do *not*," said his lordship, with keen emphasis.

"Ah, well! you must come and meet him here. He belongs to the party,—a most ornamental addition to it!"

"It is always a privilege to meet any of your ladyship's friends; but this man, who is not yet among their number, I must decline to meet."

"Lord Germistoun! Why?"

"Why? because he is a——" The old gentleman paused, recollected himself, and only said—"Any one who could venture, and from the Conservative benches, to suggest the adaptation of any republican monstrosity to our system, is a renegade, and a traitorous charlatan. As such, I should decline to meet him, even at your ladyship's table."

"Nonsense! If you heard him—if you saw him, you would be at once converted."

"I am sorry to controvert your

ladyship's view ; but I distinctly say 'No !' "

"How harsh ! Esmè, don't you think Colonel Glencairn would make a conquest of your father, as he did of you and me ?" Esmè,

half fainting, turned to her next neighbour and tore him away from another conversation, and thus evaded a reply to Lady Octopa, who then let the subject drop.

CHAPTER XLIX.

A few days after Cosmo had made his *début* in the House of Commons, Tom Wyedale asked him to dine with him at the "Kakodaemon." Tom had managed to bring, through the fire of *baccarat* at Rome, a fair amount of the spoil which he had taken from M. Blanc at Monte Carlo ; and what with this—what with his matrimonial feint, which, besides enabling him to appease the rustier of his creditors, had yielded a reasonable little profit to himself—he was able again to enjoy what he called a "Christian-like" season in town. The dinner was a very pleasant one. The Marquis, who had run over for a Newmarket meeting, had been captured by Tom ; and when Tom and the Marquis got together, there was certain to be good fun. When the dinner was over, these two quaint allies strolled up the street with Cosmo, for they were all going to "finish" at Tom's chambers. On the way, Tom suddenly recollected that he must look in at Mrs Combleton's ball—just for an instant. Mrs Combleton was a familiar cousin and ally of his own, so he could introduce the Marquis—especially as he was a foreigner ; but had Cosmo an invitation ? Yes, Cosmo had, but he never went to balls now. "Nonsense !" cried Tom. "Come, just for three minutes. Three minutes of—call it boredom if you please—will give a zest to subsequent tobacco. I *must* go, because I have to arrange with the Rim-

mons, who are to be there, about going to the country with them to-morrow morning, for a day or two : but I promise not to keep you. Come along !" Eventually Cosmo was persuaded, and they went.

Mrs Combleton lived in one of the big houses in Grosvenor Place, which afforded ample scope for a large ball ; but, on this occasion, its capabilities were strained by the number of the guests who, even more than is usual, overflowed from the dancing-room, vainly seeking space and coolness, in divers havens. In "the open," at the top of the staircase, several dowagers had secured comfortable positions for general observation, and favourable bases for operating on the supper-room at the fitting opportunity. As the three friends made their way up-stairs, one of these dames hurriedly called a neighbour's attention to them, and, as they were passing, she stopped Tom Wyedale.

"That is Mr Glencairn who is with you ?" she whispered, rather eagerly.

"Yes. I understand. He has made a speech. He is being spoken about. You wish me to present him ?"

"Thanks, if you will. I am in love with him."

Tom went to Cosmo. "Come," he said, "and be introduced to a lady who is in love with you." And Cosmo went, and was presented to Lady Octopa Hawker.

Her ladyship was extremely frank and gracious. "I liked your speech the other night," she said.

Cosmo was very proud to hear it; and she went on—"I don't know much about the merits of the case; but I like your style; and you really seemed to believe what you said. *Did you really believe it?*"

Cosmo laughed. "Naturally," he said, "or I would not have said it."

"Not naturally, at all. The more people appear to be in earnest, the less they are so, as a rule. We are all shams and humbugs!"

"Let us except ourselves."

"Well, I will except you, if you please. And you really *were* in earnest?" gazing at Cosmo as a naturalist regards a rare specimen.

"I *really* believed I was, but you begin to shake my faith."

"I was there, you know. I heard you myself."

Again Cosmo was very proud to hear it, and Lady Octopa continued—"I was talking about your speech at dinner, this evening, to Sir Gasper Puffin. He didn't like it at all. He is a general, you know, of the old school; and he says you are a Radical, and ought not to sit with the Conservatives. You mustn't be a Radical. It won't pay, in the long-run."

"I begin to think I don't know the meaning of the word Radical, or any party designation. At present these names appear to stand in the way of any rational classification of opinion. *Apropos* of this miserable speech, I have been described as of every opposing shade of politics. What *is* a Radical, Lady Octopa?"

"Oh! a destructive—an anarchist, of course."

"Ah, well! my poor speech had very different designs. It was a humble attempt to suggest a method

of self-preservation to the country; and the substitution of an orderly system for a system of happy-go-lucky."

"Perhaps, perhaps; but you mustn't be a Radical. It doesn't pay. Ah, my dear! here you are! Pray sit down, and occupy this place. I can see that that old frump Lady Anathema Towsler is steering for it."

Lady Octopa faced the ball-room door, and Cosmo's back was turned to it; so he had not observed the approach of the young lady addressed, and who had been brought up at that moment by her partner.

He turned to make way for her, and beheld Esmè. She stood with her eyes cast down. Her emotions can be understood more readily than described; and in addition to them all, was the supreme difficulty of deciding how to look, or speak, or act. The *rencontre* which she had foreseen as possible, some time or other, in London society, had occurred in the most awkward way, and found her without any pre-arranged line of conduct. She stood, therefore, like one transfixed, without raising her eyes. Cosmo also stood perfectly silent and motionless. The real facts of the situation escaped Lady Octopa. She fancied this was one of those cases which so often occur, when people, who have had a casual acquaintanceship at one time, meet after a long interval, and don't quite know whether the acquaintanceship is, or is not, supposed to continue.

"I think, Esmè," she said, "you and Mr Glencairn have met before?"

Esmè, without looking up, murmured some sort of assent, and bowed in the direction of Cosmo. At that moment her chaperon exclaimed, "I see Mrs Honiton going, and I must just say one word to her. Pray sit down, Esmè, and keep

my place. I shall be back in an instant," and so left them. Something else had happened to empty the rest of the sofa, and they were alone together, for the first time since, in the wild and beautiful Highland scene, they had replugged their eternal troth—

"Sworn it a thousand times, Sealed it with kisses, watered it with tears."

Esmè sank into Lady Octopa's place, and gazed on the ground.

"Esmè, darling!"

"Oh, Cosmo, please don't speak to me! Don't make me break my promise."

"Only tell me that your love is the same!"

"I must tell papa everything I say to you."

"Are you afraid to own to him your love?"

"No, Cosmo; but you do not know what I shall have to suffer. But ah! my darling, my darling!" she murmured, looking up, "I cannot bear to see your poor pale face so sad. No, my love is not the same, but far, far stronger; it grows every day—that is the only change it can

ever know. Is that enough, dearest?—is that enough?"

"It is the sweetest music I ever listened to, and——"

"So much for Mrs Honiton; she has gone on to Lady Crushley's; and, I think, if you are ready, dear, we had better go on there too. I am perishing with thirst, and the champagne here is not drinkable—never is. That wretch, Mr Wyedale, said just now that 'Fortunately' it's only gooseberry; but I want real wine. Let us go."

Thus Lady Octopa; and Cosmo took them down to their carriage; and it was well with him, and well, too, with Esmè,—for the moment, that is to say. But not so well with her next morning, when, feeling thereto in honour bound, she went resolutely to her father and related what had chanced between Cosmo and herself. Then all the storms of the autumn and winter were reawakened. There was a terrible scene. Cosmo was denounced to Lady Octopa. Police supervision set in again, and it was very far, indeed, from being well with the poor girl.

CHAPTER L.

Some weeks later, Cosmo, on returning to his rooms, found a gentleman there, awaiting his arrival. He was old, tall, very yellow, and very wizened; and his clear hazel eyes, made prominent by the emaciation of his face, had a look of intensity and scrutiny which seemed habitual. He was a total stranger to Cosmo; yet, when the latter entered and bowed to him, courteously, but with an air of inquiry, he did not rise from his seat.

"You are Cosmo Glencairn?" he asked.

"That is my name," said Cosmo.

"I am glad to see you. Shake

hands. Excuse me for keeping my seat. I am old and ill—infernally old and infernally ill—a ruin tumbling to pieces; and there ought to be no ceremony between you and me." Cosmo shook hands with him, but not quite seeing why his visitor's dilapidation should place them on such free-and-easy terms, remained standing.

"Sit down!" said the old gentleman; "it fidgets me to see you standing." The man was evidently "a character," and Cosmo, feeling strongly inclined to laugh, complied.

"I am pleased with you," continued his visitor.

Cosmo bit his lip and bowed, but said nothing.

"You are good-looking; you look like breeding (which is a piece of internal evidence), and you are going to do well in the House, I hear. This is as it ought to be. I am pleased with you."

"You are very flattering, but may I ask——"

"Are you like your father?"

"Really, sir!—Well, I don't know that I am considered so; but——"

"I am glad of that; I hate your father."

"Sir, I cannot submit——"

"Yes, you can; for I will correct myself and say that I *hated* him. I mean to let bygones be bygones. If any one were to run against me, and strike me in the region of the liver, he would pulverise it."

"May I ask how that bears upon your reconciliation with my father?"

"Yes, you may. It bears upon it in this way,—that when a man's organs are in this brittle state, death must be near him, and he ought, as the Bible says, to agree with his adversary quickly; particularly when that adversary ought to close his eyes. You see that?"

"Indeed I don't. I know nothing of your variance with my father—whom you don't even seem to know by sight; and how it should be his duty to close your eyes, puzzles me, I confess."

"Know nothing of our quarrel? Has he never spoken to you about me?"

"I must remind you that you have not yet done me the honour to introduce yourself."

"What do you mean?"

"Frankly, that I don't know who you are."

Considering his fragility, the old gentleman jerked himself out of his chair with great energy—

"Not know who I am? Why, you got my note warning you of this visit, didn't you?"

"No, I have not received any note."

"I sent one last night. These scoundrels at the hotel have neglected it, confound them! There's no sort of discipline in this country, confound it! Then, of course, you don't know that I am your uncle, Robert Glencairn?—*Sir* Robert Glencairn, by the by, from to-day, when they have gazetted me K.C.S.I. on retirement,—a *little* late in the day, I think."

Cosmo's manner, of course, changed at once, and he offered his uncle all manner of hearty welcomes and apologies; and then the conversation was renewed on a different footing, and carried on for a long time. In the course of it Sir Robert, after stating that he had only arrived from the East the day before yesterday, described his career in India, with which he was dissatisfied. Of his brother and also of his own liver he spoke rather acrimoniously, attributing the waste of his life to their influence. If his brother would have advanced the necessary funds to enable him to take advantage of an opening in the indigo trade which had offered itself, he would have been a rich man and at home, twenty-five years ago; if his liver had only conducted itself with any sort of propriety, his period of exile would have been more useful and more endurable. "But," he added, "as I said before, I am going to let bygones be bygones with your father. As for my liver, it is honeycombed to the extent of being the merest phantom and pretence."

By-and-by he opened a subject of deeper, and, indeed, of vital interest to Cosmo; and, in speaking of it, almost all the eccentricities of his speech and manner left him.

"Has your father," he asked, "ever spoken to you about our family?"

"Only once, at my urgent request. I was, and am, eager, even desperately eager, to discover the facts of our history."

"That is right! that is excellent!—instinct of family pride—another internal proof! The subject has been, I may say, on my mind all my life. My father incessantly spoke of it, and I was taught from my infancy to believe that we were not what we appeared—nameless illegitimate nobodies—but very much the reverse indeed. It is maddening that we should not be able to get at the truth! Did your father tell you the whole story?"

"Yes, all that he knew. I will repeat his version, and perhaps you will make any corrections or additions which it is in your power to make?"

Cosmo then went over his father's summary, and when he had done so, his uncle said that it was, in the main, correct.

"I must add, however," he said, "an important fact. Though my father was a young child when he was left an orphan, he had a distinct recollection that, on one occasion, this extraordinary parent of his—this man who has mystified us all—was in a violent passion, on account of some social slight which he had received, and, in abusing those who had slighted him, swore that, if he only chose to declare who he really was, instead of being treated with contempt, he would be at the head of the society of the place—that 'these wretches would be all crawling to him!' The phrase remained in the boy's memory, and, of course, influenced my father's belief as well as my own. There is, besides, plenty of internal evidence that we are people of lineage. You

don't get features like ours, and carriage, and so forth, without blue blood; you don't get tempers like ours without it. My grandfather, my father, your father, and I myself, have all had violent autocratic tempers. How are *you*, in that respect?"

Cosmo could not repress a smile, despite the old man's earnestness, as he replied that he believed he had, at least, a pretty firm will.

"Exactly!" said his uncle. "Well, all that proves descent from a race accustomed to command, to rule, to be obeyed. I think we may be satisfied, on many grounds, that in that respect we are all right. Then, as to the legitimacy question, what evidence have we on this head? Mr Denwick, who was senior partner of my grandfather, was the only evidence; and his testimony amounts practically to nothing, *pro* or *con*. My grandmother died within a year of her arrival in India; and, as a matter of fact, Mr Denwick saw nothing of the young couple during her life, and very little of my grandfather at all. They were associated in business; but my grandfather's branch of it lay at a great distance from Calcutta, where the headquarters of the firm were. All that Mr Denwick could say about the matter really was this,—that my grandfather (who must have had his small patrimony paid him) was introduced to the firm by a gentleman of high standing in Calcutta, and who, in answer to inquiries which were naturally made as to character, stated that the youth had quarrelled with his family on account of a love-scrape; that he had brought the girl with him to India; that he had changed his original name, and desired that it should remain unknown. No doubt, my grandfather had satisfied this gentleman as to his real name and

history; for the gentleman could not otherwise have guaranteed him. But here there is neither affirmation nor contradiction of a marriage; and if old Mr Denwick took up the impression that there had been no marriage, the evidence which guided him is not apparent, and does not seem to have been stated by him. 'He never heard there had been a marriage'—that is all. The probability is that he had thought nothing of the matter till inquiries were made, after my grandfather's death. He died very early; and as he lived in a remote district, we may assume that there never was any close intimacy between himself and the principal of his firm. If the latter took the child (my father) under his protection, and looked after its interests, it was only what any reasonably benevolent man would have done in the case of the child of a partner, left an orphan and absolutely alone in a strange land, and who, moreover, inherited some pecuniary interest in the business. The fact is, Mr Denwick's intimate connection with our history was really subsequent to my grandfather's death; so, unless some dispute about the child's inheritance had arisen, there was no reason why the question of a marriage should have come before him at all. As a matter of fact, no dispute did, or could, arise about the trifling inheritance, which passed to the child by a very brief will, scrawled by my grandfather on a scrap of paper, when on his death-bed.

"My father's own inquiries then, when he was nearly grown up, might first cause Mr Denwick's mind to be turned to the marriage question seriously, and then any information he had once possessed might be hazily remembered or forgotten altogether.

"My grandfather, after his last seizure, was very soon unconscious, and had little time to do or say anything. A subordinate of the firm was the only European near him. This person he directed to hand his papers and effects over to Mr Denwick, to whom he sent a message begging him to take charge of the child. He left Mr Denwick his Bible as a souvenir; and his last wanderings appear to have run, not in any way upon his wife and the marriage, but, in a pious direction, upon the necessity of studying the Holy Book and considering his child's precious interests, apart from the worldly consideration of his small inheritance. The papers he left were stated by Mr Denwick to relate solely to the business of the firm, with the exception of the will and the certificate of my father's birth and baptism at a station of the East India Company, both of which were handed over, and are now in my possession.

"My father frequently importuned Mr Denwick, and, after him, his son, for all the papers; but they both declined to give, or even to show, them, as they related to private transactions in business. This refusal eventually led to a coolness between my father and the second Mr Denwick, who steadily repeated the same assurances to me after my father's death; and there was apparently nothing more to be made of the matter through that channel.

"At one time I advertised largely in Scotland, begging for information, from any gentleman's family, in whose records it might appear, that one of their members had disappeared about the year 1780, gone abroad, and lived, presumably, under a feigned name. Nothing, however, was forthcoming, and I have let the matter drop for a good many years, not meaning to let it drop finally, but waiting till, with the

advantages of being at home and at leisure, I could prosecute the inquiry on a larger scale. I am now at home and at leisure, but unfortunately I am dying."

"You must not say that, uncle."

"I must recognise the truth; and I wish now to get your promise to prosecute the search when I am gone. You are rich, you have the instinct of family pride, you can afford to do it,—and you *will* do it?"

"Certainly; but I hope you will live to do it yourself."

"While I have any sort of vitality left, I will certainly do so; and the first thing to be done is to discover the representative of the Denwicks. Do you know anything about him?"

"Intimately. Philip Denwick, the son of your guardian, is my closest friend; and, by chance, he dines with me this very night."

"You think he will not be averse to showing any of those papers, if he has them?"

"I am sure he would not; but I doubt if he has any in his possession. His father was all but ruined before his death, and Phil himself entirely so, by an unfortunate speculation. He had no house or property of any sort, when a friend was able to save him. He is now doing well; but I doubt if he has anything—even a paper—which belonged to his father."

"You will ask him, at all events. The next thing is to put the whole case into the hands of some clever investigator. I understand that such inquiries are now conducted by experts, as a profession."

"Yes, that is true."

"Well, we must start them on the business at once, and guarantee them ample funds and ample rewards."

Here the interview ended, the state of Sir Robert's liver compell-

ing him to decline Cosmo's invitation to meet Phil at dinner.

When the matter was opened to Phil, he stated, contrary to Cosmo's expectation, that two large tin boxes, containing, he believed, a number of papers connected with Indian and other business, were in the possession of an old maiden aunt of his, to whom he had confided them (meaning to look through them some day), with a few family relics, at the time when he sold off all his father's effects, and began to lead a wandering life. The old lady lived in a remote part of the country; but the boxes were soon sent up to town, and placed in the hands of the experts to whom Sir Robert had intrusted the conduct of the inquiry.

In a week the following result was reached. The boxes contained no papers, in any way, connected with the Glencairns. The only thing concerning them, at all, was the Bible bequeathed by Cosmo's great-grandfather to Phil's grandfather. It was a plain old pocket-Bible. On the fly-leaf was written—

"To Jean G. from Norman G.,
1st June 1781."

and, underneath, the motto—

"Search the Scriptures."

On the reverse side was a memorandum by old Mr Denwick—

"Left to me by Norman Glencairn, who died in India 1787. R. Denwick."

The investigators, of course, assumed that Jean G. was Norman Glencairn's wife; and there is, or was, much virtue, according to Scotch law, in any matrimonial declaration or implication written on a Bible, in the familiar use of the parties.

But there were two fatal defects

here. If the full names had been written, it might, perhaps, have been argued, according to Scotch law, that Norman Glencairn and Jean Glencairn acknowledged each other to be man and wife, and became man and wife, by the fact of that writing in the Bible; but the mere initials were insufficient. The second defect was, that there was nothing to show that the writing had been made in Scotland, without which it had no virtue at all.

Phil presented the Bible to Sir Robert Glencairn, and that seemed all that he was likely to make by the investigation, as far as the Denwick connection could help him. When another week had elapsed, however, the investigators reported with triumph what was, so far, a solid comfort and consolation to their clients, and this was—that, having advertised a considerable reward for proofs of a marriage contracted between parties of the name of Norman Glencairn and Jean —, in Scotland, in or about the year 1781, they had received from the session-clerk of the parish of Greyfriars, Edinburgh, an extract from the parochial register, certifying to the marriage, in that parish, of Norman Glencairn to Jean Lothian, on the 1st of June 1781, after the

banns had been “cried” three times on the previous Sabbath.

The legitimacy was thus established, and the Bible had been given by Norman to his wife on their wedding-day. Sir Robert was greatly elated, a load was taken off Cosmo’s mind, and their hopes of further discoveries were high for a time. But, alas! there the matter ended. The investigators could get no manner of clue to connect Norman Glencairn with any gentleman’s or any other family; or, indeed, to trace his history, for a single day, beyond the day of his marriage. It appeared, therefore, that his descendants must console themselves for the shortness of their pedigree by its cleanness, in so far as was known of it.

The matter continued formally in the hands of the investigators, but rather because Sir Robert was unwilling finally to surrender a hope which had become with him an *idée fixe*, than because they held out any anticipations of success.

The disappointment affected the old man’s already shattered health very injuriously; his vitality ebbed away; his interest grew languid even in a possible discovery, as in all the concerns of this world; and his days were evidently numbered.

THE MOOR AND THE LOCH.

NEARLY sixty years of sport by flood and fell, in field and forest, have made Mr Colquhoun the Nestor of Scottish sportsmen. And those sixty years! What changes they have witnessed! We know not what may be in store for us in the future. We may take to acclimatising the elk and the bison for the profit of our mountain land-owners and the pleasure of southern millionaires. We may stock our northern covers with the golden pheasant and the jungle-fowl, and lay down the spawn of the sturgeon in the breeding-ponds of the Highlands and the Border. But it is only too certain that no future writer can rival Mr Colquhoun in picturesque reminiscences of the characteristic Scotland of the olden time. We have seen "improvements," no doubt, and plenty of them. Politically, the recognition of the rights of the people has brought our constitution many degrees nearer to perfection; agriculturally, we have reclaimed an infinity of unproductive waste; and financially, the national income has proportionately benefited. Socially, of course, in these days of school boards and church extension, we have made marvellous progress in learning, virtue, and piety, and have left our grandfathers leagues behind, while we can only blush for their rude progenitors. But from the artistic and picturesque point of view, many of these material "improvements" remain at least an open question; while, looking at them as a sportsman, they seem simply deplorable. We have always inclined to subscribe to the full to

the sweeping condemnation by Mr St John's old Donald, when he missed the geese from the lochs and the snipe from the bogs, and saw the half-domesticated partridges creeping up upon the grouse-ground. Well, we can only take a lesson from our old Turkish allies, and bow our rebellious wills to the inevitable; but all the more are we inclined to console ourselves with such charming pictures of things as they used to be as are found in the pages of 'The Moor and the Loch.' They throw the glamour of fond early associations over the familiar scenes that have been fading and shifting, and carry us back to the "auld world days" that, as we feel regretfully, we would fain have lived in.

Not that there is unmingled melancholy in the retrospect, and *laudatores temporis acti* as we may be, we hope we regard with suitable gratitude the modern inventions in firearms and sporting equipments. Sixty years ago, when young Colquhoun took the field—a schoolboy under the care of the keeper, and staggering under the unaccustomed weight of a rudely primitive piece of ordnance—we fancy that the venerable flint-locked single-barrel was in fashion. The author of the Oakleigh shooting code, writing many, many years ago, concedes certain merits to that exploded weapon. He says that it made steady and deadly shots, because knowing that you had but a single chance, you were constrained to dwell deliberately on your aim. Those flints and single-barrels may have been sure, but they were abominably slow. The woodcock

would have dipped under the bough and twisted away behind the tree-trunks while your fingers were fumbling with the lock and the charge was in course of kindling. The rabbit jerking across the ride, or the grouse-cock topping the crest of the brae, would have laughed at the beard of the baffled shooter. No; the single-barrel was emphatically the weapon of the old school, and must have bred a race of pot-terers who would prematurely develop into fogies. A vast stride was made in advance with the introduction of double-barrels and percussion-locks. Then Joe Manton and his less famous rival Stevens attained, according to their lights, to the perfection of finished workmanship. Curtis and Harvey followed with their lively "diamond-grain," and Eley with his caps and wired cartridges. Given tolerable weather, and but a fair sprinkling of wild game, and the shooter had good reason to be content with the readiness of his new-fangled tools. But there are occasionally dripping days to the north of the Border, and then to what misery and provocation that painful muzzle-loading used to lead! The wads in your open pocket grew saturated, and bulged when you thrust them into the barrels. The powder half choked the damp measure in the mouth of the flask. The slender ramrod bent and sometimes broke, when you were cramming down the reluctant charge in a series of frantic contortions; and it was a godsend when it was replaced by the more substantial loading-rod. Above all, the best barrels would hang fire, and then you were placed *hors de combat* till you had cleaned the touch-hole and replenished it with dry powder in the drip of the driving rain. That, with the nuisance of seeing birds get-

ting up about you, before you had re-loaded and were ready to drop them, might have been admirable discipline for the patience which should be one of the fundamental virtues of the sportsman. But too often your temper flashed up when the powder refused to burn, sending you on your way sulking and shooting wildly; and altogether there was great reason for thankfulness in the introduction of the swift and simple breech-loader.

Having said so much in favour of modern innovations, we can go back to our grumbling with an easier conscience. Sixty years ago there was genuine wild sport, and a man of moderate means and agreeable manners was made welcome to more shooting than he could overtake, and could pick and choose among his many invitations. There were no professional agents in Perth and Inverness, to negotiate fabulous rents for the moors and the forests. Indeed, strictly speaking, there were no deer-forests at all, if the idea of a forest implies solitude and a sanctuary. The smoke curled up in the remotest straths from the straw-bound chimneys of the hovels and hamlets that were teeming with human and canine life. There were herds of black cattle ranging the hills, and groups of sheep grazing in the corries, and patriarchs and witch-like old women were out with their "shelties" cutting peat or fetching it from the neighbouring bogs. Here and there in some out-of-the-way den among the rocks, that might have sheltered caterans in more lawless times, one of the "sma' stills" was in cheerful activity. The red deer had to shift as they best could, and to run their chance with the other *feræ naturæ*. Duncan, though he might have a profound reverence for the chief,

would make a quiet stalk on his deer in the gloaming; and Dugald would lie in ambush for them in his patch of oats, ready to empty his charge of swan-shot, point-blank into the shoulder of the marauders. The deer did not multiply as they do now. They were always on the watch as they snatched at the herbage, and lay down to sleep with one eye open. They were hounded about by yelping collies, and got the wind of roving Highland laddies, till they became preternaturally wild and restless. But then there were "harts of grease" that attained enormous size and carried preten-tious heads with wide-spreading antlers that made them notorious over the range of the surrounding districts. To circumvent one of these suspicious veterans, you had to be versed like Donald Caird in "the wiles of dun-deer stalking;" and the stalk was made more difficult by a *cordon* of feathered sentinels who were always on the look-out to give the quarry the alarm. There was no systematic killing down of the grouse who keep their eye on the movements of the stalker, and rise with their warning note at the moment when he is counting his chickens. It was not so many years ago when St John described how he spent three days on the hills of Morayshire in pursuit of "the muckle hart of Benmore." Now the regular forests are so many patrolled sanctuaries where all profane intrusion is forbidden. The land has trebled and quadrupled in value, though the grazing rents have been sacrificed. The deer have increased till the forests are over-stocked, and slaughtering them has become comparatively a certainty; but though well-laden ponies may follow you home when you are hurrying back to the lodge for the dinner-hour, yet the heads and the

haunches are seldom what they used to be.

Sixty years ago there was good rough shooting on many a half-moorland estate that carries nothing now but partridges and a hare or two. No doubt, had we the luck to be the laird, we might console ourselves by a reference to the rent-roll. But not being the laird, but merely his guest, we find few things more depressing than revisiting one of the favourite shooting-haunts of our youth in these days of accommodating mortgagees and scientific farming. The yellow oats are waving over the purple hillsides where the moorcock used to crow so cheerily of an August morning. There is a superb growth of swedes in the sunny hollow where the black-game lay like stones among the heather roots on that memorable Twentieth when we made a massacre of the innocents. The bog has been drained where we used to spring the snipe, as we threaded our way among the weed-grown moss-pots; and the old mill-pond has been dammed and embanked where we flushed the mallards in the rushy back-water. It is but poor compensation for the loss of that sensational variety that we can half fill a capacious pannier with partridges; or that the covers where we went rabbit-shooting, in season and out of season, are now strictly preserved for the coop-fed pheasants. And, to leave the land for the water, it is worse still with the fishing. A downfall of rain in the droughts of summer used to secure sure sport for many days to come. The superfluous moisture filtered slowly through myriads of rills into the burns that filled the streams that went to swell the brimming river in their turn. After the first rush of the flood, the water, as it gradually rose and subsided again, was

in grand and growing order. Now the stream comes down in a sudden spate, and falls even more quickly than it has swollen. The rushes have disappeared from the haughs and hills under an admirable system of scientific furrow-draining; and you may see the river shrinking visibly to those silver threads that meander among the pebbles in crystal translucency. The most finished of artists need hardly put up his rod to try his luck in the sparkle of the sunshine; and even an invisible midge on a gossamer casting-line would scarcely move the monsters that are lolloping in the pools.

That is of the less consequence to many of us, that there is so little good fishing to be had for love. The laird has let his stretches of water, only reserving himself an occasional day or two in the pools that lie most convenient to his residence; and the eminent banker in town, who is his tenant, may be said to do his fishing from his offices in Lombard Street. A telegram warns him of the coming condition of the river, and he jumps into a hansom for the night-train from King's Cross, to turn up on the following morning on the platform at Perth or Berwick. These railways have not only run up the rents, but they have wrought a revolution in everything. When you had to make your way into the remote glens of the Highlands by coach, cart, or "machine," you were a welcome and an honoured guest with the Celtic innkeepers and boatmen. Strangers were as few and far between as cocks in September. You had the best parlour and bedroom placed at your disposal; the fattest fowl was killed for you forthwith,—for you were sure to find next to nothing in the larder,—and a flask of the mellowest Glenlivet

came forth from the recesses of the cellar. Now, unless you send warning a week beforehand, you may count on being turned away from the door. One of the parlours is made to do duty for a "coffee-room," and you must be content with a table hustled away in the corner. The house is crowded from ground-floor to garret with Saxons from the Stock Exchange or the Inns of Court, who have run down for a ten days' fishing holiday. Capital fellows they may be in ordinary circumstances, but the sentiments of jealous repulsion are mutual. These first comers have the best of it, for they have the most skilful of the boatmen in their pay. With an *et tu Brute* expression of countenance, you learn that the most trusted of your former allies have sold themselves and their services for Southern gold; nor will they show much scruple as to lying on occasion, if you appeal to their old friendship through the medium of the cigar-case or the whisky-bottle. We will suppose you are lucky enough to find a boat for next day with somebody to pull you about in it. You make a start in the smallest of the small hours, and are rowed round to your favourite bay. A piratical craft is already in occupation, skulking to and fro under shadow of the birches; and the gentleman in the home-spun Norfolk jacket who scowled at you over his bedroom candle, is trolling away for his life, as if your favourite fishing-ground belonged to him. You feel inclined to forswear the land of your sires, and to seek a solitary wigwam in some vast wilderness on the lonely banks of the St John River or the Saguenay.

Sixty—forty—nay, twenty years ago the lochs and tarns were the favourite resorts of migratory water-fowl. The many admirers of St John and his 'Sport in Moray'

will remember his fascinating pictures of the flight of the wild swans as they flew trumpeting into Findhorn Bay; of his circumventing the flocks of wary geese who had set their sentinels and settled down to feed among the ditches; of his expeditions in the frosts to the Loch of Spynie. We know little of the neighbourhood of Elgin, or of Invererne, where that most genial of sportsmen and naturalists had made his home for so many years; but we suspect that there, as everywhere else, things have greatly changed for the worse since his time. And Mr Colquhoun has to lament the disappearance of the noble birds of prey and the picturesque ground "vermin" that come in so characteristically in the foreground of his mountain landscapes. Organised corps of keepers and gillies have been waging indiscriminate war against eagles and peregrine falcons; extravagant rewards have been set upon their heads; fancy prices are offered for their eggs, till each daring shepherd lad is tempted to risk his neck, scrambling down to their eyries among almost inaccessible precipices. And we may remark *en passant*, that Mr Colquhoun himself has to plead guilty to a deed of youthful thoughtlessness he has repented since, which drove the harmless osprey from its breeding-place on one of the islands of Loch Lomond. The mountain-fox still holds his own among the cairns and the rifts of the rocks on the summits of the loftier hills; but the wild cat and the marten have wellnigh disappeared. Their melancholy wail is no longer to be heard in the stillness of the night from the precipices on the lonely shores of the lakes, where they had had their strongholds from time immemorial. Even the badger and the otter have been dying out in the Lowlands,

though happily there is still sport for the shaggy water-hounds in the quiet pools and among the cata-racts of many a woodland stream. It is true that we have gains to set against the losses. The graceful roes have increased with the spreading plantations, though very greatly to the injury of the woods; and the capercailzie, introduced by the late Lord Breadalbane, have spread far and wide through the pine-forests of Perthshire. And Mr Colquhoun can tell how, when shooting as a boy on the Arrochar hills, he made acquaintance with one of the fore-runners of these alpine hares which swarm now in Glenfalloch and Glen Fruin, and, indeed, breed like rabbits all over the Highlands.

It was in that wild scenery, and on the shores of what is perhaps the most enchanting of the Scottish lakes, that Colquhoun took instinctively and enthusiastically to sport. How, indeed, could he help it! *Bon chien chasse de race*—and he had been born into a family of sportsmen, and brought up in a sylvan paradise. The picturesque domains of his ancient family stretch along the banks of Loch Lomond; within easy reach of their mansion of Rosdhu were the remains of their forests of the Lennox and Ben Cruachan; and between it and the many arms of the sea that wind up into the western coast from the Atlantic is a jumble of hill and wood and heather. Long ago, on a memorable occasion, we ourselves shot along the broken banks that look across to that lovely inland archipelago. Though we set more store in those days by shooting than scenery, we could have been comparatively indifferent to the contents of the bag in admiring the varied beauties of the prospect. But though the shooting was rough and the ground but half preserved, the bag con-

tained a little of most things; for there was a touch of the softer richness of the Lowlands relieving the sternness of the Highland landscape. Before Colquhoun was promoted to taking a licence in 1822, we can imagine him following his seniors or the keepers over the broad rolling stretches of grouse-moors into the recesses of the hills ranged by the red-deer. There were black-game in the hanging coverts, and roe in the thickets of bramble and bracken. There was an abundance of low-country shooting on the lower ground; and whatever there may have been then, now there is a fair sprinkling of pheasants. There were trout in the loch and salmon in streams that have since been poisoned by chemical works and manufactories; while in the sea-lakes, and out of the season, there was always the rougher sea-fishing, which has a strong charm of its own. No wonder that he became catholic in his tastes; and although he was sometimes betrayed into indiscretions he repented from the first, he was no mere sanguinary sportsman.

In the preface to the present edition of his work, he modestly disclaims any pretensions to being a scientific naturalist. But he knows more than enough of natural history to make his remarks most valuable to the lover of nature; and he threw himself heart and soul into the pursuit with rare powers of discriminating observation. Perhaps his being grandson on the mother's side of Sir John Sinclair of Ulbster may partly account for the thought and literary culture with which he crossed the sporting strain of the Colquhouns. Certain it is that the '*Moor and the Loch*' is one of those rare and delightful books which, with all the fulness of knowledge, breathe the very freshness of the

country, and either console you in your city confinement or make you sigh to be away, according to the humour in which you happen to read it. It is thirty years, we believe, since the author made his first literary appearance in the '*Rocks and Rivers*,' published by Mr Murray. That was speedily followed by his '*Salmon-Casts*' and '*Sporting Days*;' but we are spared the necessity of going into any details about them, since his various writings are embodied in the volumes we are noticing, as well as certain lectures on sport delivered at the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, and before other societies.

What we much admire in Mr Colquhoun is his evident exactness and reliability. When he lays down the rod or the gun, he carries a conscience into his library. To be sure, on the strength of his reputation as an angler and a shot, he can afford to be more candidly honest than most men; and he is too much the sportsman of the olden time not to set his face against modern fashions of butchery. But you feel that you may implicitly trust him when he recalls the incidents of a day,—and he is rather fond of pointing a useful moral by dwelling on misses, mistakes, and misadventures; while the range of his manifold and most exciting experiences embraces nearly the whole of Scotland—from the Ord of Caithness southward to Berwick bounds. Besides his knowledge of his native Dumbartonshire, he has hired shootings, as we learn, in Aberdeenshire and Perthshire, in Argyleshire, in Ayrshire, in Mull, and in Bute; while he has had days with the red-deer in many of the most famous forests, from the Black Mount downwards. Literally, Colquhoun took as naturally to sport as a water-spaniel to the water, and he was almost as indifferent to dangers and disagreeables. He writes

in a note to his chapter on "Wild-fowl Shooting:"—

"My first attempts at shooting were in pursuit of wild-fowl when quite a boy, and I still consider it superior to any other sport. In these early days, however, I had no idea to what perfection a retriever might be trained: if the dog took the water well, and was close-mouthed, I expected no more. As I was always obliged to lead him by my side, he often spoiled my best chances, either by showing himself, or hampering me when crawling over difficult ground. I was at last so disgusted with these encumbrances, that I generally dispensed with their services, and trusted to my own resources for recovering the killed and wounded. The consequence was, that the greater proportion of the latter always escaped, and, unless the wind was favourable, not a few of the former were drifted away. On one occasion I was foolish enough to swim one hundred yards into the loch, in the middle of winter, after a golden-eye, and had some difficulty in regaining the land. I had watched for it some time, and at last succeeded in getting to the nearest point on the shore. The golden-eye, however, was diving a long shot off, as these shy birds not unfrequently do: without once considering that the wind was blowing strong from the shore, I fired, and the bird dropped dead. To my great chagrin, it was blown rapidly out into the rough water. What was to be done? Had it been able to make the slightest effort to escape, I could have allowed it; but there it lay, still as a stone. So, throwing off my shooting-jacket and shoes, I plunged in, waded up to the neck, and struck out for my prey. By the time I reached the bird, it had floated fully a hundred yards; but getting its leg between my teeth, I wheeled about for the land. My difficulties now began; for the waves were very high, and dashed right into my face. Several times, during my slow progress, I determined to leave the golden-eye to its fate, and as often braced myself up again, unwilling to have so cold a bath for nothing. At last I neared the shore, got into calm water, and, after sounding once or twice, struck ground, and reached *terrá firmá* with my prize, the leg of which

I had nearly bitten through during my exertions. It was an intensely cold day about the end of December, with frequent snow-showers; and had the golden-eye not been the most valued of the diving race, I should never have made such a fool of myself. I arrived at home quite benumbed, determining no more to act the part of a retriever."

But even if you renounce the habit of plunging after your game into the water, when the temperature is anything you please below the freezing-point, wild-fowl shooting ought to become a passion with a man, if he means to follow it with pleasure and success. Hear Mr Colquhoun on the subject: "The man who engages in this sport must be of an athletic frame and hardy habits; he must not mind getting thoroughly wet, nor think of rheumatism while standing or sitting in clothes well soaked, perhaps for an hour at a time, watching fowl." He forbids you waterproof boots, as interfering with the quickness of the stalk or the agility you may have to display at a moment's notice. Your warmest wear should be a duffel shooting-jacket; and while denying you any wrappings as protection from the wet, he merely tolerates a second pair of stockings should the cold be excessive. We have no doubt whatever that he is right; for assuredly there can be no wisdom in slipping between two stools by trying to make yourself a little less uncomfortable to the prejudice of the sport you must suffer for in any case. But that brings us back to the point whence he started—namely, that the seasoned wild-fowl shooter should possess extraordinary stamina, and be a singularly warm-blooded animal to boot. Our own experience is, that steady shooting in any circumstances must depend very much on your bodily comfort, and if you are sick, or sorry, or damp, or

chilled, your aim invariably must be proportionately affected. When you begin by missing, you are most likely to go on missing; and when you have been having stray shots at wide intervals, you are apt to break down on unexpected opportunities. Insensibly you become distracted and indifferent in spite of yourself, and you have to think about pulling yourself together at the moment when you should be "all there." Now the wild-fowler, above all men, must be devoted in his pursuit to the entire oblivion of adventitious circumstances. It needs no ordinary concentration of energy to watch and wait, with each faculty on the stretch, when your extremities are immersed in an icy puddle; when the frost is knitting your moustache to your beard, and congealing the tear-drops that gather beneath your eyelashes; or when the wind is whistling through that duffel shooting-coat of yours, and chilling the very marrow in your aching bones. When the chance comes to ordinary men under such highly trying conditions, it is long odds that they fail to make the best of it. And we know few things more trying in this world of disappointment than missing the purpose of your privations and your patience, when Providence has brought it for a second or so within your grasp.

As Mr Colquhoun is at some pains to explain, there is more science in stalking ducks than deer. From the nature of the broken ground in a forest, you have a fair chance of making your approach under cover; but the ducks are almost sure to have settled in a sheet of water in the flat. You may walk up almost within arm's-length of outlying birds in the hags of a peat-moss: but when the ducks are gathered into flocks, no creatures are more suspicious or more watchful. They

have an extraordinarily keen sense of sight, and they never cease to be on the alert. They are a much less conspicuous object to the sportsman than the sportsman is to them, as they are floating on the rippling water which they so closely resemble in colour. Their hearing, too, is at least as sharp as their sight—a reason for not wearing ponderous fishing-boots. Mr Colquhoun's directions for stalking them are invaluable; but then it takes an expert to carry the instructions into practice, and an expert with the original instincts of an Indian. You have no friendly keeper at your elbow, as in the deer-forest, to guide you passively in your sinuous approaches, and whisper his orders when your intelligence is at fault. To begin with, you must take the bearings of the birds by conspicuous landmarks upon the shore, with others more to the inland, and then, having suppressed yourself as promptly as possible, you wind round upon the latter by a cautious detour.

"He must now walk as if treading upon glass; the least rustle of a bough, or crack of a piece of rotten wood under his feet, may spoil all, especially if the weather be calm. Having got to about one hundred yards from where he supposes the birds to be, he will tell his retriever to lie down: the dog, if well trained, will at once do so, and never move. His master will then crawl forward, until he gets the advantage of a bush or tuft of reeds, and then raise his head by inches to look through it for his other marks. Having seen them, he has got an idea where the birds are, and will, with the utmost caution, endeavour to catch sight of them. I will suppose him fortunate enough to do so, and that they are perfectly unconscious of his near approach. He must lower his head in the same cautious manner, and look for some refuge at a fair distance from the birds, through which he may fire the deadly sitting shot. After creep-

ing serpent-like to this, he will again raise his head by hair-breadths, and, peeping through the bush or tuft, select the greatest number of birds in line; then drawing back a little, in order that his gun may be just clear of the bush for the second barrel, after having fired the first through it, will take sure aim at his selected victims. Should he unfortunately not find an opening to fire through, the only other alternative is by almost imperceptible degrees to raise his gun to the right of the bush, and close to it; but in doing this, the birds are much more likely to see him, and to take wing. Never fire *over* the bush, as you are almost certain to be perceived whenever you raise your head: more good shots are lost to experienced hands by a rapid jerk, not keeping a sufficient watch for stragglers, and over-anxiety to fire, than in any other way."

By way of illustrating the ducks' acuteness of hearing, he tells how, on one occasion, he had wormed himself within sixty yards of three birds, apparently sound asleep on the shore. He rustled a twig in the hedge he was crouching behind, and up went the three heads simultaneously. He tried again after due delay; there was the same accident, with a similar result. On the third attempt the birds "rose like rock-ets:" and the whole point of his instructions, as marking the difference between the unsuccessful gentleman and the more successful rustic, who is far worse equipped, is, that you must lay yourself out with patience for the sitting shot. Now we subscribe cordially to the maxim that *de gustibus non est disputandum*; yet it seems to us, with all deference, that the necessity of waiting for the sitting shot is fatal to the claims of wild-fowl shooting to rank in the highest order of sports. Admitting to the full the delicacy of the strategy and the value of the discipline involved in the long preliminary operations, we must insist

that what is a "pot shot" after all, is but a tame conclusion to such thrilling excitement.

Akin to wild-fowling is seal-shooting—the deer-stalking of the sea; and while one meets with many men who will tell you they have killed seals, there are comparatively few who can take oath to having bagged them. For, according to popular notions, the seal is a miracle of toughness, and has a convenient habit of sinking to the bottom with his death-wound, and entangling his corpse beyond redemption in the sea-weed. Mr Colquhoun's experience inclines him to explode that theory.

"For my own part," he says, "I have little faith in the death of seals thus suddenly submerged. When hit on land, if the shot is not a header, they are very apt to flounder into the sea and sink in deep water before you can possibly get hold of or trace them. But all swimming seals, if hit at all, are shot through the head, and immediately spread out on the surface, giving ample time to row up and seize a flipper."

Unlike the wild-fowl, which have often to be pursued at most unholy hours, and in the most unpropitious weather, seal-shooting may be enjoyed in calm and sunshine. And nothing can be much more enjoyable than a leisurely boat-stalk among the islands and the reefs of some land-locked estuary. But unless you have trusted yourself to practised hands, or are skilled yourself in the amphibious chase, what is apparently the most promising day may prove a blank, so far as bloodshed or even powder-burning is concerned. For

"even a quick eye requires practice ere it becomes expert at distinguishing seals basking on the rocks. They are so like tufts of sea-ware or detached stones, both in shape and colour, that the uninitiated may have a dozen ranged at no great distance, yet never

perceive one. The smallest suspicious object, however, at once arrests the attention of an experienced seal-shooter, and he instantly fixes the glass to watch for a curve of the tail or a bend of the head."

Mr Colquhoun reminds us of the old Highland apothegm, "No man has any right to the hunter's badge who has not killed a red-deer, an eagle, a salmon, and a seal." And undoubtedly deer-stalking deserves the place he has assigned it in his opening chapter, as the first and noblest of British sports; although, at the same time, he has consolation to offer to those who have never had the opportunity of enjoying it. Should you have the offer of a day's stalking once in a way, you must be content to resign your individuality, if you hope to come home with a head. You must place yourself unreservedly in the hands of the professional stalker, whose keen eyes have been exercised on the hills from his boyhood; who knows the lie of the hidden corries, and has an instinct for the mysterious currents of the wind. But even in these somewhat humiliating circumstances, the excitement is so intense, that you are unconscious of fatigue and indifferent to danger. What can be more romantically exhilarating than the novel sense of adventure, when you are plunging into a wilderness of mountain and valley untrodden for the time being by any feet but your own? There is a glimpse of the savage life, brought in contact with advanced civilisation; for happily you have slept in luxurious quarters, and look forward to returning to them to recruit from your fatigues. Except perhaps the hooking and playing of your first salmon, while you remember the slightness of the line by which you were holding the sixteen-pounder, there is nothing to equal

the excitement of your first vision of the red-deer in his wilds, with the thought that it may be given you to make him your own. What matters what you may go through in the meantime? You are not shivering off a bleak storm-beaten coast in a biting snow-drift. The season is summer, the weather is glorious, and prolonged immersion in the mountain stream comes refreshingly, rather than otherwise, to your fevered pulses. Far from you be the apprehension of aches and rheumatism: for once you will have lived, even if you are doomed to be crippled. Should the climbing be stiff, you find yourself following your leader by the shortest cut, up the rugged steps of some rocky staircase that would set your head swimming in your more sober moments, when the croak of the raven that you have startled would sound ominous. And then in the final crawl on the rock or the bank of heather that should be screening the antlers from your straining eyes, how marvellously lithe and supple you make yourself, as you wriggle yourself through the heather in the convolutions of the serpent—while all the time your pulse seems to be beating six to the second, and your being is throbbing with suppressed thrills! for you have a sense that nature is conspiring against you. The crow of the solitary cock, the mere twitter of some alarmed moor-bird, a sudden twist in the breeze, the flight of a hawk or a raven—may be so many significant signs that will convey warning of your proximity to the quarry; and the consciousness of that long and anxious stalk—of the concatenation of outward contingencies that you are in course of surmounting successfully—all conspire to raise your excitement beyond control when your hopes are at last on the verge of fruition. We envy and yet we compassionate, the

novice, who lies ensconced at last within easy range, longing to still the fierce beating of his heart, and to clear away the gathering film from his eyes. His mentor knows too well to flurry him, and yet the worthy Gael is naturally impatient. Is the grand stalk to go for nothing, as seems only too possible? As yet the deer are feeding in tranquillity, all unconscious of their peril; but it is tempting Providence to hang back too long; and it is a marvel that that lean-looking hind is not scenting the air suspiciously. But the nerves are steadied in a measure by an almost superhuman strain; the aim is taken, and the shot is fired.

We would rather drop a curtain over the scene should the hart go off unharmed, or have his gallop merely hastened by a flesh-wound. But should he drop in his tracks, or dash down to the brook in the corrie, there to turn savagely to bay, while he is dyeing the rippling water with his life-blood—what a crowning moment of triumph is that! Mr Colquhoun, no doubt, may be right in saying that there are no such heads in the forests as there used to be; but when we remember the wealth and prosperity of England, and picture the member of Parliament, jaded by divisions or debates, or the banker newly come down from his back parlour in Lombard Street, standing over the prostrate monarch of the wilds, we can understand the fancy rents of the forests, and congratulate the Highland landowners on their prospects.

In one way the strict preservation of the hills which have been swept clear of sheep and cattle and collie-dogs makes the stalking tamer work than it used to be. But, on the other hand, the overstocking increases your difficulties.

"Some forests are so crowded with hinds and calves that stalking between deer is often unavoidable; this is the

most difficult of all stalks. You have to keep a look-out upon the deer on each side, as well as those in the middle, which you are advancing on. Should those on either side catch sight of the sportsman, or get his wind, he may still have his shot, *if there is any cover in front*, by running forward under shelter of it. Sometimes when the deer on both sides have taken the alarm, even should the ground be bare, those in the middle will stand staring, trying to discover what had frightened the others. Under these circumstances, whenever the sportsman sees the deer on either side begin to move, his only chance of a shot is to run on, and perhaps the attention of the centre ones may be so fixed on their companions, as to allow him to get within range."

Of course Mr Colquhoun is careful in calling attention to the elementary rules of the science, such as choosing suitable weather if possible; seeing to the state of the wind; coming upon the deer from above, &c. But it is in such hints as he gives in the passage we have quoted, that his long experience is most valuable; and as when he tells you, by the by, in his chapter on wild-fowling in the Firth of Forth, that when shooting oceanic ducks at sea, you must remember that they cannot rise except against the wind, and that you ought always to work your craft to windward of them. These are facts that seem obvious enough when once your attention has been directed to them, but which a man may fail to find out for himself, although he has been handling the gun and the rifle through a lifetime.

For those who shoot for the sport and not for the fashion or the larder, we agree with Mr Colquhoun that the chase of the wild goat might be an excellent substitute for that of the red-deer. The one animal is at least as wary as the other, and frequents by choice more break-neck country. Goat-shooting would be within the

reach of men of very moderate means, who might cheaply rent the run of a grazing where it is difficult to get up a head of grouse. And there is this advantage besides, that, like the Cockney's famous jack-snipe, a single cautious old billy-goat might amuse his proprietor through many seasons, and carry his silvery beard in peace to the grave after all. We can speak from experience. Year after year it was our privilege to sport over a most savage range of shootings in Ross-shire, which we shall advert to again in speaking of the ptarmigan. In that rocky wilderness were a pair of secular goats, which were said to have haunted the heights from time immemorial. No man, at least, pretended a claim to them; nor could anything be learned of their origin or antecedents. Frequently of a fine summer morning, lounging on the gravel before the shooting-lodge, we contemplated them through a telescope on the opposite slopes. Often of an evening we made long practice at them, with rifles sighted to fabulous elevations; and they cast dust upon our beards by mocking at our mispent bullets. More than once, when the grouse were shy, we broke away in impromptu stalks, invariably having our trouble for our pains. They never had young, for the best of reasons. The female must have been some score of years past bearing; and although our acquaintance with them ended a dozen of seasons ago, we can easily imagine that they may be still "to the fore." But more youthful animals might make more hopeful practice than those diabolically wily ancients; although we are sure, from what we have seen of the race, that they would be hard enough of approach in any case.

Mr Colquhoun's chapter on the goats of Crap-na-Gower is one of the most exciting in the book,

although all our sympathies are with his victims. It is a proof the more of the frankness with which he writes, that he records a deed he regretted even in the perpetration, and which ranks disagreeably in his recollections with his boyish onslaught on the ospreys. But *à tout péché miséricorde*, and he makes his confession so feelingly that we could ill have spared it. Crap-na-Gower is one of the islands on Loch Lomond. The flock of goats that tenanted it had been doing damage to the young plantations, and his brother had written to intimate that they were doomed to extirpation, adding that "he had reserved the two old billies for my rifle." Hence the expedition, *et illæ lacrimæ*. There is a delightfully vivid little picture of the island:—

"Crap-na-Gower, the stronghold of the goats, is perhaps the most fascinating spot of the far-famed Loch Lomond. It is placed midway between the lovely islands at the foot, and the rugged and romantic grandeur at the head of the Loch, and quite commands the best views of both. It rises perpendicularly out of the Loch by an almost inaccessible succession of rocks and shaggy heather, full of deep holes and caverns. Seen at a distance from a boat, with its wild goats browsing among the grey rocks and scaurs, shaded here and there by a clump of reverend yews, a finer study for the artist's pencil could not be found. It was to this lone spot, where the poor goats had braved the winter's frost and summer's sun of many a long year, that I now bent my steps, the messenger of their destruction."

He had beaters with him to set the game in motion; and his object was to throw himself into one of the passes by which they would make their way across the island when disturbed.

"Having gained the knoll, on the other side of which we hoped to find our victims, we held a consultation as

to the point of attack. This arranged, we slunk very warily round the angle of the knoll, in case the goats had moved. It was well we were so cautious; for scarcely had we turned the peak, when the head and long horns of one of the *hirci* rose into view, not more than fifty yards off. He was rearing himself upon his hind-legs to reach the branch of a yew-tree, which made the apparition of his head so sudden. I at once dropped into the long heather, and beckoned to the keeper for my rifle. When I crawled forward upon hands and knees, it was quite evident the poor creature had no idea of an enemy. He continued his yew-cropping, occasionally scratching his shoulder with his long-pointed horn, which seemed admirably adapted for the purpose. Sometimes he would rear himself upon his hind-legs to seize a twig just out of his reach when on all-fours. . . . Raising my rifle by inches, I fired. The ball struck him true in the centre of the shoulder; but from his being above me, it took a slanting direction (as we afterwards found), and he did not drop. Up I started, and at the same instant the old goat bounded from the opposite side of the tree, and took the lead of his wounded companion. It was now apparent I had struck the junior. A severe race the keeper and I had to keep sight of him; but in vain. The last we saw of him was lagging far behind the other, his snow-white shoulder bedabbled with blood. He soon after disappeared among the rugged ground, and was seen no more that day. The old chief, however, kept on at a swing gallop by himself. Knowing that our sentries would soon turn him, and that his object would then be the rocks of Crap-na-Gower, we kept watching for the signal which was to make us aware of his course. It sounded, and I was again at my post for a shot."

Mr Colquhoun raced the retreating victim to the point where their lines intersected; reached it panting and pretty nearly blown; did his best to steady himself, and fired.

"Crack! The poor animal gave a cry, something between a bleat and

a howl (it was far too human to be agreeable), walked on a hundred yards and then stopped. It was plain his race was run. I loaded as quickly as I could, to put him out of his misery; but whenever I attempted to move, he braced himself up for a last struggle. With one desponding look at his own Crap-na-Gower, which he now despaired of reaching and was never to see again, he turned his back upon it and hobbled slowly to the shore. I did not press him. Poor fellow! I felt too much for him for that. Notwithstanding my 'successful skill,' I was far enough from regarding him with apathy. My great anxiety was to end his woes. I watched him to the shore, and then saw him wade out upon a rock surrounded by water. Keeping out of his sight, I stalked him from behind a heathery bank which ran parallel to the shore, till I got within thirty yards. When I peeped cautiously through the heather, he was standing with his side to me, and his head sunk down nearly to the rock, the very picture of meek despair. Resting my elbow upon the heather to make sure, I aimed at his heart. He gave one brave bound from the rock to the shore, staggered, and fell dead upon the beach."

Next day he was rowed back to the island very much *contre cœur*, though this time he was bound on an errand of mercy; and he succeeded in finding and disposing of the crippled sufferer whose sorrows had touched him with remorseful compassion.

Very few people have enjoyed such opportunities of driving covers for red-deer as Mr Colquhoun dilates on enthusiastically in the chapter on his Mull shootings. But even the bare chance of coming across the outlying wanderers from some neighbouring forest greatly enhances the excitement of one of those *roe-battues* which Mr Colquhoun denounces as blundering and unsportsmanlike. And although, chiefly from pleasant associations, we confess to a sneaking fondness for them, we cannot withhold our

assent to his views. But we remember the jovial bachelor-party that used to assemble for the regular week in October, in the grey old mansion among its wide-stretching woods—woods which might be driven through five hard working-days without ever coming to the end of them. We recall those larches and silver firs of portentous girth that reared their clear stems towards the skies in long-drawn lines of russet-coloured columns, as they flung the broad shadows of their graceful boughs over the velvety turf by the clear-flowing river. These were the good old days before Radical tenants had leisure to trouble themselves about the game-laws; when they took their farms at the reasonable rents which made ample allowance for inevitable damages; when the surplus game, instead of going to the London markets, was sent round to the homesteads among the fields where it had fed; and when one or two of the laird's old friends among the farmers came to make up the long line of guns that drew themselves out across the breadth of the cover. The woods were alive with roe and hares, as his foresters had reason to know when the snow had drifted in December; and no doubt Mr Colquhoun is right in asserting that far more heads of the former might have been counted at sundown had things been managed more discreetly. But it was a very merry gathering all the same, as might be seen and heard at the meeting for the *al fresco* lunch, when tongues relieved from restraint were recompensing themselves for their previous silence. And then the comparing notes over the events of the day, when, after punishing the host's admirable claret, his guests had adjourned to the vaulted smoking-room. For there is one undeniable advantage in a roe-hunt,—as every

man has his solitary station, removed from the jealous eyes of his neighbour, the narration of his personal exploits is an affair between himself and his conscience. He may drop a judicious veil over misses and mishaps, and give the most generous scope to the frolics of his fancy.

At the same time, for a quieter kind of pleasure, to say nothing of making surer and more deadly work, there is nothing like shooting roe alone or with a single safe companion. You slip silently and stealthily to your places, sending into the cover one stanch old hound, who is all the better for your purpose if he be stiff in the joints. The first faint hesitating whimper grows into a deep-mouthed bay as the dog gets fairly on the foot of the roe, who are bounding through the bushes ahead of him. You make a rush for the direction in which they are coming round, for the roe has a suicidal habit of running in circles. And then from the crest of some commanding knoll, where your shooting-dress blends with the leaves and the branches, you stand motionless, with pricked ears and half-presented piece, watching the openings within easy gunshot. Mr Colquhoun remarks on the extraordinary stealthiness with which the roe will thread its way through the thickest and most tangled cover. You hear the dog crashing along through the undergrowth, and yet not a sound may have reached you from anywhere nearer; when of a sudden a phantom form flits over a low-hanging branch, and lights softly as a snowflake in the open, looking back and listening intently with flashes of startled curiosity in its gentle hazel eye. Nothing in the animal world is more graceful; and we suspect that the most prosaic of sportsmen must have a qualm when he sees the embodied poetry of the

pose collapse under the murderous charge of buck-shot. The snap taken at the flying form that merely shoots into sight to vanish again instantaneously, is of course a different thing altogether. Then you think of nothing but the miss or the kill, as you rush forward to search the cover, and are too pleased with your quickness to feel a touch of remorse when you come upon the corpse of the slaughtered beauty. Shooting over a little pack of lively beagles too, is more exciting, if less destructive, than turning out with a single experienced hound. And we have had better sport than on many a more solemn occasion, when we have merely taken the roe as they came in the course of a mixed day; for they will lie like rabbits till you almost set your foot upon them, under the branches of the scattered trees, on the banks of those beautiful West Highland lakes that Mr Colquhoun loves so well. The mischief is, that when your main object is woodcock, and one barrel is charged with small shot, while in the other there is a cartridge loaded with B.B., you are apt to make a mistake in the hurry of the moment, if you spring a deer where you were looking for a bird. And the roe is almost as clever as the woodcock in interposing shot-proof screens between itself and the breech-loader.

The grouse is, *par excellence*, the game-bird of Scotland; but nothing in the last sixty years has changed in character so entirely as grouse-shooting. When Mr Colquhoun had his first shooting-licence in 1822, there was no possibility of renting a moor. Until then, and for half a generation afterwards, the grouse had to take its chance among the *feræ naturæ* who preyed upon it. The Western Highlands never show such a profusion of game as the moors of Perth, Aberdeen, and Angus. Yet it sounds strange

nowadays to hear of ten or twelve brace being considered a fair day's sport for three good guns on the hills of Luss, Arrochar, and Glenfalloch. But since the tracts of barren waste became marketable, the grouse has been artificially fostered. The eagles, in many districts, have disappeared from their favourite hunting-grounds; hawks of all sorts have been trapped and killed down; ravens and hooded crows have been made practically acquainted with the virtues of strychnine,—a circumstance which few people will be disposed to regret; while ground-vermin of all kinds have been collected for the keeper's museum displayed on the gable-end of the mountain kennel. In short, the balance of Nature has not only been disturbed but upset; and Mr Colquhoun believes that Nature revenges herself. He declines to hazard an opinion as to the technical character of the grouse disease, closely as he has studied the subject. But he is convinced that it comes of overcrowding; and he lays it down as an axiom that on no moors in Scotland can the grouse be increased with impunity beyond a certain point. Making no pretence to speak dogmatically from personal knowledge, but going by the experience of older sportsmen who are almost the contemporaries of Mr Colquhoun, we cannot doubt that he is right. Over-stocking tends to generate disease; and contagious maladies are not stamped out as they used to be, when any sickly member of a pack was sure to be struck down by some hawk on the hover, or picked up by some fox or founart on the prowl. Nor does the thorough sportsman of the olden time care greatly for what is called a "first-class" moor. He likes to bring skill and science into play, and to see the dogs he has bred and broken, do their duty. But

while the coveys are lying thick in the summer sunshine, any novice who can hold tolerably straight, may come home almost as heavily laden as his seniors and betters,—and that, it must be confessed, is excessively aggravating. Mr Colquhoun's practical directions as to how to make the most of your day deserve very careful attention; and his hints on the habits of the grouse are invaluable.

“The experienced grouse-shooter well knows how little it will avail him to attempt to find out the best part of a moor with which he is unacquainted, by a distant *coup-d'œil*, or by theory however plausible. On the same range the packs will be strongest and most numerous one year on the top of the hill, another on the brow, and a third on the flat at the foot, and this often without any assignable reason. A man who chooses his range by rule will be as likely to fix on the worst as the best. The only plan, supposing he has neglected to make himself acquainted with the ground before the 12th of August, is to find out from the shepherds where the packs are most plentiful and concert measures accordingly. It often happens that, if the hatching-time is very rainy, the best packs may be found on the brow of a hill, from being less exposed to the wet; and in a dry, sultry season the best places to range are the flats between the hills, or even the tops, if dotted with peat-hags. The very reverse, however, may be the case if there are few mossy springs or peat-hags on the flat or top, and if the hill-side is supplied with water for the young packs by a constant succession of little brooks.”

And that leads us on to the subject of the sheep farmers and their shepherds, an all-important one for the tenants of shootings. Of course, if you can afford it, the thoroughly satisfactory plan is the one Mr Colquhoun seems once to have adopted, when he took the sheep-walks on his grouse-range into his own hands.

Failing that, your wisdom will be to make a point of keeping on terms with the shepherds. The more zealous your keepers are, the more likely are they and the shepherds to quarrel; but after all, it is the shepherds who are masters of the situation. They are out early and late; they stumble on the nests of the sitting birds, and mark the basking-places of the newly-hatched coveys to a nicety. They are followed by lean, frolicsome collies, always eager for a range and a worry. They may repay a long-standing grudge with a wave of the hand, that will seal the fate of a pocketful of “cheepers.” So that it is absolutely indispensable to conciliate them; nor is it very difficult to do so. For although they may be “dour” and bristly when you ruffle them the wrong way, for the most part they are frank, manly fellows, with no sort of objection to sport, and always open to a “crack” and a pouchful of tobacco. And if you once make them your friends, they will be ready enough to make amicable arrangements as to gathering their flocks, burning the heather, &c., which are privileges they are pretty free to exercise at their discretion, whatever may be the restrictions in the leases.

Mr Colquhoun speaks strongly, with good reason, as to the short-sighted folly of early starts. You waste the strength you would do well to husband, in disturbing ground that had better be left quiet. We remember how, in the days of our youth, we were stirring long before the glimmerings of daybreak, having for once in the year scarcely slept at all. We remember, too, the delicious freshness of the morning air, before the slanting sunbeams had taken the chill off it. We remember the exhilaration of the mountain breeze that was pretty sure to fall long before mid-day; the dewdrops glittering on the trembling

heather sprays ; the shrill crow of the grouse, the twitter of the tiny moor-birds. Never was life more pleasurable than in these moments, which were only too fleeting, when the promise of the Twelfth was in your grasp, with all the delights of the shooting season to follow. But we are persuaded that, from the scientific point of view, we were wrong ; and besides, we have stronger objections to early rising than formerly. Now we can sleep comfortably even on the night of the 11th, and rise calmly next morning to a satisfactory meal. "The young grouse-shooter" must do as he pleases ; but if he is shooting, say for a sweep, or for honour and glory, we can conscientiously endorse Mr Colquhoun's advice to him, which is, "Always to wait till the dew is dry on the heather. If he starts at eight o'clock, and travels the moors as he ought, there is time enough before dark to put his powers to the proof, however he may pique himself upon them. I do not mean to say he must run over the ground, but keep up a steady, determined walk up hill and down hill, without flagging for an instant, unless the dogs come upon the scent of game. Of all sports, grouse-shooting is the most laborious." So it is, perhaps ; yet, with due deference, we should recommend that Mr Colquhoun's excellent counsels be taken *cum grano*. Every man must know his own powers best, and ought to remember that even from eight to eight there are twelve hours in the day. Most men who have hurried north from the flags in Pall Mall, jaded after a course of late hours and heavy dinners, would find their breath come short and their strength flagging, towards sundown, had they been labouring indefatigably, in a breezeless day, up hill and down dale in the deep heather and over the slippery

heather-roots. You should leave a turn of speed in you, to answer to the stimulating excitement of the evening hours when the shots come quick and the shooting is easy. For nothing can be more useful than the author's advice as to concerting your plans so as to break the packs in the morning, and head them homewards towards the cover of the hillocks, where you may find them lying like stones towards the dusk. Many times we might have made a heavy bag of a light one, had we not been thoroughly knocked up before we found ourselves on the best of our range. And as to the safest rules for refreshment, we are also inclined to take issue with Mr Colquhoun. Setting your shooting aside altogether, after a short and simple lunch, you will do all the more justice to a well-earned dinner. But a man who is somewhat out of condition must somehow moisten his clay. Cold tea is "ill to tak'," and only suits peculiar constitutions ; while we consider table-beer an abomination, unless you intend to blow yourself up like a balloon. We should say that sound claret in moderation is the safest tippie you can possibly indulge in at lunch ; while for ourselves, we should be exceedingly sorry to leave the spirit-flask at home. Let it be as small as you please, if you cannot trust yourself : but the hill-water is generally to be suspected ; and when you wish to wash out your feverish mouth, a lacing is to be recommended by way of corrective.

The solitary chapter in the book in which Mr Colquhoun has to own to limited knowledge, is that on ptarmigan-shooting. Naturally he has bagged ptarmigan repeatedly, but he tells us that he has always had to work hard for stray specimens. He says he has never shot on the mountains of Ross and Inverness,

which are relatively accessible, and where the birds are far more numerous than elsewhere. We have been more fortunate, and can confirm what he says as to the plenty of the birds and the comparative ease of procuring them. In those Ross shire shootings to which we alluded *apropos* to the wild goats, the lodge stood high upon the stormy watershed between the dips to the North Sea and to the Atlantic. It was not much of a climb from the loftier of the grouse-grounds, across the stony zone of the alpine hares, to the lichen-stained rocks frequented by the ptarmigan; and though the walking was wild enough round slippery and dizzy heights, on a clear and calm day the sport was almost tame. At the outset there was no great difficulty in finding the birds, for they would rise wild. Circling and soaring like carrier-pigeons, they would go sweeping round the jagged angles of the cliffs, or dipping downwards to the heather flats below. But they always come back towards the point from which they started, or at least to the same level, and most commonly to the same mountain. When you kept following them up, they seemed to grow sullen. The second or the third time, they would let you approach to within a half or a quarter gunshot. Walking cautiously, and looking closely, the graceful bend of the head and neck would disengage itself from the tints of the cliff with which it harmonised so closely in colour. Then you might take a sitting shot if you chose, or give them law with a fair probability of missing them; for, once scared from their perch, they had a knack of disappearing behind it. In these haunts of the ptarmigan, by the way, more than one pair of golden eagles had their eyries; and when caught in the clinging folds of a fog, we have felt the sough of the pinion on our cheek as the mighty

bird swept over our shoulder, more startled and surprised than the intruder on his solitude. But we can hardly give a better idea of the habits of the ptarmigan, and the scenery where you seek them, than by extracting Mr Colquhoun's story of a miss, when, as a boy just emancipated from school, he had climbed with the keeper to the fastnesses of Ben Voirla:—

"My utmost hope was now to make out the brace, but we toiled to the top of the mountain without seeing another bird. I had sufficient opportunity to admire the care and skill with which my guide scrutinised every likely spot: passing over the hanging cliffs with which we were surrounded, he directed his chief attention to the *cairns*, or heaps of rock and stone scattered jaggedly about. All at once I felt his vice-like grasp upon my shoulder, the other hand pointing to one of these cairns not twenty yards off. I strained my eyes to the utmost, but could see nothing save the dull grey rock. His impatience grew extreme, and vented itself in loud whispers, 'Shoot him sitting!' At last I caught sight of the bird, its head and tail carried low, and colour so like the jutting rock that it might well have been taken for one of the points—none but a practised eye could possibly have discovered it. With eagerness and trepidation my gun was raised—off went the shot—up went the ptarmigan with a hoarse croak—a fine cock! My second barrel followed the example of the first. The bird flew rapidly round the precipice, and with it my last lingering hope!"

Heaven forbid that we should undervalue the gentle craft!—a phrase that must have been invented, by the way, by contemplative though skilful Cockneys like Walton and Cotton, cradled by such sluggish streams as trickled down from the heights of Hoddesdon; for it sounds strangely out of keeping with Highland linns and single combats with the *salmo-ferox* on the lochs. We have said already that we know no such moment of

excitement as when the salmon has swirled up to your fly, and is making his wild rush with your line towards the rapids. There are monsters among the trout in the depths of Loch Awe that would put the most seasoned of salmon-fishers on his mettle. Among the pleasantest hours that dwell in our memory are those when we have been filling our basket with the yellow trout from the swift streams in the glens of the Border, that run winding under banks all abloom with gorse. Nay, though it savours somewhat of poaching, we love even to watch the "otter" in the mountain tarn, when the tiny fish that swarm like animalculæ are leaping to the line among the ripples in the shadows reflected from the clouds. And we need not say that the author of 'The Moor and the Loch' is a most accomplished deacon of the art. But somehow fishing, according to our ideas, although in the reality abounding in sensations beyond all sports, is rather too apt to pall upon one in the narration; and certainly it lends itself but indifferently to notices at second-hand. It is impossible to transfer to paper, without a misleading impression of monotony, the swiftly-changing alternations of your hopes and fears; and it is difficult to give distinctive individualities to episodes which must appear, to the uninitiated, to have a monotonous resemblance. We should only do grave injustice to the subject by cursorily glancing at the instructions and hints which Mr Colquhoun has combined with his triumphs and failures, and we shall content ourselves with selecting one of the most spirited of the incidents which come in as a running commentary on the refinements of the capricious sport. The scene was the Stinchar, in Ayrshire—a river on which we have had more than one memorable day: the time sunset.

"The water was growing very low and clear, when my eldest son threw his first cast with the small turkey-wing, the least glaring fly in our collection. At the same confined swirl of the current, a dull wave under the hook gave token of the prize which lay below. A long rest followed; then a cast, light as thistle-down, allured the wary insect-watcher to repeat his effort, with the evident resolve to dally no longer with his prey. Immediately, a vindictive plunge revealed both his power and will to use it, by breaking free from so fragile a chain. To my dismay, I now saw that my son had chosen, by mistake, the lightest reel-line in my possession, only intended for sea-trout or grilse, in the clearest water of July! Its length, however, was 100 yards; and having perfect confidence in the skill of the fisherman, I resolved not to flurry him with a warning, but to wait in patience until the prize was either lost or won.

"The fish neither dashed round the pool in terror, nor refused to move in sullen indifference, but with a degree of calm dignity steered along the opposite bank, giving fitfully a revengeful toss which made my heart flutter. Higher, higher, he rowed himself, till he arrived within a few yards of the overhanging trees. If he resolved to pass this barrier, I knew well the alternative was a broken line for the angler, or a jump to the shoulders in the rapid current. At this crisis the fish was turned by wary coaxing, and brought cautiously down to the deep water where he had been hooked. A new danger was here threatened, for the eddy tree appeared provokingly near, and it was likely the huge fish might strike across the river, twisting the line around its branches. Again he was foiled by the coolness of his tormentor, and the up-stream march was resumed.

"The shades of evening now deepened, and my hopes of a daylight capture were over. The sky was, however, cloudless; not a breath stirred the leaves, and, to our delight, the glorious red harvest moon rose 'broad' over the brow of the Ayrshire hills. . . .

"Hour after hour passed away, but 'Macfarlane's lamp' was bright in the sky, shedding full light on the river for the working of the salmon. It was

nearly ten o'clock at night before the noble fellow began to show symptoms of yielding. 'Bring a lantern, Sandy, as he can never be gaffed by moon-light.' Sandy was soon ready and eager with light and steel. The salmon, however, though nearly spent, refused to come within reach of his weapon, and kept lashing the water into foam on the opposite shore. Quick as thought, Sandy dashed across the black stream and reached the fish before he sank. Then poising the lantern for a second, up to his waist in the water, he struck his victim with deadly determination: a pause ensued—the light hissed in the river, and was extinguished. Then followed a severe unseen struggle under the darkened bank, when Sandy, plucky fellow that he was, with a grip like a bull-dog, dripping from head to foot, crawled from the deep, shouting, 'I ha'e him noo!'"

Landing a 25-lb. fish with a light trout-line was worth a ducking or the spoiling of a dinner; and it would be difficult to give a more graphic description of the fluctuating fortunes of such a fight.

A man brought up in the country like Colquhoun, who had been entered to sport from his earliest boyhood, could hardly fail to become a practical naturalist. The bent must be irresistible in so remarkable a case as that of a working man like Edward, the Banffshire shoemaker. Edward had to burn the candle at both ends, and he shattered his constitution by lying out through the nights, after toiling for his wife and family through the day. But interest in all wild creatures must necessarily grow in a gentleman and sportsman with observation and intelligence. He stands watching at his station in the woods, before the beaters have begun to stir in the covers; he is ambushed for the strings of ducks winging their flight over his head from the feeding-grounds; he is working out in his boat over the bosom of the estuary, looking out

for everything in the air or on the water. He is only too glad to while away the time; and he has an eye for everything that is going on around him, whether it be the flutter of the golden-crested wren in the twigs, the byplay of wood-peckers or weasels, the hunting of the birds of the night who are innocently unconscious of your presence, the plunging of the clamorous gulls, or the gambolling of the porpoises among the rollers.

After reading this edition of '*The Moor and the Loch*,' we feel most grateful to the author for the pleasure he has given us. But perhaps the predominating sentiment is a desire to make his acquaintance, and to be piloted by himself through the curiosities of his Museum. There may be more extensive collections; but, as he says himself with legitimate pride, there can be few of so much intrinsic interest. For he laid it down as a fundamental principle on starting, that it should contain nothing but what he had killed himself. Since then he has so far relaxed the rule—very much to the advantage of the Museum—that he has admitted his sons, who have taken after their father, to a partnership in the family concern. There is not a specimen but has its story, more or less exciting and interesting. And we can imagine the pleasure of listening to each tale as it falls from the lips of the animated veteran. Failing that, we may end with a stray leaf or two, snatched almost at random from the naturalist's note-book.

Take this as a charming vignette of a Highland landscape, when he was bound for the eyrie of a pair of golden eagles—bird-nesting extraordinary in the forest of the Black Mount:—

"Day was just breaking when I crossed the river Tulla on my way to Peter Robertson's cottage. . . . The

morning was all we could wish—calm, grey, and mild. As we passed the banks of the loch, roe-deer were quietly cropping the greensward, which sloped to the water's edge; and now and then a fine buck would raise his head, and look listlessly over his shoulder, as if wondering what business we had to be so soon astride. The black-cock, surrounded by his hens, was crooning his matins on the tops of the knolls, and was answered by the red-cock with many a cheery but eccentric call from the more distant heights. A male hen-harrier was flitting stealthily about the heather, seeking his breakfast where it could be easily found, with small chance of human company at his morning meal. Now and then an alpine hare would canter lazily away, or raise herself on her hind-legs to listen, moving about her inquisitive ears.

"We were still a long way from our rocks, when a dark bird rose from the middle of them, and winged his way to the opposite mountain. Was he a buzzard? No; small as he appears, that determined flight and free flap of the wing can belong to no bird but the eagle. Peter looked carelessly at him. 'Yon's the cock. He'll be for the opposite hill after giving the hen her breakfast.' He now whipped out his glass, and, placing his back upon a hillock and the glass upon his knee, looked long and anxiously through it. At last, jumping up, shutting the glass with a satisfied smile and looking to me with a smile, 'She's on, sir.' I now took his place, but it was some time, in spite of Peter's minute directions, before I could discern the eyrie. 'Look, sir, to the side o' yon bushes in the face o' the craig.' It was easy enough to see *them*. They seemed moored not 'in the *rifted*,' but in the *solid* 'rock.' When I at length detected the eyrie, it seemed no bigger than a rook's nest; and how Robertson had discovered that 'she was on' I was a good deal puzzled to find out. But he told me to keep my eye upon the east side of the nest, and I should see a black ball which would seem higher at some times than others, and which was caused by the eagle raising her head."

The sportsman's object was a quiet shot at the hen. They crawled forward and upward among "that fantastic chaos of rocks," until at last they could distinguish the outer sticks of the nest from the ledge hard by, that was the eagle's larder. Scrambling noiselessly down a hollow, they reached the brow of the precipices overhanging the eyrie:—

"I stopped a moment to take breath. A slight nod over my shoulder, and Peter gently struck the palms of his hands together, pat—pat. It was just enough for the eagle to hear, but it seemed very loud to me. Pat—pat—pat, louder and louder. I was now getting very nervous. 'Throw a stone at her!' Peter had too much generalship for that. He selected a small pebble, and threw it on the steep, directly above the eyrie. I watched every hop of the stone, lower and lower, till I saw that it must drop straight upon our victim. I knew that it was now or never. Instantly, I caught sight of the bold flap of a giant wing, and the mighty bird soared majestically from the dizzy chasm. The shot was not difficult. I may say, that my aim was cool and determined. She reeled round and round, and fell headlong in the yawning abyss, quite dead."

And considering the growing scarcity of these noble birds, which Mr Colquhoun himself deplores so unfeignedly, we could wish that the sportsman's hand had trembled. For few men can more heartily appreciate the picturesque side of animated nature, or give their profound perceptions of it more eloquent expression; and we may appropriately dismiss the subject of eagles, with his powerful sketch of the white-tailed species.

"Foreseeing the coming storm, he so gorges himself with any prey he can lay hold of,—say the carcass of a sheep or deer,—that he is absolutely unable to move from the spot for some time after. He then betakes himself

to his 'own grey tower;' the skies darken, and soon there is nothing but a dreary waste of snows. A week may pass—there he sits, defying the hurricane and despising the storm. A fortnight—still no change in him. For five long weeks will he keep his castle, never having tasted food. His wing may droop, and his motion be more loose and languid, but his eye is keen as ever. Like one of Napoleon's famished veterans facing the snow-girt Beresina, although his step may totter, his fierce and savage eye still shows the unquenched fire within."

By way of *pendant* to the day with the eagles, we should have liked to extract the story of a Highland "fox-hunt." Then the hero was younger and more agile, and he ran himself literally to a standstill on the trail of the hill-fox he had wounded. But the narrative is necessarily prolonged as the chase was—it is too long at least for our purpose, and we should be sorry to do it injustice by condensing it. Indeed we had marked many more passages for extract; but, as we must reluctantly take leave of this fascinating book, we shall close our notice with some interesting remarks on the habits of the pretty little water-ousel. With many other facts that are new to us, and for which we are indebted to Mr Colquhoun, they must give a fresh charm to one's strolls in the country.

"There is a look of loneliness about this little inhabitant of the flood, like the solitudes it frequents. Often in the deepest and most tangled recess of the mountain-burn, or perched upon some gaunt stone by the side of the

moorland loch, the water-ousel, when disturbed by some chance explorer of nature, will fly cheerily forward, and, resettling upon the clear water, seems by the buoyancy of its little movements to try to impart its buoyancy to the thoughtful visitant. . . . I have twice seen it feed upon some very minute substance about a foot from the surface, but whether animalculæ or not it was impossible to ascertain. The first time I went after wild ducks on the river Tay, I saw a motion in a still clear creek, and when I cautiously peeped over the bank, I discovered the little bird under water, raising itself with both wings and legs, at the same time pecking at something, apparently with as much ease as a barn-door fowl would devour a handful of grain. It was so intent upon its food that I was not perceived for a few seconds; but on looking up to see if the coast was clear, it saw me at once through the water, rose to the surface and flew away, as with one and the same motion. Another winter my notice was attracted by just such a ripple in Lennie water, and again I detected the ousel at his secret meal. The water in both cases was very bright; but without a microscope, it could not be discovered whether the delicacies on which it regaled were vegetable substances or some minute water-insects."

No one can possibly read 'The Moor and the Loch' without feeling the fullest interest of personal friendship in the frank and genial author; and when the fifth edition shall make its appearance, we should be glad to have something of a memoir attached to it. An autobiographical sketch, however slight, would throw a good deal of pleasant light on the volumes.

THE STORM IN THE EAST.—NO. XI.

REFLECTIVE.

WHEN we wrote last month, it appeared to us very desirable to bring together in one connected chronicle the events of the recent campaigns in Europe and Asia. The mere recapitulation of those events occupied the space which we generally allow to a notice of the war. And thus the record which we presented is bare of comment, reflection, and discussion. Yet, if we kept silence, it was pain and grief to us. For surely there never was in history a short chapter which is more noteworthy in its circumstances, or which is fitted to convey more momentous teachings. May we, then, presume to do our moralising now? Will the reader, who has with us taken a rapid glance at the course of the war, join us in the consideration of some of the truths which it has helped to demonstrate, and the lessons which it presents?

Out of the copious matter on which it invites us to meditate, no article, in our view, is of greater interest than the present condition of the Turks as a nation. Before the war we had many and vague ideas concerning the decadence of the Turkish power, about which, as a simple fact, there could of course be no doubt; but the war has revealed to us the degree of that decadence, and has corrected many of our ideas as to the present character of the government and people. Most of us, at last, understand what the Turks of to-day are; but what a difference between them and the irresistible tribes who broke into Europe in the fourteenth century! Energy, activity, foresight, readiness, were characteristics of the

people who overthrew the Greek empire. The warlike infidels made everything give way before them. No power and no confederacy with which they came into collision could withstand them. They were the terror of Eastern, as the Moors had been of Western, Europe. Cruel, savage, revolting as they were, they were yet most formidable warriors; and long was it before Christendom could produce troops of anything like equal ability.

The same race which was so distinguished for its warlike and for its administrative qualities, has settled down into the despised Turks who have lately shown themselves so incapable. The present Sultan is, we believe, the lineal descendant of Othman I. Up to a certain point in its history the leaders of this race are distinguished by some of the highest qualities. They are stained with horrible crimes and vices too, but these last do not cancel their great parts. Up to a certain point, as we said, we trace a succession of men of consummate ability; beyond that point is seen only the folly and imbecility which moderns understand to be characteristics of the Turk. What power, what sagacity, what spirit, what activity we recognise in the early emirs and sultans! What a character we have of Othman who first led the Turkish armies in Asia to the shores of the Bosphorus and allowed them to look upon the great and beautiful city of which they were to be the lords for centuries. Handsome, graceful, strong, a perfect cavalier, great in the characteristics which usually distinguish the founders of

empires, a just and considerate law-giver, a righteous judge. And then his grandson Amurath, the conqueror of Adrianople, a legislator and administrator, the victor of Kassova, who on the very field of his glory was assassinated by a Servian nobleman who reached his presence under pretence that he had secret intelligence to communicate! From him we pass to Bajazet who fought the very flower of Christian chivalry, banded together from the Western nations, and dismissed on their crusade with the blessing of the Pope. French, Teutons, Bavarians, Hungarians, and the brave knights of St John, all together were unable to depress the pride of the valiant Turk, who subdued Greece and Hungary, and boasted that his horse should be stabled on the high altar at St Peter's. There is proof that all this success was something more than a brilliant career such as nations no less than individuals sometimes enjoy by confidently following up a run of good fortune, or by their mere multitude: for the tide of victory and prosperity was, in early days, rudely rolled back, and had not the genuine abilities of conquerors resided in the people and their leaders, it could never for them have flowed again. The blow of the great Timour descended upon the youthful empire of the Turks, shaking it to its very centre, striking it almost into the dust. And yet the talent of Mahomet I. reconstituted the shattered State, after he had surmounted numerous impediments, and prepared his nation once more to be conquerors. Amurath II., the antagonist of Hunyades, with the parchment of a broken treaty carried before him on a lance, once more broke the power of a Christian coalition near Varna, slew Ladislaus the perjured King of Hungary, and afterwards died with the character of a noble

sovereign ascribed to him by both Greeks and Turks. Mahomet II. in 1453 took Constantinople, where ever since the Crescent has waved. When he had won his capital, he addressed himself to the consolidation of his empire and to the perfection of a military and political system. Some notion of what were Turkish ideas of the art of war about his time may be gained by a perusal of the following extract:—

“The attention which the Ottomans paid to their artillery, and to the adoption of every improvement in military engineering, must have been another great cause of their superiority to the nations whose brave but tumultuous and ill-provided armies they encountered. Nor is the care which their sultans bestowed upon what, in modern military language would be termed the ordnance and commissariat departments, less remarkable. The Greek Chalcondyles, the contemporary of Amurath II., in his account of the Ottoman armies, after describing their number, the excellence of their organisation, and the strictness of their discipline, mentions the corps that were especially employed in keeping the roads on the line of march in available condition; he speaks of the abundant supply of provisions that was always to be found in their well-arranged and symmetrical camps; and he notices the large number of beasts of burden which always accompanied a Turkish army, and the employment of a special corps to insure the proper transport of provisions and military stores. There was certainly no State of Christendom during the fifteenth or sixteenth century which cared for the wellbeing of its soldiers on such seemingly generous but truly economical principles. The campaigns of Mahomet himself, especially that against Constantinople, and those of his grandson Sultan Selim, furnish many instances of the enlightened liberality and forethought with which the medieval Turks provided their soldiery with those material instruments and adjuncts of warfare, the importance of which, in order to en-

able an army 'to go anywhere and do anything,' our own great captain of the present age has so fully taught us." *

One who knows only the modern Turks' character might fancy this to be an ironical passage, designed to raise a laugh by ascribing to the people spoken of the very qualities which they have *not*. He who has read history knows that the contrast between then and now is only too correct.

Sultan Selim I., the conqueror of Egypt, added to the talents for which his predecessors had been distinguished, a personal eminence in literature, and an enlightened and liberal patronage of literary men. He was the first Ottoman Sultan who exercised the spiritual power and rank of caliph or vicar of Mohammed. And the mode in which he acquired this pre-eminence is curious. There was no laying-on of hands, no consecration, no adoption even into the holy family. The twelfth Abbaside Caliph was found by the conqueror at Cairo, and induced to transfer to him the Prophet's standard, mantle, and sword; very much as a decayed modern, who had no longer a mansion to stow them in, might make over to the new squire his grandfather's pigtail, and horse-pistols, and the sword of his shrievalty. How the out-going caliph reconciled his act with his duty, we know not, nor how such a method of transferring spiritual supremacy satisfied the usually scrupulous Moslems. Selim, besides heading expeditions by land, began to build a formidable navy. Evidently the conquering ability had not yet died out of the Turks. Selim's successor, Solyman the Magnificent, was the greatest prince of the Ottoman line, as Solomon had been the most glorious of

those who sat on the throne of David. He it was who took Rhodes from the knights of St John, who waged tremendous wars with the Christian States of Europe, who captured Belgrade, and who laid siege to Vienna.

"The awe," says Creasy, "which the Ottoman empire inspired in this age, was due not only to the successes gained by the Turkish armies, but also to the achievements of the Turkish navy, which extended the power and renown of Sultan Solyman along all the coast of the Mediterranean, and in the more remote waters of the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean."

And we venture on another quotation, which gives concisely the extent of Solyman's empire:—

"The Turkish dominions in his time comprised all the most celebrated cities of Biblical and classical history, except Rome, Syracuse, and Persepolis. The sites of Carthage, Memphis, Tyre, Nineveh, Babylon, and Palmyra were Ottoman ground; and the cities of Alexandria, Jerusalem, Damascus, Smyrna, Nice, Prusa, Athens, Philippi, and Adrianople, besides many of later but scarcely inferior celebrity, such as Algiers, Cairo, Mecca, Medina, Bassorah, Baghdad, and Belgrade, obeyed the Sultan of Constantinople. The Nile, the Jordan, the Orontes, the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Tanais, the Borysthenes, the Danube, the Hebrus, and the Ilyssus, rolled their waters within "the shadow of the Horsetails." The eastern recess of the Mediterranean, the Propontis, the Palus Mæotis, the Euxine, and the Red Sea were Turkish lakes. The Ottoman Crescent touched the Atlas and the Caucasus; it was supreme over Athos, Sinai, Ararat, Mount Carmel, Mount Taurus, Ida, Olympus, Pelion, Hæmus, the Carpathian and the Acroceraunian heights. An empire of more than forty thousand square miles, embracing many of the richest and most beautiful regions of the world, had been acquired by

* From Creasy's *History of the Ottoman Turks*, vol. i. chap. vi.

the descendants of Evtoghrul, in three centuries from the time when their forefather wandered a homeless adventurer at the head of less than five hundred fighting men."*

It is impossible to transcribe here accounts of Solyman's immense power and great acts, but those who remember them not will find his reign worth studying just now. He failed in his memorable siege of Malta; but that, though an important fact in Christian history, really looks very small amid the dazzling glories of Solyman's reign.

In the next reign, that of Selim II, the empire began its downward course. The battle of Lepanto was lost. Russians and Turks first crossed swords. The next Sultan saw things grow rapidly worse; and although, like the flame of a dying lamp, the Ottoman glory blazed up now and again for a moment, the general course of the empire was towards extinction. Loss followed loss, defeat defeat. The latter half of the seventeenth century shows but a record of shame and disaster. Struggle as she might all through the eighteenth century, still Turkey went on losing ground on the whole. At the end of this century Napoleon made his attack on Egypt; and from the date of his expedition we may consider the history of Turkey to be modern, and carried about in most memories.

If after comparing the empire of Solyman with the Turkey of to-day we try to discover the talisman which was possessed of old, but which has now been lost, and has taken with it all the glory of the Ottoman race, we may probably find it to be Brain.

The bravery and general aptitude for war are still as much as ever resident in the Turk; but the

capacity to fit him for the field and to organise armies, the ability to conceive and to execute strategic operations, or even subsidiary feats of arms, have departed altogether from Turkish minds. There does not appear to have been, before the late war began, a soul in the Divan capable of duly estimating the magnitude or the requirements of the struggle on which the nation was about to enter. Those in authority must have felt that, either in the Cabinet or in the field, they were unfit to control or direct the affairs of a war: they must have felt certain, too, that their colleagues were as ignorant and as barren of resources as themselves. So entirely incapable were they of self-help, and so conscious must they have been of their helplessness, that none can believe them to have taken their stand relying on native sufficiency to conduct the defence. They must, if they exercised any judgment at all, have counted on acquiring allies at some stage of the contest.

What, then, has become of the great qualities of a leader which taught the little tribe to burst forth from its obscurity, and gained for it a name—a terrible name—among the nations? Not a remnant seems to be left; not an atom of the old leaven, such as may inform ever so small a lump of the ancient stock, and promise to animate the people once more with the spirit of ascendancy. The tests which with certainty reveal the presence of ability, the stirring thoughts of country, home, liberty (we will not even speak of glory), have charmed in vain. Not a spark has been struck forth to indicate that in the ashes of to-day live the fires that were wont to animate the Turks of old.

* From Creasy's *History of the Ottoman Turks*: a work which, though always interesting, will be found especially so at this time.

We do not forget the heroic Osman nor the episode of Plevna. But splendid powers of resistance and endurance were but a fraction of the gifts with which the Turks of old were endowed. The Ottomans have taken them wives from many nations ; they cannot, therefore, be regarded as a race of unmixed blood like the Jews, notwithstanding that in their lives and customs they keep themselves aloof from European families. But if, on the one hand, it may be said that they have intermarried with foreigners until they are no longer the same breed as of old, on the other it may be replied that it is by crosses of blood that the vigour and genius of races are generally kept up. We cannot say that since the Turks acquired an empire there has been no call for their martial qualities, and that these last have therefore disappeared ; because the Turks have been as much troubled with wars as most peoples. They have been always surrounded by neighbours, warlike, envious, and of a different religion. Since they ceased to fight for conquest, they have been fighting for existence. It has been a favourite way of representing their position (at least as regards Europe), to say that they were not an established nation, but an armed camp. There was, therefore, a perpetual stimulus to the retention of the warlike excellence which they once possessed. And yet it has died out of them. Neither practice, nor prudence, nor necessity has been able to lengthen its existence. Bitter defeats have not roused the desire for examination and reform. Turks have been content that their empire should dwindle away, province by province, but have not summoned to their aid the energy that alone could have arrested their decay. Had the moral followed upon, or kept pace with, a physical deterioration, we might have com-

prehended the two ; but, strange to say, the experience of the past war has shown the Turk's *physique* to be exceptionally good. He is healthy, strong, enduring, temperate, patient, and unquestionably brave. The defect is in the head. It would seem as if there were not in all Turkey a brain with invention enough to design, or with confidence enough to carry out, an action of any importance. We have asked the question above,—What has become of the qualities which made the Turks a great nation? but we have not been able to answer it. There are many causes which moral teachers turn up by rote to explain this melancholy degradation, as luxury, bad government, a depraved religion, phlegmatic temperaments ; but none of these satisfy. Luxury enervates the body before it impairs the moral powers ; bad government is a consequence, as much as a cause, of a people's decline ; the religion and the temperament are, we presume, the same as when the nation took its rise. Providence willed the ruin of the Turks, and first took away from them all mental activity. That is not a philosophic method of accounting for their condition, but it is the only one which is at all satisfactory. A sudden and extraordinary energy raised them to be a world's wonder, and now an unaccountable torpor has brought them down to be the world's contempt. We can only look upon them with astonishment. When they were small they had vigour enough to advance themselves and to inspire others to self-advancement : now that they are a nation they cannot produce a mind capable of reinvigorating their effete system. What then is to be their fate? Are they to decrease continually until they are reduced once more to be a poor insignificant tribe? or will they remain on the Bosphorus and in Asia Minor for

the convenience, and by the toleration, of the States of Europe? or will they revive? It is impossible to answer these questions, as it is impossible to account for the disappearance of *soul* from among them. If they continue to be as unintelligent as they now are, their extinction may be regarded as assured. But nations have ere this been stricken nearer to the ground than Turkey now is, and have sprung up again like giants from the touch of earth. Their chastisement has done for them what nothing else could do, and has made them think and act. If it be objected to this argument that no State could be more debased than Turkey now is, we reply, that many might be, and many have been, more debased. The national life is very low: but in the individual Turk there is plenty of vigour left. He is obedient, docile, brave, patient, and devoted. There is wanting only the intelligence which can use the excellent material that lies ready to hand. It is quite possible that a hero may arise from among the Turks themselves, or that strangers may go to their aid, and so bring them back to self-reliance and self-help.

Though it be generally true that adversity sharpens the wit, yet it is at this time true of the Turks that their adversity makes the task of resuscitation much harder than it was before. Dissipation of means, surrender of territory, loss of self-reliance, are but bad preparatives for the work of regeneration; and the closer, and still closing, hug of a rapacious and unscrupulous neighbour is a formidable bar against attempts at improvement. Much will, we think, depend on Turkey's action in regard to the Parliament which she lately instituted. If that be retained, it may have great influence in developing whatever

talent either for the Cabinet or for the field may lie hidden among the races which people Turkey. It will be likely to bring the Turks into harmony, as they have never been before, with some of the European States, and to raise them up friends and allies. If there could be a fusion of races and a settlement of religious difficulties, what is now left of Turkey would be stronger than the late empire, including Bulgaria, but with the Ottoman race dominant. Even the finances might be adjusted under a wholesome *régime*. The resources of the country have never yet been developed: it is to be presumed that under a juster system, which should encourage agriculture and trade, production might be astonishingly increased. There is a large extent of rich soil and as fine a climate as is anywhere to be found. Much—very much—is still possible, but *mind* must be forthcoming to achieve it. If the mind appear not, European Turkey must soon be a thing of the past.

During the last two years it has perplexed many of us that the English peace party nourished a violent hatred against Turkey, and was tolerant, nay, enamoured, of the aggression and spoliation practised by Russia. There was a huge inconsistency in this. It was as if the temperance and teetotal societies had been hounding on brewers, vintners, and wassailers to afflict the children of Rechab. But the inconsistency of the peace party, if it cannot be excused, may perhaps, in some measure, be explained. Turkey was a standing contradiction to some of their most cherished maxims. She had followed their prescriptions, and was therefore entitled to their goodwill and support; but she had likewise proved the entire inefficacy of the said prescriptions, and so had become, in a high degree, obnoxious.

It is a very favourite doctrine of the peace-at-any-price societies, that in order to live exempt from wars and fightings it is necessary only to refrain from giving offence. Your swaggerers and brawlers alone, they tell us, excite hostility. Be not ready to take or to give offence, and you may live peaceably among your neighbours. But of all the nations of Europe, modern Turkey was the least disposed to give offence to her neighbours, or to take amiss any ambiguous conduct of theirs. She kept quite aloof from their contentions and emulations, and asked only to be left to manage her own affairs in quiet. But did her withdrawal from meddling and contention secure a tranquil life for herself? Far from it. Rather it seemed that her very harmlessness and unreadiness for war were greater provocations than elbowings and disputations would have been. She was never properly prepared for war, and she never was allowed to be at peace. She was weak, and all her inoffensiveness could not save her from being attacked and robbed. If she gave no cause of complaint abroad, her enemies made her domestic concerns an excuse for quarrelling with her. Her latter history completely gives the lie to the doctrine that meekness and non-interference are the sure means by which a nation may live in quiet with its neighbours. Hence, we presume, she incurred the bitter animosity of the peace professors; and hence Russia, as *her* enemy, was vigorously encouraged in her late invasion by the same advocates of peace. What else there is in Russia's present or past behaviour to make her a favourite of persons whose first and engrossing desire is peace, we are at a loss to discover. But the fact remains that Russia was applauded by, and had the good wishes of, a great many peace-at-

any-price adherents; and we can only say, in commenting thereon, that human nature is exceedingly prone to appear inconsistent, especially in persons who profess unsound and impracticable principles. As regards Turkey, we may feel certain that she might have committed as many atrocities as she pleased had she only remained strong. She might have enslaved Christian peoples as the Poles are enslaved, she might have ground down infidel tribes as the tribes of the Caucasus are ground down, she might have torn up treaties as the treaties of 1856 and of 1871 have been torn up, if only she had been able to face her enemies in the gate. As knowledge is power, so ignorance is weakness; and it is possible that Providence may be pleased sometimes to smite a nation with blindness or ignorance in order that it may be punished for its offences. But this is a speculation very difficult to follow out to any general proposition. If Turkey has been made ignorant and weak, and has been smitten for her offences, how is it that Russia is strong and insolent, and able to commit crimes with impunity? All nations may derive from Turkey's fate the certainty that to be ready for war affords a far better chance of remaining at peace than to pursue an inoffensive policy; and there is no lesson of the war which England can more usefully lay to heart than this.

Though Turkey was, in a general sense, unprepared and unfit for making war at the time when she was invaded by Russia, yet, with a curious and useless inconsistency, she has in certain respects made effective war preparations. She had provided a navy which, combined with other provisions, but not without them, might have given her a vast advantage in the war.

She had armed her infantry with a most excellent modern weapon. She had in her service at least some officers sufficiently instructed to apply field-fortification with astonishing judgment. But a few points well attended to will not suffice to give strength in war. An army should be well and proportionately appointed in all its branches. It is but lost labour and lost money to provide a fine fleet of steam-vessels unless there be adequate crews and a command of coal. A well-armed and brave infantry is miserably paralysed if it be not supplied in the very best manner; if its transport be not plentiful and of the first quality; and if it be not supported by a cavalry and artillery as well organised and as well armed and cared for as itself. Above all, an army, though ever so well provided in other respects, will be useless unless there be officers with the skill to lead it. England, however, does no longer require to be taught that war is not an instinct but an art. She does her best to train her officers for command, and she will doubtless discover the advantage of having done so whenever she may again be involved in hostilities.

It is possible that a great deal of the unreadiness of the Turks may have proceeded from want of horses and want of stores; but then, again, the omission to provide the right proportion of stores and horses argued singular incapacity. We can only excuse one branch at the expense of another. Turkey was overborne by numbers; but it is questionable whether, in their multitudes, the Russians could have subdued her if she had understood how to defend herself. There is no evidence that her generals, aware of certain defects of organisation and supply, set themselves to reduce those defects to their least degree, or that they understood accurately

wherein the evils lay. It is only too clear that the ignorance of the chiefs of the army and of the State was the main cause of the great humiliation. We must note, too, that upon some of the commanders rested a suspicion of what was worse than ignorance, although it may be traced back to the same cause. Imputations of disloyalty were made openly by the Turkish Government, and it must be confessed that there was in many transactions of the war much ground for supposing that the commanders had been unfaithful.

In every stage of the campaign the Turks failed signally to do what they might have done or might have attempted. They might unquestionably, by more wisely arranging their plan of defence, and by more energetically carrying out the plan which they did adopt, have made the invasion of Bulgaria a much more damaging business to the Russians than it proved to be. They might, in the interval between Krüdener's defeat before Plevna and the arrival of the Russian reinforcements, have done far more than they did to weaken and harass the enemy. They might, after the fall of Plevna, have made a far better defence of Roumelia than was made, and displayed a bold front while negotiations were in progress, instead of abandoning all attempt at defence, and so giving the enemy an opportunity of seizing everything. They might, unquestionably, have turned their navy to better account than they did all through the war.

We remember that before the war had commenced it was frequently stated that the Turks would be beforehand with the Russians in occupying Roumania, and would first encounter the invaders on that soil. To have done so would have been to commit a

most dangerous error. Roumania, though it legally belonged to the Turkish empire, was not loyal to Turkey, and could not, therefore, be a Turkish base of operations. Bulgaria must have been the base, and an Ottoman army advancing to fight in Roumania would have voluntarily put an interval between itself and its base, and, in case of disaster, the Danube would have been on its line of retreat,—so that, as they managed things, their first defeat would probably have been fatal. That plan would not have answered by any means; they were quite right in letting the enemy come to them. But then, if it would have been wrong to advance the Turkish army into Roumania, it does not follow that nothing was to be done in that Principality to arrest the invasion. There were many precautions which might safely and prudently have been taken, and which it was simple folly to neglect. The Roumanian railways, bridges, and roads ought to have been destroyed in the neighbourhood of the Danube, and as far to the north as the time occupied by the Russian advance would have permitted. The fortified positions on the left bank of the river should have been seized and garrisoned by Turkish troops; and especially, the Turks should have destroyed the Roumanian shipping in the streams tributary to the Danube on the north. With their main army in force on the right bank, there ought to have been no difficulty in supplying, supporting, or withdrawing the Turkish troops on the left bank. The measures which we have suggested would, at the least, have postponed the invasion of Bulgaria for several weeks, and enabled the defenders of that province to hold out till the winter was at its depth. The only objection which can be urged against them is, that they

would have given to the Roumanians the excuse which now they want for their rebellion—and this is of little weight against the advantages that might have followed them.

The resistance to the passage of the Danube was feeble in the extreme. The small vessels of the Turks were next to useless. We did not hear even of heavy weights having been floated down the stream against the bridges. No proper steps were taken to prevent communications being sent from Bulgaria across to the Russians while the latter were yet in Roumania. The greatest opportunities were neglected, either because the Turks did not perceive them, or because they could not rouse themselves to the exertion necessary for using them.

But the great blunder of all as regards the first descent of the Russians was in not crushing them when only a few thousands of them had crossed. There can be no doubt that the advanced Russian corps were for some time in extreme peril. Abdul Kerim might rapidly have assembled a force superior to that which the Russians had collected on the south of the Danube for many days after their first passage. A great chance was offered to him—which he lost.

After Krüdener's retreat from before Plevna, some vigorous movements of the Turks might have altered the whole campaign. The invasion was for a time paralysed; and the enemy, instead of being left almost in quiet to accumulate the attack upon Osman, and to await reinforcements, ought to have been continually harassed. The Schipka war in August and September was an unpardonable misapplication and expenditure of a force which, acting upon the enemy's communications, might have been of incalculable advantage.

No argument is required to prove

that, after Turkey had made overtures for peace, it behoved her generals to make the firmest stand possible in order to procure mild terms. Yet no stand worthy of the name was made. The Turks seemed determined to look upon the war as concluded as soon as negotiations began. They abandoned post after post to the enemy; and it is hardly too much to say that the invaders gained more in position while they were wilfully delaying the conclusion of the armistice, than in all the previous stages of the campaign. That collapse of the defence was a most pitiable blunder.

As to the very poor figure which the navy made, it involved a fearful surrender of advantage. Well employed, and cleverly handled, the ships might have immeasurably increased the fighting power of the troops on shore, and might on their own account have seriously checked the invader.

The Asiatic campaign was not discreditable to the Turks until after reinforcements reached the Grand Duke Michael. Then, certainly, Gazi Mukhtar showed great want of discretion in allowing himself to be attacked by a vastly superior force when it was possible for him to retreat to a comparatively safe position where he might have waited the approach of winter.

We have adverted to blunders in the plan of the defence; it must also be remembered that most of the operations which were carried out were very imperfectly executed. Even in accordance with their own faulty plans, the Turks might and should have achieved better results than they did.

The interest which Turkey can at present inspire is purely a sentimental one. She is not likely to be of much account again in Europe in our day. The moral of her story is—*Be prepared: be strong.*

Let us turn now to Turkey's antagonist, who is, after a fashion, strong—who is utterly unscrupulous—and who compels an interest in her doings, inasmuch as they may very much affect our own acts.

It is pretty clear that Russia had, as long ago at least as 1874, determined upon making another war upon Turkey. This being so, it follows that she had, with all the science which she could command, calculated the expenses and chances of the contest, and made for it the provision which she considered necessary. So where we find her to have blundered in her undertaking, she cannot be excused on the plea that her action was sudden. She fought over ground which had been the theatre of her wars many times before; and her war was with a people into all whose circumstances she is perpetually prying, and with whose races she is for ever intriguing. If, therefore, she was not entirely cognisant of what the struggle would demand of her, such ignorance was much to her discredit.

Now there can be no question as to the fact that, in July, the invasion came to a standstill both in Europe and Asia, because the forces which Russia had provided for the war were insufficient for it. It is no answer that fighting and sickness had diminished her army, because these ought always to be taken into account as the ordinary casualties of campaigns. The whole great undertaking halted, and reserves were not in readiness as if the call for them had been foreseen, but had now to be mobilised. The enemy did not, it is true, make good use of the opportunity thus afforded—and the blunder did not bring the disaster which it might have brought; but that does not lessen the incapacity which was here proved. Russia, with all her opportunities, was un-

able to estimate rightly the resisting power of the Turkish empire. It is most important that her final success should not lead us to forget this truth; because, if Russia had made the same error in attacking one of the Western Powers, she would have paid dearly for it: and it is not impossible that some Power in the West may have to bring Russia to her senses before long.

The first advances of Russia, both in Bulgaria and in Armenia, were rash, unscientific operations; in the one case exposing her army to the greatest peril—and, in the other, leading to overthrow and retreat. She made the same error on both continents. She cannot take the measure of an enterprise as a whole.

Again, her treatment of Plevna throughout demonstrated that she could not, in particulars, judge correctly of work that lay before her. It was no slight blindness which first sent an insignificant force to capture this position; then tried it with Krüdener's expedition; was afterwards beaten off in endeavouring to carry it with a grand army; and finally was compelled to obtain it with as much pain, loss, and patience as if it had been a permanent fortress of the first class.

In making and maintaining roads, in the provision and arrangement of transport-trains, in castrametation, and in sanitary and hospital arrangements, the Russian army was found to be exceedingly deficient. These defects would tell fearfully against them if they were making war against a nation more civilised than the Turks. Some of their troops are atrocious savages, whom a Christian nation at war with Russia would probably find it necessary to treat as such.

On the other hand, where mere bravery and endurance were concerned, the Russian soldiers were

found to be excellent. They would face anything at all—even certain death. They endured cold, hunger, and fatigue most gallantly. They made some creditable marches. In the passage of the Balkans, and in their last advance in Armenia, they exhibited immense enterprise. Like the Turks, they are splendid fighting material, whose spirit every nation is bound to respect. The Russian authorities are evidently prepared, at short notice, to bring vast numbers into the field; but they would probably break down in the transport and supply of these numbers if opposed to an active enemy.

If Russia's former history did not give the lie to her philanthropic pretences, her conduct in the war just concluded would do so. The ruthless and wholesale massacres which she has committed in cold blood during this one year have included more victims, and her invasion has caused more misery, than all the oppression and cruelty of the Turk during a century. It may be truly said that the remedy has been infinitely worse than the disease. The atrocities committed by the Russians themselves have been enormous; and in addition to these they have, with a fiendish malignity, sown the seeds of deadlier hatred than ever yet existed between the professing Christians and the Turks, so that for generations to come their invasion will bear its poisonous fruit. Surely nothing but the perversity of prejudice can see any possible connection between the rule of Russia and freedom. Turkish rule has been undoubtedly bad; but is there the least reason for hoping that Russian rule will be better? Russia is strong enough to stifle the cries of her victims, whose wrongs may possibly hereafter make less noise in the world; but they may be

voiceless and yet oppressed. Only a few months ago the notion of looking to Russian protection for freedom and repose would have belonged solely to the realm of satire or of jest; no man would have entertained it *au sérieux*. But to-day may be noted men of sense and judgment speaking and writing as if liberation by Russia was a thing of which the mind could entertain a clear idea. The mere use of the word "liberation," extremely out of its place, seems to delude them, when in truth the question is between Turkish and Russian oppression. Let those who have a nice judgment in inhumanity decide between the two. It was a joke among sailors that he who could go to sea for pleasure, might go somewhere else for pastime. It is only too cruel earnest that they who go to Russia for freedom may go to the same "somewhere else" for repose.

Indeed it is plain enough now that the objects of the war were: To bring Russian arms nearer to Constantinople, if they could not at once be carried inside it; to weaken the Turk, so that he might be unable to resist at all when Russia's next opportunity shall arrive; to annex territory. These objects have all been attained. It is true that one of them—viz., the annexation of territory—is in express violation of the Czar's word of honour. We had always hoped that it might be found expedient to respect this pledge; but it served its purpose for a time, and his Majesty no longer deems it necessary to wear a mask. He has forfeited his word; but what does he care for that?

No military man who has followed the course of the war can fail to

be struck by the importance attained by trench-work as a support in the field. The fortification of a post was in former days an extraordinary rather than an ordinary precaution. It was resorted to when an army or division was likely to remain some time in one position, or when there was some point of moment, such as the head of a bridge to protect. Thoughtful officers were aware of the advantages which field-works afforded, and strongly recommended the adoption of them where a force was likely to be attacked. The late Sir William Reid, if we remember aright, an officer of great experience, published a paper setting forth the benefit of earthworks as a support in battle; and since his time the opinion has gained strength that troops should habitually give themselves more or less cover wherever they may take up a position. But soldiers had an idea that hedging and ditching were hardly appropriate work for them. They would march and fight; but the spade and pickaxe were tools fitter for peasants to handle, or at any rate for those branches of the military service which were especially trained to delving and fencing, as sappers and miners, and pioneers. Consequently, when lines of any extent were to be thrown up, it was customary to put the services of the peasantry of the neighbourhood in requisition; and where a camp was to be occupied for only a brief space, the occupants trusted to their weapons for defence. In the British army we know that it was considered a grievance to be employed on trench-work, and that troops, otherwise well disciplined, would not work with a will at this duty.* Of course the unwilling-

* "It is a melancholy fact, and which, unfortunately, tells particularly against the operations of the engineer department, that British soldiers, who have undoubtedly as much spirit as any in the world, should not be ashamed of flinching from work

ness proceeded in great measure from ignorance of the great protection afforded by even slight field-works, and of the immense advantage enjoyed by troops who were handy at intrenching themselves. The old musket of a quarter of a century ago was comparatively such a feeble weapon, that soldiers would not pay it the compliment of sheltering themselves from its fire. As, however, the precision of small-arms increased, the objections of troops to use intrenching tools, and to learn a little the use of intrenchments, grew smaller. Against rifles they were soon very glad to be able to get themselves cover. It is probable that the indisposition of Turkish troops to manœuvre, and their proneness to squat in convenient situations, and there wait to be attacked, made them exceptionally tolerant of the labours of the trenches. They have employed field fortification on such a scale and with such effect as to place it on a level with permanent work. Indeed they have shown themselves able to turn their camp into a most formidable fortress, and to keep at distance superior forces prepared for

attacking with all the powers known to modern warfare.

Ramparts, although they may have been originally devised to give shelter from missiles and to act as barriers, are also formed with a view to assisting the active defence—that is to say, to giving to the defenders a command of the position, and of the line of advance of the assailants, and to giving to the defenders' weapons the greatest possible effect. With all the advantages which their fortifications gave to a garrison, it was a doctrine generally received up to (say) 1870, that the strongest fortress must, in a given time, yield to the attack of an adequate force properly appointed. But the facts of the late war have told strongly against that doctrine. We have now read of a fortress—an almost improvised one—concerning which it was said by Todleben, one of the greatest engineers of the age, that it was useless to assail it by open force. Whether it might have been possible to crown its works one after another by sap is a question which has not been answered; but at any rate we know that Todleben did not think it advisable to attempt it

under fire; but I think this, as well as their inactivity and want of exertion on working parties, will be very much got the better of when we have proper means and experience for carrying on a siege with *éclat* and certainty. Works are not executed by the British in the time they should be, nor at all with the alacrity with which they are in other services. This is evident to every one; and an outcry is immediately raised against the want of skill in the engineers. I have known our men refuse to take out their gabions and set to work; the business is new to them; they want confidence, and sometimes tell the engineers that they are taken out to be butchered. I have myself placed, at different times, hundreds of gabions with my own hands, and then *entreated* the men to go in and fill them, to no purpose.

“At one of the sieges in Spain, I had an opportunity of pointing out to the Duke of Wellington, a French and British party performing a similar work of a trench, parallel to each other, and divided only by a wall; and while the Frenchmen were working like so many ants, with officers and non-commissioned officers walking about from right to left encouraging them, on our side was, here and there, to be seen at intervals, a single shovelful of earth thrown up, and no appearance of activity at all.

“The unmilitary light in which the working parties are looked upon in our service is very unfortunate. A working party at a siege seems to be held in the same consideration as one to clean out a barrack; and as little attention and regularity enforced at one as at the other, until the officers are remonstrated with by the engineer, at which they frequently appear much surprised.”—From ‘The Military Opinions of the late Field-Marshal Sir J. F. Burgoyne, Bart., G.C.B.’

by this process, and that he preferred to blockade it and reduce it by famine.

Beyond all contradiction, the increased power of the defence is to be ascribed to the perfection of the modern rifle. Its long range, its accuracy, the rapidity with which it can be loaded, have made it the most formidable weapon that ever was invented. Walls whose defenders are armed with it may be literally said to be unapproachable by an enemy. Its fire is perfectly desolating. Nothing can live on the exterior slopes of works when they are swept by its bullets. The dogged courage of the Turks has been the means of demonstrating what modern rifles can do. We believe that in the attack on the lines of Plevna on the Czar's birthday everything that the bravest soldiers could do was done by the Russians in their endeavours to take the redoubts. Not only did they fail, but hardly any of them (in some cases not a man) got away unwounded. It is worth remembering that it was in the darkness, after the close of that eventful birthday, that Skobeleff succeeded in getting into the Gravitzza and the other two redoubts. One reason of his success was that the worn-out Turks, thinking the struggle over for the day, had, except a small guard, retired from the works. But we think that probably another reason may also be adduced—namely, that the guard which was left on the alert, could not see the enemy at a distance, and therefore could not take aim. It is hardly too much to suppose that, had there been light to distinguish the assailants at a moderately long range, the men on duty could have checked the attack until their comrades could have returned to their posts. As a corollary on this observation, we may remark that in future, when assaults are given, it will be absolutely neces-

sary to return to the old practice of delivering them before daybreak. This practice, not long ago, was condemned, it being thought that the risk which the stormers ran of missing their way, or making other mistakes in the darkness, more than counterbalanced the advantage that might be gained by stealing unseen up to the scene of operations. Now that the scene of operations will be swept by the deadly rifle, the darkness will afford the only chance of attacking with success.

It may be worth remarking that this new resource of defending a position by earthworks, which may follow the contours of the country, instead of being laid out in long faces and flanks as is the rule in permanent fortifications, will be serviceable to the defence in another way. The long lines (*i.e.*, the faces and flanks) could be enfiladed; which means that shot could be sent skipping along them so as to take in flank their armament, and likewise the gunners and musketeers who might be fighting from behind the parapets. When there are no long lines to enfilade, the soft point in the defence will disappear. And perhaps we ought further to explain why these long lines (which have their evident disadvantage) were ever adopted. All our systems of fortification, it must be remembered, were adapted to the development of artillery-fire. Musketry, from the ramparts, did not play any part at all in the defence until the enemy had brought his trenches pretty close to the place. It could not reach him at much over 200 yards' distance. So the long lines were to carry batteries of artillery to overlook portions of the ground outside, on which the besieger would be sure to place *his* batteries, or to form his trenches. And the lines were made straight, in order that, from another line, it might be possible to see and fire right along

them on the outside; in other words, that they might be effectually *flanked*.

Of course the brains of military men will be at work to discover means of reducing the tremendous preponderance which, by virtue of the rifle, the defence has now acquired. As a mere speculation, we suggest that attention will probably turn again toward vertical fire—that is to say, the fire of mortars and of other pieces, great and small, which send missiles up into the air, curving in their course, so that they may pass over and fall inside of works of defence. This vertical fire was much recommended a century ago or so; but the enfilade was so effectual and so much less troublesome, that the other did not seem to become much the fashion. Now, however, that the enfilade fire will be less generally applicable, it is possible that vertical fire may come into favour.

It has been frequently remarked of late that the infantry have become so important by the power of their new rifle that cavalry and artillery are quite thrown into the shade, and will henceforth be arms of only secondary value; but we take leave to think that the relative importance of artillery, cavalry, and infantry remains just what it was before. Any person who may have imagined that the main strength of European armies lay in cavalry or artillery, or in the two together, will naturally have been disabused of that error by recent events; and such a one may imagine that the different services have changed places, while in effect the change has been only in his own perception. The chief strength of modern armies has always lain, as it lies now, in the infantry of

the line. Cavalry and artillery are, as much as ever they were, indispensable. The increased power given to infantry by their new weapon will necessitate some change in the application of each of the three arms, but the three must still continue to support each other. Cavalry, the power of which in action is felt chiefly where the work is hand to hand, must be cautious of showing themselves to infantry within rifle-range until they are ready to charge. They will have to look for shelter as the infantry have done; but there is no sign that they are likely to be dispensed with. The part to be played by artillery in sieges, both on the side of the defence and of the attack, will likewise be altered; but artillery will still be necessary, as it always was since its invention. The result of the new weapons, which one has to expect in regard to all branches of the military service, is that the destruction of human life will certainly be greater than it was before; that the disposition of both sides to blaze away at each other in the open will be a good deal modified; that a war will probably occupy more time; and that science will be more than ever necessary to success.

Already we see projects for making intrenching tools part of a soldier's equipment. These tools will certainly have to be kept to hand on service; but we cannot imagine that the marching soldier, already so much encumbered, can be loaded with them. They must, we should suppose, form part of the baggage; and, as in the case of other highly requisite stores, the risk must be run of their being occasionally, and perhaps at critical seasons, separated from the men.*

To us, as a naval power, it is

* We may mention that Sir W. Reid, in his paper before alluded to in the text, proposed that the intrenching tools should be carried on waggons.

especially disappointing that we know so little about the Turkish navy, and the reasons why it was not of more account in the war. The fleet was unopposed by an enemy, and should therefore have been able to render the highest assistance to the troops on shore. We know how much we look to our ships when we are at war, and how much they do for us. We know, too, that the Sultan had a fine fleet. But what that fine fleet was about all the time, why it molested the enemy so little, why some of the ships were not always hovering about where fighting was going on near the coast, is, so far, a mystery. It is hardly too much to say that, considering the geographical form of the theatre of war, the fleet ought to have been of equal avail in the defence with the army.

The war having been so unfruitful of naval exploits, it is to be regretted that we are but little better informed as to the value of torpedoes than we were before it began. We shall have to obtain information for ourselves on this head when we fight, and shall probably incur some loss in doing so. It is at least certain that they are a most formidable power, and that, combined with the heavy artillery which has been brought into use, they may make the attack of maritime towns by shipping as hazardous as the rifle has made the attack of trenches by open force. But the service of laying and firing them in face of the enemy has been proved to be one of great danger, and of which the success, except under circumstances peculiarly favourable, is very doubtful. To us, who in our wars generally throw troops ashore from ships, it is of immense importance to learn how to detect the presence and evade the explosion of these infernal machines.

It is impossible at the present moment to foresee how or where Great Britain should or would attack Russia in case the latter should persist in so dealing with Turkey as would affect the interests or honour of this country. The disposition (natural or forced) of Turkey, our being allied or not with other Powers, would greatly affect the manner of our action, and might materially affect the progress of the war. The final result would, however, be the same in any case, as we are inclined to think, and as Russia, we believe, knows full well. There is, we are assured, immense terror among intelligent persons in Russia lest some unlucky move should bring on hostilities. The impolicy of a Power, broken as she is, warring with a nation of England's wealth and ability is thoroughly understood. The news that the rupture had occurred would produce a condition of semi-paralysis among the Muscovites. And yet, so great is the love of intrigue and of diplomatic gambling, that the immense risk of war is encountered for the chance of what may be secured by clever negotiation. The great temptation lying in the knowledge that they oppose secrecy and deceit to open dealing, and utter unscrupulousness to straightforward conduct, leads them on to this risk. There can be no doubt that at last we are taking the right course for counteracting their plans. While we read every day that, on the one hand, negotiations are dragging their weary way along, we read also that we are with the greatest activity preparing for a contest. We are no longer to be diverted from our object by apparent concession or by specious announcements. These little tricks will do no more good at all. Either there must be an actual and undisguised withdrawal from every demand or assumption to which England objects, or our

rapidly maturing force will certainly be used. The Russian party in England is utterly discomfited; and there exists among ourselves not the slightest obstacle to our using our means for the enforcement of our demands. Russia may put off compliance to the last moment. While she is secure that a week or even a day must elapse before we can act, she will use that interval to shuffle and deceive. But the date is not far off when she will be unable to count upon any farther delay—when we shall be ready to strike, when the blow may fall at any moment.

Russia has nothing to gain by the show which she is making of her troops by farther mobilisation. We do not calculate upon taking her by surprise, and we credit her with not having yet exhausted her stock of men. We take our measures in full view of the worst that she can do. She is, indeed, rather playing into our hands by calling out these reserves. They must already be eating into her scanty resources; and they reveal, rumour says, a very important secret. The flower of the Russian army was already on foot before the peace with Turkey was signed; the fag-end is now beginning to show itself. It is something that she has got down to the dregs; but, gratifying as that discovery is, we do not delude ourselves with the fancy that, if we go to war, we shall have either a short or an easy task before us. Nevertheless we shall draw the sword, confident in our power to win in the long-run, and resolved not to sheathe it until our claims are allowed.

Supposing that Great Britain should, by preserving a determined and uncompromising attitude, be enabled to dispense with hostilities, still the condition in which the East will be left cannot fail to be a subject of much anxiety to her. The Turk at Constantinople, no more

alert than before, and liable to be pounced upon by Russia whenever an opportunity may occur, would be a cause of never-ending alarm. If it suits our policy to keep him there, we shall be in a manner compelled to make him strengthen himself, or to attempt to make him do so. What he will first have to achieve will be to break the power of the classes from which at present his aristocracy, so to speak, is derived, and to open the door of preferment to the most able, come from what class they may. It cannot be but that, in a nation physically so well constituted, there must be talent somewhere. This talent must be sought for, found, and utilised. It is a matter of life or death that this be done—the sole condition on which Turkey can hope for continued existence, to say nothing for the present about recovery. It would be madness to think of settling down again into the old sluggish state. Possibly some great reform will be required in the religious body. The creed of Islam, as it once was, was not inimical to Turkish greatness; and it would be no innovation, but only reformation, that should restore it to what it was in the palmy days of the empire. The Prophet did not hesitate to sacrifice whatever was dearest to him when it was apparent that it stood between him and the goodwill of his followers. In like manner must the doctors of Islam cut away every, even the most cherished, article of their religious practices and traditions that may tend to make their people stagnate. With them an immense responsibility will now rest.

And both priests and laymen among the true believers must, if they intend their days to be much longer in the land, take a little pains to cultivate the favourable opinion of the Giaours. However contemptible our creed or our cus-

toms may appear to the followers of the Prophet, it is a truth that we are just now stronger than they, and that we can make our ill opinion to be very keenly felt. There can be no doubt that it was Turkey's own besotted obstinacy and self-sufficiency which forced us to stand aside through this war, and to allow her to be afflicted by as unjust and inhuman an invasion as was ever executed. She would not condescend to study and to respect our feelings and principles. She persisted in conducting her government according to obsolete patterns; and, in an evil hour, she (under great and crafty provocation no doubt) suppressed an insurrection in Bulgaria in a most fiendish manner. By so doing she gave the Russian party in this country a plausible argument, which they did not fail to use, and to fan into a sentiment, and then into a wild fanaticism, which lasted just long enough to make it impossible that England could fight by Turkey's side. Our people know now, no doubt, that they carried their indignation to an extravagant pitch, and wish, too late, that they had behaved themselves more temperately, and had forced upon their Government no pledge to abandon Turkey in her trouble. They would have attacked Russia any time in the last two months, and would certainly do it now most willingly. But the time is past. Only another time may come, and before that, Turkey, if she is wise, will have taken care to mould her public actions a little more into harmony with the moral sentiments of the Western nations. So great is our disgust at Russia to-day, that it is probable that we should, with very little wooing, turn and show some active kindness to the Moslems.

The reaction of English feeling towards the Turk is one that was

foreseen by 'Maga,' and foretold in the first paper of this series in June last. Sympathy with that downtrodden race is in the ascendant now, and we had hoped that all those who had been watching the war with impartial minds would be ready now to guide opinion towards the regeneration of Turkey, and the discouragement of all the Powers that have been assisting so shamefully in her overthrow, and aggravating her troubles. Greatly shocked and disappointed are we then to find some of our contemporaries who manfully upheld the cause of the Turks during the war, now calmly discussing the advisableness of further robbing the Ottomans in order to aggrandise their rebellious and disloyal vassals. After the tremendous punishment which she has undergone, Turkey ought to have another chance for life. We shall disgrace ourselves if we deny it to her.

We cannot conclude our reflections without writing a few sentences on some home incidents which are intimately connected with the war. Since we wrote last, we have learned that Mr Gladstone intends to retire from the representation of Greenwich, and we have been pained to hear that the same right honourable gentleman has been annoyed and threatened by a mob.

We observe that the newspapers cannot tell what to make of this new withdrawal of Mr Gladstone. They recollect that three years ago they were all summoned, as it were, to chant their elegies over the withdrawal of Mr Gladstone from active politics, and that since they made their moan he has been more restless and explosive than he ever was before. When Mr Mantalini, in Dickens's novel, had destroyed himself several times (he always did this when he had a row of which he got the worst), people took the

suicide as a matter of course, and didn't send notice to the "crown," knowing that Mr M. would revive when his passion was over. And so, we suppose, many people think they had better wait and see what Mr Gladstone means to do. We are quite aware that all that Mr Gladstone announced three years ago was his intention to retire from the leadership of Opposition in the House of Commons, and that he did this. Why then refer to this event in Mr Gladstone's career as if the announcement had not been wholly sincere? For this reason, that Mr Gladstone, in explaining what his resignation of the leadership meant, said distinctly that he intended henceforth to fight among the rank and file of his party. Now we appeal to any man to say whether Mr Gladstone's conduct, for several months past, in any respect resembled that of a man who fights in the ranks. We know very well that a man in the ranks is in all things obedient to the will of others, that he never presumes to take the lead in any way, far less does he think of taking action, and instigating others to take action, independently of, and in opposition to, his leaders. These remarks are easy of application. Mr Gladstone, if not in the bare announcement of his intention, certainly in the illustration which he gave of his retirement from the party leadership, misled the public; and the public have a right in return to be cautious in accepting another similar announcement from the same quarter. Involuntarily they must be reminded of the spoilt little being who, balked of its will in the drawing-room, crushes the company there assembled by the announcement that it will retire to the nursery.

If we have to undergo the loss of Mr Gladstone it will be Russia that

we must blame for it; and we wish we could fasten on Russia, or on anything but a gathering of Englishmen, the opprobrium of having waylaid and insulted Mr Gladstone. There are in this country ways and means enough of bringing public men to account for their acts; and we can speak of such ruffianism as that committed by the mob which was gathered by some Radical leaders on the first Sunday in Lent, only in terms of the severest condemnation. But, while giving no quarter to the mob, we think the opportunity convenient for a deferential pleading with Mr Gladstone himself. That right honourable gentleman has, if anybody ever had, the faculty of placing before the public all that may be in his mind; and he habitually uses a variety of legitimate means of disseminating his opinions. But, not content with this, he often chooses to play the demagogue; and although he would probably condemn as loudly as any the inflaming of mobs as a means of overriding the sober conscience of the country, yet he has not hesitated to descend to the stump when he could not get his will by more honourable methods. Now a mob can always be excited by a gentleman who understands the power of words so well as Mr Gladstone does. And not only can an isolated mob be excited for the moment, but the whole ochlocracy of the land can be wrought to a chronic irritation most threatening to public order and most cruelly embarrassing to those who have to rule us. This irritation, we say, can be raised and maintained; but, as Mr Gladstone now knows by sad experience, it cannot always be guided, but may now and then turn on the "guide, philosopher, and friend" of the turbulent. Dreadful as it is to record, "the People's William" has been mobbed by his own flesh and blood,

and was largely instrumental in bringing upon himself the demagogue's meed. Nobody can be pleasanter than Mr Gladstone is when fortune is smiling, when everybody is admiring and praising him, and he is sailing before the breeze; but if the wind changes—*si celeres quatit pennas*—he does not exhibit a becoming resignation, but is very apt to what the Artful Dodger called, “abase himself.”

When you have prophesied evil there is no pleasure in finding that your words were sooth. In the face of a great ruin, ‘I told you so,’ is but sorry satisfaction. We should have rejoiced if Mr Gladstone had less persistently fulfilled the things

which ‘Maga’ has from time to time been impelled to prophesy against him. But it is proclaimed from the house-tops all over the land, that “Mr Gladstone is a failure;” and that is exactly what ‘Maga’ said would happen.* How much better if Mr Gladstone had put us in the wrong! Let us conclude our reflections with a good wish for him. Let us heartily desire that Mr Gladstone may learn a little wisdom (which is better than learning and sophistry) even at the age of threescore and ten. This is a very unselfish wish, for, in a party sense, Mr Gladstone, as he persists in being, is inestimable to us.

TO ETHEL,

(Who wishes she had lived—

“*In teacup-times of hood and hoop,
Or while the patch was worn.*”)

“In teacup-times!” The style of dress
Would suit your beauty, I confess;
BELINDA-like, the patch you’d wear;
I picture you with powdered hair,—
You’d make a charming Shepherdess!

And I—no doubt—could well express
SIR PLUME’S complete conceitedness,—
Could poise a clouded cane with care
“In teacup-times!”

The parts would fit precisely—yes:
We should achieve a huge success;
You should disdain, and I despair,
With quite the true Augustan air;
But . . . could I love you more, or less,
“In teacup-times?”

AUSTIN DOBSON.

* *Vide* ‘Blackwood’s Magazine’ for February 1871—end of Art. “New-Year’s Musings.”

THE EVE OF THE CONGRESS.

So many difficulties seem to be raised in regard to the meeting of the Congress, that one of the main subjects of interest towards the end of the month, and probably also when this meets the reader's eye, is whether or not it will ever assemble. Before those difficulties arrested the general attention of the public, and after the preliminary Treaty was signed, a certain lull occurred in the agitation and excitement respecting the Eastern Question. All parties seemed for the moment to be desisting from impracticable and menacing demands. But, nevertheless, diplomacy was not proceeding smoothly, and there were indications to that effect in parliamentary proceedings. On the 12th March Lord Derby observed,—“I hold, as every one does, that it would be useless and foolish to go into a Congress unless that Congress is to have a real and not merely a nominal power of dealing with the matters before it.” Three days later, the Chancellor of the Exchequer announced to the House of Commons, “that in the Congress each State will certainly preserve liberty of action to retire at any moment, and it is not proposed that the majority should bind the minority.” The most significant announcement of all was made in the next sentence. “England will maintain her views in the Congress; and she will require before entering it that every

article of the Treaty between Russia and Turkey should be placed before Congress in such a manner that the Congress may judge whether these articles are to be accepted or not.” We learn from other sources that the point in dispute between the English and Russian Governments is whether the Treaty of San Stefano should be formally submitted to the Congress or not.

It can hardly be believed that Russia is serious in her demand that the Congress should meet, but that the Treaty in reference to which it is summoned should be withheld from its official formal cognisance. It will be remembered, however, that very early in the correspondence there was a marked dissimilarity in the language of Lord Derby and Prince Gortschakoff on this subject. The former* claimed that the new Treaty should be submitted to a Congress; the latter consented to questions of European interest being so submitted, leaving it doubtful what those questions might be considered to be. That difference has now developed into a tentative refusal to submit the Treaty in its entirety, but only such portions as Russia or the Congress may deem to be of European interest. The refusal is equivalent to a rejection of the Congress altogether. The official communication of the Treaty to the Powers is equivalent merely to a one-sided repudiation of the Treaty of Paris. The

* The exact words were, that Lord Derby (Jan. 29) declared to Lord Loftus, and also to the Powers, that so far as the Russian bases of peace were “calculated to modify European treaties and to affect general and British interests,” the Government were unable to recognise in them any validity, “unless they are made the subject of a formal agreement among the parties to the Treaty of Paris.” Prince Gortschakoff (Jan. 30) replied “that questions bearing on European interests will be concerted with European Powers.”

submission of the new Treaty to the Congress is equivalent to an offer or request to revise the old Treaty with a view to adapt it to a new state of circumstances. A refusal to submit it means that Russia holds herself superior to the requirements of public law, though she will condescend to discuss the consequences to others of her infraction of it. It is impossible that England should go into Congress on the terms suggested by Russia. If the Powers which signed the Treaty of Paris have not a right to be consulted, there is no need of a Congress; if they have, they must be consulted on the whole of the projected arrangements.

Austria, it appears, is strongly of the same opinion as England; and Prince Bismarck, whose conviction that Prussian interests on this Eastern Question are nearly identical with those of Austria does not appear to waver, has strenuously urged the same view on the Russian Government. Before the war Russia was anxious to preserve the European concert, and give a collective character to every act; during the war she obtained neutrality by declarations and engagements conceived in the same spirit; she must now accept such arrangements as may, having due regard to her altered relations to Turkey, obtain a collective sanction. The energy with which Prince Bismarck has thrown himself into this matter on the side of England and of Europe, and the probable ambition of the German Government to secure the settlement of the East on the basis of a treaty concluded at Berlin, are of favourable augury, so far as they go, for a pacific settlement. No doubt almost every nation will go to the Congress

armed to the teeth; but we are inclined to believe that no one of them is bent upon wilfully reserving for the arbitrament of war any one or more of the questions at issue; whilst some of them, and notably Germany, will strive to discover a peaceful solution of even the greatest difficulties. It is so much to the interest of Russia, as well as of the Powers, that the altered arrangements in South-eastern Europe should be such as will, if possible, obtain European sanction, that we have never doubted that a Congress or Conference will ultimately assemble. Prince Gortschakoff himself prefers a Congress, in order that the assembly, whose decision will be of so much moment to Russia, may have as much weight and consequence as possible. The maxim, *beati possidentes*, has after all a somewhat limited application, and does not extend to that class of possessions which are in the nature of stolen goods, and which have to be maintained against law and general hostility. The most powerful conquerors pay at least that tribute to public convenience and orderly instincts which is implied in their anxious desire to obtain legal and international sanction to such rights as the sword has won. Russia will not experience much beatitude in her new possessions until she has settled with Europe the terms upon which they will be recognised and approved. Even then, when freed from the fear of provoking general hostility, the prospect before her is not altogether promising. The same warning voice which pronounced the benediction, *beati possidentes*, also referred to the *damnosa hereditas* of the war, and scouted the notion of any other Power competing for the difficult and dangerous task which is imposed upon the

victor. However rejoiced the subject populations may be to get rid of the Turk, it does not follow that any one of them will extend a very cordial welcome to the new ruler. In fact, although it is very much the fashion now to cover the unfortunate Turk with abuse, we greatly doubt whether the provinces will find an improvement in their lot. The corruption and extortion of the Stamboul Effendis will no doubt have disappeared; but with them will probably disappear all those agencies for good which they were too lazy to check, and which reaped opposition chiefly from Greek priests and Russian machinations. The forces which have been let loose cannot permanently be emancipated from control, and it remains to be seen whether the new agencies of repression will be as tolerant, and on the whole as beneficial, as those which have been destroyed.

The past, however, may be dismissed from consideration, for time will show whether the provinces of European Turkey will derive more contentment and prosperity from the new order of things than they did from the old. All that we are concerned with is, that the present position of affairs, although it brings us face to face with those gigantic difficulties which the statesmen of Europe have for years sought to postpone, is one which does not take us by surprise, but, on the other hand, is one which we have voluntarily and with full knowledge of the consequences allowed to grow up. We have taken no step to hasten the downfall of the Ottoman empire; on the contrary, we should have preferred that the catastrophe be postponed till the subject populations had, from their increasing wealth and education, grown in capacity for freedom and

self-government. But England has very generally recognised that the action of Russia in this matter did not call for more than a protest. Some, in their vehement disregard of policy and consequences, abetted her ambitious schemes. The great majority of the country were convinced that whatever advantages or convenience were to be attained by the continued existence of the Turkish empire, they were not worth the recurring sacrifice of a war every twenty years; and that the time had arrived when, if Turkey could not make good her own independence, some other security for our interests must be found, less cumbersome and less onerous than one which entailed upon each succeeding generation a sanguinary and expensive war.

Should the Congress ever meet, as we hope and believe it will, we, who have pursued a policy of neutrality, must be contented to acquiesce in considerable changes. We must approach the subject in a large and liberal spirit, and while firmly determined to oppose any settlement which will be directly and permanently menacing to our interests, we must be prepared to take a calm and reasonable view of those interests. We should, in fact, get rid of the mere sentiment of hostility to Russia, provoked by past and recent occurrences. If she is prepared to deal with us in a reasonable spirit we should be prepared to do the same. The burst of anger which passed over this country when it was found that Russia, whether within or without the terms of the armistice, had acquired virtual control over Constantinople, Gallipoli, and the northern shore of the Sea of Marmora, has to some extent passed away; but its occurrence, combined with greater union between the

two political parties, was a most useful and salutary warning that the whole nation will resent any infringement of its interests or any menace to its rights. The occupation of the Sea of Marmora by the British fleet, and the due observance by Russia of its engagements with respect to Constantinople and Gallipoli, have reassured the public mind. The position before us is, that we must point out what are the arrangements vitally necessary to insure our interests, and the mode in which those arrangements can be carried out and rendered durable and effective. We need not go one jot beyond what is essential and necessary, but we ought to be fully armed and prepared, and also unanimous in our determination not to put up with any proposals, from whatever quarter they may come, which will not adequately guarantee British interests in these territories. If the Ottoman empire is displaced, and with it the securities on which we relied, some other securities must be substituted in their place which shall at least be adequate to the purposes for which they are intended, even if they are not altogether as convenient and as advantageous as those which we have lost.

It is extremely desirable during the coming Congress, its possible complications, rivalries, and disputes, that we Englishmen should keep our heads cool, as well as our hands ready and our hearts resolute. Outbursts of popular anger or warlike excitement are, however, by no means an unmixed evil. They are wanted as a corrective to the pestilent politics of those who deride British interests and the necessity of protecting them, and openly declare that it is time to prepare for war after it is declared. Some antidote to follies of that kind is re-

quired, and it is found in the combative instincts of the mob. As long as those warlike passions do not get the better of statesmanship and prudence (and the best security that they will not, is to be found in the resolute bearing and unquestioned courage of the Prime Minister), those displays are strengthening the position of England in the coming Congress by cancelling the injurious manœuvres of our peace firebrands, and possibly correcting some timidity and irresoluteness in high quarters. We feel convinced that if the Government, whose discretion throughout these prolonged difficulties is shown by nothing more conclusively than by the fact that we approach the Congress perfectly free from all entanglements of any kind, will only stand firm in regard to any proposals which they in their proved moderation and experienced caution may deem necessary, the whole country will rally round them with a resolute and determined support.

We cannot conceive what was the motive or the use of the Duke of Argyll's speech in the House of Lords on the 9th of March. He wanted to dispel some misconceptions about the Treaty of 1856; and he might as well have wanted to dispel some misconceptions about the Treaty of Utrecht. A long speech, after the treaties are practically dead and gone, and after a new condition of things has arisen which they never contemplated, to prove that those treaties were susceptible of this fanciful misconception, that our guarantees meant nothing more than that Turkey was admitted into the concert of European Powers, seemed to be time and labour thrown away. The time, however, has passed when it is necessary to criticise closely the provisions of those celebrated

treaties. The state of things contemplated by them has ceased to exist. The discussion, however, which the Duke of Argyll raised was a useful one, if for no other reason, because it led to a speech from Lord Hammond, which all must have read with satisfaction. Lord Hammond has for more than fifty years been connected with the Foreign Office; indeed, Lord Derby has publicly recognised him as his first tutor and instructor in foreign affairs. Standing clear of party politics, and with an unrivalled experience, his speech was a valuable contribution to the debate. He agreed that, for all practical purposes, the Treaty of 1856 was dead. It had never been our object to uphold Turkey for Turkey's sake, but to prevent the establishment of a Russian empire in its place, and to avoid all the consequences which its overthrow would entail. "With such dangers," he added, "we now stand face to face." The Treaty of 1856 might furnish faint outlines of what the general interests of Europe might require; but a wholly new system would in reality have to be framed. He did not consider that the cessions in Armenia would prejudice English interests, for the head-waters of the Euphrates were left within Turkish territory, and the direct commercial road between Trebizond and Persia was not intercepted. Moreover, British trade had found a better line of access in the direction of Persia than through Turkey. With regard to danger to India, he stated, and most men would agree with him, that that lay more in Russian intrigue than in Russian armies, and those intrigues would not be facilitated by what had happened. He insisted upon the maintenance of the navigable channel of the Danube as essential to the interests of Central

Europe. The interests of Russia had been, in times past, before the Crimean War, and would be in the future, whether acting directly or through Roumania (which is, and will be, to all intents and purposes her vassal), against the maintenance and improvement of the channel of the Danube. The interests of the corn-growing provinces on its banks were antagonistic to those of Russian corn-growing provinces. He pointed out that whilst a European Commission had provided a channel of 18 feet or 19 feet depth of water, Russia during her occupation limited it to 8 feet or 10 feet.

With regard to Bulgaria, Lord Hammond referred to the perplexing difficulties before the Congress. To provide against the erection of what would virtually be a Russian province; to reconcile absolute Bulgarian autonomy with the modified autonomy of other provinces; to avoid substituting an exclusive Christian supremacy for the exclusive Mussulman supremacy which had been subverted; to encourage the fusion of races under a system of local government in which all might be proportionately represented, and all possess equal rights and privileges; to protect the population against the spirit of persecution which animated its different sects,—were the tasks in hand.

Lord Hammond earnestly deprecated this country being again involved in any entangling engagement in the form of guarantees. For ourselves, we think that experience has shown that the dangers and entangling action of those guarantees are very much overrated. Lord Derby, for instance, can minimise their effect, and the Duke of Argyll can explain them till they vanish into air. If a guarantee would settle the difficulty in a durable manner, by all means let us

give one. But we fear that something more tangible and substantial will be required if, as Lord Carnarvon urges, we look beyond the immediate consequences and exigencies of the moment, and instead of patching up a quarrel and putting it, like an unclean thing, out of sight, we insist upon a settlement which shall be likely to last. Lord Carnarvon, as an ex-Minister, representing the less determined portion of the Cabinet, nevertheless observed that the loss to England resulting from recent events was that we no longer had a Government leaning on our support, yet holding the keys of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and exercising an important influence in the East. He fixes, therefore, like ourselves, and the majority of English people, on this question of the Straits, as the one to which English energy and determination must be directed. Perhaps the less explicit statement of Lord Derby, having regard to his official position, may be taken to mean the same thing; and we sincerely hope it may. Lord Derby observed, in the same debate:—

“With regard to the coming Conference, we wish the settlement to be a settlement in a European, and not in an exclusively Russian, sense. We wish it to be one which, as far as circumstances allow, shall have in it an element of durability. We wish it to be one which, as far as circumstances admit, will hold the balance fairly between different races and creeds.”

The four great interests of England, the security of which must be consulted in the impending arrangements, lie in Egypt, the head of the Persian Gulf, Constantinople, and the waterway from the *Ægean* to the Black Sea. The first two will probably not occasion much difficulty; but it is different with the third and fourth. It is in reference

to them that the present position of affairs is directly menacing to us, and calls for an adjustment in which our rights and interests shall be secured in a manner that shall last.

In all other respects, having regard to the difficulties which would have been created if the Turks had come victoriously out of this struggle by their own unaided efforts, and which we endeavoured to estimate in our November number, at a time when an uninterrupted series of Turkish victories turned men's thoughts in the direction of their ultimate triumph, we have no great cause to forbode evil. The position is very much that which the Government and politicians generally have all along contemplated, save that at the last moment Russia approached much nearer to the localities in which we are interested than any of us expected, or than seemed desirable. However much we may dislike the present position of things as compared with what existed before the war, we must at least bear in mind that, if an unjust and aggressive war could not be prevented, at any rate the unassisted triumph of Turkey would have been a calamity of no common magnitude, as far as the progress and prosperity of the East are concerned. From the time of certain memorials presented to Lord Derby shortly after the Andrassy Note, down to the debates in the recent Parliament at Constantinople, it has been clear that the provincial Mussulmans, as well as the Christians, earnestly desired that the intrigue and corruption of the Palace should be swept away rather than perpetuated. Now that the Stamboul authorities have succumbed to superior force, all that is required (and it involves, no doubt, serious effort and exertion) is to resist the exclusive establishment of Russian domination, to reserve to

the subject populations room to grow and expand, free from the oppression of their new rulers, and, if possible, from reciprocal persecutions amongst themselves. In this task England can give sympathies, moral support, and diplomatic aid. But beyond that, the arrangements to be made are not likely to call for our interference, or involve us in war. Our interests are on the side of the Roumanians, the Bulgarians, the Servians, and the Greeks, of whatever race or religion. The peace of Europe in those quarters depends on the mode in which they are hereafter to be governed, and the provision which may be made for their prosperity and independence. If they, in the course of years, turn out vigorous and aspiring communities, their interests and sympathies will not be on the side of their new masters; if, on the other hand, a second and a larger Poland rears its head at the foot of the Balkans, the result will not be to strengthen the Holy Russian empire. The following passage in one of Count Andrassy's recent speeches may convey a useful and salutary lesson to those who are prompt to offer hostility to Russia, instead of waiting, as we contend is now the proper course, to see if the schemes on foot ripen into active aggression upon our security and interests :—

“It is not very long ago since Russia was represented as an impotent military Power, unable to hold its own against Turkey, and maintain its position as a great State. To-day, on the contrary, all Europe is made out to be threatened by the aggressive intentions of the Czar and his military might. In my opinion, however, the whole situation will appear to the Congress in a less alarming light.”

And then, with regard to the labours of the Congress, it is almost

impossible to state them with greater clearness and fairness than as follows :—

“All that we can and must demand is, that the results of her victories shall be so limited as to damnify neither our own nor European interests. The main and rightful interest of Europe is, that what follows the war shall really be peace, and not a state of things containing the germ of fresh complications. The most satisfactory solution of the Eastern Question which could be arrived at, is one that would not create a change in the relative power of the States of Europe. To reconcile the actual results of the war with this point in view, I deem the task of the European Congress. This is as much a Russian as a European interest; and to see this, it is only necessary to take into account the difficulties of the task which Russia has imposed upon herself—a burden which I should regard as difficult of accomplishment even by the greatest Power: it would be such a task, in my opinion, as to pull down one half of a modern building without exposing the whole to a downfall.”

Count Andrassy went on to urge that the difficulties of the situation, created by Russian victories, are so great that no single Power can cope with them successfully, and that Russia in her task will stand in need of support; while for her to attempt to dispense with it, and act against the will of the other Powers and in hostility to their vital interests, would be out of the question. That Russia could make good a mastery over European Turkey against a European coalition to prevent her is absurd.

In general terms, then, it would seem that England will go into the Congress solicitous chiefly about the Straits, other interests being too safe or too remote to be at all likely to involve us in war. Austria, on the other hand, is more nearly concerned with the question of Bulgaria and Roumania. She

objects to the Southern Slav being reorganised exclusively according to the Russian programme, and she resists the restoration of Bessarabia. In the last resort, if Russia is determined to assert preposterous claims, England and Austria must combine to resist her. On the other hand, it is impossible, as Prince Bismarck pointed out, that Austria can really wish to enter upon the dangerous legacy of the war—that is, to take out of Russia's hands the burden of her conquests. As for the other alternative—viz., insisting on the right of being consulted as to the details, such as settling the geographical limits of new principalities, the possession of the fortresses, the occupation by troops, the character of the institutions, the nomination of the governors,—such matters are more readily settled by diplomacy than by war. At all events, it seems tolerably clear, as we approach the time of holding the Congress, that Austria means to have a decided voice in the arrangements. The Government have obtained their vote of credit, believing that, unless the interests of the monarchy are attended to in the final settlement, the consequences will be disastrous. It will strive to attain this end peacefully, but at the same time it prepares for the worst. Its programme, of course, is not declared; but it is said to be no longer hostile to the ultimate independence of the vassal States of Turkey. The 'Times' correspondent at Berlin informs us (March 13), and there is no intrinsic improbability in the statement, that Count Andrassy stated to the Hungarian delegates that Austria will not permit the formation of a Bulgarian principality extending to the Ægean Sea, or the occupation of that principality by Russian troops

for more than six months. It is likewise stated, on the same authority, to have declared that in the event of Russia insisting upon a change in the balance of power, the mobilisation of the Austrian forces at a moment's notice might become necessary, not to occupy Bosnia, but to defend Austrian interests effectually. In fact, Austria has interests, exclusive of the Danube and the Straits, which she means to assert; and in all probability they are not very different from our own.

We read such a declaration with great satisfaction, for the chief danger ahead to each of the Powers interested lies, as it seems to us, in the risk of its not coming to the moment of definite arrangement at the Congress with its ultimatum ready, its resolution unshaken by internal discord, its preparations complete. Count Andrassy declares that the whole power of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy has been husbanded for that moment. We make no doubt that the British Cabinet is acting in the same spirit. Such a spirit need not necessarily be inspired by a feeling of hostility against Russia. On the contrary, so far as the object is to come to a settlement of the business in a manner which will be satisfactory and likely to last, we can offer assistance and co-operation; and so far as the attempt is made to effect such object exclusively with reference to the selfish purposes and ulterior aggrandisement of any one Power, we can do our best to counteract it with the aid of other Governments whose interests will in that respect be identical with our own. It is in reference to the Straits and the security of our road through Egypt that our need for resolute, and, if necessary, warlike action arises. It is true that the state

of things to which the Treaty of 1856 applied have ceased to exist; the treaties are dead and gone for all practical purposes, and must be replaced by a new arrangement; but until such arrangement is made, the treaties remain, and create, define, and limit our rights. So far as those rights are prejudiced by the disappearance of the condition of things recently existing, we are entitled to say that it must be replaced by such other arrangement as may, under the altered circumstances, afford to us equally efficacious security. We must veto in a resolute manner, with our hands on our swords, any proposals which, if carried out, will replace previous security by a standing menace for the future. In doing so, we are bound to avoid any unnecessarily impracticable or hostile temper, in order that we may approach the whole subject in a spirit of co-operation ready to help towards a peaceful and durable settlement, but absolutely determined that the securities which we have lost shall be replaced, at least to such an extent that our empire, our commerce and civilisation, and the security of our fellow-subjects in those quarters of the world, shall not in any appreciable degree be weakened or impaired.

It seems to be so clear that this Congress is largely needed in the interests of Russia as well as in the interests of Europe, that it is difficult to see on what principle the former can try to except any portion of her Treaty, or other understanding with Turkey, from the cognisance and ratification of the Powers. A treaty obtained by wilful suppression of some of the terms accepted by Turkey would not be deemed binding by any single Power. Nor is it possible to contend that if the international position of Turkey under the

Treaties of 1856 and 1871, preclude her from making any separate and definitive treaty with Russia, there are any excepted matters to which that principle does not apply. It seems to us that all her stipulations or none are subject to the proposed sanction. Even the amount of indemnity exacted from a protected and guaranteed State is a matter of international concern, since it materially affects its position and prospects. The security which is to be taken for such indemnity is all-important, as is seen at once by the proposal to hypothecate the revenues of Egypt for that purpose. Under cover of a pecuniary bargain, the vassalage of Egypt or of Bulgaria might be secured for Russia; and in the one case England, in the other Austria, would probably interpose with a determined veto. A fiscal control over Constantinople, an interference with the custom dues at that capital, would be equally a matter of European concern.

Those matters are at least as important as any other details. It is needless prematurely to credit Russia with a general spirit of hostility to Europe, or with the desire to sow the seeds of future complications and wars. To do so is to represent her as the common enemy of the human species, as an anti-human type of humanity. Yet the creation of a Bulgarian province on terms which involve the expulsion of the Mohammedan race from the soil which they have owned and possessed for centuries, or their deprivation of liberty and security, which involve the riveting the yoke of Greek priests on a defenceless Catholic population, and which involve considerable race discord and religious persecution, is a contingency which statesmen see the necessity of striving to avert. Rus-

asian compensation for Russian sacrifices must not be allowed to extend so far as to replace Turkish by Russian domination, and under cover of a nominally independent Bulgaria, to plant Russian power on the Black Sea, the Sea of Marmora, and the *Ægean*. Austria apparently is determined that the conditions of the new arrangement shall not interfere with the southward expansion of Bosnia and the Herzegovina; and the British Government, with the sympathy of the Continent, has determined to see that the interests of the Greeks are duly cared for, and prevent the new Bulgaria from becoming a formidable impediment in the way of their national development. In the great constructive effort which the fall of the Turks entails, we may rely upon it that Russia does not wish (if policy prevails over passion) to stand alone, with the risk of adding external hostility to internal difficulties. No one can deprive her of the lion's share in the distribution of the spoils; but she is not in a position to dictate measures injurious to the great Powers, or such as this country may deem hostile in the present or dangerous in the future. Her policy will doubtless be to grasp at all within her reach; but her one chance of damaging us depends not so much on her power, military or naval, as on any irresolution, timidity, or division of opinion which at the critical moment we may betray. Until this matter is adjusted, we must keep in view the immediate contingency of a very serious war; but is it possible to believe that if our demands are limited to what is reasonable and right, we can possibly emerge from a war with an exhausted Power, which was for months successfully withstood by Turkey, with other than a successful issue? It is su-

perfluous to approach this question, difficult and tremendous as it is, in any spirit of alarm. The difficulties which confront Russia are far more serious than those which confront ourselves; and if we are not paralysed by indecision and party differences, it will be our own fault even more than our misfortune if we put up with a disastrous or even an inadequate settlement.

The questions, no doubt, are few which are pregnant with immediate war, and there is a fair chance that they will be peaceably adjusted. But that does not close the subject; for statesmanship, for its own credit as well as in the interests of the future, must strive to prevent occasions of future strife. The good offices which the Turk so long, so loyally, and so efficiently rendered to Europe, will be performed no longer. Possibly the Turk himself may become an active disturber of European peace, instead of being as hitherto the sign and symbol of guaranteed international quiet. The destruction of his power lets loose considerable contending agencies, not merely within but without those provinces whose alleged disorders will be famous as long as history lasts.

If a durable settlement is to be effected, it must be one which preserves the legitimate interests of all parties concerned, and their expansion in such manner as not to encourage and stimulate inevitable rivalry. The Christian communities in European Turkey must have room for growth, while the Mussulman communities must be protected from oppression. Unless arrangements with that view are made in such a manner as not to be a permanent menace to Austrian tranquillity, it is in vain to hope that war will be long averted. Again, if Russia will be content with no

settlement that does not satisfy that spirit within her borders which called for the cession of the Turkish fleet and of a maritime station at the mouth of the Bosphorus, it is in vain to hope that an agreement will be arrived at which would be worth the paper it was written upon.

Europe has grown accustomed to arrangements which for a long period of years have practically secured the international character of the Straits. They were under the dominion of a Power which was protected by Europe against Russia. The time has come when those convenient arrangements have vanished; an efficacious substitute must be found, or the whole position is pregnant sooner or later with inevitable war. Prince Bismarck referred to the question of the Straits as one of serious importance. True, he said that more apprehensions had been raised than were justified by actual possibilities. But, at the same time, he described it as a question of "powerful importance," if it is a question of "placing the key to the Bosphorus in other hands than at present, *and* of deciding whether Russia shall be able to close the Straits at her own good pleasure or not." In case of war, he added, it is important to know whether the holder of the Dardanelles is an enemy of England or of Russia; in case of peace, "so long as the Dardanelles are in hands which are independent of Russia," other arrangements will not have the importance ascribed to them. Germany's interest, he declared, is in the arrangements which may be made in regard to commerce, rather than in those which may be made in regard to ships of war. The commercial interests of Germany he considered to be safe, according to an official com-

munication received from St Petersburg, which on this point merely referred to the Treaty of Paris. If, however, the two Chancellors are agreed that the provisions of the Treaty of Paris on the question of the Straits hold good under the altered conditions of the case, they are united in approaching this subject from an exclusively Russian point of view. The Anglo-Austrian complication will not be far distant if that is the arrangement made. The fortresses of the Straits will lie ready to the grasp of Russia, who at a convenient season will not fail to find a suitable pretext for their seizure. No better opportunity than the present, when the attention of all Europe is thoroughly aroused and directed to the subject, for settling the whole question in the interests of Europe, is likely to arise.

The extent to which the dominion over the Straits and fortresses which command it, is put out of the reach of Russia, is all-important. Even if those fortresses do not hereafter lie ready to the grasp of her troops and her future ships of war, still we cannot overlook the circumstance that the result of the war is to reverse entirely the conditions under which the ancient rule of the Ottoman empire, preserved in the Treaty of 1856, was favourable to the interests of this country. Instead of the keys of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles on the one hand, and the suzerainty over Egypt and the Canal on the other, being in the hands of a Power which looked chiefly to us for support and protection, they are retained by a Power which is to all intents and purposes a mere vassal of Russia, and which only the other day refused permission to our fleet to enter its waters, and ordered its fortresses to fire upon our men-of-war. The problem is to guarantee the security of English com-

merce in the Black Sea and the Danube, which is more than double that of all other nations put together, in spite of that ascendancy over Turkey which Russia by the establishment of the new Bulgaria and the cession of the Armenian fortresses or other equivalent arrangements, will, no doubt, have obtained. If the Sultan remains the custodian of the Straits, the growing tendency of events will be to establish Russian ascendancy in the Black Sea and the Sea of Marmora, and to deprive our interests in those seas and on those shores of the protection of our flag. The most effective mode of guarding against these contingencies is the expedient we suggested last month of dismantling the fortresses which establish a dominion hostile to free communication, and therefore to the interests of the world. We observed during the current month an able and vigorous letter in the 'Times' from Mr Trevor Barkley, who concludes in favour of "the extension of a European guarantee of protection to Constantinople and the shores of the two Straits, the neutralisation of the latter, and the entire dismantling of their forts and defences."

If Turkey is hereafter to be the submissive and yet energetic agent of Russia, actively and effectively hostile to the Powers whose guarantee prolonged her existence hitherto, it will be in spite of all the precautions which those Powers are obviously taking against it. Great Britain holds the Sea of Marmora as a material guarantee against such a *dénouement*. She is prepared to advance the cause of the Greeks as a counterpoise to the ascendancy of the Russian Slavs. She is said to be concerting with France measures for the protection of Egypt and its future independence of the Sultan. She is helping the Greeks,

if not to recover their lost provinces, at least to have all their just claims considered in the impending arrangements. Austria is energetically preparing to compete with Russia for Slav support, and in the guidance of Slav destinies. She means to have a real share—a decisive voice in the future arrangements; and will apparently be prepared with that view to occupy, if not annex, Bosnia, Herzegovina, and perhaps even the territory south of those provinces.

The moment it becomes a question of admitting Greece, the vassal States of Turkey, and the Turks themselves, to the Congress, some faint idea of the complication and of the difficulties in the way of the Congress presents itself. Roumania will bring to it an intensity of feeling amounting to a rancorous animosity towards the proposal of depriving her of Bessarabia. She claims to have saved Russia from defeat and disaster before Plevna, and is united as one man in resistance to the ungrateful proposals which are made. The cession of Bessarabia would not merely mean the abandonment of that part of her former territory which was returned to her in 1856, but would deprive her of her chief channel of communication with the sea and the outer world. The Roumanians have been excluded from the negotiations which resulted in the peace of San Stefano, and denounce its stipulations as affecting themselves. A large portion of them condemned the taking an active part in the war; and probably all would agree that they have not benefited by the result, but that they enjoyed greater security and independence under the Turks than the future at present appears to promise them. Then there is perfidious, defeated, and cowardly Servia. The Servians

deem themselves badly used, in that the new territory stipulated for them falls far short of their desires. Russia has not much co-operation or loyalty to expect in that quarter, although certainly she has not much to fear.

But at any rate, whatever the result of the Congress, all these influences are, or will rapidly tend to become, as hostile to Russia as formerly to the Turks. Perhaps, with their weight thrown into the scale, the terms of the final adjustment may limit to a reasonable extent the demands and pretensions of Russia, otherwise Russia must be prepared to go over their heads with the force of a steam-roller. And then diplomacy may stand out of the way, for the signal for an illimitable scramble will have been given. On which side will the present custodian of the Straits be found? He is not in a position to resist his conqueror. But if Austria, in competition with the Muscovite for the guidance of Slav destiny, seizes on fresh provinces of the Turk; if Greece, encouraged by England and Austria, wrests her slice from the Ottoman dominions, and points her aspirations northwards to Roumelia, and eventually to Constantinople; if France and England, or either of them, resolve on Egyptian independence, and the establishment of a maritime station or stations in the East, and on the demolition of the fortresses which surround the Straits; or if there is a reasonable fear that these complications will be the inevitable result of Russian determination to make good or extend his acquired position,—the Turks will willingly and necessarily range themselves on the side of the Czar. If the tendencies of the Powers immediately concerned, during the discussion which precedes the Congress, are in the direction of those schemes; if Rus-

sian determination to insist upon such rights as the war would have given her against an independent Turkey, regardless of the treaty claims and vital interests of other nations, forces on the consideration of questions of this kind,—it will baffle the wisdom of any Congress to prevent hostilities. And however willing we may be to credit the Russian Government with the moderation and good sense which will yield to a firm and general opposition to their schemes, still the recent movements of the Russian army around Constantinople and in the direction of Bulair and the Bosphorus, are unfavourable symptoms. Pending the ratification of a concluded treaty of peace, it is a fact of painful significance that demonstrations of determined hostility should continue to be made. The counter-step is taken by the British Channel fleet proceeding to the Mediterranean waters, and joining itself to the Mediterranean fleet.

Undoubtedly the condition of Great Britain's naval and military resources is a matter of urgent present importance. We have all watched with pride and satisfaction the imposing array of the British fleet. It is also satisfactory to be assured on high and independent authority that our military strength is adequate to our wants, and that we could place 400,000 efficient soldiers, with their proper complement of artillery, into the field tomorrow, if there were need for them. This assurance is our best security for peace, and no monetary sacrifice is too great that tends to guarantee us in the possession of that blessing. We all know the havoc which was made in the Crimean expedition by the parsimony which, during the first months of the war, paralysed the undertaking after

having prevented the necessary preparations. The six millions which have been recently called for, and probably spent, were wanted not to prepare for war, but to place our armaments on a footing in which they might be able to take part in war if it were forced upon the country; in other words, to put our army for a time in the same condition as that in which the forces of the Continental Powers are always maintained.

It is undoubtedly the duty of this country to be prepared for a prolonged and arduous war, but at the same time it is premature to abandon the hope that it may yet be averted. At present Russia is bound to the great Powers by the Treaty of Paris, that celebrated instrument on which, throughout this business, the Prime Minister, the Cabinet, and the people of this country have pertinaciously taken their stand. Russia, in violation of that treaty (whether Turkey

was *in pari delicto* or not is immaterial), has by military measures created a state of things to which that treaty is no longer applicable. The interests and rights of the Powers must now be adjusted by mutual arrangement to the altered position of affairs. The questions at issue concern the existence or the deepest interests of nearly all of them. There cannot be a doubt that a task of gigantic difficulty is before us—a task which it will need the greatest moderation, wisdom, and firmness adequately to perform. It cannot be patched up, it cannot be put out of sight—it must be done once for all, in a manner which will last. It will be an immense achievement if diplomacy can accomplish this, and not merely secure the peace of Europe, but establish in a durable manner the ascendancy of public law and treaty rights against a triumphant aggressor and over the ruins of an empire.

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JOHN CALDIGATE.—PART II.

CHAPTER V.—THE GOLDFINDER.

THERE is no peculiar life more thoroughly apart from life in general, more unlike our usual life, more completely a life of itself, governed by its own rules and having its own roughnesses and amenities, than life on board ship. What tender friendship it produces, and what bitter enmities! How completely the society has formed itself into separate sets after the three or four first days! How thoroughly it is acknowledged that this is the aristocratic set, and that the plebeian! How determined are the aristocrats to admit no intrusion, and how anxious are the plebeians to intrude! Then there arises the great demagogue, who heads a party, having probably been disappointed in early life,—that is, in his first endeavours on board the ship. And the women have to acknowledge all their weaknesses, and to exercise all their strength. It is a bad time for them on board ship if they cannot secure the attention of the men,—as it is in the other world; but in order that they

may secure it, they assume indifference. They assume indifference, but are hard at work with their usual weapons. The men can do very well by themselves. For them there is drinking, smoking, cards, and various games; but the potency of female spells soon works upon them, and all who are worth anything are more or less in love by the end of the first week. Of course it must all come to an end when the port is reached. That is understood, though there may sometimes be mistakes. Most pathetic secrets are told with the consciousness that they will be forgotten as soon as the ship is left. And there is the whole day for these occupations. No work is required from any one. The lawyer does not go to his court, nor the merchant to his desk. Paterfamilias receives no bills; materfamilias orders no dinners. The daughter has no household linen to disturb her. The son is never recalled to his books. There is no parliament, no municipality, no

vestry. There are neither rates nor taxes nor rents to be paid. The government is the softest despotism under which subjects were ever allowed to do almost just as they please. That the captain has a power is known, but hardly felt. He smiles on all, is responsible for everything, really rules the world submitted to him, from the setting of the sails down to the frying of the chops, and makes one fancy that there must be something wrong with men on shore because first-class nations cannot be governed like first-class ships.

The Goldfinder had on board her over a hundred first-class passengers, and nearly as many of the second class. The life among them was much of the same kind, though in the second class there was less of idleness, less of pleasure, and something more of an attempt to continue the ordinary industry of life. The women worked more and the men read more than their richer neighbours. But the love-making, and the fashion, and the mutiny against the fashion, were the same in one set as in the other. Our friends were at first subjected to an inconvenience which is always felt in such a position. They were known to have had saloon rather than second-cabin antecedents. Everybody had heard that they had been at Cambridge, and therefore they were at first avoided. And as they themselves were determined not to seek associates among their more aristocratic neighbours, they were left to themselves and solitary for some few days. But this was a condition not at all suited to Dick Shand's temperament, and it was not long before he had made both male and female acquaintances.

"Have you observed that woman in the brown straw hat?" Dick said to Caldigate, one morning, as they were leaning together on the fore-

part of the vessel against one of the pens in which the fowls were kept. They were both dressed according to the parts they were acting, and which they intended to act, as second-class passengers and future working miners. Any one knowing in such matters would have seen that they were overdressed; for the real miner, when he is away from his work, puts on his best clothes, and endeavours to look as little rough as possible. And all this had no doubt been seen and felt, and discounted among our friends' fellow-passengers.

"I have seen her every day, of course," said Caldigate, "and have been looking at her for the last half-hour."

"She is looking at us now."

"She seems to me to be very attentive to the stocking she is mending."

"Just a woman's wiles. At this moment she can't hear us, but she knows pretty nearly what we are saying by the way our lips are going. Have you spoken to her?"

"I did say a word or two to her yesterday."

"What did she say?"

"I don't recollect especially. She struck me as talking better than her gown, if you know what I mean."

"She talks a great deal better than her gown," said Dick. "I don't quite know what to make of her. She says that she is going out to earn her bread; but when I asked her how, she either couldn't or wouldn't answer me. She is a mystery, and mysteries are always worth unravelling. I shall go to work and unravel her."

At that moment the female of whom they were speaking got up from her seat on one of the spars which was bound upon the deck, folded up her work, and walked away. She was a remarkable

woman, and certainly looked to be better than her gown, which was old and common enough. Caldigate had observed her frequently, and had been much struck by the word or two she had spoken to him on the preceding day. "I should like ship-life well enough," she had said, in answer to some ordinary question, "if it led to nothing else."

"You would not remain here for ever?"

"Certainly, if I could. There is plenty to eat, and a bed to sleep on, and no one to be afraid of. And though nobody knows me, everybody knows enough of me not to think that I ought to be taken to a police office because I have not gloves to my hands."

"Don't you think it wearisome?" he had asked.

"Everything is wearisome; but here I have a proud feeling of having paid my way. To have settled in advance for your dinner for six weeks to come is a magnificent thing. If I get too tired of it I can throw myself overboard. You can't even do that in London without the police being down upon you. The only horror to me here is that there will so soon be an end to it."

At that time he had not even heard her name, or known whether she were alone or joined to others. Then he had inquired, and a female fellow-passenger had informed him that she was a Mrs Smith,—that she had seen better days, but had been married to a ne'er-do-well husband, who had drunk himself to death within a year of their marriage, and that she was now going out to the colony, probably,—so the old lady said who was the informant,—in search of a second husband. She was to some extent, the old lady said, in charge of a distant relative, who was then on board, with a respectable husband and children,

and who was very much ashamed of her poor connection. So much John Caldigate had heard.

Though he had heard this he did not feel inclined to tell it all to Dick Shand. Dick had professed his intention of unravelling the mystery, but Caldigate almost thought that he would like to unravel it himself. The woman was so constantly alone! And then, though she was ill-dressed, untidy, almost unkempt on occasions, still, through it all, there was something attractive about her. There was a brightness in her eye, and a courage about her mouth, which had made him think that, in spite of her appearance, she would be worth his attention—just for the voyage. When he had been speaking to herself they had been on the deck together, and it had been dusk and he had not been able to look her in the face; but while Shand had been speaking to him he had observed that she was very comely. And this was the more remarkable because it seemed to him to be so evident that she made the worst rather than the best of herself. She was quite a young woman;—probably, he thought, not more than three or four and twenty; and she was there, with many young men round her, and yet she made no effort to attract attention. When his eye had fallen upon her she had generally been quite alone, doing some piece of coarse and ordinary work.

"I have had another conversation with her," said Shand to him that night.

"Have you unravelled the mystery?"

"Not quite; but I have got the fact that there is a mystery. She told me that you and I and she herself ought not to be here. When I asked her why, she said that you and I ought to be gentlemen and that she ought to be a lady. I told

her that you and I were gentlemen, in spite of our trousers. 'Ah,' she said, 'there comes the difference; I'm not a lady any longer!' When I contradicted her she snubbed me, and said that I hadn't seen enough of the world to know anything about it. But I'll have it all out of her before I've done."

For some days after that Caldigate kept himself aloof from Mrs Smith,—not at all because he had ceased to notice her or to think about her, but from a feeling of dislike to exhibit rivalry with his friend. Shand was making himself very particular, and he thought that Shand was a fool for his pains. He was becoming angry with Shand, and had serious thoughts of speaking to him with solemn severity. What could such a woman be to him? But at the bottom of all this there was something akin to jealousy. The woman was good-looking, and certainly clever, and was very interesting. Shand, for two or three evenings running, related his success: how Mrs Smith had communicated to him the fact that she utterly despised those Cromptons, who were distant cousins of her late husband's, and with whom she had come on board; how she preferred to be alone to having aught to do with them; how she had one or two books with her, and passed some hours in reading; and how she was poor, very poor, but still had something on which to live for a few weeks after landing. But Caldigate fancied that there must be a betrayal of trust in these revelations, and though he was in truth interested about the woman, did not give much encouragement to his friend.

"Upon my word," he said, "I don't seem to care so very much about Mrs Smith's affairs."

"I do," said Shand, who was thick-skinned and irrepressible. "I

declared my intention of unravelling the mystery, and I mean to do it."

"I hope you are not too inquisitive?"

"Of course she likes to have some one to whom she can talk. And what can people talk about on board ship except themselves? A woman who has a mystery always likes to have it unravelled. What else is the good of a mystery?"

He was thick-skinned and irrepressible, but Caldigate endeavoured to show his displeasure. He felt that the poor woman was in coarse hands; and he thought that, had matters gone otherwise, he might have accepted, in a more delicate manner, so much confidence as she had chosen to vouchsafe.

So it was when they had been a fortnight at sea. They had left home in mid-winter; but now they were in the tropics, near the line, and everything was sultry, sleepy, and warm. Flying-fishes were jumping from the waves on to the deck, and when the dusk of night was come, the passengers would stand by the hour together watching the phosphorus on the water. The Southern Cross had shown itself plainly, and possessed the heavens in conjunction with the Bear. The thick woollen drawers which had been so carefully prepared, were no longer in use, and men were going about in light pantaloons and linen jackets,—those on the quarter-deck at first beautifully clean and white, while our friends of the second-cabin were less careful. The women, too, had got quit of their wraps, and lounged about the deck in light attire. During the bright hours of the day the aristocrats, in the stern, were shrouded from the sun by a delightful awning; but, forward, the passengers sought the shade of the loose idle sails, or screened themselves from the fierce rays as

best they might among the hatchways and woodwork. But it was when the burning sun had hidden himself, when the short twilight had disappeared, and the heavens were alive and alight with stars, that all the world of the ship would be crowded on the upper deck. There they would remain, long after the lamps below had been extinguished, some of them sleeping through the whole night in the comparative coolness of the air. But it was from eight, when tea would be over, till midnight, that the hum of voices would be thickest, and the tread of those who walked for their exercise the most frequent.

At such times Caldigate would be often alone; for though he had made acquaintances, and had become indeed intimate with some of those around him, he had never thrust himself into the life of the ship as Shand had done. Charades were acted in the second cabin, in which Shand always took part,—and there were penny readings, at which Shand was often the reader. And he smoked much and drank somewhat with those who smoked and drank. The awe at first inspired by his university superiority and supposed rank in the world had faded almost into nothing. But by Caldigate, unconsciously, much of this had been preserved. I am not sure that he did not envy his friend, but at any rate he stood aloof. And, in regard to Mrs Smith, when he saw her walking one evening with Shand in the sweetly dim light of the evening, with her hand upon Shand's arm, he made up his mind that he would think no more about her.

They had been at sea just a fortnight when this happened. And in about a quarter of an hour after this resolve had been formed Mrs Smith was standing by him and talking to him. A ball was being

held on the quarter-deck, or rather, as there was in truth no quarter-deck to the Goldfinder, on that clean, large, luxurious expanse devoted to the aristocracy in the after-part of the vessel. From among the second-class passengers, two fiddlers and a flute-player had been procured, who formed the band. At sea you have always to look for your musicians among the second-class passengers. And now under the awning young and old were standing up, and making themselves happy beneath the starlight and the glimmer of the dozen ship-lamps which had been hung around. On board ship there are many sources of joy of which the land knows nothing. You may flirt and dance at sixty; and if you are awkward in the turn of a valse, you may put it down to the motion of the ship. You need wear no gloves, and may drink your soda-and-brandy without being ashamed of it.

It was not for John Caldigate to join the mazes of that dance, though he would have liked it well, and was well fitted by skill and taste for such exercise. But the ground was hallowed on which they trod, and forbidden to him; and though there was probably not a girl or a dancing married woman there who would not have been proud to stand up with Mr Caldigate of Folking, there was not one who would have dared to take the hand of a second-class passenger. So he stood, just within his own boundary, and looked and longed. Then there was a voice in his ear. "Do you dance, Mr Caldigate?"

It was a very pleasant voice, low, but distinct and silvery, infinitely better again than the gown; a voice so distinct and well-managed that it would have been noticed for its peculiar sweetness if coming from any high-bred lady. He turned

round and found her face close to his. Why had she come to speak to him when she must have perceived that he had intentionally avoided her?

"I used to be very fond of dancing," he said, "but it is one of the things that have gone away."

"I, too, was fond of dancing; but, as you say, it has gone away. It will come back to you, in half-a-dozen years, perhaps. It can never come back to me. Things do come back to men."

"Why more than to women?"

"You have a resurrection;—I mean here upon earth. We never have. Though we live as long as you, the pleasure-seeking years of our lives are much shorter. We burst out into full flowering early in our spring, but long before the summer is over, we are no more than huddled leaves and thick stalks."

"Are you a thick stalk, Mrs Smith?"

"Unfortunately, not. My flowers

are gone while my stalk is still thin and sensitive. And then women can't recuperate."

"I don't quite know what that means."

"Yes, you do. It is good English enough even for Cambridge by this time. If you had made a false step, got into debt and ran away, or mistaken another man's wife for your own, or disappeared altogether under a cloud for a while, you could retrieve your honour, and, sinking at twenty-five or thirty, could come up from out of the waters at thirty-five as capable of enjoyment and almost as fresh as ever. But a woman does not bear submersion. She is dragged ever afterwards. She must hide everything by a life of lies, or she will get no admittance anywhere. The man is rather the better liked because he has sown his wild oats broadly. Of all these ladies dancing there, which dances the best? There is not one who really knows how to dance."

CHAPTER VI.—MRS SMITH.

She had changed the conversation so suddenly, rushing off from that great question as to the condition of women generally to the very unimportant matter of the dancing powers of the ladies who were manœuvring before them, that Caldgate hardly knew how to travel with her so quickly. "They all dance well enough for ship dancing," he replied; "but as to what you were saying about women——"

"No, Mr Caldgate; they don't dance well enough for ship dancing. Dancing, wherever it be done, should be graceful. A woman may at any rate move her feet in accordance with time, and she need not skip, nor prance, nor jump, even on

board ship. Look at that stout lady."

"Mrs Callander?"

Everybody by this time knew everybody's name.

"If she is Mrs Callander?"

Mrs Smith, no doubt, knew very well that it was Mrs Callander.

"Does not your ear catch separately the thud of her footfall every time she comes to the ground?"

"She is fat, fair, and forty."

"Fat enough;—and what she lacks in fairness may be added on to the forty; but if she were less ambitious and had a glimmer of taste, she might do better than that. You see that girl with the green scarf round her? She is young and good-looking. Why

should she spring about like a bear on an hot iron?"

"You should go and teach them."

"It is just what I should like; only they would not be taught; and I should be stern, and tell them the truth."

"Why don't you go and dance with them yourself?"

"I!"

"Why not? There is one second-class lady there?" This was true. For though none of the men would have been admitted from the inferior rank to join the superior, the rule of demarcation had so far been broken that a pretty girl who was known to some of the first-class passengers had been invited to come over the line and join the amusements of the evening. "She dances about as well as any of them."

"If you were among them would you dare to come out and ask me to join them? That is a question which you won't even dare to answer."

"It is a little personal."

"'No,' you ought to say. 'I could not do that because your clothes are so poor, and because of your ragged old hat, and I am not quite sure that your shoes are fit to be seen.' Is not that what you would say, if you said what you thought?"

"Perhaps it is."

"And if you said all that you thought, perhaps you would remind me that a woman of whom nobody knows anything is always held to be disreputable. That girl, no doubt, has her decent belongings. I have nobody."

"You have your friends on board."

"No, I have not. I have not a single friend on board. Those Cromptons were very unwillingly persuaded to take a sort of interest in me, though they really know nothing about me. And I have already lost any good which might

come from their protection. She told me yesterday, that I ought not to walk about with Mr Shand."

"And what did you say?"

"Of course I told her to mind her own business. I had no alternative. A woman has to show a little spirit or she will be trodden absolutely into the dirt. It was something to have a woman to speak to, even though I had not a thought in common with her;—though she was to my feeling as inferior to myself as I no doubt am thought to be by that fat prancing woman to herself. Even Mrs Crompton's countenance was of value. But if I had yielded she would have taken it out in tyranny. So now we don't speak."

"That is a pity."

"It is a pity. You watch them all and see how they look at me,—the women, I mean. They know that Mr Shand speaks to me, and that you and Mr Shand are the two gentlemen we have among us. There are, no doubt, a dozen of them watching me now, somewhere, and denouncing me for the impropriety of my behaviour."

"Is it improper?"

"What do you think?"

"Why may we not talk as well as others?"

"Exactly. But there are people who are tabooed. Look at that Miss Green and the ship doctor." At that moment the ship's doctor and the young lady in question came close to them in the dance. "There is no harm in Miss Green talking by the hour together with the doctor, because she is comfortably placed. She has got an old father and mother on board who don't look after her, and everything is respectable. But if I show any of the same propensities, I ought almost to be put into irons."

"Has anybody else been harsh to you?"

"The Captain has been making inquiries,—no doubt with the idea that he may at last be driven to harsh measures. Have you got a sister?"

"No."

"Or a mother?"

"No."

"Or a housemaid?"

"Not even a housemaid. I have no female belongings whatever."

"Don't you know that if you had a sister, and a mother, and a housemaid, your mother would quite expect that your sister should in time have a lover, but that she would be horrified at the idea of the housemaid having a follower?"

"I did not know that. I thought housemaids got married sometimes."

"Human nature is stronger than tyranny."

"But what does all this mean? You are not a housemaid, and you have not got a mistress?"

"Not exactly. But at present;—if I say my outward woman you'll know what I mean perhaps?"

"I think I shall."

"Well; my present outward woman stands to me in lieu of the housemaid's broom, and the united authority of the Captain and Mrs Crompton make up the mistress between them. And the worst of it all is, that though I have to endure the tyranny, I have not got the follower. It is as hard upon Mr Shand as it is upon me."

"Shand, I suppose, can take care of himself."

"No doubt;—and so in real truth can I. I can stand apart and defy them all; and as I look at them looking at me, and almost know with what words they are maligning me, I can tell myself that they are beneath me, and that I care nothing for them. I shall do nothing which will enable any one to interfere with me. But it seems hard that all this should be so be-

cause I am a widow,—and because I am alone,—and because I am poorly clothed."

As she said this there were tears in her eyes, true ones, and something of the sound of a broken sob in her voice. And Caldigate was moved. The woman's condition was to be pitied, whether it had been produced with or without fault on her own part. To be alone is always sad,—even for a man; but for a woman, and for a young woman, it is doubly melancholy. Of a sudden the dancing was done and the lamps were taken away.

"If you do not want to go to bed," he said, "let us take a turn."

"I never go to bed; I mean here, on board ship. I linger up on deck, half hiding myself about the place, till I see some quartermaster eyeing me suspiciously, and then I creep down into the little hole which I occupy with three of Mrs Crompton's children, and then I cry myself to sleep. But I don't call that going to bed."

"Take a turn now."

"I shall feel like the housemaid talking to her follower through the area-gate. But she is brave, and why should I be a coward?" Then she put her hand upon his arm. "And you," she said, "why are not you dancing in the other part of the ship with Mrs Callander and Miss Green, instead of picking your way among the hencoops here with me?"

"This suited my pocket best,—and my future prospects."

"You are making a delightful experiment in roughing it,—as people eat picnic dinners out in the woods occasionally, so that there may be a break in the monotony of chairs and tables."

While Shand had been unravelling her mystery, she, perhaps, had been more successful in unravelling his.

"We intend to be miners."

"And to return home before long with some vast treasure. I hope you may be successful."

"You seem to doubt it."

"Of course it is doubtful. If not, the thing would be common and hardly worth the doing. Will Mr Shand be very persistent as a working miner?"

"I hope so."

"He seems to me to have great gifts of idleness, which on board ship are a blessing. How I do envy men when I see them smoking! It seems to me that nothing is wanting to them. Women have their needlework; but though they hate it less than idleness, they do hate it. But you really like your tobacco."

"I don't like being idle. I read a good deal. Do you read?"

"I have but few books here. I have read more perhaps than most young women of my age. I came away in such a hurry that I have almost nothing with me."

"Can I lend you books?"

"If you will. I will promise to take care of them."

"I have 'The Heartbroken One,' by Spratt, you know. It is very absurd, but full of life from beginning to end. All that Spratt writes is very lively."

"I don't think I care for Spratt. He may be lively, but he's not life-like."

"And 'Michael Bamfold.' It is hard work, perhaps, but very thoughtful, if you can digest that sort of thing."

"I hate thought."

"What do you say to Miss Bouverie's last;—'Ridden to a Standstill;' a little loud, perhaps, but very interesting? Or 'Green Grow the Rashes O,' by Mrs Tremaine? None of Mrs Tremaine's people do anything that anybody would do, but they all talk well."

"I hate novels written by women. Their girls are so unlovely, and their men such absurdly fine fellows!"

"I have William Coxe's 'Lock Picked at Last,' of which I will defy you to find the secret till you have got to the end of it."

"I am a great deal too impatient."

"And Thompson's 'Four Marquises.' That won't give you any trouble, because you will know it all from the first chapter."

"And never have a moment of excitement from the beginning to the end. I don't think I care very much for novels. Have you nothing else?"

Caldigate had many other books, a Shakespeare, some lighter poetry, and sundry heavier works of which he did not wish specially to speak, lest he should seem to be boasting of his own literary taste; but at last it was settled that on the next morning he should supply her with what choice he had among the poets. Then at about midnight they parted, and Caldigate, as he found his way down to his cabin, saw the quartermaster with his eye fixed upon Mrs Smith. There is no so stern guardian of morality and propriety as your old quartermaster on board a first-class ship.

"You have been having a grand time of it with Mrs Smith," said Shand as soon as Caldigate was in their cabin.

"Pretty well,—as far as fine times go on board ship. Is there anything against it?"

"Oh no, not that I know of. I started the hare; if you choose to run it I have no right to complain, I suppose."

"I don't know anything about the hare, but you certainly have no right to complain because I have been talking to Mrs Smith;—unless, indeed, you tell me that you are going to make her Mrs Shand."

"You are much more likely to make her Mrs Caddigate."

"I don't know that I should have any objection;—that is, if I wanted a wife. She is good-looking, clever, well-educated, and would be well-mannered were it not that she bristles up against the ill-usage of the world too roughly."

"I didn't know it had gone so far as that," said Shand, angrily.

"Nor did I till you suggested it to me. Now I think I'll go to sleep, if you please, and dream about it."

He did not go to sleep, but lay awake half thinking and half dreaming. He certainly liked Mrs Smith; but then, as he had begun to find out of himself, he liked women's society generally. He was almost jealous of the doctor, because the doctor was allowed to talk to Miss Green and waltz with Miss Green, whereas he could not approach her. Then he thought of Maria Shand and that kiss in the little back parlour,—the kiss which had not meant much, but which had meant something; and then of Julia Babington, to whom he was not quite sure that he ought not to feel himself engaged. But the face that was clearest to him of all,—and which became the dearer the nearer that he approached to a state of dozing,—was that of Hester Bolton, whose voice he had hardly heard, who had barely spoken to him;—the tips of whose fingers he had only just touched. If there was any one thing fixed on his mind it was that, as soon as he had put together a large lump of gold, he would go back to Cambridge and win Hester Bolton to be his wife. But yet what a singular woman was this Mrs Smith! As to marrying her, that of course had been a joke produced by the petulance of his snoring friend. He began to dislike Shand, because he did snore so loudly, and drank

so much bottled ale, and smelt so strongly of cavendish tobacco. Mrs Smith was at any rate much too good for Shand. Surely she must have been a lady, or her voice would not have been sweet and silvery! And though she did bristle roughly against the ill-usage of the world, and say strong things, she was never absolutely indelicate or even loud. And she was certainly very interesting. How did it come to pass that she was so completely alone, so poor, so unfriended, and yet possessed of such gifts? There certainly was a mystery, and it would certainly be his fate, and not the fate of Dick Shand, to unravel it. The puzzle was much too delicate and too intricate for Dick Shand's rough hands. Then, giving his last waking thoughts for a moment to Hester Bolton, he went to sleep in spite of the snoring.

On the next morning, as soon as he was out of bed, he opened a small portmanteau in which he had put up some volumes the day before he left Pollington, and to which he had not yet had recourse since the beginning of the voyage. From these he would select one or two for the use of his new friend. So he dragged out the valise from beneath the berth, while Shand abused him for the disturbance he made. On the top, lying on the other volumes, which were as he had placed them, was a little book, prettily bound, by no means new, which he was sure had never been placed there by himself. He took it up, and, standing in the centre of the cabin, between the light of the porthole and Dick's bed, he examined it. It was a copy of Thomson's 'Seasons,' and on the fly-leaf was written in a girl's hand the name of its late owner,—Maria Shand. The truth flashed upon him at once. She must have gone down on that last night after he

was in bed, and thus have made her little offering in silence, knowing that it would be hidden from him till he was far away from her.

"What book is that?" said Shand suddenly, emerging with his head and shoulders from the low berth.

"A book of mine," said Caldigate, disconcerted for the moment.

"What are you going to do with it?"

"I am looking for something to lend to Mrs Smith."

"That is Molly's Thomson's 'Seasons,'" said the brother, remembering, as we are so apt to remember, the old thing that had met his eye so often in the old house. "Where did you get it?"

"I didn't steal it, Dick."

"I don't suppose you did; but I'm sure it's the book I say."

"No doubt it is. If you think it is in bad hands, shall I give it back to you?"

"I don't want it. If she gave it you, she was a fool for her pains."

"I don't see that."

"I would rather, at any rate, that you would not lend a book with my sister's name in it to Mrs Smith."

"I was not thinking of doing so. She wants a Shakespeare that I have got here, and a volume of Tennyson." Then Dick retreated back into his berth, and snored again, while Caldigate dressed himself. When that operation was completed,—which, including his lavations, occupied about five minutes,—he went up on the deck with the books for Mrs Smith in his hand, and with Thomson's 'Seasons' in his pocket. So the poor girl had absolutely stolen down-stairs in the middle of the cold night, and had opened the case and re-fastened it, in order that he, when in strange

lands, might find himself in possession of something that had been hers!

He had not been alone a minute or two, and was looking about to see if Mrs Smith was there, when he was accosted by the Captain. The Captain was a pleasant-looking, handsome man, about forty-five years of age, who had the good word of almost everybody on board, but who had not before spoken specially to Caldigate.

"Good morning, Mr Caldigate. I hope you find yourself fairly comfortable where you are."

"Pretty well, thank you, Captain."

"If there is anything I can do."

"We have all that we have a right to expect."

"I wish, Mr Caldigate, I could invite you and your friends to come astern among us sometimes, but it would be contrary to rule."

"I can quite understand that, Captain."

"You are doing a bit of roughing,—no doubt for the sake of experience. If you only knew the sort of roughing I've had in my time!"

"I daresay."

"Salt pork and hard biscuit, and only half enough of that. You find yourself among some queer fellow-passengers, I daresay, Mr Caldigate."

"Everybody is very civil."

"They're sure to be that to a gentleman. But one has to be careful. The women are the most dangerous." Then the Captain laughed, as though it had been only a joke,—this allusion to the women. But Caldigate knew that there was more than a joke in it. The Captain had intended to warn him against Mrs Smith.

CHAPTER VII.—THE THREE ATTEMPTS.

Something more than a month had gone by, and John Caldigate and Mrs Smith were very close companions. This had not been effected without considerable opposition, partly on the part of Shand, and partly by the ship's inhabitants generally. The inhabitants of the ship were inimical to Mrs Smith. She was a woman who had no friends; and the very female who had first appeared as a friend was now the readiest to say hard things of her. And Caldigate was a handsome well-mannered young man. By this time all the ladies in the first class knew very well who he was, and some of them had spoken to him. On one or two occasions the stern law of the vessel had been broken; and he had been absolutely invited to sit on those august after-benches. He was known to be a gentleman, and believed, on the evidence of Dick Shand, to be possessed of considerable means. It was therefore a thing horrible to all of them, and particularly to Miss Green, that he should allow himself to be enticed into difficulties by such a creature as that Mrs Smith. Miss Green had already been a little cold to the doctor in consequence of a pleasant half-hour spent by her in Caldigate's company, as they looked over the side of the vessel at the flying-fish. Mrs Callander had been with them, and everything had been quite proper. But what a pity it was that he should devote so much of his time to that woman! "Fancy his condition if he should be induced to marry her!" said Miss Green, holding up her hands in horror. The idea was so terrible that Mrs Callander declared that she would speak to him. "Nobody ever disliked interfering so much as

as I do," said Mrs Callander; "but sometimes a word from a lady will go so far with a young man!" Mrs Callander was a most respectable woman, whose father had begun life as a cattle-drover in the colonies, but had succeeded in amassing a considerable fortune. "Oh, I do wish that something may be done to save him!" said Miss Green.

Among the second-class passengers the same feeling existed quite as strongly. The woman herself had not only been able but had been foolish enough to show that in spite of her gown she considered herself superior to them all. When it was found that she was, in truth, handsome to look upon,—that her words were soft and well chosen,—that she could sit apart and read,—and that she could trample upon Mrs Crompton in her scorn,—then, for a while, there were some who made little efforts to get into her good graces. She might even have made an ally of good-natured Mrs Bones, the wife of the butcher who was going out with his large family to try his fortune at Melbourne. Mrs Bones had been injured, after some ship fashion, by Mrs Crompton, and would have made herself pleasant. But Mrs Smith had despised them all, and had shown her contempt, and was now as deeply suspected by Mrs Bones as by Mrs Crompton or Mrs Callander.

But of all the foes to this intimacy Dick Shand was for a time the most bitter and the most determined. No doubt this arose at first from jealousy. He had declared his purpose of unravelling the mystery; but the task had been taken out of his hands, and the unravelling was being done by another. And the more that the

woman was abused, and the more intent were all the people in regard to her wicked determination to be intimate with Caldigate, the more interesting she became. Dick, who was himself the very imp of imprudence, — who had never been deterred from doing anything he fancied by any glimmer of control, — would have been delighted to be the hero of all the little stories that were being told. But as that morsel of bread had been taken, as it were, from between his very teeth by the unjustifiable interference of his friend, he had become more alive than any one else to the danger of the whole proceeding. He acknowledged to the Captain that his friend was making a fool of himself; and, though he was a little afraid of Caldigate, he resolved upon interfering.

"Don't you think you are making an ass of yourself about this woman?" he said.

"I daresay I am."

"Well!"

"All the wise men, from David downwards, have made asses of themselves about women; and why should I be wiser than the rest?"

"That's nonsense, you know."

"Very likely."

"I am trying to talk to you in earnest."

"You make such a failure of it, old boy, that I am compelled to talk nonsense in return. The idea of your preaching! Here I am with nothing special to do, and I like to amuse myself. Ought not that to be enough for you?"

"But what is to be the end of it?" Dick Shand asked, very solemnly.

"How can I tell? But the absurdity is that such a man as you should talk about the end of anything. Did you ever look before you leaped in your life?"

"We are to be together, you

know, and it won't do for us to be hampered with that woman."

"Won't it? Then let me tell you that, if I choose to hamper myself with that woman, or with a whole harem of women, and am not deterred by any consideration for myself, I certainly shall not be deterred by any consideration for you. Do you understand me?"

"That is not being a true partner," said Shand.

"I'm quite sure of this,—that I'm likely to be as true as you are. I'm not aware that I have entered into any terms with you by which I have bound myself to any special mode of living. I have left England, as I fancy you have done also, because I desired more conventional freedom than one can find among the folk at home. And now, on the first outset, I am to be cautioned and threatened by you because I have made acquaintance with a young woman. Of all the moral pastors and masters that one might come across in the world, you, Dick Shand, appear to me to be the most absurd. But you are so far right as this, that if my conduct is shocking to you, you had better leave me to my wickedness."

"You are always so d—— upsetting," said Dick, "that no one can speak to you." Then Dick turned away, and there was nothing more said about Mrs Smith on that occasion.

The next to try her hand was Mrs Callander. By this time the passengers had become familiar with the ship, and knew what they might and what they might not do. The second-class passengers were not often found intruding across the bar, but the first-class frequently made visits to their friends amidships. In this way Mrs Callander had become acquainted with our two gold-seekers, and often found herself in conver-

sation with one or the other. Even Miss Green, as has been stated before, would come and gaze upon the waves from the inferior part of the deck.

"What a very nice voyage we are having, Mr Caldgate!" Mrs Callander said one afternoon.

"Yes, indeed. It is getting a little cold now, but we shall enjoy that after all the heat."

"Quite so; only I suppose it will be very cold when we get quite south. You still find yourself tolerably comfortable?"

"I shall be glad to have it over," said Caldgate, who had in truth become disgusted with Dick's snoring.

"I daresay,—I am sure we shall. My young people are getting very tired of it. Children, when they are accustomed to every comfort on shore, of course feel it grievously. I suppose you are rather crowded?"

"Of course we are crowded. One can't have a twenty-foot square room on board ship."

"No, indeed. But then you are with your friend, and that is much pleasanter than a stranger."

"That would depend on whether the stranger snored, Mrs Callander."

"Don't talk of snoring, Mr Caldgate. If you only heard Mr Callander! But, as I was saying, you must have some very queer characters down there." She had not been saying anything of the kind, but she found a difficulty in introducing her subject.

"Take them altogether, they are a very decent, pleasant, well-mannered set of people, and all of them in earnest about their future lives."

"Poor creatures! But I dare say they're very good." Then she paused a moment, and looked into his face. She had undertaken a

duty, and she was not the woman to shrink from it. So she told herself at that moment. And yet she was very much afraid of him as she saw the squareness of his forehead, and the set of his mouth. And there was a frown across his brow, as though he were preparing himself to fight. "You must have found it hard to accommodate yourselves to them, Mr Caldgate?"

"Not at all."

"Of course we all know that you are a gentleman."

"I am much obliged to you; but I do not know any word that requires a definition so much as that. I am going to work hard to earn my bread; and I suppose these people are going to do the same."

"There always will be some danger in such society," said Mrs Callander.

"I hope I may escape any great evil."

"I hope so too, Mr Caldgate. You probably have had a long roll of ancestors before you?"

"We all have that;—back to Adam."

"Ah! but I mean a family-roll, of which you ought to be proud;—all ladies and gentlemen."

"Upon my word I don't know."

"So I hear, and I have no doubt it is true." Then she paused, looking again into his face. It was very square, and his lips were hard, and there was a gleam of anger in his eyes. She wished herself back again in her own part of the ship; but she had boasted to Miss Green that she was not the woman to give up a duty when she had undertaken it. Though she was frightened, still she must go on. "I hope you will excuse me, Mr Caldgate."

"I am sure you will not say anything that I cannot excuse."

"Don't you think——" Then she paused. She had looked into

his face again, and was so little satisfied that she did not dare to go on. He would not help her in the least, but stood there looking at her, with something of a smile stealing over the hardness of his face, but with such an expression that the smile was even worse than the hardness.

"Were you going to speak to me about another lady, Mrs Callander?"

"I was. That is, I was going to speak of——" She was anxious to remonstrate against that word lady, but her courage failed her.

"Then don't you think that perhaps you had better leave it alone. I am very much obliged to you, and all that kind of thing; and as to myself, I really shouldn't care what you said. Any good advice would be taken most gratefully,—if it didn't affect any one else. But you might say things of the lady in question which I shouldn't bear patiently."

"She can't be your equal."

"I won't hear even that patiently. You know nothing about her, except that she is a second-class passenger,—in which matter she is exactly my equal. If you come to that, don't you think that you are degrading yourself in coming here and talking to me? I am not your equal."

"But you are."

"And so is she, then. We shan't arrive at anything, Mrs Callander, and so you had better give it up." Whereupon she did give it up and retreat to her own part of the ship, but not with a very good grace.

They had certainly become very intimate,—John Caldigate and Mrs Smith; and there could be no doubt that, in the ordinary language of the world, he was making a fool of himself. He did in fact know nothing about her but what she told herself, and this amounted to

little more than three statements, which might or might not be true: that she had gone on the stage in opposition to her friends,—that she had married an actor, who had treated her with great cruelty,—and that he had died of drink. And with each of these stories there had been an accompaniment of mystery. She had not told him her maiden name, nor what had been the condition of her parents, nor whether they were living, nor at what theatres she and her husband had acted, nor when he had died. She had expressed a hope that she might get an engagement in the colonies, but she had not spoken of any recommendation or letters of introduction. He simply knew of her that her name was Euphemia Smith.

In that matter of her clothes there had been a great improvement, but made very gradually. She had laughed at her own precautions, saying, that in her poverty she had wished to save everything that could be saved, and that she had only intended to make herself look like others in the same class. "And I had wanted to avoid all attention,—at first," she said, smiling, as she looked up at him.

"In which you have been altogether unsuccessful," he replied, "as you are certainly more talked about than any one in the ship."

"Has it been my fault?" she asked.

Then he comforted her, saying that it certainly had not been her fault; that she had been reticent and reserved till she had been either provoked or invited to come forth; and, in fact, that her conduct had been in all respects feminine, pretty, and decorous;—as to all which he was not perhaps the best judge in the world.

But she was certainly much pleasanter to look at, and even to talk to, now that she had put on a small, clean, black felt hat instead of the

broken straw, and had got out from her trunks a pretty warm shawl, and placed a ribbon or two about her in some indescribable manner, and was no longer ashamed of showing her shoes as she sat about upon the deck. There could be no doubt, as she was seen now, that she was the most attractive female on board the ship; but it may be doubted whether the anger of the Mrs Cromptons, Mrs Callanders, and Miss Greens was mitigated by the change. The battle against her became stronger, and the duty of rescuing that infatuated young man from her sorceries was more clear than ever;—if only anything could be done to rescue him!

What could be done? Mrs Smith could not be locked up. No one,—not even the Captain,—could send her down to her own wretched little cabin because she would talk with a gentleman. Talking is allowed on board ship, and even flirting, to a certain extent. Mrs Smith's conduct with Mr Caldgate was not more peculiar than that of Miss Green and the doctor. Only it pleased certain people to think that Miss Green might be fond of the doctor if she chose, and that Mrs Smith had no right to be fond of any man. There was a stubbornness about both the sinners which resolved to set public opinion at defiance. The very fact that others wished to interfere with him made Caldgate determined to resent all interference; and the woman, with perhaps a deeper insight into her own advantages, was brave enough to be able to set opposition at defiance.

They were about a week from their port when the captain,—Captain Munday,—was induced to take the matter into his own hands. It is hardly too much to say that he was pressed to do so by the united efforts of the first-class passengers.

It was dreadful to think that this unfortunate young man should go on shore merely to become the prey of such a woman as that. So Captain Munday, who at heart was not afraid of his passenger,—but who persisted in saying that no good could be done, and who had, as may be remembered, already made a slight attempt,—was induced to take the matter in hand. He came up to Caldgate on the deck one afternoon, and without any preface began his business. "Mr Caldgate," he said, "I am afraid you are getting into a scrape with one of your fellow-passengers."

"What do you call a scrape, Captain Munday?"

"I should call it a scrape if a young gentleman of your position and your prospects were to find himself engaged on board ship to marry a woman he knew nothing about."

"Do you know anything about my position and prospects, Captain Munday?"

"I know you are a gentleman."

"And I think you know less about the lady."

"I know nothing;—but I will tell you what I hear."

"I really would rather that you did not. Of course, Captain Munday, on board your own ship you are a despot, and I must say that you have made everything very pleasant for us. But I don't think even your position entitles you to talk to me about my private affairs,—or about hers. You say you know nothing. Is it manly to repeat what one hears about a poor forlorn woman?" Then the Captain retreated without another word, owning to himself that he was beaten. If this foolish young man chose to make for himself a bed of that kind he must lie upon it. Captain Munday went away shrugging his shoulders, and spoke no further

word to John Caldgate on that or any other subject during the voyage.

Caldgate had driven off his persecutors valiantly, and had taught them all to think that he was resolute in his purposes in regard to Mrs Smith, let those purposes be what they might: but nothing could be further from the truth; for he had no purposes; and was, within his own mind, conscious of his lack of all purpose, and very conscious of his folly. And though he could repel Mrs Callander and the Captain, —as he had always repelled those who had attempted to control him, —still he knew that they had been right. Such an intimacy as this could not be wise, and its want of wisdom became the more strongly impressed upon him the nearer he got to shore, and the more he felt

that when he had got ashore he should not know how to act in regard to her.

The intimacy had certainly become very close. He had expressed his great admiration, and she had replied that, "had things not been as they were," she could have returned the feeling. But she did not say what the things were which might have been otherwise. Nor did she seem to attempt to lead him on to further and more definite proposals. And she never spoke of any joint action between them when on shore, though she gave herself up to his society here on board the ship. She seemed to think that they were then to part, as though one would be going one way, and one the other;—but he felt that after so close an intimacy they could not part like that.

CHAPTER VIII.—REACHING MELBOURNE.

Things went on in the same way till the night before the morning on which they were to enter Hobson's Bay. Hobson's Bay, as every one knows, is the inlet of the sea into which the little river runs on which Melbourne is built. After leaving the tropics they had gone down south, and had encountered showers and wind, and cold weather, but now they had come up again into warm latitudes and fine autumn weather,—for it was the beginning of March, and the world out there is upside down. Before that evening nothing had been said between Mrs Smith and John Caldgate as to any future; not a word to indicate that when the journey should be over, there would or that there would not be further intercourse between them. She had purposely avoided any reference to a world after this world of the ship, even refusing, in her half-sad but half-

joking manner, to discuss matters so far ahead. But he felt that he could not leave her on board, as he would the other passengers, without a word spoken as to some future meeting. There will arrive on occasions a certain pitch of intimacy, —which cannot be defined as may a degree of cousinship, but which is perfectly understood by the persons concerned,—so close as to forbid such mere shaking of the hands. There are many men, and perhaps more women, cautious enough and wise enough to think of this beforehand, and, thinking of it, to guard themselves from the dangerous attractions of casual companions by a composed manner and unenthusiastic conversation. Who does not know the sagacious lady who, after sitting at table with the same gentleman for a month, can say, "Good-bye, Mr Jones," just as though Mr Jones had been a stranger under

her notice but for a day? But others gush out, and when Mr Jones takes his departure, hardly know how not to throw themselves into his arms. The intercourse between our hero and Mrs Smith had been such that, as a gentleman, he could not leave her without some allusion to future meetings. That was all up to the evening before their arrival. The whole ship's company, captain, officers, quartermasters, passengers, and all, were quite sure that she had succeeded in getting a promise of marriage from him. But there had been nothing of the kind.

Among others, Dick Shand was sure that there was some entanglement. Entanglement was the word he always used in discussing the matter with Mrs Callander. Between Dick and his friend there had been very little confidential communication of late. Caldigate had forbidden Shand to talk to him about Mrs Smith, and thus had naturally closed the man's mouth on other matters. And then they had fallen into different sets. Dick, at least, had fallen into a set, while Caldigate had hardly associated with any but the one dangerous friend. Dick had lived much with a bevy of noisy young men who had been given to games and smoking, and to a good deal of drink. Caldigate had said not a word, even when on one occasion Dick had stumbled down into the cabin very much the worse for what he had taken. How could he find fault with Dick's folly when he would not allow Dick to say a word to him as to his own? But on this last day at sea it became necessary that they should understand each other.

"What do you mean to do when you land?" Caldigate asked.

All that had been settled between them very exactly long since. At a town called Nobble, about three hundred miles west of Sydney, there

lived a man, supposed to be knowing in gold, named Crinkett, with whom they had corresponded, and to whom they intended, in the first instance, to apply. And about twenty miles beyond Nobble were the new and now much-reputed Alalala diggings, at which they purposed to make their first *début*. It had been decided that they would go direct from Melbourne to Nobble,—not round by Sydney so as to see more of the world, and thus spend more money,—but by the direct route, taking the railway to Albury, and the coaches, which they were informed were running between Albury and Nobble. And it had also been determined that they would spend but two nights in Melbourne,—"just to get their things washed,"—so keen had they been in their determination to begin their work. But on all these matters there had been no discussion now for a month, nor even an allusion to them.

"What do you mean to do when we land?" Caldigate asked on that last day.

"I thought all that was settled. But I suppose you are going to change everything?"

"I am going to change nothing. Only you seem to have got into such a way of life that I didn't know whether you would be prepared for serious work."

"I shall be as well prepared as you are, I don't doubt," said Dick. "I have no impediment of any kind."

"I certainly have none. Then we will start by the first train on Wednesday morning for Albury. We must have our heavy things sent round by sea to Sydney, and get them from there as best we can. When we are a little fixed, one of us can run down to Sydney."

And so it was settled, without any real confidence between them, but in conformity with their previous arrangements.

It was on the evening of the same day, after they had sighted Cape Otway, that Mrs Smith and Caldigate began their last conversation on board the Goldfinder,—a conversation which lasted, with one or two interruptions, late into the night.

"So we have come to the end of it," she said.

"To the end of what?"

"To the end of all that is pleasant and easy and safe. Don't you remember my telling you how I dreaded the finish? Here I have been fairly comfortable, and have in many respects enjoyed it. I have had you to talk to; and there has been a flavour of old days about it. What shall I be doing this time to-morrow?"

"I don't know your plans."

"Exactly;—and I have not told you, because I would not have you bothered with me when I land. You have enough on your own hands; and if I were to be a burden to you now it might be a serious trouble. I am afraid poor Mr Shand objects to me."

"You don't think that would stand in my way?"

"It stands in mine. Of course, with your pride and your obstinacy you would tell Mr Shand to go to—the devil if he ventured to object to any little delay that might be occasioned by looking after me. Then Mr Shand would go—there, or elsewhere; and all your plans would be broken up, and you would be without a companion."

"Unless I had you." Of all the words which he could have spoken in such an emergency these were the most foolish; and yet, at so tender a moment, how were they to be repressed?

"I do think that Dick Shand is dangerous," she answered, laughing; "but I should be worse. I am afraid Dick Shand will—drink."

"If so, we must part. And what would you do?"

"What would I do? What could I do?" Then there was a pause. "Perhaps I should want you to—marry me, which would be worse than Dick Shand's drinking. Eh?"

There is an obligation on a man to persevere when a woman has encouraged him in love-making. It is like riding at a fence. When once you have set your horse at it you must go on, however impracticable it may appear as you draw close to it. If you have never looked at the fence at all,—if you have ridden quite the other way, making for some safe gate or clinging to the dull lane,—then there will be no excitement, but also there will be no danger and no disgrace. Caldigate had ridden hard at the fence, and could not crane at it now that it was so close to him. He could only trust to his good fortune to carry him safe over. "I don't suppose you would want it," he said, "but I might."

"You would want me, but you would not want me for always. I should be a burden less easy to shake off than Dick Shand."

"Is that the way a man is always to look at a woman?"

"It is the way in which they do, I think. I often wonder that any man is ever fool enough to marry. A poor man may want some one to serve him, and may be able to get service in no other way; or a man, poor in another way, may find an heiress convenient;—but otherwise I think men only marry when they are caught. Women are prehensile things, which have to cling to something for nourishment and support. When I come across such a one as you I naturally put out my feelers."

"I have not been aware of it."

"Yes, you are; and I do not doubt that your mind is vacillating about me. I am sure you like me."

"Certainly, I like you."

"And you know that I love you."

"I did not know it."

"Yes, you did. You are not the man to be diffident of yourself in such a matter. You must either think that I love you, or that I have been a great hypocrite in pretending to do so. Love you!" They were sitting together on a large spar which was lashed on to the deck, and which had served throughout all the voyage for a seat for second-class passengers. There were others now on the farther end of it; but there was a feeling that when Caldgate and Mrs Smith were together it would not be civil to intrude upon their privacy. At this time it was dark; but their eyes had become used to the gloom, and each could see the other's face. "Love you!" she repeated, looking up at him, speaking in a very low voice, but yet, oh so clearly, so that not a fraction of a sound was lost to his ears, with no special emotion in her face, with no contortion, no grimace, but with her eyes fixed upon his,—"how should it be possible that I should not love you? For two months we have been together as people seldom are in the world,—as they never can be without hating each other or loving each other thoroughly. You have been very good to me who am all alone and desolate. And you are clever, educated,—and a man. How should I not love you? And I know from the touch of your hand, from your breath when I feel it on my face, from the fire of your eye, and from the tenderness of your mouth, that you, too, love me."

"I do," he said.

"But as there may be marriage without love, so there may be love without marriage. You cannot but feel how little you know of me, and ignorant as you are of

so much, that to marry me might be—ruin." It was just what he had told himself over and over again, when he had been trying to resolve what he would do in regard to her. "Don't you know that?"

"I know that it might have been so among the connections of home life."

"And to you the connections of home life may all come back. That woman talked about your 'roll of ancestors.' Coming from her it was absurd. But there was some truth in it. You know that were you to marry me, say to-morrow, in Melbourne, it would shut you out from,—well, not the possibility but the probability of return."

"I do not want to go back."

"Nor do I want to hinder you from doing so. If we were alike desolate, alike alone, alike cast out, oh then, what a heaven of happiness I should think had been opened to me by the idea of joining myself to you! There is nothing I could not do for you. But I will not be a millstone round your neck."

She had taken so much the more prominent part in all this that he felt himself compelled by his manliness to say something in contradiction to it—something that should have the same flavour about it as had her self-abnegation and declared passion. He also must be unselfish and enthusiastic. "I do not deny that there is truth in what you say."

"It is true."

"Of course I love you."

"It ought to be of course,—now."

"And of course I do not mean to part from you now, as though we were never to see each other again."

"I hope not quite that."

"Certainly not. I shall therefore hold you as engaged to me, and myself as engaged to you,—

unless something should occur to separate us." It was a foolish thing to say, but he did not know how to speak without being foolish. It is not usual that a gentleman should ask a lady to be engaged to him — "unless something should occur to separate them!" "You will consent to that?" he said.

"What I will consent to is this, that I will be yours, all yours, whenever you may choose to send for me. At any moment I will be your wife for the asking. But you shall go away first, and shall think of it, and reflect upon it,—so that I may not have to reproach myself with having caught you."

"Caught me?"

"Well, yes, caught you. I do feel that I have caught you,—almost. I do feel,—almost,—that I ought to have had nothing to do with you. From the beginning of it all I knew that I ought to have nothing to say to you. You are too good for me." Then she rose from her place as though to leave him. "I will go down now," she said, "because I know you will have many things to do. To-morrow, when we get up, we shall be in the harbour, and you will be on shore quite early. There will be no time for a word of farewell then. I will meet you again here just before we go to bed,—say at half-past ten. Then we will arrange,—if we can arrange, how we may meet again."

And so she glided away from him, and he was left alone, sitting on the spar. Now, at any rate, he had engaged himself. There could not be any doubt about that. He certainly could not be justified in regarding himself as free because she had told him that she would give him time to think of it. Of course he was engaged to marry her. When a man has been successful in his wooing he is supposed to be happy. He asked himself whether

he was proud of the result of this intimacy. She had told him,—she herself,—that she had "caught him;" meaning thereby that he had been taken as a rabbit with a snare, or a fish with a baited hook. If it had been so, surely she would not herself have said so. And yet he was aware how common it is for a delinquent to cover his own delinquency by declaring it. "Of course I am idle," says the idle one, escaping the disgrace of his idleness by his honesty. "I have caught you!" There is something soothing to the vanity in such a declaration from a pretty woman. That she should have wished to catch you is something;—something that the net should itself be so pleasant, with its silken meshes! But the declaration may not the less be true and the fact unpleasant. In the matter of matrimony a man does not wish to be caught; and Caldigate, fond as he was of her, acknowledged that what she had said was true.

He lent back in a corner that was made by the hatchway, and endeavoured to think over his life and prospects. If this were a true engagement, then must he cease altogether to think of Hester Bolton. Then must that dream be abandoned. It is of no use to the most fervid imagination to have a castle projected in Spain from which all possible foundation has been taken away. In his dreams of life a man should never dream that which is altogether impossible. There had been something in the thought of Hester Bolton which had taken him back from the roughnesses of his new life, from the doubtful respectability of Mrs Smith, from the squalor of the second class, from the whisky-laden snores of Dick Shand, to a sweeter, brighter, cleaner world. Till this engagement had been abso-

lutely spoken he could still indulge in that romance, distant and unreal as it was. But now, — now it seemed to be brought in upon him very forcibly that he must rid his thoughts of Hester Bolton,—or else rid his life of Mrs Smith.

But he was engaged to marry Mrs Smith. Then he got up, and walked backwards and forwards along the deck, asking himself whether this could really be the truth. Was he bound to this woman for his life? And if so, had he done a thing of which he already repented himself? He tried to persuade himself that she was admirably fitted for the life which he was fated to lead. She was handsome, intellectual, a most delightful companion, and yet capable of enduring the hardships of an adventurous uncertain career. Ought he not to think himself peculiarly lucky in having found for himself so eligible a companion? But there is something so solemn, so sacred, in the name of wife. A man brought up among soft things is so imbued with the feeling that his wife should be something better, cleaner, sweeter, holier than himself, that he could not but be awestruck when he thought that he was bound to marry this all but nameless widow of some drunken player,—this woman who, among other women, had been thought unfit for all companionship!

But things arrange themselves.

How probable it was that he would never be married to her! After all, this might be but an incident, and not an unpleasant incident, in his life. He had had his amusement out of it, and she had had hers. Perhaps they would part to meet no more. But when he thought that there might be comfort in this direction, he felt that he was a scoundrel for thinking so.

"And this is to say good-bye?" 'Twas thus she greeted him again that night. "Good-bye——"

"Good-bye, my love."

"My love! my love! And now remember this; my address will be, Post-office, Melbourne. It will be for you to write to me. You will not hear from me unless you do. Indeed I shall know nothing of you. Let me have a line before a month is over." This he promised, and then they parted.

At break of day on the following morning the Goldfinder rode over the Rip into Hobson's Bay. There were still four hours before the ship lay at her moorings; but during all that time Mrs Smith was not seen by Caldgate. As he got into the boat which took him and Shand from the ship to the pier at Sandridge she kissed her hand to him over the side of the vessel. Before eleven o'clock Dick Shand and his companion were comfortably put up at the Miners' Home in Flinders Lane.

THE GASCON O'DRISCOL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR."

THE O'Driscols have long ceased to be a ruling race in West Cork, where they once held sway as petty kings of Corca Laidhe, a district nearly corresponding to the diocese of Ross. Their power was broken at the battle of Tralee, where "the Gascon," with others of his house, fell before the lances of the Anglo-Norman chivalry, A.D. 1235. He was Aulay, fourth son of Donagh Mor, whose pedigree up to Ith, uncle of Milesius, may be read at large in the 'Genealogies of the Corca Laidhe' (Misc. Celt. Soc. Dublin, 1849), a tract enriched with rare matter by the late learned Dr John O'Donovan and the present learned and Reverend Dr John Quarry. Not the least curious item of the Pedigree is the note telling how young Aulay got his surname, which supplies the materials of this ballad:—

*"Is airi a débhradh in Gasguineach de: a n-gill re fín
tucadh h-é do lucht luingi cendaigh asa Gascoin a cind a dha
bhliadhan déc, agus do bhí thoir no cor cuireadh do fhairi
fhína h-é, cor dearbhadh air beith na fhuil uasail, agus tánic
in fín cen uireasbaidh ré na lind, agus da h-indlaicedh ar a ais
h-é chum a thíri bodhen."*

Here observe that, while no one is so verbose as the Irish Celt in certain sorts of composition, no one can tell his story in fewer words when he writes by way of chronicle or family history. The form given to the version of the legend now presented is that of the class of poems purporting to convey instruction, called *Dinnsenchus*, which begin by proposing the subject as a question, responded to by the phrase, "Not difficult": then follows the substance of the story, told in most cases with great directness, and ending regularly with a repetition of the initial words of the first line.

I.

In old G'Driscol's pedigree,
'Mong lords of ports and galleys,
"The Gascon" whence? and who was he
First bore the surname? tell us.
Not difficult the task
To answer what you ask.

II.

The merchants from the Biscay sea
To ports of Munster sailing,
With wines of Spain and Gascony
Supplied carouse unfailing
To guests of open door,
Of old, at Baltimore.

III.

Till when, against one festal day,
O'Driscol stocked his cellars,
He found not but of gold to pay
In part, the greedy dealers;
And, for the surplusage,
Gave this good son in pledge.

IV.

They bore the boy to fair Bayonne,
Where vines on hills were growing;
And, when the days of grace were gone,
And still the debt was owing,
The careful merchant's heart
Grew hard with angry smart.

V.

"The wine I sold the Irish knave
Is spent in waste and surfeit;
The pledge for payment that he gave
Remains, a sorry forfeit:—
Bring forth the hostage boy
And set him on employ.

VI.

"Now, youth, lay by the lettered page,
Leave Spanish pipe and tabor
To happier co-mates of thy age,
And put thy hands to labour.
Ten ridged rows of the vine
To dress and till, be thine."

VII.

From solar-chamber came the lad;
In sooth, a comely creature
As e'er made eye of mother glad
In well-shaped limb and feature.
As 'mid the vines he stepped,
His cheek burned, and he wept.

VIII.

"The grief that wrings this pungent tear
Springs not from pride or anger;
Let be the hoe my hunting-spear,
The pruning-knife my hanger:
The work ye will I'll do;
But, deem my kinsmen true.

IX.

"Be sure, in some unknown resort
Their messengers have tarried;
Some head-wind held their ship in port,
Some tribute-ship miscarried;
Else never would they leave
Their pledge without reprieve.

X.

"I've seen when, round the banquet board
From stintless-circling beaker
To all the Name our butlers poured
The ruby-radiant liquor,
And every face was bright
With mirth and life's delight.

XI.

"And, as the warming wine exhaled
The shows of outward fashion,
Their inmost hearts I've seen unveiled
In gay and frank elation;
And not a breast but grew
More trusty, more seen through.

XII.

"These vineyards grew the grape that gave
My soul that fond assurance;
And if to-day I play the slave,
I grudge not the endurance,
Nor stronger mandate want
To tend the truthful plant."

XIII.

The seniors of the sunny land
Beheld him daily toiling,—
(Old times they were of instincts bland
The sordid heart assoiling)—
And this their frequent speech
And counsel, each with each:—

XIV.

"A patient boy, with gentle grace
He bears his yoke of trouble;
Serenely grave the ample face,
The gesture large and noble,
Erect, or stooping low,
Along the staky row.

XV.

"Where'er he moves, the serving train
Accord him their obeisance;
The very vintagers refrain
Their rude jests in his presence;
And—what is strange indeed—
His vines their vines exceed.

XVI.

"The tendrils twine, the leaves expand,
The purpling bunches cluster
To pulpier growth beneath his hand,
As though 'twere formed to foster
By act of mere caress
Life, wealth, and joyousness.

XVII.

"It seems as if a darkling sense
In root and stem were native;
As if an answering effluence
And virtue vegetative
(Anointed kings own such)
Went outward from his touch.

XVIII.

"Behold, his nation's sages say
A righteous king's intendance
Is seen in fishy-teeming bay
And corn-fields' stooked abundance,
In udder-weighted cows
And nut-bent hazel boughs.

XIX.

"These Scots, apart in ocean set
Since first from Shinar turning,
Preserve the simple wisdom yet
Of mankind's early morning,
While God with Adam's race
Still communed, face to face.

XX.

"Not in the written word alone
He woos and warns the creature;
His will is still in wonders shown
Through manifesting Nature;
And Nature here makes plain
This youth was born to reign.

XXI.

"Ill were it, for a merchant's gains,
To leave, at toil appointed
For horny-handed village swains,
God's designate anointed:
But good for him and us
The act magnanimous.

XXII.

"Blest are the friends of lawful kings
To righteous rule consenting:
Secure the blessing that he brings
By clemency preventing;
And, granting full release,
Return him home in peace.

XXIII.

"And, ere your topsails take the wind,
Stow ye within his vessel
A pipe the ripest search may find
In cellars of the Castle;
Of perfume finer yet
Than rose and violet.

XXIV.

"That, when, at home, his kin shall pour
The welcoming libation,
Such rapture-pitch their souls shall soar
Of sweet exhilaration,
As Bacchus on his pard
With moist eye might regard."

XXV.

They stowed the ship; he stepped on board
In seemly wise attended;
But this was still his parting word
When farewells all were ended:
"Be sure my father yet
Will satisfy the debt."

XXVI.

And, even as from the harbour mouth
They northward went careering,
There passed to windward, steering south,
O'Driscol's galley bearing,
From Baltimore, the gold
Of ransom safe in hold.
In (h)old.

A RIDE ACROSS THE PELOPONNESE.

I. THE APPROACH TO GREECE.

"Come, let us go to the land where the gods in the old time wandered,
Where every breath even now changeth to ether divine!"—CLOUGH.

WITH my mind full of such thoughts as Clough has suggested in the above lines, and with Eton days yet fresh in my memory, I went on board the *Trinacria*, which left Brindisi about 8.30 P.M. on Easter Sunday (April 1, 1877), bound for Corfu and Greece. Till ten we paced the deck, watching the stars come out and the coast of Italy fade from view. Then we turned in, knowing that the land on which our eyes would open in the morning would be Greek. The moon shining in through the cabin window woke me at 3.30; but though I looked out eagerly to catch a first sight of the wished-for shore, nothing was to be seen as yet but sea and sky. At five I awoke once more, and this time saw two small islands lying to our right—outposts of Hellas! No more sleep for me. Dressing hastily, I rushed on deck, and found we were passing on the left under a rugged range of mountains, snow-capped, and running down sheer into the sea. These I soon found to be the Acroceraunian mountains—rampart of Epirus. The sun was shining brightly behind them, and the gleam made it rather hard to make out the details; but one could see that they were rugged and barren. In front lay Corfu, its peaks quite buried in masses of white cloud. The sea was a rich greenish blue, broken up by a fresh breeze into innumerable white horses. As the sun rose higher, the peaks of the mainland were lighted up, and deep shadows thrown down the hillsides. Soon

a low neck of land, with higher ridges in clouds behind, began to appear faintly before us, seeming to bar further progress. This was the north-eastern extremity of Corfu. The north-west end of the island was now quite distinct; and one could see that while the main ridge was bare, the lower slopes were covered with olives. By seven the scene was quite changed. We were in the quiet water—smooth as glass, and a brilliant pale green—between Corfu and the mainland. The sun was quite up, and the clouds had risen from the heights of Corfu, though still clustered round the inner peaks of Epirus.

At about nine o'clock we came to anchor in front of the picturesque town of Corfu, with its row of white houses built along the shore, and the citadel, crowning a double-peaked height, in the midst.

Crowds of boats came round us, one of which conveyed us ashore amid a great bustle. There, to our delight, we saw actual Greek names and descriptions over the shop-doors, and heard—though as yet without understanding—the same tongue in the mouths of the people. The town, as we passed through to the hotel, was full of men in picturesque, albeit dirty, Albanian costume—rough sheepskin cloaks, white linen kilts or *fustanellæ*, leggings, and for the most part broad-brimmed straw hats—who had come across from the mainland to attend a festival on the day before.

The town bears evident traces of its frequent change of masters. A

great gateway surmounted by the Lion of St Mark, and a fortress bearing the same emblem here and there on its massive walls, tell of Venetian occupation; while English influence is visible in many ways—most noticeably, perhaps, in the curiously-mixed jargon of the shop-keepers and loafers in the streets.

We drove out in the afternoon through the groves of oranges and lemons and olives, in which, as in vegetation of all kinds, this favoured spot abounds, to a place from which we were shown a lovely little islet, set like a jewel in the glittering blue sea, and covered with white houses and dark cypresses. This, we were assured, was the very rock into which the ship of Alcinous was turned by angry Poseidon on its way back from Ithaca, after conveying Odysseus to his native shore! For Corfu, let it be remembered, is said by some to have been the seat of that wealthy Phæacian empire whose praises Homer sung in the olden time.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, on April 3, we took steamer for Zante. Between six and seven the sun began to sink behind Corfu, and colours both gorgeous and delicate were diffused over the whole scene. Above the sun the sky was a rich orange, the coast beneath a deep purple. The hills of Albania, massed behind us, showed a fainter colour, through a kind of haze of light, which yet left the outlines quite distinct. The mainland on our left was rosy pink; the sky above a pale blue; the sea a dark slaty blue, melting, as time went on, into blackness. By ten o'clock the sea had become perfectly calm, and looked like a great lake. The hills of Corfu grew black, the mainland and sea a dull grey, till at length, in the west, the light died away, leaving but a faint gleam to mark where the sun had gone down.

All this was very lovely, and quite fulfilled one's idea of what Greece and the Greek islands should be; nevertheless it was difficult to suppress the feeling that, after all, we were not yet in true Greece. We were entering by the back-door. If we were overcome by a sense of too exquisite beauty now, what new emotion should we have left us to feel when we crossed the Saronic Gulf, when we stood upon the Acropolis of Athens, when our eyes beheld the Parthenon?

We passed Leucadia and Actium in the night; and when I got on deck next morning about seven o'clock, Kephallonia was close on our left hand, while Zante lay in front. It was pleasant to find, as we neared Zante, that Homer's epithet—"woody"—might still be applied with some truth. Compared with its huger neighbour it might certainly be called so, the lower parts of the island being covered with olives.

In an hour's time we began to see faintly in the east the mountains about Missolonghi, under whose shadow Byron died: by nine o'clock we could make out a dim outline of the Peloponnesian coast, above which towered the snowy range of Erymanthus, dividing Elis from Arcadia; while farther south rose the mountains of Messenia.

Soon after nine we turned into the bay of Zante. The town is very picturesquely situated—a cluster of white houses set in a framework of rich vegetation, with a background of high bare peaks. Leaving the steamer to pursue her course up the Gulf of Corinth, we pulled ashore, where, through the kindness of an American merchant, a sailing-boat was waiting to take us across to Katakolo—as also a fat, good-natured youth named Nicholas, to act as our dragoman in the interior.

We were fortunate enough to fall in here with Dr Hirschfeld, the director of the German excavations at Olympia, who, with his party, joined us in our voyage to the mainland.

We set off at about half-past eleven. The sun was now quite high, and the day was glorious. At first, for lack of wind, we had to row along the shore, getting a very pretty view of Zante as we left it behind. The opposite coast, now quite distinct, had the sun full upon it. A haze hung about the lower part, but the bare snow-peaks of Erymanthus glittered against the sky, looking almost too brilliant to be real.

This curious and beautiful effect we had also observed when looking from Corfu at the Albanian coast. It is due, I believe, to radiation, favoured by an extremely clear atmosphere. One can hardly imagine that these are real mountains at all. They look as if freshly painted on the sky for a canvas, or as if hung from above, veritable "castles in the air."

As we reached the S.E. point of Zante a fresh breeze sprang up, before which we ran merrily along, and made good way towards the opposite shore. Nothing could be more delightful than was this gliding over a summer sea: the brilliant sunshine tempered by the wind which at once fanned our faces, filled our sails, and called forth from the glassy surface of the water that *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα*—that countless laughter—of which Greek poets never tired of singing.

How vividly did the words of these same poets come home to us as we gazed at the mountains, and coasts, and islands which lay around our path! Hardly one but had its story to tell. Behind us we were leaving woody Zacynthus, Cephalonia, and beyond this again Ithaca, home and kingdom of Odysseus. Far inland we could see Parnassus, loved dwelling-place of the Muses, a snowy ridge faintly pencilled against the sky. South of this, again, rose hoar Kyllene. Just opposite to us on the left stood our old friend of the morning, Erymanthus; while away down to the south glittered a fourth snow-peak—Lycaon—sacred to Pan, and, as some say, the nursing-place of Zeus himself.

Perhaps nothing in the whole of our journey made one realise so clearly, as did this panorama, the smallness of Greece. Who, for instance, would have supposed that Parnassus was visible from Zacynthus and Ithaca, when the map shows us that it is separated from either place by a distance of at least 100 miles?*

About half-past five we rowed into Katakolo Bay, and at last set foot in real Hellas. It was a lovely evening: the air soft, pure, and mellow with the radiance of the sinking sun; the sea a pale blue, with a shore of golden sand; green hills in the foreground, and the snowy range behind looking no higher than Ben Lomond, though it is 7000 feet. The whole scene was very peaceful and homelike.

II. OLYMPIA.

Carriages had been sent to meet us from Pyrgos, about six miles inland, the first stage on our journey to Olympia.

* A similar surprise awaited us when we found that the Acrocorinthus could be seen from the Athenian Acropolis.

Our road lay at first through a marshy plain, covered with asphodel, bracken, and rough grass. Later on the ground became more cultivated, and we passed fields planted with the currant-vine and with fig-trees, gardens full of orange and lemon trees, and rows of dark cypresses. By the time we reached Pyrgos it was dark. The town, which is of modern growth, consists mainly of one long straggling street, along which we rattled to our inn through crowds of people in all possible costumes, making as much noise as they knew how—an aim in which they were assisted mightily by the dogs, which abound in all parts of Greece. There were a great many soldiers about. A bugle blown about nine o'clock dispersed these, when the town became comparatively quiet.

We had been promised entertainment in the shape of a performance of "Hamlet" in Greek, at the Theatre Royal of Pyrgos. But unfortunately, it being Passion week, old style, we found the theatre closed.

About eight o'clock next morning (April 5) we set off on horseback for Olympia. At first the road lay through a richly-cultivated plain; then ascending a little, we passed through a picturesque break in a low range of hills, into the valley of the Alpheus, and were soon in sight of the famous plain of Olympia. It is a rich alluvial plain, covered with luxuriant vegetation, and watered by the Alpheus, which comes down loaded with soil from the Arcadian mountains, and receives, just below the point where in former times the temples stood and the games were held, the waters of the Cladeus, rushing down from the hills of Elis. Green hills, covered with trees, stand around the plain, broken only by these two river valleys. One low knoll, rising imme-

diately to the northward of the Alpheus, is Mount Kronion. Greek legend tells us that here Kronos had his seat, and that in memory of his overthrow these Olympian games were instituted by Zeus, his son and vanquisher. At the foot of this hill was the Altis, the sacred grove, where stood statues and altars innumerable; while between this and the Alpheus stood the three great temples—of Olympian Zeus, of Hera his wife, and of the Mother of the Gods.

What a sight to see, when all this lovely plain was crowded with men in bright apparel, coming, some in chariots, some on foot, from the sea on the west, from the highlands of Elis on the north and of Arcadia in the east! How must the sun, which now sheds its radiance over the relics of departed glory, have then lighted up with triumphant gleam that wondrous mass of temples and altars and statues, glittering with red and blue and gold, in the days when the mighty temple of Olympian Zeus still stood in all its beauty, fit habitation for the masterpiece of Phidias!

"States fall, arts fade, but Nature doth not die."

No! We see the plain, no doubt, very much as Pericles, as Alexander, must have seen it. Still is the ground carpeted with gay flowers, with luxuriant shrubs and grasses. Man's work alone has wellnigh perished. Mere fragments of it are but now being unearthed and restored to the light of day. Should we seek the causes that have wrought this change, we should find that man and nature have been working together; that earthquake and river have carried on the work begun by the hand of the barbarian, till the German expedition, which entered upon the labours of excavation two years ago, found

nothing in this famous spot but an unbroken expanse of waving grass.

On reaching the scene of the diggings, we were shown first a curious Byzantine basilica, which had lately been dug out, and which is attributed to early Christian times. We then passed on to the temple of Zeus. This has now been fully excavated, so that the plan is quite clear. Nothing remains actually *in situ* save the basement, a few of the bottom drums of the columns, and a piece of the wall of the cella. But as the earthquake which destroyed it must have burst in the middle of the temple, so that the columns, in many cases complete, lie outwards on all the four sides, it is not difficult to reconstruct it in imagination. It must be confessed, however, that for one who saw here his first Greek temple, this temple at Olympia in its present state was profoundly disappointing. Not because there is nothing standing; I was prepared for that. But even Pausanias's careful statement, that the temple was built of "porous stone from the neighbourhood," had not prepared me for the extreme coarseness of the material. One somehow had a notion, cherished even in the face of obvious facts, that no Greek architect would look at anything less attractive than Parian marble; and yet here you see drums and capitals of the roughest possible composite. Three or four of these huge members were entirely made of shells! No doubt stucco and colour concealed these defects in the days of old, but now they are painfully obvious.

If the temple, however, as it now is, did not quite fulfil one's hopes and wishes, the disappointment was amply compensated for by the glorious fragments of the sculptures in Parian marble adorning its pediments, which have lately been discovered lying round about. Pau-

sanias, who visited Greece in the second century A.D., has left us a very complete, and, as far as one can see, faithful picture of Olympia at that time. He tells us that these sculptures were intrusted to two pupils of Phidias: those of the eastern pediment to Païônios, to whom also is attributed the very beautiful figure of Victory, found at this end of the temple in 1876; those of the western pediment, to Alkamenês. The figures of Païônios, a Thracian artist, are very noble in conception and vigorous in treatment; but the work of Alkamenês, which the labours of 1877 brought to light, has more finish and grace. One could hardly imagine anything more perfectly adapted to the height (about 60 feet) at which they were to be seen, than is the style in which these figures are executed. The moulding of the limbs is of first-rate workmanship, the general lines of the figures are exquisitely graceful—the whole effect is one of simple majesty, unimpaired by the necessity of considering minute detail. The subject of the western pediment is a very favourite one with Greek sculptors—the battle of the Centaurs and the Lapithæ at the marriage-feast of Peirithous. The most noticeable, because the most perfect figures that remain, are (1) a reclining figure of a woman, leaning on her left elbow, and gazing in that direction with an eagerness of attitude rather than of expression, for the face is quite calm. Not even in the Elgin marbles is there anything nobler than this. It must have occupied the northern extremity of the pediment, and is supposed to represent a nymph watching the struggle. Next to this is (2) a magnificent fragment—a woman in the grasp of a centaur. The head and half the body of the woman are perfect, and much resemble the nymph in treatment.

Both have their hair confined in a close-fitting cap. Of the centaur there only remains the right leg, which powerfully clutches the woman's waist. These, with the rest of the figures from the pediments, the Victory of *Paiônios*, and some beautiful fragments of metopes, representing the Labours of *Hercules*, were standing in a wooden shed, whence they will eventually be removed to the museum at Athens. In a smaller shed, among numerous fragments of mouldings, pottery, &c., we saw two grand heads, quite perfect—a female and a male. The latter is supposed to represent *Apollo*, and to have stood in the centre of the western pediment.

Of all these sculptures the Germans are taking casts and photographs. Those found in 1876 are already to be seen in the first part of the account of the Olympian discoveries, which is being issued at Berlin. The second part will, I believe, be published very shortly.* The importance of this find can hardly be exaggerated. *Paiônios* and *Alkamenês* were mere names to us. And yet of *Alkamenês*, *Pausanias* says that he was second only to his contemporary *Phidias*, in the making of statues.

When we had seen the sculptures, we mounted again and rode up to *Druva*, the little village above, where we were to lodge for the night. There, in the little house which did duty for an inn, a lamb, roasted whole, was set before us. We had here, also, our first experience of resined wine, a liquor which we could only liken to furniture-polish! It was a relief to get a drink of new milk, which was brought to us in a huge wooden bowl, after Homeric fashion.

In the afternoon we again made

our way down to the temple, and spent an hour or so wandering about amid its ruins. The day, which had hitherto been bright, had now clouded over, and the air was very oppressive. Somehow this gloomy atmosphere seemed more in keeping with the present desolation of the scene than the bright sunlight of the morning. There was something solemn in the stillness. In the morning workmen had been hurrying to and fro like ants, some with spades and pick-axes, others with wheelbarrows. Now these men, some 200 in number, had been paid off, and dismissed to keep the approaching feast of *Easter*. We were the only living beings in the place. Sitting there among the mighty fragments, one came to admire their rugged grandeur and to forget the hard thoughts which, at first sight, had come into one's mind, because they were not what they had never claimed to be. There is something sublime in the simplicity of the Doric architecture, whatever the material in which it works. Then, too, the historic associations of the place began to assert themselves. Here was a piece of mosaic pavement, made of black and white pebbles, on which one could still make out a beautiful design. By how many of the greatest men of old Greece might this not have been trod? There, in the centre of the temple, stands an oblong block of stone, conjectured to be part of the base of *Phidias's* statue of *Zeus* in gold and ivory, a statue which the ancients were unanimous in pronouncing to be the greatest that the world had seen. Had it only been made of *Parian* marble, who knows that the labours of the past two years might not have brought back to the sight of

* Since the above was written, the second part also of the "*Ausgrabungen zu Olympia*" has appeared, and contains all the figures of *Alkamenês*.

men this masterpiece ! But the material chosen for the work was too precious to last. The story goes that the statue was carried to Constantinople by one of the Greek emperors, and there destroyed in a conflagration.

The *stadium*, or race-course, seems to have been to the east of the temple of Zeus, running along at the foot of Mount Kronion. At present, however, this spot is covered with a tangled mass of luxuriant grass and shrubs, which puts accurate examination out of the question.

When we visited Olympia just a year ago, only the temple of Zeus had been dug out. Since that time the temple of Hera has been found, and in it a beautiful statue of Hermes, which is attributed, on the authority of Pausanias, to Praxiteles. If this be so, it is the only genuine

work of that master which has come down to us.

Between the temple of Zeus and Mount Kronion lay the *altis* or sacred grove, which, in old times, literally bristled with altars and statues. Pausanias's description of them—and he expressly tells us that he only notes the most conspicuous—occupies some hundred pages ; and at the end of it one feels quite bewildered at the thought of one small spot of earth containing so rich an art-treasure. Though such a collection must have suffered greatly at the hands of time, of nature, and of man, it can hardly be that excavations in this spot should turn out quite fruitless. While from the unlooked-for success of the work hitherto, one is tempted to form high hopes for the future.

III. BASSÆ.

The next point in our journey was to be the temple of Apollo Epikourios, at Bassæ, near Phigaleia, from whence Mr Cockerell brought the Phigaleian frieze, now in the British Museum. But Bassæ, perched high up in the mountains of southern Arcadia, was too far away to be reached in a single day. Andritzana was to be our first stage. Thither, accordingly, we set out at eight o'clock next morning, riding along the left bank of the Alpheus over ground very much broken and rich in vegetation of all kinds. Anemones, scarlet, purple, and white, shone about our path ; evergreen shrubs, bay-trees, mastic, and laurestinus abounded ; and every now and again we passed a pear-tree loaded with white blossom, or a judas-tree clad in gorgeous pink. The scenery reminded me of the Trossachs, though softer in character and on a smaller scale. Up

and down among hillocks picturesquely wooded with oak and fir and pine wound the path, now descending deep into some thick glade, fit ambush for the brigands one hears so much of, now climbing some height from which one got a grand view of the river winding through the valley below, and the green heights on the other side.

About eleven o'clock we came to a little village standing on a spur which ran out across our path, and round which the river takes a bend northward. As we went through the place, we passed a house from the balcony of which hung several gay-coloured rugs, shawls, and scarves. We learnt that this was a wedding *trousseau*. The bride herself, a pretty girl with black hair, rosy cheeks, and dark glancing eyes, shortly appeared, to whom we raised our hats and wished her,

through our mouthpiece Nicholas, every happiness.

The path now led downwards into a green marshy plain, where vines and corn were growing. Forging first the Ladôn, which here joins the Alpheus, and then the Alpheus itself—no easy matter, for the river was full and the stream strong—we pulled up on a very inviting bank of grass, sheltered by a group of plane-trees.

After a delightful plunge in Alpheus's sacred stream, a rough-and-ready lunch, and a short siesta, we began to climb out of the valley up a very steep rocky path consisting here and there of paving-stones, smoothly laid, and as slippery as ice. It was a wonder that the horses ever found footing upon it at all, especially as in some places it was almost perpendicular! This paved way was, we were told, an old Turkish road. Turks may have their own views as to road-making, but to the ordinary observer it would be difficult to imagine any kind of road more totally unfit for the passage of men, horses, or carriages, through a mountainous country. We were now passing from sacred Elis into Arcadia, "rugged nurse of heroes."

After riding about three hours through the wildest scenery, through thick brushwood, with masses of grey limestone rising here and there—now descending to the bed of a stream, now climbing again to some sweep of moorland, covered with white heather six or seven feet high, and carpeted still with anemones, orchids, and gladioli—we came at last upon a real Arcadian scene. The path suddenly led us right down into a green valley, where were sheep grazing, tended by shepherds in rough woollen cloaks with crooks in their hands. Through the midst ran a clear stream, spanned by a beauti-

ful old bridge, sloping up and down like the roof of a house, and paved with limestone blocks, varied here and there by a slab of marble. This bridge is supposed to be of classical antiquity and to have been originally built of marble alone. In the long grass by the stream grew a cluster of white narcissus. The whole scene was in smiling contrast to the stern outlines of the mountains around.

In these cold modern days the gods and goddesses of the good old times no longer wander even in the wilds of Arcadia. The nymphs and dryads are no more. The Greek women of to-day do not fulfil that ideal of beauty with which, perhaps too sweepingly, their ancestors have been credited. It would be worse than ingratitude, however, not to mention a fair damsel who passed us on our way down to this valley, bending beneath a load of fagots. Her face, crowned with masses of dark hair, would not have disgraced Aphrodite herself, so perfect was it in form and colour, so bewitching in expression.

Andritzena could now be seen some three or four miles in front, perched up among the mountains. A very stiff climb brought us to the top of the ridge which leads up to the village. Looking back from this height, we had a glorious view of the whole extent of country through which we had passed—mountain, valley, and river, stretching away to the sea, whose silver-grey level was broken in the far background by the faint outline of Zante. The northern horizon was bounded by Erymanthus and the snow-peaks of Achaia. The whole was bathed in the golden light of the setting sun.

Turning our backs at last upon this scene of beauty we rode rapidly into Andritzena, thoroughly tired after our long day's ride. The vil-

lage makes a striking picture. The houses, built mostly of grey limestone, with red-tiled roofs, are perched in picturesque disorder on a steep hillside. Beneath lies a deep valley, whose sides are clad with olives, and figs, and corn, and vines. Behind rise the mountain-masses which divide Arcadia from Messenia. The village itself stands 3000 feet above the sea: and the keen purity of the air at this height is most exhilarating. Fortunately so for us, for our quarters in Andritzena were not of the best. The little room in which the four of us were to be boarded and lodged contained nothing but one whole chair, one with a broken back, and a few three-legged stools. And this after ten hours in the saddle!

Perhaps it may not be out of place to insert here a warning to the traveller in the interior of Greece not to expect too much in the way of food and lodging, especially if he falls, as we did, upon a season of fasting. The more independent he can make himself, by carrying with him both provisions and bedding, the better it will be for his peace of mind and body. I would not recommend a too absolute reliance on the invigorating powers of Greek air; though I may myself gratefully admit that this divine ether stood to me in the stead of food and sleep to an extent in which nothing but personal experience could have made me believe.

Next morning (April 7) we started, in heavy rain, for Bassæ. Our way lay southwards, over the mountains behind Andritzena. The country was remarkable for its wild grandeur. The bare grey hillsides which surrounded us were streaked here and there with rich colour, either of newly-turned earth, or last year's bracken, or oak-trees with clumps of yellow-green mistletoe shining amid their dead leaves. The rain,

which fell in torrents, did not damp our spirits, but seemed rather to suit the character of the scenery, and to add a delicious freshness to the air. At last the path, which had been winding steadily up, became steeper and rougher as we climbed to the top of the ridge, our horses picking their way with difficulty among the loose boulders.

It had now begun to clear; and the sun shone brightly out as we came suddenly in sight of the temple of Apollo, standing on a rocky platform some fifty feet below.

No more striking site could be imagined. The ledge on which the temple stands runs out from a grand amphitheatre of rugged mountains, all of the cold grey tone peculiar to a limestone formation. The barrenness of the hillsides is relieved by little or no vegetation. Only here and there stands a single stunted oak, whose gnarled branches and trunk are covered with dark-green moss or golden lichen. The last survivors these may be of some mighty forest, which in the days of old surrounded the temple. Now they look forlorn enough, the only representatives of life in a scene of utter desolation.

The view from the temple, looking southwards, is very magnificent. Immediately below, a precipitous descent leads down into the valley of the Neda, flowing westward into the Ionian Sea. Beyond this depression rise, on the right, the mountains of Messenia,—the cone of Mount Ithome, last stronghold of Messenian liberty, conspicuous among them. To the left are seen the grander mountains of Laconia, the jagged snow-peak of Taygetus towering above them all—Taygetus, at whose foot stood Sparta. In the far background a faint glimmer marks the sea in both the Messenian and Laconian gulfs.

Let us now turn to the temple itself, — one of the most perfect specimens of Doric architecture now existing. It was built, as Pausanias tells us, in the year 438 B.C., by the inhabitants of Phigaleia, and dedicated to Apollo Epikourios — the Helper—who had, at their prayer, stayed the course of a plague which was wasting their city. The architect chosen for the work was none other than Iktinus, fresh from the execution of the greatest temple the world has seen—the Parthenon at Athens. Surely no architect ever had a more impressive site to work upon than this which I have attempted to describe. We might wonder how people should ever dream of putting a temple in such an inaccessible spot, were not history at our side to remind us that all early races—and the Greeks were no exception—delighted to worship their gods in “high places.” So, then, Iktinus set to work, using the material that was ready to his hand—the grey limestone from the hills around—and his work has lasted, in some sense, to this day; for only two columns are wanting out of the thirty-six which composed its outer circumference. The roof, which was made of marble tiles, is gone; and one only of the row of Ionic columns which stood around the inner shrine is still in its place. The frieze, which ran round the top of the cella, is in the British Museum. But even as it now stands, the temple possesses that beauty which is “the fitness of things.” The perfect harmony of its proportions—for which, and for the beauty of the stone, it was honoured, says Pausanias, above all Peloponnesian temples save that of Tegea—still fascinates the eye. The columns are scored in a remarkable way with horizontal wrinkles, which at once, by concealing the breaks between the

drums, make them appear monolithic, and also produce the effect of old age, as if, in the lapse of centuries, they had bent beneath the weight they have had to support. Another remarkable feature is the pink lichen, which grows so profusely over the building as here and there to give to it a distinct roseate tone. Lastly, the effect of the temple—being of the same grey hue as the hills around—is, that one almost loses the sense of its artificiality, and comes to regard it rather as a natural growth, a strange and beautiful product of some geological disturbance.

To archæologists this temple presents three points of special interest. Firstly, it is placed north and south, instead of east and west. Secondly, there are traces of a doorway into the pronaos on the eastern side; and that, too, not in the middle, but nearer the southern end. This most unusual opening would seem to be accounted for by the desire, which the Greeks shared with other nations, that the first rays of the morning sun should find their way into the temple, and, if possible, fall upon the statue of the god. The third thing to be noticed is, that when Mr Cockerell visited this temple sixty years ago, he found a Corinthian capital lying among the *débris* inside. If this really formed a part of the original building, it is probably the earliest extant specimen of this style of architecture, which did not come into common use till late in the fourth century B.C.

Returning to Andritzana about four o'clock in the afternoon, we found it was too late to get on to Megalopolis, the next point in our journey; so we were forced to pass another night in our old quarters.

We amused ourselves till dusk by wandering through the village.

There was only one street worthy of the name, and this was narrow, steep, and winding. Over the shops were wooden penthouses, protruding so far on each side as almost to cover the whole breadth of the street. The shops in question were merely a succession of general "stores," each containing the same endless variety of wares, from tallow candles to silk handkerchiefs—from knives and olives to cigarettes and clothing of all kinds. The man of fewest trades was the barber, who employed the moments he could spare from his trade and gossip in making boots.

We noticed that the people were all buying yellow tapers, and on inquiry, learnt that these were for the early Easter service next day (Easter Sunday, old style). To

this we went out soon after two o'clock in the morning, picking our way along the rough streets by the feeble light of a lantern to the little church whose monotonous bell was summoning worshippers from all the houses round. I am afraid I cannot venture to describe the service. I remember only that the glare of tapers as we came in from the darkness almost blinded me for a time; and that before long, the combined smell of these tapers and of incense, together with the monotonous drone of the priests, was too much for us, and we had to come away. We had here our first and only sight of the women of Andritzena, some of whom were congregated in a closed cage, something like the ladies' gallery in our House of Commons.

IV. MEGALOPOLIS, TRIPOLITZA, AND TEGEA.

About eight o'clock we started for Megalopolis. The morning was lovely, and the mountains around looked very grand, half veiled in masses of white cloud. After riding for some miles along a steep ridge, we descended through a wood gay with anemones and cyclamen, and came at mid-day to a stream at the mouth of a deeply-wooded glen. Here, under some mighty plane-trees, we bathed and lunched, and then climbed the heights once more. We soon came in sight, on the left hand, of Karytena, remarkable for its position on a lofty crag which, standing out from the opposite hills, commands the great plain of Megalopolis. The highest peak is crowned by the ruins of a Turkish fortress, with a picturesque square tower. Though I believe no mention is made of this spot by classical writers, it is hardly possible that so important a position was not at some time forti-

fied by the old Greeks, who knew so well how to make the most of such natural advantages. Epaminondas, when, after the battle of Leuctra in B.C. 371, he built Megalopolis at the lower end of the plain to act as a barrier against Sparta, can hardly have failed at the same time to see and occupy this obvious bulwark against inroad from the west.

Leaving Karytena behind us, we now descended into the plain, which extends for some thirty miles towards the S.E., and is covered with luxuriant vegetation. Great fields of vines and corn lay about our path, and here and there were clumps of olives, or figs, or mulberries. Where the ground was not cultivated grew long grasses and glorious wild flowers. We did not see many people working in the fields, doubtless because they were keeping the Easter festival in the villages round about. Of these we counted some seven or

eight scattered over the plain, and on the lower slopes of the hills. Very picturesque they looked with their red roofs and white walls, and gardens of silver-grey olives. This rich plain is watered by the Helisôn, which, like the more famous Mæander in Asia Minor, owes its name to the extreme sinuosity of its course.

The peculiar temperament of Greek horse-drivers may be illustrated by an incident of our ride across this plain. The owner of our horses, who accompanied us on foot, objected, like the rest of his kind, to any pace more violent than the walk which is in many places rendered necessary by the nature of the ground, but which becomes absurd when the path is level. This objection he based not on his own inability to keep up with us, but on the theory that rapid travelling was bad for his horses, whose natural pace was a walk! We, however, weary of this slow progress, persisted in urging our steeds to a trot or gallop when occasion offered. We had many disputes on the subject in the course of the day; but at last, when we were fairly on level ground, we would stand his tyranny no longer, but pushed on our horses to a gallop. The man, who was hot-tempered and obstinate, losing all control over himself, rushed after us, seized the bridle of one of the foremost horses, and drew his knife upon the rider. Luckily he had selected the only one of us who carried a revolver. The arrested rider, with great presence of mind, drew this weapon from his pocket, and pointed it at his assailant's breast. So for a few seconds they stood at a dead lock. Then the Greek, with a sulky air, jerked the knife back into his girdle, and bared his breast in the most magnificently tragic way, courting destruction. To his disappointment,

however, the revolver was quietly put back, and we all galloped past our tormentor, whom we saw no more till we were safe in Megalopolis.

Megalopolis—the great city—has now little claim to its high-sounding title. It is a mere village, hardly larger than its neighbours. The streets are very wide, the houses picturesque, the whole effect of the place one of trimness. In the centre is a large square, like an English village-green, at one corner of which rises a tall cypress, soaring heavenwards like some dark campanile.

We were armed with a letter from a friendly doctor at Andritzena, to the *demarchus* or mayor of the village. For this dignitary we at once made inquiry of the crowd, who quickly surrounded us when we rode on to the "green" at about six o'clock. After some consultation, a fine young fellow, magnificently clad in native costume, strode up to us with a kingly air, beckoned us to follow him, and led the way to his father's house, where, in the absence of the *demarchus*, we were to be lodged. We were shown into a large reception-room, richly furnished, with fine rugs thrown about upon couches and on the floor. This room was placed at our disposal; and, after our late quarters at Andritzena, it seemed a very palace. Leaving here our baggage, we went out with our young host and various dignitaries to see all that was to be seen. A dance, which they asserted to be Pyrrhic, first attracted us to a corner of the green, where two concentric circles, women inside and men outside, were going round hand-in-hand, with a kind of swinging step, to the sound of two melancholy pipes and a drum. The women were not very striking in personal appearance, and their costume was decidedly uncouth. They wore ill-fitting silk

dresses, of the shapeless cut which was fashionable among ourselves some twenty years back, and of gaudy colours. On their heads was still the red fez with long black or gold tassel, which, picturesque in itself, was utterly incongruous with the rest of the dress. It seems a great pity that a really picturesque dress should thus be driven out by the desire of imitating Western fashions. But civilisation has a natural tendency to destroy national distinctions; and in this case the people themselves do not understand our feeling. A Greek lady, whom we met afterwards in Ægina, heard with scorn our complaint that the national costume was dying out. Perhaps this too is natural, though none the less a matter of regret.

The men at Megalopolis showed far better than the women both in looks and dress, the greater part wearing the *fustanella*, or kilt of white linen, gay leggings, handsome braided jackets, and on their heads a red fez. Here, as elsewhere in Greece, we were struck with the fine bearing of the men, which is partly to be explained by the use of stays and the natural restraint of the *fustanella* fastened tightly round the waist.

Soon growing tired of the monotony of the dance, we went out to see the remains of the old town, which was built on the banks of the river, whereas the present village is a mile or so from it. The most conspicuous object is the theatre, which Pausanias describes as one of the largest in Greece. It was cut out of the side of an earthen mound, the seats and extremities being of stone. The seats are gone now; but the shell of the building, overgrown as it is with vegetation, is still clearly visible, and the stone facings remain. Between the theatre and the river the site of the various public buildings is marked

only by a piece of masonry cropping up here and there through the young corn. In one place we made out the plan of a temple from fragments of the wall of the cella and a few broken columns lying about. The ground was profusely strewn with old pottery. It is quite possible that excavation might lead to some result here, for the soft alluvial soil may well have accumulated so as to leave the old level of the city far below the surface. A green mound on the other side of the river was pointed out to us as the tomb of Philopœmen, the greatest man that Megalopolis ever produced. That he was buried in great triumph in his native city, we know from Plutarch, who adds: "One of the Romans, to praise him, calls him the last of the Greeks; as if after him Greece had produced no great man, nor who deserved the name of Greek."

Megalopolis, which was founded as the capital of an Arcadian league, designed to counteract the influence of Sparta in the Peloponnese, never attained the importance anticipated for it by Epaminondas. The scale on which it was built was so much too large for its population, that a comic poet said of it, "the great city is a great desert." It probably never had such influence as during Philopœmen's long generalship of the Achæan League, when it was more powerful than even Sparta.

We returned to the modern village amid the glow of a glorious sunset, which tinged plain and mountain and sky with every gradation of colour, from rosy pink to deepest purple.

At supper we were waited on by our host—a fine old man—and his two handsome sons, all dressed in the national costume. We had some talk with the father about the condition and prospects of Greece,

of which he spoke very hopefully. He was the son of Kolokotrones, one of the heroes of the war of independence.

Next day (April 9) we started for Tripolitza (or Tripoli). The road, after winding up out of the plain in a north-easterly direction, led for some distance through a dull and barren table-land, gradually relieved, however, by patches of green corn, and then lighted up in a wonderful way by the sun, from whose beams the bare limestone hills caught a rosy glow. Looking back we could see the snowy peaks of Taygetus peeping out from behind the intervening ranges. The air was marvellously clear, and every outline of the landscape, even to the farthest horizon, sharp as if fresh from the chisel.

We were now, for the first time since Olympia, on a really good road, and our pace was proportionately increased. After a short halt at about three o'clock, we crossed a very rocky ridge, and then came down into the plain, at the further end of which stands Tripoli, and where of old stood Mantinea and Tegea.

The sun was sinking as we drew near to the town; and we pulled up at the foot of a low ridge, which as yet hid it from view, to wait for one of our party who, with the baggage-horses and Nicholas, had attempted a short cut into the plain, with the not uncommon result of being left far behind by those who had kept to the road. After waiting for some time in vain, and failing, in the absence of an interpreter, to learn the cause of the delay from the drivers who had overtaken us, we determined to push on to Tripoli, and get a search-party sent out. For something, we thought, must have gone wrong. Either a band of brigands had been lurking in the crags, or

our friend had perhaps met with a fall, and was so lying helpless. Five minutes' gallop brought us into the main street of the town, quite full of men walking about in handsome dresses, and little boys shouting. Fair faces smiled upon us from windows and balconies as we passed. A sunset glow touched the red roofs of the houses, set in a background of purple mountains. But our minds were far too uneasy to appreciate the picturesque. As we rode slowly along, little boys came round us, eager to point out τὸ Ξενοδοχεῖον—the hotel. Gradually men joined the throng; and at last we stopped in the midst of a large crowd, upon whom we gazed, hardly able to repress a smile at the absurd helplessness of our position. After many vain inquiries, we found a man who spoke some little French. To him we told our tale, and through him we learnt from the drivers that the missing party was close behind us. Going back to test the truth of this statement, we met the cavalcade in question just entering the town. What was our surprise to find that the delay which we, in our anxiety, had attributed to an onslaught of brigands or a broken limb, was due to nothing more serious than the loss of a greatcoat and rug! These had fallen from one of the horses as they clambered down the crags; and it was believed they had been picked up by a party of peasants who had been passing at the time. At any rate, an hour's search had failed to recover them. The incident gave us some insight into the ways of Greek provincial justice. Having given information to the police, we were waited upon in our inn by an official who demanded our full names, addresses, and occupations in life, and an accurate description of the missing articles and the circumstances of their loss. One of the drivers

further deposed to the names and dwelling-places of the suspected peasants. So much for the method of justice, which seemed intelligent enough. The more the pity that it should have failed in its end. But neither greatcoat nor rug was heard of more.

We had brought an introduction to the doctor of the town, who came to see us. By his advice we put ourselves, during our short stay, into the hands of the *astynómos* or head policeman, by whom, or by one of his subordinates, we were attended in all our walks about Tripoli. This was to guard us—and, as we found, not without reason—against the natural desire of the natives to make the most of the few strangers that fall into their hands.

Early next morning we rode out to see Tegea, which lies about eight miles S.W. of Tripoli. The visible remains of this ancient and at one time powerful city are very scanty. In front of the little church of the modern village lie a few broken columns, conjectured to belong to the temple of Athene^a Alea, which was built by Scopas about B.C. 390, and is described by Pausanias as the largest and most magnificent temple in the Peloponnese. We were shown, also, a few fragments of inscriptions and bas-reliefs built into the walls of the houses; and in a small room, which did duty for a museum, were collected some more precious relics. Among these were two bas-reliefs of really fine work, though much mutilated. One represented a banqueting scene, in which men and women were arranged in alternate pairs, the men reclining, while the women sat upright. We had some difficulty in seeing these properly, and still more in deciphering a long inscription setting forth the terms of a treaty with some neighbouring State, be-

cause the Tegeans of to-day would persist in blocking up the doorway behind us; while faces of every age and description peered in at the one little window which gave light to the room. One of these faces, however, was worth looking at,—a beautifully clear-cut profile, the nose slightly aquiline, full dark eyes, an olive complexion, overshadowed by a rich waving mass of dark-brown hair. No cameo was ever finer than this face of flesh and blood. Thinking that here at last was the fair Greek maiden we had pictured in our dreams, we looked eagerly round, as we came out of the cottage, to find the owner of the face among the crowd. Greatly to our surprise we traced it to an awkward half-grown lad, of some fourteen or fifteen years, who slunk about among his companions as if half ashamed of his beauty. It was a disappointment; for the character of the face was undoubtedly feminine—and one felt that in a boy its perfect beauty was marred by the lack of strength and firmness. Nevertheless it was a face not easily to be forgotten.

The history of Tegea was long and eventful, reaching from heroic times to the days of Alaric, by whom, towards the end of the fourth century A.D., it was utterly destroyed. Its people were brave and warlike. It was long before they yielded to the supremacy of Sparta; and the support they accorded to that State during the Peloponnesian war was rather that of an ally than a subject. In the Persian wars, Tegea, almost alone of the Peloponnesian States, bore a noble part in the struggle for the liberty of Greece, sending 500 men to Thermopylæ and 3000 to Plataæ.

Here again, as at Megalopolis and at Olympia, there has been an accumulation of alluvial soil, be-

neath which, very probably, lie buried many remains of the city, which Pausanias visited and described in the second century of our era.

We got back to Tripoli by nine o'clock, and as we could not get a carriage to take us on to Argos till three, we employed our time in inspecting the town. Though the shops were shut for Easter, the people were glad enough to open some of them for our benefit; and we went into a silk manufactory, where we saw some beautiful work. The whole place has a thriving air. The people look comfortable and happy. New houses are springing up in the outskirts of the town; and in the fine square in the centre, a cathedral of some pretensions is being built.

The services of our guardian were really needed when the time came to settle with our host. The bill was so enormous—120 francs for one night's lodging—two small rooms for the four of us, and just three meals—that we could not pay it without appeal. We handed it, therefore, to the *astynómos*, who sat down, pen in hand, and proceeded to go through the items one by one, reducing each by about one-third, till the whole stood at the rather more reasonable figure of 80 francs. Our host, meanwhile (for whose splendid dress of red and gold we could not help thinking that an extra charge must have been made), looked on with folded arms, and a most contemptuous expression on his face. Poor innocent Nicholas, who had seen very little of life outside his native and well-beloved Zante, was quite astounded at the impudence of his fellow-countryman. One item of this bill

he never quite got over—25 francs for four oranges and some salad! He was always vowing he would write on the subject to the Greek papers—as we, too, were quite resolved, for the benefit of future travellers, to write to the 'Times.' I know not whether he kept his word. Our wrath subsided without ever seeking utterance in the columns of the great redresser of grievances.

As we got at last into our carriage we were surrounded by a busy murmuring crowd, whose sympathies, so far as they had any, went rather with their townsman than with the strangers; and as we drove away, ourselves somewhat ruffled in temper, we left, I fear, no friend behind us in Tripoli but the faithful *astynómos*, who had stuck to us in our difficulties with a firmness and good temper worthy of all praise. I only hope that he was not torn in pieces afterwards by the disappointed innkeeper. This is not likely, however. The Greeks seem to take things very much as they come. If they can get round a stranger, they think it no great harm to trade on their superior sharpness. If they are outwitted or thwarted in any way, they bear the disappointment with an easy half-amused indifference. This same easiness of temper is the cause of another characteristic which the inland Greeks at least share with most oriental nations. They have no idea of the value of time. You order your horses at six in the morning, and the drivers turn up at seven or half-past, and are quite offended if you venture to suggest that they are behind time; their theory being, apparently, that nothing is of very much consequence, and therefore that "any time will do" for most things.

V. ARGOS AND MYCENÆ.

A long down-hill drive, along a good road, through wild barren country, with rugged mountains frowning upon us till it was too dark to see them, brought us to Argos, at about half-past twelve.

Our host, the doctor and ex-mayor of the town, took us in the morning to see all the sights of the place. Modern Argos is a very picturesque little town, built mostly round a large square, which boasts a cathedral and public offices of some pretensions, not to mention a carriage-stand. The shops are sheltered as in Andritzena, with wooden penthouses. In the town itself, and in the suburbs, are a good many gay villas, set in gardens full of oranges and lemons and mulberries, from which delicious whiffs of fragrance greet the passer-by. Hanging above the town, at the height of some 500 feet, rises the rock of the citadel—the old Larissa—crowned now with the ruins of a Turkish fortress. Fragments of the old Greek walls are said to be visible about the foundation of the building. Other ruins, including a very fine piece of polygonal masonry, which probably formed part of the wall of the lower city, are to be seen at the foot of the ridge. Near this spot, and cut out of the living rock, is the theatre, one of the finest in all Greece. Though much overgrown with grass and flowers, the rows of seats are still quite distinct. From the top one gets a glorious view of the rich Argolic plain, bounded on the east by the blue waters of the Gulf, at whose head stands Nauplia, its grand rocky citadel looking down with paternal dignity upon the busy port beneath. Inland, on every side, the plain is set about with mountains. On the west, the ridge

of Parthenium, between which and Artemisium our road had lain on the previous night; to the south, the ridge on which we were standing, sweeping away to our right to join the mountain-masses of Laconia; on the north, range rose above range, till the farthest was hid in the clouds. At the foot of the foremost range of northern mountains a low height was pointed out to us as Mycenæ, and a small knoll nearer to the sea as Tiryns.

Considering the very prominent part played by Argos in Greek history, from the days when King Diomedes joined his neighbour Agamemnon in his expedition against Troy, up to the latest period of Greek freedom, it is disappointing to find so few remains of pristine greatness. Save the theatre, which stands proof against the ravages of time, and the scanty ruins of the walls to which we have referred, nothing remains to tell that Argos was once a great city. Time seems, in some sort, to have punished Argos for her cruel treatment of her rival Mycenæ. Mycenæ was destroyed in 468 B.C., and, so far as we know, has never been inhabited since. Argos, on the other hand, has lasted till this day, but it has outlived its greatness. The town is so modern, so busy and full of life, that even what few relics of the past remain are almost forgotten in the stir of the present. At Mycenæ no disturbing element comes in to break the contemplation of its mighty past. The massive walls, the curiously-wrought vaults, the newly-found treasure, are silent witnesses to days of power, of skill, and of wealth which must have been, to whatever period we may

assign them. Of the after-time nothing reminds us. The desolation of centuries has preserved to us dim but unbroken the image of Mycenæ as it was two thousand years ago.

Before starting for Mycenæ, we had a most interesting and amusing interview with the uncle and mother of our host, the former of whom had fought in the war of independence. He was a fine grizzled old man, clad in Greek dress, and somewhat bowed with age. He was quite delighted to be reminded of the good old times, and at once began to "fight his battles o'er again" for our benefit, illustrating his narrative most graphically with the stick which supported his tottering footsteps. The torrent of eloquence and invective which poured forth as he hobbled up and down the room in his excitement, nearly convulsed us with laughter. Though we could not understand him thoroughly, we managed to catch a word here and there, and Nicholas imparted to us the gist of his meaning. The chief exploit he had taken part in was an attack on some Turkish gunboats at Nauplia, which had been attended with complete success. Turning to present politics, we asked him if he would be willing to fight again should occasion require it. I need hardly say that he expressed perfect readiness, and did not seem to mind whether it were against Turks or Russians. His sister, one of the most wonderful and energetic old women I ever saw, seemed equally desirous to join in the struggle, and to bury her nails in the face of any foe that might come!

Bidding farewell at last to this heroic couple, we set off to Mycenæ. A drive of about an hour, through fields of waving corn alternated with great stretches of newly-ploughed land, brought us to the foot of the

ridge on which the city of Agamemnon was built.

Leaving the carriage in the village below, we took the path upward. Having gained the first height, we came at once, on the left, upon the famous Treasury or Tomb of Atreus. Its wonderful hive-like structure is too well known to need more than a passing mention here. The immense size of the stones with which it is cased inside, and the extreme nicety of their cutting and fitting, testify to an age whose mechanical appliances must have been of great efficiency. The rude ornamentation over the doorway shows, however, that art was in its infancy when the mason's craft had reached a high point of excellence.

Climbing a little higher we came upon a second tomb of similar though less perfect structure. It has fallen in from about half-way up, and the interior is blocked with a great pile of masonry, which was cleared aside to some extent by Dr Schliemann. Nothing of any importance, however, was found here.

A steep footpath led us up from this point to the famous Gateway of the Lions. The wall on the left-hand side of the gateway, both inside and outside, is of very fine rectangular masonry. The gateway itself is on a larger scale than I had anticipated. The entrance must be some twelve feet high, and the lions carved on the huge stone which forms the lintel are about five feet in height.

Passing through the gateway, we came, on the right hand, upon the scene of Dr Schliemann's labours. The plot of ground excavated is about forty yards long by twenty wide, surrounded on the three sides which overlook the plain by the outer wall of the citadel, while the fourth is bounded by the road, beyond which rises the huge

inner wall. The space in which the principal tombs were found is shut in by a double circle of upright slabs of stone. Their contents, into the discussion of which I do not propose to enter here, have long ago been transferred to Athens, so we saw nothing but the fragments of pottery with which the ground was thickly strewn.

A climb of about 150 feet brought us from this point to the top of the hill on which Mycenæ was built. Its position is striking, whether from a military or picturesque point of view. It is on a spur running out from a steep range of barren hills lying about N.W. and S.E. There is a break in the range just behind the city, and it is to the northernmost of the two ridges thus formed that the Mycenaean spur belongs. Looking S.W. from the citadel the whole plain of Argos lies spread before you. Indeed the view from this point was even finer than that which we had enjoyed in the morning from the theatre of Argos. The sun, trying hard to force its way through the heavy masses of cloud which hung above the opposite range of Parthenium, shot gleams, alternated with belts of dark shadow, across the

plain at our feet. On our right, a green slope led away to the pass through which lies the road to Nemea and Corinth. Beyond this in the far background Kyllene lifted its snow-crowned head. On our left a bare limestone ridge, glittering in the radiant air, led the eye to where the sea sparkled, a pale blue overhung with a soft haze. Beyond this again the mountain-masses which divide Argolis from Laconia swept round till they joined Parthenium, in unbroken line save where the citadel of Argos stood boldly out into the plain.

On the hill of Mycenæ can still be traced three lines of wall. In the lower one, on the north side, is a remarkable postern-gate, made of three huge blocks of stone—two serving for posts, while the third lies across them. The masonry is all on a large scale, partly polygonal, and partly of square-cut blocks.

As we drove back across the plain to Argos a rich evening glow came over the whole scene, gradually fading into dusk as we re-entered the town. We did not stay longer than to pick up our baggage and say farewell to our kind host, for Nauplia was to be our resting-place that night.

VI. TIRYNS AND NAUPLIA.

We left Argos at half-past six, and about seven we passed Tiryns, which lies only fifty yards from the road. Dark though it was, we could not miss seeing this famous fortress, which dates from the very earliest days of Greece. "Wally Tiryns," Homer calls it; and "wally" indeed it is. It is a low mound, some 250 yards long by 50 broad, and not 100 feet in height, surrounded by walls, whose makers might well have passed for more than mortal among the men

of old. Huge uncut blocks, such as only a waggon with a strong yoke of oxen could lift, are piled one upon the other in a sort of rude order. Though no tool has been used, and no mortar binds the blocks together, the surface presented to outside view is yet wonderfully regular and unbroken. This wall, which is from 12 to 15 feet in height, and 25 feet thick, runs right round the mound with hardly a break. Clambering up in one place where several blocks had fallen, we gained

the interior of the fortress, which is mostly overgrown with nettles and other rough herbage. On the north side access to the centre is given by a curious subterraneous passage, its roof arched with slabs leaning over against each other, and pierced here and there with loop-holes. There are other galleries of a like nature, though we saw only this one. The weird grandeur of this giant's fortress, whose characteristic features lost nothing by the dim light in which we saw them, filled one with irrepressible awe. We puny mortals of to-day could but vaguely wonder how, at a time when, as far as we know, the crane and the pulley were unheard of, these great blocks had been brought hither, and poised one upon the other with such perfect nicety that the wall which they compose has lasted now probably for nearly three thousand years, and seems likely to last as long as the world itself.

The name of Tiryns is linked with that of Perseus, and of Hercules, who is often called the "hero of Tiryns," and who slew the Hydra in the Lernean marshes hard by. Men of Tiryns took part long afterwards in the battle of Plataea; and it was then destroyed, like its neighbour Mycenæ, and probably about the same time, by jealous Argos.

Returning to the carriage, we drove rapidly on to Nauplia, passing, as we neared the town, through a grand avenue of white poplars, the tree sacred to Hercules, and by gardens sweet with the perfume of orange-blossom. It was about eight o'clock when we entered the big gate of the town, and rattled along under the shadow of the citadel rock into the square around which the hotels are built.

Nauplia was, with the single exception of Athens, the most modern-looking town we saw in Greece.

The streets are wide, the houses high and roomy, and the whole place gives one the idea of a town which has seen better days. This indeed is the case. It has, from its position, always been a flourishing seaport, and after the Greeks had won their independence from Turkish rule, it was, under its then name of Napoli di Roumania (relic of Venetian occupation), made the capital of the new kingdom, and had a population of some 12,000. But since the removal of the Government to Athens, it has sunk in importance, though still one of the most active ports on the east coast of the Peloponnese.

Pausanias tells us that Nauplia was first inhabited by a colony of Egyptians brought by Danaus to Argos; and from its position it seems likely that this would be one of the first spots to attract immigrants from the east. In Greek history, it appears chiefly as the seaport of Argos. In the middle ages it was held and fought for in succession by Franks, Venetians, and Turks. The ancient tradition which attributed its name to Nauplius, son of Poseidon, and father of Palamedes, has left its trace in the name Mount Palamidhi, still borne by the grand rock of the citadel.

The next day (April 12) being the anniversary of the Epanastasis, or national "uprising" against Turkish tyranny, we were aroused as early as five o'clock by the sound of bugles, summoning the soldiers, and, I suppose, the people generally, to take part in a triumphal march round the town. The musical accompaniment to this demonstration broke in upon our dreams, and lasted so long that further sleep was out of the question. The blare of trumpets was followed by cries of γάλα, γάλα ("milk," "milk"): when we got out into the square

below we found that these proceeded from various boys and girls who walked up and down with leathern bags of milk under their left arm. At a signal, one of these, a rosy-cheeked maiden—who alone, we noticed, was correct enough to use the definite article in her cry (τὸ γάλα)—came running up to us, and tilting up her bag poured out a glass of delicious fresh milk, holding herself overpaid with a couple of *lepta* (= 1d.)

We had intended to start for Epidaurus at six o'clock, but our horses did not appear till after seven, and it was not till half-past that we at last rode out of Nauplia.

Passing again through the Venetian gateway, by which we had come in the night before, we turned sharp to the right and began to ascend the mountain pass behind the town. The road was very stony, and the country, when once we had got out of the plain, exceedingly wild and barren. The dry chalky soil seemed to produce nothing but rough grass and a few stunted shrubs. When, however, we had reached the summit of the pass and began to descend on the other side, we seemed to have come into a totally different zone of vegetation. The rich brown earth produced in luxuriant abundance laurestinus, oleanders, figs, vines, and olives. Here and there stretched fields of waving barley, while about our feet the ground was gay with flowers. The most conspicuous was a splendid red poppy with a black cross in the centre, which seems

on the east side of Greece to take the place of the scarlet anemone which abounds on the west coast. The cistus, a low shrub with a white flower rather like a dog-rose, was also very plentiful, and a small kind of holly with coloured leaves.

About two o'clock we came suddenly in sight of the sea, with Ægina in the distance, and the low hills of Attica beyond. The scene was lovely beyond description. We were riding through a thick olive-wood, whose silver-grey foliage made a fine contrast with the bright blue of sea and sky. The sun shone brilliantly, and masses of white cloud cast their shadows down the steep hillsides. The air was full of the breath of spring, and of the joyous song of birds. An hour's ride through this very paradise brought us down to the little harbour of Epidaurus, where we soon found a sailing-boat to carry us across to the Piræus.

And so our ride across the Peloponnese was over. A week, not free from discomfort—a traveller must make up his mind to that—but also full of intense delight, had shown us some of the beauties of Greek landscape, had revealed to us some of the glories of Greek art, had brought us face to face with places long familiar to our minds in Greek legend and history. The greatest was yet to come. Not many miles across the blue waters at our feet we can see the hills of Attica, locked in whose embrace lies Athens.

MINE IS THINE.

PART XI.—CHAPTER LI.

ONE afternoon, towards the close of the session, Cosmo was just leaving his rooms to go down to the House, when he encountered Phil Denwick at the door.

"Ah, Phil!" he cried, "well met. You'll walk with me, won't you?" then added, with a start, as he looked into his friend's face, which was strangely pale and disturbed, "Good heavens! what's the matter?"

"Come back—come into your rooms, Cosmo, and I'll tell you." So they went back.

"Now Phil," cried Cosmo, "out with it!"

"Poor Cosmo! poor Cosmo!" groaned Phil.

"Something has happened to me, then?"

"My best friend! my kindest friend! Poor Cosmo!"

"Hang it, Phil! give me the facts first, and the sentiments afterwards."

"Ruined! smashed! swindled!"

"Who is? I?"

"Everybody."

"That's pretty comprehensive; but please explain."

"Hopper has absconded."

"Absconded? Hopper? Impossible!"

"Yes; ruined the Company first, and then bolted: left nothing behind him but mountains of iron."

"I'm glad to hear he has left behind anything so substantial; but has he taken much money?"

"Not a farthing."

"Why on earth has he absconded, then?"

"There was no money to take."

"That sounds a strange reason."

"Not at all; there are liabilities

to meet which amount to more than three-quarters of a million, and there's little or nothing to meet them with. That's why he bolted."

"But where *is* the money?"

"All buried in this iron."

"Well, but if the iron is there, why he should have absconded is still a mystery."

"Not at all; iron isn't money, and now it isn't even money's worth. It's a drug in the market—unsaleable. We're all ruined and done for. Hopper has been a maniac. He has bought up iron enough to build a metropolis with. To do this he has used all our money and borrowed enormously; and now we have to repay his borrowings—that is to say, to pay for the iron at a price which is thirty, forty, or fifty per cent above its present value—and only its nominal value, for there is no market for it and practically no price. Do you understand now?"

"To a certain extent. What object could he have if it was not plunder?"

"Oh, to make a grand *coup* for the Company. He is ambitious and speculative, and thought he saw his way. I'll show you what he says, in a moment. We had the quarterly meeting to-day. We met, thinking no evil. Hopper hadn't put in an appearance at the office in the forenoon; but a letter addressed in his writing had come for the chairman, and we supposed it would explain his absence. It did explain it, very completely. I took a copy of the letter, and here it is. Read it."

Cosmo took it and read as follows:—

"LONDON, July 18—.

"SIR,—With a hand which trembles so that I can hardly guide the pen, I write this—a confession not of guilt, but of misfortune. Operations of mine, dictated by the purest zeal, but thwarted by circumstances beyond my control, have, I fear, fatally compromised the interests of the Company; and my feelings will not permit me, at present, to face its representatives. I am retiring, therefore, into a, so to speak, temporary seclusion; but a full explanation of the Company's unfortunate position and the causes which have produced it, will be found in my desk (key enclosed).

"From it you will perceive that the Company will have, within a few days, to face a demand for over £700,000. All the debentures issued by the Company are under notice, and fall due immediately, and many acceptances, which cannot be renewed, will come to maturity at the same time; there being, to my regret, no appreciable provision to meet them.

"The honesty of my intentions will, however, be obvious to the Company, when they find that the moneys covered by the debentures and bills are fully represented by iron in their possession; and, even in the moment of their affliction, they will probably find a gloomy satisfaction in the feeling that they are the largest holders of this metal in the world!

"In securing this splendid holding, I believed that I was making the fortune of the Company. I confess that I made the operations on my own responsibility; but, if I blinded the Board, and, so to speak, managed individual directors, I justified this by the consideration that, from lack of courage, they might lose a golden opportunity. All mortals are liable to error, and error induced by noble motives is worthy

of generous sympathy rather than of austere blame. It is from this point of view that the Company will, I feel confident, regard my proceedings.

"As to the measures which ought to be adopted in view of the impending demands, the Board will excuse me from offering any suggestion. On this point I have already racked my brain to no purpose; and I now prefer to pass the painful subject by in a respectful silence. I would venture to make one appeal on behalf of my honoured friend the guarantor. I trust that that blameless gentleman may not be compelled to bear the loss too exclusively. I would say to the Company, 'Remember, gentlemen, that you are Christians, and, being strong, be merciful.'—Your afflicted, humble servant,

PETER HOPPER.

"The Chairman,
A. Glencairn & Co., Ltd."

"I scarcely know," said Cosmo, whose face was now sufficiently grave, "what the full bearing of this is."

"We very soon discovered *that*," said Phil, who then gave him a rapid *résumé* of Hopper's statement, which, with a few necessary explanations, we will, as briefly as possible retail.

For a considerable time prior to these events, the commercial atmosphere had been darkening everywhere. Wars, and warlike rumours, national repudiations and insolvencies—these, with many other influences, had taken all vitality from the trade of the world. Great Britain had suffered above other countries, and in no department was the depression so severe as in her iron trade. The Glencairn Company had commenced its career when the antecedent wave of prosperity was at its height; but the wave turned over shortly after its inauguration; the Company's profits had continu-

ously diminished; and Mr Glencairn, its guarantor, had been obliged largely to supplement the last dividend, so as to bring it up to the minimum which he had guaranteed. Mr Hopper—the managing director—had great ascendancy over the ordinary directors, most of whom, including the chairman, were simply country gentlemen, and none of whom were, in any true sense, men of business. Mr Glencairn's confidence in the manager contributed to the ascendancy of the latter, and relieved him of the interference of Mr Glencairn himself, who was, in little more than name, a member of the Board. Mr Hopper, who was thus in a position of power, was, unfortunately, speculative, sanguine, and adroit. The decline in trade he regarded as a temporary check, which suggested to him not retrenchment but expansion: he saw in it an opportunity of securing a grand, if deferred, increase of profitable business, by assuming the relinquished operations of other firms; and for this purpose he induced the Company to provide ways and means, by issuing debentures for £300,000. At the same time, it unhappily occurred to him that an immense holding of the manufactured article, secured at the present depreciated rates, would give the Company a very powerful position when the demand revived. He therefore invested the whole of the debenture money in iron, and further increased his operations by means of the Company's acceptances, till his holding touched the value of three-quarters of a million. The money was at his disposal in this way—that, though his cheques required the countersign of two directors, he could always *choose* his directors, and mystify them as to the destination of the funds; and, acting similarly with regard to the acceptances, he thus, and by other

stratagems, contrived that the Company should know nothing of the great transactions in which they were involved.

But Mr Hopper bought too soon. Prices continued to fall alarmingly, and did not touch their lowest point till long after his last purchases had been made. Just at this time most of the debentures (under notice), and all the acceptances, were about to fall due; and, in a word, Mr Hopper found the Company confronted with an imminent demand for £750,000, there being nothing to meet it with but the unsaleable stock of iron, of which, in the regular way of business, they had, besides, a considerable accumulation. He exhausted every expedient, but in vain; and on the eve of a general meeting, when the explosion of his schemes was due within ten days, he disappeared. Such was the history which Phil communicated to Cosmo.

"I still," said the latter, "do not fully comprehend what effect all this will have upon the shareholders, and what it will mean for my father."

"It means, first of all—which affects me most of all—that your goodness to me has probably cost you £25,000. O Cosmo! why did you not leave me to drift and starve? I am one of those wretches who bring ill-luck to every one. I should never have let you do what you did."

"That was my affair, Phil; and in the same circumstances I would do it over again. Don't distress yourself about that. I have more than enough of money without it—both for you and myself."

"But twenty-five thousand pounds!"

"Never mind the figure; I tell you it won't break me. But how can it all be lost?"

"Well, the Company must stop

payment unless your father can meet a demand for perhaps half a million in something more than a week."

"My father?"

"Yes; he is the guarantor, you know."

"I should think it is impossible that he can produce such a sum at such notice."

"Of course it is. Well, then, the Company will stop payment. Its other liabilities will bring up other creditors, and there is nothing to satisfy them with but the stock of iron which cost this fabulous sum, but which is now almost valueless——"

"Well, go on, Phil."

"Well, the Company will be put into liquidation, and its assets will be realised. Its assets will consist of the stock, and (since the shareholders have exhausted their liability) your father's whole fortune. That, Cosmo, is the sad way in which matters stand."

Cosmo sat down in sadness and bewilderment, and was silent for a time.

"I fear," he said at last, "this will utterly ruin my father. I have no idea what his fortune is; but I have reason to know that he has suffered great losses on the Continent lately, and, with £300,000 already locked up in the shares of this Company, if he can meet this immense demand at all, it will probably take his last available farth-

ing to do so. My poor father! After his long life of work and anxiety, to be beggared in this way! It is too cruel! Of course he will move heaven and earth to prevent the stoppage of payment, and if that madman Hopper had confessed to him a few weeks ago, he might probably have been able to do so; as it is, it appears to me hardly possible. What happened at the meeting? How did they take it?"

"Take it! You never saw men in such a state. The chairman is only a sort of lay-figure, and had no control. Every one talked at the same time, and in the most violent language, but no one made any calm suggestions. There was an unreasonable disposition to attack your father. I am sorry to say Lord Germistoun used such expressions about him, that I was obliged to protest, and we had a regular passage of arms. Eventually the meeting was adjourned till to-morrow, so that your father might be present; and the only sort of conclusion which seemed to be arrived at was, to press him to the uttermost."

The two friends sat in long and melancholy discourse, which only ended in the conviction, that for each there was a certain grave calamity, which to-morrow's revelations could scarcely show to be lighter, and might probably prove to be still more disastrous.

CHAPTER LII.

The meeting took place at two o'clock on the following afternoon, and, before that time, some forty or fifty persons had assembled in the Company's Board-room. In addition to his indirect holding in the Company, Cosmo had taken shares, in his own name, to a moderate

amount, and he was present with the other shareholders. He had gone early, hoping to see his father before the proceedings commenced; but at ten minutes past two, when the chairman had taken the chair, Mr Glencairn had not arrived.

The chairman was nervous and

fussy. "I think," he said, "that until the arrival of Mr Glencairn, upon whom our action mainly depends, it will be useless to open the business of the meeting. I do not anticipate that he will keep us long waiting."

Hereupon Lord Germistoune rose and said, "I desire to place upon record the distinct expression of my surprise, and, I may add, indignation, at the treatment to which Mr Glencairn is subjecting this Company. That gentleman, who is, at least, indirectly responsible for our painful position, has the discourtesy to keep a meeting waiting which, in my opinion, is entitled to expect a very different attitude on his part,—one of becoming humility, of an eagerness to explain, to——"

At that moment Mr Glencairn entered, erect and determined as usual, but with traces of anxiety and fatigue in his strong face. He bowed to the chairman, and took a seat opposite to Lord Germistoune, who continued on his feet, and went on:—

"Since the gentleman has arrived, it is unnecessary for me to do more than repeat, in his presence, that his conduct, in keeping this meeting waiting, is, in my opinion, a scandalous act of discourtesy. His position ought to dictate an attitude of humility and deference to the Company."

He sat down, and Mr Glencairn at once rose, displaying the same autocratic bearing as his assailant, made more effective, however, by the contemptuous curtness of his reply.

"I am sorry," he said, "that the meeting has been put to inconvenience. The explanation is simple. My train was delayed. I will only add that, in his remarks, the noble lord, either wilfully or from stupidity, misrepresents what he calls my 'position.'"

Lord Germistoune sprang to his

feet. "Mr Chairman," he said, "if wilful misrepresentation is to be imputed——"

"I will retract that expression," said Mr Glencairn, surveying the angry peer with a look of sovereign contempt. "I cheerfully admit that I should have said misrepresentation from stupidity, without an alternative. I now move that we at once proceed to business."

The chairman then recapitulated the transactions of Mr Hopper, read over his statement, announced that vouchers proved the existence of the full amount of iron, but that the impending demands on them amounted to £750,000. The question, he said, was, how these liabilities were to be met. To him it appeared that the Company was almost without available resources. With an immense stock, it was practically insolvent.

He sat down, looking at Mr Glencairn, upon whom all other eyes were hungrily fixed. Before that gentleman had time to speak, however, Lord Germistoune was again upon his feet.

"There is," he said, "but one obvious resource. Mr Glencairn has had the impertinence to apply the word 'stupid' to *me*. I would tell him, however, that I am sufficiently acute to know that for all these liabilities *he* is liable; and that he is also now bound to refund to us the price of our shares—in a word, to take back his precious concern into his own hands, and restore to us the money which we were deluded enough to give him for it. I can assure him that we will submit to nothing less. Neither browbeating nor evasion will avail with this meeting. We will have no boggings. Any attempt to boggle will be summarily repressed. Let him now declare how he proposes to relieve us; and let me again counsel him to employ a tone in keeping with his position."

Mr Glencairn then rose and said, "The noble lord's wordiness will, I think, be seen to justify my use of the epithet which he resents. Our business is, however, too grave to be impeded by such contemptible chattering. The matter stands briefly thus, and my position is this: I am the guarantor of the Company—guaranteeing an annual dividend of nine per cent. On my failure to fulfil this guarantee, the shareholders are entitled to repudiate their contract with me, and to throw the business back upon my hands. That condition has not, as yet, arisen. I have fulfilled the guarantee, to my loss. Up to this time, then, the shareholders are not entitled to repudiate. To proceed. I admit my liability for the demands against the Company. If I meet them, our contract holds good. If I fail to do so, the shareholders will then, for the first time, be entitled to claim restitution of their purchase-money.

"By that time, however, the Company will be bankrupt (the liability of the shareholders being exhausted), and so shall I. My estate will be in liquidation, and the claims of individual shareholders upon it, will be secondary to those which it will have to meet, on behalf of the Company, as a corporation. My assets, and those of the Company, could only now be realised at a ruinous sacrifice; and the chances are, that the shareholders would recover but a very small portion of their money. From this it appears, then, that you cannot at present legally repudiate, and that your true policy is to prevent repudiation from becoming legal, under circumstances which would be detrimental to yourselves.

"Let us say that we have to meet, in ten days hence, a claim for £750,000. By any sort of operations with our stock of iron, and from all the other resources of the Company,

it would be sanguine to expect that more than from three to four hundred thousand pounds can be thus rapidly produced; the other moiety, or say £400,000, will therefore have to be contributed by me.

"The demand is large and sudden. Three hundred and fifty thousand pounds of my capital are locked up in this Company; my other resources are distributed in home and foreign undertakings—all suffering from grievous depression. Frankly, I doubt my ability to meet this demand, though no effort of mine shall be spared. I now move our adjournment for five days; at the end of that time I shall be prepared to state what I can do, and the Company will be prepared to say what, failing me, it is prepared to do. I would say no more, but Lord Germistoun's strange misconception of my position compels me to point out that it is I who am the great sufferer, and by no fault of my own; that it is I who have a right to say to you—'By the neglect of your nominees—the directors—my whole fortune has been compromised and probably lost.'

"The noble lord says I was one of them. True; but how? Why, at your importunate request. You thought my name would inspire confidence, and you importuned me to remain on the Board, on the understanding that personal supervision was not to be expected from me, and that I was only to be referred to as an adviser in important matters. It is true I had confidence in the manager, who had served me for thirty years faithfully, but under supervision. I did not warrant him to you as a man who required no supervision. I would warrant no man in his position as such. If the directors, who signed away all this money, had had any proper prudence or sense of responsibility, they would not have sanctioned

transactions which they did not thoroughly understand. If they had referred to me as an adviser, we should not be in our present situation. Lord Germistoun will perhaps now comprehend that humility is not the attitude which can be expected from me by the Company, but a very different attitude indeed!" With these words Mr Glencairn left the meeting, over which silence prevailed for a moment, and then there burst forth a babel of wild talk, from which Cosmo escaped, and followed his father.

"My dear father," he said, warmly, "what can I say to you? what can I do to help you?"

"You need say nothing, Cosmo, and you can do nothing; for you know nothing of such matters. All that can be done must be done by myself personally—whether it will be availing or not, is another question."

"I trust you are more sanguine than your tone implies."

"Until I have seen certain bankers and brokers here, it is difficult to form an opinion."

"Shall you be long with them, do you think? When may I expect you at my rooms, for, of course, you will stay with me?"

"Thanks; no. I must leave for Paris to-night. I shall put certain proposals before certain people here, and leave them for consideration. I shall then go to Paris with similar proposals."

"You won't be able to see my uncle, then, this time?"

"No, Cosmo. Tell him I am sorry not to do so, and sorry he is so poorly. It is impossible for me to stay, however. After all, it would be a melancholy time for our first meeting. Two old men—one threatened with death, the other with ruin! A week or two may make things better,—his health and my finance. Let us hope so. Good-bye."

CHAPTER LIII.

The succeeding week was one of deep anxiety, unhappiness, and suspense for Cosmo. In answer to several letters of inquiry, his father maintained an obstinate silence. He was terribly hard; he did not appear to value or even to understand sympathy: a sworn enemy to words which could not advance the business of the moment, he neither employed nor welcomed any graceful superfluities of language. Not that he was naturally an unkindly man; but concentration was the first instinct of his nature, and circumstances had directed its operation upon the dry facts of life, and warped it away from the domain of sentiment and the emotions. Cosmo very imperfectly understood his father, and was deeply pained by

his reticence. The misfortunes of the latter and the manly imperturbability of his attitude before the meeting, had called forth all his son's natural sympathy and captivated his admiration, and the "chill response of silence" with which his affectionate overtures had been met, disappointed his sensitive nature. From a practical point of view, also, his father's silence was distressing, for it prevented him from shaping his own course, in view of certain eventualities. To add to the misery of the situation, there was Lord Germistoun's unfortunate connection with the Company, and his embroilment with Mr Glencairn; so that, altogether, Cosmo was surrounded with clouds, and there was scarcely a speck of

light on his horizon. Nor was it better with Esmè. By a sort of poetical equation of the burthens which true love has to bear, she had her fair share of the new distress. On the afternoon of the meeting, her father returned home in a state of positive frenzy. He loved money, and he saw much of his money in peril; he hated his adversary, and his adversary had brushed aside his assaults with contempt, and silenced him by his sturdy common-sense. Lord Germistoune did not like his wrath to boil over vaguely; he liked it to boil over so that it might scald and hurt some other person—no matter whom, no matter how innocent; and on this occasion Esmè was the victim. When he entered the drawing-room where she was sitting, the expression of his face positively alarmed her.

"Papa!" she cried, "what is the matter? you look dreadfully ill."

"It is natural that a man should look ill, when he has first been robbed, and then outrageously insulted by a swindling thief!"

"Robbed! insulted! By whom?"

"Oh, by some scoundrels *you* are deeply interested in—these infernal Glencairns!"

Esmè's colour and voice forsook her. She could only mutter, "I don't understand."

Then the old lord, incoherent with passion, went stammering on, "That Company of theirs—blown up—a million of money—all vanished—he puts his hand into my pocket, picks it of £20,000, and then tells me I am a contemptible chatterer! And *this* is the family you wished to marry into! By heavens, it's enough to make me disown you! Mercifully they will be ruined, though. Curse them both! The blackguards! What? Why don't you speak?"

"I have nothing to say," said Esmè, in a faint voice.

"You might, at least, have the grace to say that you are sorry."

"I am sorry if you have lost money."

"And, I hope, sorry and ashamed that you ever had any sort of connection with such a crew. The very thought of the thing is maddening."

"Your accusation," said Esmè, with a powerful effort to control her voice, "is incomprehensible; but at least I know that Mr Cosmo Glencairn has nothing to do with the Company you speak of."

"Oh! you know that, do you? Good! ha! ha!"

"Yes, I know it. He told me."

"Better and better! You never heard of a secret accomplice, I suppose? He is as great a scoundrel as his father, I make little doubt."

"I cannot listen to this. I must leave you."

And she fled from the room to tears and desolation. For her there was another volume of grief and pain—another chapter of mystery, involving the dishonour of her lover's family; not *his* dishonour—that was impossible—but apparently his ruin and his ignominious connection with tarnished men. It was all vague and dark; but it was all wretched and horrible. Was there never to be an end of trouble? Could there be yet more dregs of bitterness in the cup which Love was forcing her to drink? When Lord Germistoune had spoken as he had just done, he was really not responsible for his words. From his point of view, we must remember that there was really some ground for his *acharnement* against the Glencairns, who seemed destined to thwart him at every turn. We must also remember that he was unused to any sort of thwarting. So that his frenzy was accountable, and was the only palliation for his brutal words and cruel distortion of facts.

When he had cooled down a little, he remembered his injustice, with a certain shame and repentance, under the influence of which he went to Esmè's room. "My opinion," he said, "of the Glencairns is as low as can be; but I admit that, in my just anger, I have used expressions which went beyond the mark. Mr Glencairn's Company has been brought to the brink of ruin by the acts of his creature, for whose acts no one can acquit him of responsibility,—and—and though no fraud is proved against him personally, his conduct has been—is—outrageous and—and culpable, in the last degree. As for his son——" he paused.

"What of his son, papa?" asked Esmè, looking her father steadily in the face.

"I believe the son to be capable of anything; but I will admit that his name was introduced by me, unnecessarily, upon this occasion."

"I do not require to be told that, papa."

"What! you are still dreaming of this fellow?"

"You wished to tell me, papa, that you had done him and his father injustice. I am very glad that you have told me so. But pray, pray, do not bring up more painful subjects. I cannot bear it; it is cruel; it is persecution!"

She threw herself down on the sofa, and hid her face: and her father, after wasting a few tempestuous words on ears that did not listen, went away in wrath and bitterness.

When the day to which the meeting had been adjourned came round, Mr Glencairn found that, in the existing stage of negotiations which were progressing in Paris, it was impossible for him to be present—which was at once announced by the chairman, who quelled a tumult which instantly arose, by

stating that Mr Glencairn had addressed a letter to the shareholders which embodied all his views and proposals; and this letter, with the permission of the meeting, he now begged to read. It was dated from Paris, and ran as follows:—

"GENTLEMEN,—I regret that a maximum sum of £650,000 is all that I can hope to have at disposal for the satisfaction of claims, to the amount of £750,000, shortly coming due against the Company. The sum thus at disposal will be supplied by operations of one sort and another, with our stock of iron, which will yield no more than £250,000; and my own estate, partly by sales, partly by mortgages, will contribute (at a ruinous sacrifice) the complement of £400,000. From neither source can another farthing be extracted, in the present state of the markets. We are therefore short of our requirements by £100,000; and the shareholders must either be prepared to find that sum, or the bankruptcy of the Company and of myself also, will be inevitable.

"In that double event, there would be a double liquidation, when many other claims would have preference to those of the shareholders; so that their loss would probably much exceed the amount which I suggest they should sacrifice, to keep the Company afloat.

"I have another alternative to propose, and it is this: that the shareholders should now dissolve their contract with me, and surrender their shares—the value of which (when the value of my large holding is deducted from the capital of the Company) is £550,000.

"With this sum, as well as with the amount of the impending claims, I should then be debited, representing a total of £1,300,000.

"To meet this debit, I should

have the sum, now at my disposal, of £650,000, and a further sum of £400,000, which, I have ascertained, can be procured by mortgage of the shares,—Total, £1,050,000, leaving a deficit of £250,000. The shareholders would certainly have to endure the temporary loss of that amount; but I think it would be their safer policy to do so. It will be observed that they would, in this way, recover about two-thirds of their capital, at once; and I do not think that I am sanguine in believing that such an improvement in the general conditions of finance and commerce must eventually take place, as would enable me to satisfy their remaining claims, by restoring the value of securities now mortgaged on the basis of grave depreciation.

"In weighing between these alternatives, the shareholders must bear in mind three of the results involved by bankruptcy:—

"1st, The shares would cease to be negotiable securities.

"2d, All assets of the Company's and of mine would have to be summarily realised.

"3d, There could not be a moment more unfavourable than the present for that operation.

"I leave you, gentlemen, to weigh these alternatives, and beg that your decision may be telegraphed to me here.—I have the honour to be your most obedient servant,

"A. GLENCAIRN."

As soon as the chairman had concluded his reading, an hysterical tumult arose, and the angry gabble of disappointed, money-loving men.

There had been great faith in Mr Glencairn's resources; and his failure was all the more enraging that it was unexpected. Little self-control was displayed. The few cool-headed men who essayed to speak were overpowered by cries of "Scandal-

ous!" "An iniquity!" "A fraud!" "A plant!" "A robbery!" and so forth. The many hot-headed men, who had proposals to make, broke off in the midst of their words to join the chorus of wrath and execration.

Thus matters went on for a time, while Cosmo, white with disgust and anger, sat, hardly restrained by his own sound judgment, and by the vehement remonstrances of Phil Denwick, from avenging, in a summary way, the grosser insults heaped upon his father.

By degrees the storm somewhat abated, and there was some show of discussion carried on, still noisily, by isolated groups.

At last one calm gentleman rose, and said that he would accept Mr Glencairn's statement as made *bonâ fide*; and move that his first suggestion should be adopted,—that they should put their hands in their pockets, produce £100,000, and float the Company. But he got no farther than this, being summarily hooted down. He was followed by another calm gentleman, who said that, when you were in a bad business, the best thing to be done was to get out of it, at once and altogether, even at a loss: he proposed, therefore, that they should adopt the second alternative, which would at once give them a large portion of their money, and might probably restore it all in time. There was a good deal of confusion upon this; some of the meeting supporting the speaker's view; the great majority, however, who were obviously "irreconcilables," hooted it as they had hooted the previous motion.

Last of all rose Lord Germistoun, who evidently represented the popular sentiment, and was received with applause.

"He was not there," he said, "to discuss the *bonâ fides* of Mr Glencairn; that gentleman's character

was a matter of indifference to him and them. He simply looked at the matter thus—by what line of action were they likely to incur the smallest loss? With regard to the first proposal, it was too preposterous to be considered by sane men, and he would pass it by. With regard to the second, he thought there was a certain effrontery in it. They were simply asked to give Mr Glencairn credit for £250,000 without any security. That was what it amounted to; and would the meeting stand that?"

The meeting shouted, here and there, with expletives, that it wouldn't; and his lordship went on.

"If they were to view it as a business proposal, it was at once audacious and puerile; if they were to regard it as an appeal *ad misericordiam*, he would suggest that Mr Glencairn had no claim to their consideration. He was their guarantor; and, holding that capacity, he had no right to compromise the soundness of his guarantee by engaging in a hotch-potch of speculations all over the world. He thought the meeting would admit the justice of that homely expression?"

The meeting shouted that it did—that there was no sort of doubt about the hotch-potch.

"Very, well, then," continued Lord Germistoun, "there could be no doubt about their attitude towards Mr Glencairn. Now that gentleman was obviously anxious to avoid the bankruptcies. That was natural. It was pleasanter to get indefinite credit for £250,000, than to have it summarily squeezed out of the pockets by the stern pressure of the law. As he had already said, he was not there to judge Mr Glencairn's *bond fides*, and he made no imputations against it; but he might venture to assert, in the abstract, that the scrutiny of a liqui-

dator would detect capabilities in an estate, imperceptible to the—he would say, more languid—eye of an owner uncoerced. There was no doubt of it. Skilful liquidation operating firmly on Mr Glencairn's resources would produce a very different figure from this beggarly £400,000. He moved that matters be allowed to take their course, and that the bankruptcy of the Company and Mr Glencairn offered the solution most in accordance with the interests of the shareholders."

Twenty seconders sprang to their feet; a few dissentient voices were silenced; it was put to the meeting, received with boisterous acclamations, and the chairman had just said, "Lord Germistoun's motion being carried *nem. con.*——" when Cosmo rose and interrupted him.

"Before," he said, "the decision of the meeting is recorded, I desire to be heard; and when I say that I am Mr Glencairn's son, my claim to a hearing will be admitted. I am not going to follow the example set me by persons in this meeting in the use of intemperate language, nor am I going to hold this meeting collectively responsible for the expressions of individuals in it—expressions used with reference to my father which can only be regarded as the ravings of a sordid panic.

"But now that something like sanity has been restored to the meeting, I challenge these individuals to use and repeat these words to me, if they dare.

"In answer to Mr Glencairn's disinterested proposals, there have been shouts of 'Robbery!' and 'Fraud!' Has any one of his traducers the courage to stand up now and repeat these words to me, his son? I will give them time to collect their courage or their common-sense."

He paused: there was a dead

silence, but no one rose. Cosmo continued—

"Their common-sense saves me the trouble of refuting them. By their own silence they admit themselves to be slanderers; and I will only say that those who treat the honour of a gentleman with so much levity, can have but an indistinct idea of what the honour of a gentleman really is.

"So much for the blatant members of this meeting; but I think that, with a few exceptions, Mr Glencairn has good reason to complain of the treatment which he has received from this meeting as a whole. Let me contrast his attitude with that of you, the shareholders.

"He and you are parties to a contract made for your mutual benefit; but it proves damaging to both parties. Legally, he is bound to make good the damage; and he makes the most loyal efforts to do so, without an attempt (which would be clearly justifiable) to escape or diminish his liability by pointing to your own culpable neglect which has been at the root of the whole evil. He produces a 'beggarly £400,000,' which it probably cost him a million to raise, and which it probably beggars him to produce. He makes no allusion to another £350,000 of his, sunk in the business which you have ruined. His sacrifice is not less than a million; perhaps it is half as much again; but he makes no reclamations.

"He asks you, fifty men, to *risk* among you, what *is*, by comparison, a beggarly sum—and entirely for your own benefit. His arguments all turn upon your interests. He makes no appeal for himself. He effaces himself altogether. On the other side, what is your attitude? Why, it is that of Shylock clamouring for his pound of flesh! I have

heard cries of 'Robbery!' and 'Fraud!' I have heard the pressure of the liquidator suggested as a force superior to the dictates of honour. I will not characterise such conduct. He has asked for nothing, except that you should help yourselves. Neither am I here to ask for anything for him. I will not even ask you to help yourselves; nor will I propose to you a compromise of any sort. Shylock shall have full satisfaction."

Here Lord Germistoun sprang to his legs, and said—"The meeting is, no doubt, willing to make some allowance for the violence of a young man upset by his father's distressing position; but he may rest assured that rhetoric will not affect the decision of this meeting. We are resolved that matters should take their course. What we desire is our money, and not offensive parables. There is no more to be said."

"Lord Germistoun," said Cosmo, "will pardon me for contradicting him. There is still something to be said. Had I been aware of my father's inability to meet the full demand, I would have privately offered him such assistance as I could; but I have had no private communication from him. I regret that his reticence to me compels me to make a public exhibition of what ought to have been private and confidential between father and son. I have, however, no alternative. I place all that I have got at his disposal. I find that that amounts to £225,000, all fortunately in securities which can be at once realised. That is short by £25,000 of the sum required to annihilate the unfortunate connection between him and the Company; but my own holding in the Company, direct and indirect, amounts to £30,000, so that my property is sufficient, and even

leaves a little margin. In my father's name, therefore, I now renounce the contract, and tender you your money in full. And now I agree with Lord Germistoune, that there is no more to be said."

Cosmo sat down; and, at first, there was a dead silence—the silence of astonishment. Then, from a variety of motives;—certainly joy for loss escaped, possibly recognition of Cosmo's generosity—applause burst from the meeting, which clapped its hands and rose and cheered him loudly. The shouts of "Robbery!" and "Fraud!" were replaced by "Generous!" "Splendid!" "Magnanimous!" His indignation and his bitter parable were at once forgotten.

When order was restored, one gentleman after another rose to express his high sense of Cosmo's self-sacrifice. It was an ovation which only threatened to be checked when a shareholder so far suffered enthusiasm to get the better of discretion as to suggest that the meeting should not allow all the sacrifice to be on one side, and proposed that, in acknowledgment of Mr Glencairn's loyal efforts, and his son's unexampled generosity, they should be invited to accept a return of £25,000; "otherwise," said the speaker, "I fear father and son will be entirely beggared. We know that the business can only be worked at a loss."

Before the meeting had time to discredit itself by a chill response to this, Cosmo again rose and gratefully, but firmly, declined to accept the boon. "An act of the sort," he said, "to have any meaning, must be complete." And this drew forth the heartiest cheer of all. The shareholders had got every farthing of their money, and the danger of sentimental reaction had been comfortably overpassed.

When various business formal-

ties had been completed, and when the meeting was about to break up, Lord Germistoune begged to detain them for a moment. A bitter struggle had been going on in his breast between his hatred for Cosmo, and certain embers of generous gentlemanhood which smouldered in his inner consciousness. The latter prevailed, and he rose and said—"The meeting, I think, ought not to separate without offering a formal vote of thanks to the gentleman who has relieved us from our embarrassments. Mr Cosmo Glencairn well knows that, for private reasons, his actions are not likely to be looked upon by me with a partial eye. It will therefore, perhaps, make the vote all the more acceptable to him, if I propose it, which I now do. His conduct has been distinctly that of a"—(a gulp)—"gentleman of honour and high spirit. I move that the meeting recognises this and thanks him."

The motion was carried by acclamation. Cosmo rose, and simply said, "I thank you, gentlemen, for your recognition that I have done my duty; and I thank Lord Germistoune for having, in my honour, performed a task which, I know, must have been unpalatable to him." And so it was all over.

Poor Phil, with tears in his eyes grasped both Cosmo's hands.

"Dear Cosmo," he said, "I am proud of you. It is glorious!"

"There is nothing glorious about it, Phil. If a man will not give his all to protect his father's reputation from even the possibility of misconstruction, he is not much of a man, in my opinion. Thank God, I had the money to give!"

"But you have sacrificed *everything*."

"Except honour and duty, Phil. I can, at least, look the world boldly in the face, like your old model 'The Blacksmith.' You and I are

both young and strong; we must put our shoulders to the wheel, and hope for better days."

Cosmo telegraphed very fully to his father, and in the course of the evening received this reply—a marvel of length for Mr Glencairn: "With your prospects and hopes, I was unwilling to involve you in my loss. You have made too great a sacrifice; but it shows you to be the best of sons and the best of gentlemen. I thank you. Prospects of the iron business very black, I fear. We shall both have to work hard. Take no steps till my return."

The excitement of the day had, to a certain extent, kept Cosmo up; but now all was over, and reaction set in. His father's telegram closed the sad drama; the final episode was complete, and his ruin was accomplished. Such an accumulation of calamities might well have bowed down the strongest man, and

poor Cosmo touched the verge of desperation. It seemed that all was lost. His father's long life of work and enterprise had been lived in vain. His own dreams of love were fading away; his career of honour and usefulness was arrested at the very outset. He must resign everything and commence a life of obscure toil; and was there a hope to gild it?

He did not repent of what he had done; that he had so acted was his only consolation. The world might have called his sacrifice Quixotic; but to him it was a simple, and inevitable, duty. He did not repent of what he had done,—but his heart wellnigh died within him. From a long and sad process of self-communion he rose to write, and when he had finished his task, he murmured sadly to himself,—
"My first letter to her; and too likely to be my last!"

CHAPTER LIV.

That evening Lord Germistoun was in high good-humour. His £20,000 were safe. The Glencairns were ruined, and he felt that he himself had behaved like a Christian hero in wrenching from his grudging lips the few words in which he had acknowledged that the man he hated had done well. A larger nature would have felt some generous pain in profiting by the ruin of any enemy, and especially of one whose action had been so chivalrous. Lord Germistoun was not thus afflicted; he only felt that his own conduct in the affair had been as creditable, as its issue had been satisfactory, to his pocket. And not to his pocket only; for Cosmo was ruined now; the stepping-stone of wealth was knocked down beneath him; a pauper, and without *prestige*, forced to earn his bread in

some obscure calling, he must now sink from the social orbit where contact with Esmè was possible. At last she would see reason and recognise the stern logic of facts. Yes! at last the Glencairn "scandal" was at an end. His lordship was not vile enough to rejoice in the ruin of any one simply because he hated him; but, in this case, the ruin of the man he hated, crushed an influence which was opposed to his dearest wishes and hopes.

He was full of satisfaction, and, as he and Esmè were by themselves that evening, he thought he might as well now finally close the subject with her.

Under the circumstances, he was able to speak of Cosmo in a tone of moderation which surprised his daughter at first, and even gave her

a little flutter of unreasonable hope, soon to be dispelled.

"You will be glad to know, Esmè," he said, "that the matter I spoke of yesterday, with perhaps some little heat, has been adjusted."

"In what way, papa?" asked Esmè, nerving herself to meet another storm.

"In a very satisfactory way; I have secured my money."

"I am very glad to hear it; and—and Mr Glencairn, then, is quite exonerated?"

"Hum! well, I don't say that; but I am bound to say that his son has behaved in a manner that was distinctly creditable to him. It surprised me, I admit; but I am always the first to own merit in cases where the ordinary run of men would allow personal feeling to blind them to its existence—ahem!"

"Yes, papa?—and——" said poor Esmè, flushing with pleasure, and anxious to hear more from her father in this happy vein.

"Yes, I repeat that, to my surprise, the young man has behaved like a gentleman, and I must add, in a very high sense of the term—ahem!"

"Yes, papa? yes?"

"I say so with the less hesitation, that it is improbable I shall require to mention his name on any future occasion."

Clouds and darkness again!

"It happened in this way," continued his lordship: "the father was unable to meet our just claims; the bankruptcy of the Company was certain, and our heavy loss was inevitable. Upon this, the son stepped in voluntarily, and most properly, and enabled his father to do what was right. Young Glencairn paid us £225,000—a large sum."

"It must have ruined him!" gasped Esmè.

"Entirely so, I apprehend; in-

deed I almost think he implied as much."

"And you took his money, and ruined him?—ruined this noble life, that is so full of promise! and stopped his career, which has—oh, it is too horrible! How could you, papa?—how could you?"

"You forget, my dear," said Lord Germistoune, keeping his temper like a saint, "that, in business, such considerations are excluded. What were this young man's career and promise, and so forth, to the shareholders of the Company?"

"You might have declined your share."

"Ha! ha! my interest in his career is so affectionate! You astonish me, girl! However, you may make your mind easy; he would not have accepted it. At the first whisper of a proposal to recognise his upright conduct by a return of £25,000, he peremptorily declined it, with as much proper dignity, I am bound to say, as if he had been a gentleman."

"As if he had been a gentleman! as if the very facts did not *prove* him to be a gentleman of the very highest type!"

"I meant a gentleman by birth."

"Oh, that was all!"

"Yes; and now I think it will be well to come to a complete and final understanding about this posterous affair, which has been making a fool of you and me for months. This Mr Cosmo Glencairn was a plebeian before, and he is now also a pauper. My consent you never could have obtained, under the most favourable circumstances; and your own sense will show you that, even if I were to go mad and offer it, he would not now be in a position to take advantage of it. He is penniless; his father is practically the same, and will be bankrupt in a month, or I am much

mistaken. Now, child, give up delusions. Take a rational and straightforward course,—best for yourself, and fairest to this unhappy young man, who now has to struggle with the world, and cannot afford to waste his energy on dreams;—take this course: write to him—I will even authorise you to do that, with, of course, the dignity and reserve proper to ladies in such circumstances—write to him and tell him that you see the hopeless folly of this entanglement. He knows it now himself; but he is a dreamer, and may have some high fantastic notion that he is pledged to you. Tell him that he is free; tell him there is no pledge, and that, if there ever was one, I dissolve it by my paternal authority. This will be the greatest kindness you can do him; it is the only kindness I can sanction. I *will* sanction it, however, because he has behaved well in this money matter. Do it, then, and become once again my dear and dutiful daughter.” Lord Germistoun quite astonished himself by the calm and noble elevation of his tone. Such mingled dignity and common-sense! such paternal sweetness and Christian philanthropy! He felt that he was becoming angelic and too good for this sinful world. “You will do it,” he resumed, “*to-night*.”

“No, papa, I will not do it.”

In an instant the seraph was transformed into a raving demon. Angels have fallen before. History repeated itself.

“You will *not* do it?” he shouted, and then atoned for his unnatural calm by a tornado of violent language. “You will *not* do it?” he repeated.

“I will *never* do it! I would far sooner die!” cried Esmè, the proud blood of the Douglas at last aflame beyond control.

“Leave my sight,” cried her

father, “and don’t venture to approach me again to-night! Go, I say! Not a word, not a look, unless you wish me to turn you out of doors!”

Esmè walked proudly from the room; and if, at that moment, Cosmo had stood by her side and said, “Come to the shelter of my love!” it is doubtful if filial duty would have said him nay.

As she went slowly up-stairs, a servant followed and gave her a letter. It was addressed in Cosmo’s handwriting, and with a step magically quickened, she reached her room. In the hour of her bitterest trial, then, her lover’s words had come to console her. A forbidden consolation! Forbidden? There are limits to human endurance, and they had been overpassed. She, too, was wellnigh desperate—this tender, loving soul, cast adrift in her agony, friendless, without a whisper of the sympathy which we all need, the hardest and strongest of us, in the hour of supreme affliction—all alone! No wonder she held the letter to her breast, and kissed it passionately, feeling, by its very contact, less alone; clasping it as the drowning cling to any waif in the horror and darkness of overwhelming seas. Hoarding her comfort, she thus stood for a long time, with the letter unread. At last, when the harvest of anticipation had been fully reaped, she opened it and read as follows:—

“I must write to you, my dearest, in spite of all prohibitions. Alas that my first letter should only have to speak of new sorrows! I need not go into details. I will simply tell you that, after my father had given, as I understand, his whole fortune to fulfil his obligations, it has been necessary for me to come forward with mine, to save him from calumny and persecution. Happily it has been in my power to do so effectually. But, dearest

Esmè, it has cost me almost all I possess to do this—virtually *all*; and not merely money, for the loss of it closes my new career, and I must begin life at some lower level, far from the sphere in which you live. You know that wealth and fame appeared to me to be chiefly desirable, inasmuch as they might bring me nearer to you; and I think I could have endured to lose possession of the one and hope of the other with equanimity, but that their loss places an immensely wider gulf between us. Nevertheless, when the choice between duty and love presented itself, how could I hesitate? If I could have done so, surely my love would not have been worth your keeping; you would have justly despised it. I seem to hear your voice assuring me of this. I write to you, darling, because it is right that you should know what has occurred directly from me, lest the surrender of my career, without apparent motive, should pain and bewilder you. It would, I suppose, be conventionally proper were I now to say that you must not, any longer, regard our betrothal as binding upon you. I cannot say so, however. I feel that to do so would be to wound and dishonour your love. Our troth was plighted ‘for ever and ever.’ While Time affects us, it binds our spirits together, for joy or sorrow, in hope or in despondency, in bodily separation or in union; and, in hope at least, we contemplate its perpetuation, after Time, for ever and for ever. Dearest, we have already suffered much. The future is dark. It may be God’s will that we suffer much more; but faith and hope will support us, as they have done in the past. In the gloom of our night these stars are still shining, and they will shine on till the dawn comes.

With our eyes fixed on them, let us wait in patience for the morning.

“What more can I say? My love can tell you nothing that you do not know already. It can ask you for nothing that you have not already given. It can promise nothing that is not included in my undying devotion. Farewell, my own dearest Esmè!—I am your own for ever,

“COSMO GLENCAIRN.”

It was true that the letter told her nothing which she did not already know; it only placed before her, in calm sad words, the new aspect of their love and grief; but its influence, if not cheering, was, at least, soothing and strengthening. The steadfastness of Cosmo’s tone, and the far-reaching scope which he pictured for their love, seemed, for the moment, to dwarf the dimensions of their present trials, and carried her eyes forward to a glowing future of union certain to come, soon or late, but *certain* to come, and then to last always, here and in those other realms where “the voice of weeping” shall not be heard. Her lover’s letter bore her bravely up in that climax of her misery; but alas! such high contemplations will not, in real life, endure the strain of many a weary day. Beautiful are the Elysian plains, but far, far away; and, close beside us, there are other plains, with bloom and fragrance to touch our human sense, and fill our human hearts with longing; and suffering human love cannot remain long content to stand on the passionless heights, and gaze upon the far horizons. “Love is of the valley.” With all their fortitude and pious faith, the sufferings of these poor lovers were neither few nor small.

CHAPTER LV.

Mr Glencairn lingered in Paris, completing the transaction which had conveyed back into his own hands the wreck of his splendid business, and desperately endeavouring to discover in the locked-up remains of his fortune, some symptoms that these might, by-and-by, yield a little assistance towards restoring the capabilities of the undertaking. He wrote to Cosmo that he was thinking out a scheme for him, but it was not yet in a practical shape; and earnestly counselled him to retain his seat in the House, at all events till his return and till the end of the session. "The surest way to make ruin irretrievable is," he said, "to acknowledge it. Your retirement now, would simply be to advertise it." Cosmo's future plans thus remained in abeyance, and he had to endure an irksome suspense, instead of plunging into the abyss and sounding its lowest depths, which instinct prompts us to do when inevitable calamity is impending.

Hopper wrote, from his "so-to-speak" seclusion, several letters of grotesque but probably sincere regret for the ruin his madness had induced. He offered to Mr Glencairn his services in the working of the firm for the term of his natural life, gratuitously, or, if he might so say, for a crust. Failing this, he was, he said, prepared, on the same terms, to become Mr Glencairn's bondsman, enumerating a vast variety of services which he would "greedily render," and which included the hewing of wood, the drawing of water, the blacking of boots, the breaking of stones, and other menial duties proverbially associated with penitence and retribution. Mr Glencairn vouchsafed no answer to any of these tempting offers.

The story of Cosmo's ruin and generosity got abroad, and meandered through Clubland in various aspects of transformation. It was filtered to the profane public through the omniscient columns of the weekly "socials" thus, and in similar parables: "History has been repeating itself! Pious Æneas has been carrying poor old Anchises off upon his shoulders again, but he has tumbled this time under the paternal fardel, and smashed his knees. I hear he is likely to become Prime Minister to the Pijwam of Namboo, who, *on dit*, owes Anchises a pretty handsome penny."

So that society knew as much about Cosmo's misfortune as he knew himself, and was altogether ahead of him in regard to his future career; but his calm exterior and continued attendance at the House puzzled the hungrier gossips who have appetite for more than a nine days' wonder, and his reserve repelled the questions and the sympathy of all save his nearest intimates, who were very few in number. Among these, of course, by the eternal law of contrast, was Tom Wyedale, whose disinterested regrets were pointed by many personal considerations.

The moment he heard the ill news, he went down to the "Kakodæmon," and summarily borrowed £150 from Bobus Packer, who had recently been elected a member, in consideration of his half a million of money, which had been held to cancel certain social disabilities under which Bobus laboured. Thence repairing to the "Gastronomic," he similarly levied upon another *nouveau riche*, who had lately been admitted as a Gastronomer under similar conditions of generous forbearance, and with the £300 thus

amassed, he betook him to Cosmo's rooms. After expressing the heartiest grief and sympathy, he proceeded to say, "It has only just occurred to me, my dear Cosmo, that I have been in your debt for more than a year. I daresay you've forgotten all about it; but at Cadenabbia, last summer, I borrowed £280 of you, and it would be monstrous in me to keep you out of it a moment longer now; so here it is for you, with many thanks and apologies."

"This is very thoughtful of you, Tom," said Cosmo. "I have not yet realised what it is to be poor; but, of course, I know I ought to take it. Still you are always in straits, and if this is too heavy a draw upon you, you can keep the money for the present."

"No, no, Cosmo," cried Tom, "I insist. Make your mind easy; the

difference it will make to me is quite trifling." Which was really very true, Tom's little temporary profit on the transaction being only twenty pounds—represented by the excess of Bobus & Co.'s contributions over the sum now tendered to his friend.

"Very well, then, I'll take it. Thank you, Tom; you are a good, kind fellow," said Cosmo. And Tom really fancied he was. "Deuced hard," he thought to himself, "if I were to let a little false delicacy stand between poor Cosmo and his money. Cosmo is more to me than many thousand Bobuses, and I was clearly bound to make some sacrifice of pride on his behalf. And, after all, if these bloated snobs are not to pay *something* for the privilege of coming among us, why admit them? What becomes of reciprocity?"

CHAPTER LVI.

During all this time, Sir Robert Glencairn had been steadily declining in health and strength, and, all this time, Cosmo had been most dutiful in his attentions, visiting him daily, and when the financial catastrophe occurred, carefully keeping the knowledge of it from his uncle, lest, in his feeble state, the intelligence should injuriously affect his health.

Mr Glencairn, however, frustrated his son's thoughtfulness. Perhaps affliction had somewhat softened the former; at all events, about ten days after the explosion, he wrote to his brother expressing regret that he had been unable to see him before he left England; fully explaining the causes which had taken him abroad, and which were still likely to detain him for some time upon the Continent, and reporting, in warm terms, Cosmo's

fine act of self-sacrifice. The results of this sudden disclosure were as serious as Cosmo had feared they might be. Fiery and autocratic, Sir Robert had, at the same time, a large substratum of simplicity and affection in his nature; and his only brother's calamity caused him infinite distress. Then, though his own high spirit sympathised with Cosmo's act of devotion, it appeared to him to threaten something like the final disappointment of what had been, almost to monomania, the aspiration of his life. On the occasion of Cosmo's first visit after the disclosure, he found his uncle in an alarming state of prostration. He spoke slowly and with difficulty; all his brusque eccentricity had left him; he was pathetically subdued and gentle. He handed to Cosmo his father's letter, saying, "You will see from

this that I know all." Cosmo glanced his eye over the letter, and then said: "I am grieved, uncle, that you should have had this trouble intruded upon you when you are so unwell. I concealed it from you purposely."

"You are a very good fellow, Cosmo," was the reply; "but why should I not suffer with my own kith and kin? I have been a lonely man all my life, and, I fear, a selfish one. The end of my life is very near; during what remains of it, it is well that I should share, in all things, with my family. I have saved a little money; *that* and my pension, your father and you will share with me while I live,—not for business purposes, but for your personal wants. I have made my will, and left you my small fortune. I have settled it so that you cannot again sacrifice yourself to your generosity; not that I blame you for what you have done—God forbid I should do that! If your father is in need of money, you will, I know, give him what he requires, out of the income, just as I will do myself while I live. Ah, Cosmo, I fear all our investigations are hopeless now! Nevertheless I wish you to continue in Parliament, if possible, where, I think, you will do credit to our pedigree, short or long. Besides, something *may* yet turn up, who knows? and, in any case, and on every account, I wish you to be in a position to which you are entitled. I cannot help seeing, in your recent conduct, another strong piece of internal evidence. The money I have to leave is only about £25,000. I don't make obedience to my wish a condition of inheriting it; but, if you find it practicable, I *do* wish you to follow out a political career. Will you?"

"If it is at all practicable, uncle, I shall certainly respect your wishes,

which are quite in unison with my own."

"I have a fancy," continued the old man, "that I should like to be buried in Scotland. It is, at all events, our fatherland. You will respect that wish too?"

"You are low to-day, uncle, and depressed; don't let us talk of such lugubrious subjects. I hope it will be many a day before that wish has to be considered."

"But you will remember it?"

"How can you doubt it?"

"And, if the discovery ever should be made—if the home of our race is ever identified—I should like to think that my ashes will be removed, so that they may mingle with those of our ancestors. You may think this an idle whim—the caprice of a dying man; but, depend upon it, it is the instinct of long descent which prompts the wish; and you will respect it also?"

"I will, uncle," said Cosmo, wondering at the tenacity with which this fixed idea clung to the old man's brain, under all circumstances of discouragement.

"I am tired now," continued Sir Robert, "and I think I could sleep; so I will not ask you to stay longer to-day. But be sure you come to-morrow. You are a very fine fellow, and have been a great comfort to me. Good-bye, and God bless you."

The next morning, before Cosmo was dressed, his uncle's servant came to his rooms.

"Sir Robert has had a very restless night, sir," he said, "and he is very weak this morning. The doctor desired me to say he thinks you ought to come as soon as possible. He considers that Sir Robert is sinking very fast."

Cosmo made all haste, and was soon at his uncle's chambers. The doctor met him at the bedroom door, and detained him outside for

a moment. "Your uncle," he said, "has had a slight paralytic stroke ; but, in his reduced condition, I can hold out no hope that he will rally from it. In fact, I fear that he will not survive the day."

"Is he conscious? Will he know me?" asked Cosmo.

"It is hard to say; but I am afraid it is certain that he will never speak to you again."

They entered the room. The poor old man lay very still; his breathing was quick but faint; one arm lay powerless by his side; his other hand twitched the bedclothes with aimless persistent restlessness, and his open eyes had that look, half vague, half solemn, of appeal or inquiry which accompanies the approach of death. He slightly moved them in the direction of those who entered, showing that he was still or again conscious. His nephew bent over him, and taking his hand, said, "Do you know me, dear uncle?" His eyes were turned upon Cosmo's with the same vague look of appeal, but he neither spoke nor made any sign.

"Can nothing be done?" asked Cosmo.

"Nothing," said the doctor. "He is without suffering; that is all the comfort I can give you; but it is unnecessary that I should remain." He felt the dying man's pulse, and added—"A very few hours more!"

Cosmo sat down by the bedside to wait for the end. All through the day his vigil lasted. His uncle was little more than a stranger to him, and his own nature was not prone to rapid expansions, so that violent grief could not be expected of him. But there was much that was touching in this lonely close of a life which the dying man had himself described as lonely—in this desolate end to aspirations which he had cherished so feverishly, but a few short weeks before; and, with

this moving spectacle before him, Cosmo's heart was stirred to genuine compassion. In the long hours of solemn thought, while his uncle's vitality ebbed gradually away, his own special calamities faded, for the time, out of sight. By degrees his mind passed to larger contemplations of the pathos of human life and the vanity of human wishes, and then rose to that higher sphere of hope whence the eye of Faith descries, for the shortness and sadness of life, a recompense on the farther side of Time—

"Where, beyond these voices, there is peace."

Thus the day passed. Towards evening Cosmo felt his uncle's hand tighten its grasp on his own, and, looking at him, saw that the expression of his eyes had changed to one of anxious meaning and intelligence; and, at the same time, he was obviously making an effort to articulate. His nephew bent down close to him; but, for some time, he could collect no sense from his murmurs, reiterated over and over again, in a faint and hollow monotone. At last he caught the word "Bible," and, looking round, saw, on the table near the bed, the old pocket Bible which Phil Denwick had given to Sir Robert. Imagining that his uncle wished him to read from it, he took it up; but again his hand was pressed, and again the dying man resumed his painful attempts to speak, and at length succeeded in audibly pronouncing the word "heirloom."

"You wish that this Bible should be preserved as an heirloom in our family?" said Cosmo, speaking with slow distinctness. The old man pressed his hand by way of assent, and Cosmo assured him that his wish should be sacred. His grasp then relaxed, he made no further effort to speak, and his eyes resumed

their former vague expression. Another hour passed, and then the light faded from them, suddenly and for ever.

It was late when Cosmo returned to his own rooms that night. The events of the day had been saddening, the tension had been protracted, and he was worn out and thoroughly depressed. In this condition, when his own affairs again recurred to his thoughts, the death of his uncle appeared to bear upon his destiny with a very different significance from that which it really possessed. As a matter of fact, it clearly benefited Cosmo, by opening to him the inheritance of, at least, a modest competency. But he had not, as yet, realised what the importance of this was. He had never known poverty, and his descent into it was, as yet, only felt by anticipation, and exclusively in its relation to the disappointment of certain dearest wishes. Under these circumstances, what are called "worldly considerations" were not included in the view which he took of his uncle's death. That event simply appeared to him to be another element in the general desolation which was closing around him—the severance of another link, frail and shadowy as it was, which connected him with the idea of a hope, now rapidly vanishing. He felt terribly alone. His heart had learned, by the experience of love, to long with intensity for sympathy and tenderness; but, upon the mountainous obstacles which already intervened between him and Esmè, another mountain had lately piled its bulk. As for his father, he was cold and self-sufficing; and even when Cosmo's heart had gone forth to him, in the hour of mutual calamity, its advances had been chilled by silence or by words of formal reciprocity.

The death of this old man, then,

—of this old man whom he might have learned to love, and whose nature was far more in sympathy with his own,—simply seemed, as we have said, to add another drop to the cup of his desolate loneliness, which was already full to the brim.

Love, family ties, wealth, fame, ambition, the eager wish to stand in the fore-front of the battle for everything which makes nations great and good—over all these the dark waters of destiny seemed to pour their obliterating tide. A weariness, a sickness of life, took possession of him; he declined from the high level of Christian stoicism on which he had passed his vigil in the death-chamber. The words of inspiration brought him no comfort; only such as were darkest came to the darkened chambers of his soul, which echoed with the dreary questions of the Man of Uz, with the despairing summations of the mournful Preacher: "Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery? and life unto the bitter in soul?" "All the work that is wrought under the sun, is grievous unto me; for all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

He had brought away his uncle's Bible—the heirloom; it lay upon the table before him, and he took it up and opened it. On the fly-leaf he beheld the motto, "Search the Scriptures," and he turned over the pages, searching in them for the key-note of some happier strain of thought. At last he lighted on a striking passage, which suggested a long train of speculations, ending in a reverie; and, in the midst of this, the Bible slipped from his absent hand and fell to the ground. It fell open, with its leaves downward, and Cosmo hastily stooped and picked it up. The leaves were deranged by the accident, and he was re-

adjusting them when his eye was attracted by some faintish writing upon one of the central pages. With only a languid interest, he approached the light to decipher the words, which were written on the blank side of the title-page of the New Testament. They were as follows :—

“Whereas I, the Honourable Norman Douglas, third son of Archibald, 12th Baron of Dunerlacht, have married you, Jean Lothian, on this first day of June 1781, in the parish of Greyfriars, in Edinburgh, under the name of Norman Glencairn; and whereas you have doubts and scruples whether this wedlock be true and fast, being contracted under a name assumed by me, but not registered—I do now, therefore, before God and upon this His Holy Book, formally take and acknowledge you to be my wife, under the name of Norman Douglas. This name I have abjured and renounced, and I now retake, and use, and admit it to be my name, solely for this one occasion and purpose: *videlicet*—to satisfy your conscience and scruples, and to assure you of my leal faith in all ways. To this I place my signature—NORMAN DOUGLAS or GLENCAIRN.”

Underneath, the anxious wife had made assurance doubly sure by writing :—

“For the second time, this 1st June 1781, I, Jean Glencairn or Lothian, take you, Norman Glencairn, to be my husband, and now under your lawful name of Norman Douglas; and I sign my name—JEAN DOUGLAS or GLENCAIRN or LOTHIAN.”

A mist came before Cosmo's eyes, and the beating of his pulses sounded in his ears like the roar of many waters or the shouting of a vast multitude. For a few seconds he was virtually unconscious;

and though, when he had somewhat recovered his self-possession, he read and re-read the startling revelation, it was only after much time that he had anything but a confused sense of what it imported. At first he appeared to be watching the evolution of a romantic mystery, which in no way concerned him. The very identity of Norman Douglas with his own progenitor Norman Glencairn he could only realise with difficulty; and when that was done, he could hardly retain fixed in his conviction that he himself was transformed into Cosmo Douglas.

Then—“Douglas,” “Dunerlacht,” “Douglas!”—he repeated the names over and over again, with a stupefied air, as if trying to recall some association with the words which was eluding the grasp of his memory. Such a sudden and utter revolution in regard to all the leading ideas and interests of his life, might well bewilder him, and make it a matter hard to his apprehension, that he himself shared the proud lineage which Lord Germistoun had so haughtily described as placing an impassable barrier between Esmè and a suitor of obscure origin. With the minute history of the Dunerlacht family he was not familiar; though he did remember that Lord Germistoun was also 15th Baron Dunerlacht; but in what degree of relationship he himself, as descendant of the 12th Baron, thus stood to the present representative of the family, he was not aware.

It could not, however, be remote; but, near or remote, the lineage and blood were the same. At last, from all confusions and bewilderments, this supreme fact shone before his eyes. The dawn had begun to break at last. A world of delight opened before his eyes. The grand obstacle of birth had ceased

to separate him from Esmè; the contemptuous disregard to which defects of origin had exposed his own personal qualities was no longer possible. For his love there was blissful hope; for his pride, which chafed against the obliteration of individuality by a social brand, there was a sovereign balm. Hard to realise all this; hard to believe in so comprehensive a transformation: but, once grasped, it may well be imagined that, for a time, all other sublunary considerations faded out of view. A time which was of long duration; for, all night through, Cosmo paced his room, turning, again and again, from one to another of the new aspects of his life, and finding, at each recurrence, some accession of delight. It was only when the cold natural dawn stole into his chamber that a check was given to the warmth of his enthusiasm; and then, from a hundred Alnaschar-like dreams, he awoke.

It was much for him to find that he was of noble birth; the distinction was dear to him from many points of view: but the cold voice of the dawn asked him, whether the discovery did, after all, remove every obstacle to his hopes? And the answer, alas! could be but this—that the removal of one disability had been anticipated by the substitution of another. A month ago he possessed the advantage of wealth cancelled by obscurity of birth, and now his faultless lineage was neutralised by poverty.

However much Lord Germistoun might recognise the abstract virtue of a pedigree, which he, of all men, could not possibly undervalue, that, by no means, involved his admission that a comparatively penniless cadet of the family could be considered a suitable match for the daughter of the chief—for the heiress of the family honours and possessions. He felt all this now; and though there

was still much to be thankful for, he bitterly appreciated the irony of Fate.

Next, with a pang of shame and remorse, he remembered his uncle—all thought of whose death had been swept from his mind by the very discovery which the poor old man had longed and hoped and worked for, all his life. He remembered that for his uncle, too, the irony of Fate was cruel—more cruel than in his own case, from the apt moment of its development and the conclusiveness of its action. Bitterly reproaching himself, he was touched by that remorseful desire to atone to the neglected dead, which often moves men to pay an instant and more reverent obedience to the last wishes of those who have gone. He recalled his uncle's last injunctions; he had expressed but two. Of these there was little fear that that which referred to the Bible would be neglected; little fear that *it* would cease to be an heirloom in the family, the charter of whose resuscitation had been drawn from its sacred guardianship.

His uncle's other wish—that he should be laid to his final rest among the ashes of his forefathers, if the place of their sepulture ever became known,—he now resolved to take immediate steps to carry into effect.

To do this, it was necessary that he should, at once, apprise Lord Germistoun of the kinship between their families, which had been so strangely brought to light. Before he lay down, therefore, he wrote the following letter to his lordship—writing, as may be imagined, with a haste and agitation which excluded the consideration of minute details:—

“25th July 18—.

“MY LORD,—I have to announce to you the death of my uncle, Sir Robert Glencairn (properly Doug-

las), which took place last night, at his chambers in Pall Mall, after a few weeks' illness. His death has been immediately followed by a discovery, of vital interest to me, and which cannot be altogether indifferent to you. It has transpired, beyond doubt, that our family name is Douglas, and that we are entitled to it in right of our descent from Norman Douglas, otherwise Glencairn, who was third son of Archibald, twelfth Baron Dunerlacht. The discovery is not many hours old, and I have had no time to ascertain in what exact degree of relationship it proves my late uncle to have stood to your lordship. That it must be pretty close, however, is obvious; but, even had it been very remote, I would still have ventured to trouble you with this letter. The day before his death, my uncle, who had, all his life, entertained the strongest desire to penetrate a mystery in which our origin was involved, expressed to me the wish that, should it ever be cleared up, he might, if it were possible, be interred in the burial-place of our ancestors. That wish is, of course, sacred to me; and I feel confident that so natural an aspiration will recommend itself to your lord-

ship's sympathy, and that you will be glad, as chief of the family, to grant the sanction, and give the directions, which will enable me to carry it into effect. To ask for this is my sole object in now writing to you. This is not the occasion to allude to other bearings of the discovery; but I cannot be wrong, I think, in expressing a hope that, whatever difference has unfortunately existed between us, your lordship will see nothing in my past conduct which can discredit my present request, by making you ashamed to recognise my kinsmanship.—I have the honour to be your lordship's obedient servant,

COSMO DOUGLAS

(formerly GLENCAIRN)."

Cosmo then wrote a second letter to his father, announcing the discovery which had been made shortly after the despatch of a previous one, in which he had reported his uncle's death. He also explained the step which he had consequently taken with regard to the funeral, and begged his father to return at once, if it were at all practicable. When his writing was finished he lay down to rest, but not before the sun had long been up.

CHAPTER LVII.

If the proverbial thunderbolt had fallen through the roof of Lord Germistoun's business-room, it could hardly have produced a more agitating effect upon the noble occupant than did the perusal of Cosmo's letter. In the former case, however, it would have been the agitation of fear; in this, it was simply wrath, but wrath intensified to such a pitch that it almost paralysed the patient. He sat glaring at the letter, livid, trembling, and speechless. We have seen him in not a few transports of the sort,

but only of the sort; for this, in degree, probably surpassed any previous passion which had fired the combustible spirit of the old gentleman. "Glencairn! Glencairn! Glencairn!" were the first words he uttered, after a long interval of dumb frenzy; and then, his voice being again available, he poured forth such volleys of miscellaneous malediction as proved the perfection to which the art of cursing may be brought, if a long life is conscientiously devoted to its culture. This Glencairn family appeared to him, in his pres-

ent mood, to be some emanation from the infernal regions, let loose for the express purpose of outraging and exasperating Viscount Germistoun; and a long list of their persecutions was crowned by this last supreme act of almost impious audacity. One of them had wounded his dignity by personal slight and insult, and placed large moneys of his in grievous jeopardy. The other had practised upon his daughter with diabolical arts of love, ensnared her affections, perverted her obedient spirit, and lifted his own daring eyes to an alliance with the august house of Germistoun. It might have been supposed that this would exhaust them; but no! the Glencairn pertinacity in evil and torment, was a very Hydra—defeated at one point it rose rampant at another. The attempt on his money (he put it thus) had miscarried; he had foiled the matrimonial design, at the expense of grievous personal annoyance, trouble, and anxiety; and now, here was a deliberate scheme to degrade that which was, in his eyes, most sacred of all, by boldly advancing a claim to kinsmanship! What sort of a claim? founded upon what? Why, on the ground of their descent from a blackguard waif of the family, whose debaucheries had been notorious,—a claim which might, no doubt, be made with equal justice by swarms of similar descendants, born, under hedges or in work-houses, of nameless and degraded mothers. By heavens! this was getting past all bounds of human patience! Burial too! burial among the hallowed dust of the Douglasses, for the illegitimate bones of this infernal old Indian impostor! Lord Germistoun felt that it was almost a case for the police; and, at all events, that if justice had anything to do with the moral government of the universe, something must happen to these vampires before long.

Hours elapsed before he was calm enough to write in the strain of awful but judicial severity which he believed to be his *forte*; and then he indited the following response to Cosmo:—

“—, July 18—.

“SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, announcing the death of a person whom you describe as ‘Sir Robert Glencairn (properly Douglas),’ and requesting that the privilege of interment in my family burying-ground may be accorded to his remains.

“It seems not improbable that you should have been distraught by grief, on account of the death of the individual in question; but, either from that, or some other circumstance, I presume you to have been suffering from mental alienation at the moment when you permitted yourself to pen that monstrous effusion. On no other hypothesis can I account for it.

“It seems almost a waste of words to negative a request of the sort; but, as it is preferred in a serious tone, I pay it the compliment of a grave refusal. And, when I have done so, I have said all that is strictly necessary; but I will, nevertheless, add one or two brief observations. You have displayed, on a recent occasion, the spirit of a gentleman, which I cheerfully recognised at the time; and if the same spirit continues in some degree to actuate you, you will, I think, see the propriety of discontinuing the use of the name which you appear to have adopted,—only, let me hope, in the moment of frenzy with which I have above credited you. Admitting the possibility of your illegitimate descent from a member of my family who disgraced it and himself, let me point out that the etiquette which guides men of good feeling in your position prompts them to adopt the

name, not of the male, but of the female parent or progenitor, from whom an irregular and discreditable origin is derived. The law, I believe, without recognising the *right* of persons in your position to any name at all, sanctions in some sort of way, or perhaps I should say connives at, their adoption of the female surname. I know not whether the name of 'Glencairn' were adopted on this principle; but, if that be not the name borne by your irregular progenitrix, I would suggest that you should now discard it—not for the name of Douglas, but for that of the female in question, which, if she were at any time within the pale of ecclesiastical discipline, may probably be preserved in the disciplinary records of the parish where she lived. This would be to place yourself in, at least, a *quasi* legal position. Be that as it may, persistence on your part in the assumption of the name of Douglas might possibly compel me to expose the impertinence in the public prints; and I shall do so, without fail, if it ever comes to my knowledge that you venture to impute to me the scandal of kinsmanship with yourself.—I am your obedient servant,

"GERMISTOUNE.

"P.S.—A more monstrous pretension was, perhaps, never before advanced."

Cosmo did not receive this notable effusion till late at night, and he answered it on the instant.

The next morning Esmè happened to reach the breakfast-room before her father had made his appearance, and, while awaiting his arrival, she took up the advertisement-sheet of the 'Times,' and read, in the obituary list, an announcement which interested, but much perplexed her. It ran as follows:—

"At his chambers, in Pall Mall, on the —th inst., in the 65th year

of his age, Sir Robert Douglas (formerly Glencairn), K.C.S.I., late commissioner of Sirapoore, Bengal; great-grandson of Archibald, 12th Baron Dunerlacht."

When Lord Germistoun entered, Esmè, with the paper still in her hand, exclaimed, with a vivacity now unusual in her dealings with her father—

"Oh, papa, we seem to have lost a relation I never heard of before. It is very strange."

"What do you mean?"

"There is the death of a Sir Robert Douglas, formerly Glencairn, announced here."

"Is every one who chooses to call himself 'Douglas,' necessarily a relation of ours?"

"No; but he is described as great-grandson of Archibald, 12th Baron Dunerlacht. What does it mean, if he were not our relation?"

"Mean? It means an imposition—a swindle—a lie; that's what it means."

"But who *was* this Sir Robert Douglas in reality?"

"Ah! read his *alias*."

"Glencairn," said Esmè, utterly bewildered.

"Yes, 'Glencairn;' you have some reason to blush when you read it."

"But—but—"

"He was brother to the man who tried to fleece me of my money; he was uncle to the individual who has virtually robbed me of my daughter's loyalty and affection; he was a third scoundrel of the same accursed gang."

"This is cruelly unjust, papa."

"Be silent! What new villany have they started now? Why, a claim to kinsmanship with me—with *me*!—on the ground of an alleged illegitimate descent from a black-guard cadet of our family! And not content with that, this Mr Cosmo Glencairn completes a long series of outrages by calmly request-

ing me to admit my 'kinsman' (the reprobate just defunct!)—to admit him to the right of burial among the old lords of Dunerlacht! By heavens! it's enough to make the old lords get up and leave the vaults in disgust! But I daresay you'll defend it. Upon my life, I think you will! Do you? Do you dare? What? Answer me!"

"I think it is natural to wish to be buried among one's own people," said Esmè, speaking like one in sleep, and from the midst of some wild and wondrous dream. Before her father had time to open new vials of wrath upon her, a servant entered and brought him a letter, addressed in a handwriting which caused his lordship to pause and hastily tear it open. It was Cosmo's letter, and Lord Germistoun tore it open with a sort of gluttonous desire to stimulate his ferocity with some new incentive. He was apparently disappointed. Certainly the letter, which ran as follows, did not produce this effect, but indeed a strangely different one:—

—"—, July 18—.

"MY LORD,—I do not think it would be seemly in me to protract a controversy as to the burial of my uncle, Sir Robert Douglas. I will therefore make other provisional arrangements for his interment, and I have, on that subject, no farther remarks to offer.

"As to the general tone and tenor of your letter, I feel that, though they are offensive, I am not logically entitled to resent them, since they are based on a misconception of facts so great that they are virtually not addressed to me at all, but to a non-existent person.

"Absolute proof of my legitimate descent from Norman Douglas is in my possession; and no strong asseverations will discredit it. Let me add that (failing my father's

action in the matter), I shall anticipate your action as to publicity, by at once advertising my resumption of our family name—of which your lordship may be assured that I am as proud as yourself—and the advertisement will report the evidence which justifies the resumption. I shall thus place myself, not, to use your own expression, 'in a *quasi* legal position,' but in the only position tolerable to a gentleman, who considers that the fair fame of his progenitors ought to be sacred in his eyes.

"Your lordship will, of course, see in the advertisement the evidence above alluded to, but I need not say that, should you wish to examine the originals, or the certified copies from marriage registers, &c., they are open to your inspection. At the same time, any attempt, on your part, to discredit the legality of my resumption of the family name, will compel me, with regret, to have recourse to legal measures for redress and refutation.—I have the honour to be your lordship's obedient servant,
COSMO DOUGLAS."

By the time Lord Germistoun had finished reading the above, every vestige of colour had left his face. He folded up the letter with hands that shook as if palsied, and sat down to the breakfast-table, touching the articles about him in an absent, mechanical way, while his features worked spasmodically.

His daughter was anxiously observing him, when he rose and staggered, rather than walked, towards the door. Esmè sprang up and ran to him with a cry of alarm.

"Papa! dear papa! what is wrong? let me help you—let me—"

He turned on her with a ghastly face and wild eyes, and waved her off, muttering, "Don't dare to follow me!"

TRANSLATIONS FROM HEINE.

BY THEODORE MARTIN.

A FIRESIDE PIECE.

OUTSIDE the blast is making riot,
And through the darkness the snowflakes fall ;
Here in my little room all is quiet,
Warm and dry, and so snug withal.

Musing I sit on my cushioned settle,
Facing the firelight's fitful shine ;
Sings on the hob the simmering kettle,
Songs that seem echoes of "auld lang syne."

And close beside me the cat sits purring,
Warming her paws at the cheery gleam ;
The flames keep flitting, and flickering, and whirling,—
My mind is lapped in a realm of dream.

Many long, long forgotten summers
Rise up, wraith-like, before my view,
Some in the brightness of masking mummers,
Some with their splendours bedimmed in hue.

Lovely, serene-faced women sweetly
Meanings divine in a glance convey ;
Revellers, mingling among them fleetly,
Caper and laugh, and are madly gay.

Marble gods in the distance tower ;
Near them, dream-like in beauty rare,
Is a fairy grove that has burst in flower,
And sheds perfume on the moonlit air.

Castles full many of wizard story
Totter along with their crests awry ;
Knights behind them, in full-plumed glory,
With troops of their squires come riding by.

'Tis gone ! The beautiful dream is over !
Away like a phantom the pageant draws !
Oh dear ! The kettle is boiling over,
And pussy is yelling with scalded paws.

LOVE'S BURIAL.

THOU hast passed from life, and thou knowest it not ;
The light is quenched in thine eyes, I wot ;
Thy rose-red mouth, it is wan and sere,
And thou art dead, my poor dead dear !

One summer night, myself I saw
Thee laid in earth with a shuddering awe ;
The nightingales fluted low dirge-like lays,
And the stars came out on thy bier to gaze.

As the mourning train through the wood defiles,
Their litany peals up the branching aisles ;
The pine-trees, in funeral mantles dressed,
Moan prayers for the soul that is gone to rest.

And as by the mountain tarn we wound,
The elves were dancing a fairy round ;
They stopped, and they seemed, though startled thus,
With looks of pity to gaze at us.

And when we came to thy lone earth bed,
The moon came down from the heaven o'erhead.
She spoke of the lost one. A sob, a stound !
And the bells in the far-away distance sound.

THE UNBELIEVER.

WITHIN my arms thou'lt lie, love mine !
With rapture past all measure
My whole heart leaps, and throbs to think
Of such entrancing pleasure.

Within my arms thou'lt lie, love mine !
With thy fair golden tresses
My fingers sport ; thy dear wee head
Upon my shoulder presses.

Within my arms thou'lt lie, love mine !
Sweet fact fulfils sweet vision.
Even here on earth I shall enjoy
Heaven's dearest bliss Elysian.

Oh, holy Thomas ! Can this be ?
The doubt, I know, will linger,
Till I on the wound my bliss hath left
Am able to place my finger.

DONNA CLARA.

IN the garden, 'neath the twilight,
Roameth the Alcaidè's daughter ;
Downwards from the castle ramparts
Drum and trump send festal music.

"Tedious are to me the dances,
And the honeyed words of flattery,
And the knights who, debonairly,
With the sun himself compare me.

"Everything is doubly tedious,
Since I saw, beneath the moonlight,
Yonder knight, whose lute o' nights has
To my chamber window lured me.

"Oh, how brave he looked, and slender!
And his eyes shot flashing glories
From his face so nobly pallid.
He was like St George exactly !"

In this wise mused Donna Clara ;
On the ground her eyes were poring ;
Looking up, there stands the comely
Unknown Paladin before her.

Hand-locked, murmuring loving whispers,
On they saunter in the moonlight ;
And the zephyr fans them softly,
Fairy-like the roses greet them.

Fairy-like the roses greet them,
Like Love's heralds, all a-glowing.
"Tell me, my belovèd, wherefore
Turn'st thou rosy-red so quickly ?"

"'Twas a gnat that stung me, dearest ;
And these gnats in summer-time are
Quite as odious to me, as though
They were long-nosed Hebrew vermin."

"Think not, sweet, of gnats or Hebrews !"
Says the knight, in tones caressing.
"From the chestnut-trees in thousands
Flakes of snow-white blooms are falling.

"Flakes of snow-white blooms in thousands
Breathe around delicious fragrance.
Ah ! my own belovèd, tell me,
Is thy heart mine, all mine, only ?"

"Yes, I love thee. Oh, my darling,
By the Saviour blest I swear it,
Whom the Jews, of heaven accursèd,
In their fiendish malice murdered !"

"Name not Saviour! name not Hebrews!"
Says the knight, in tones caressing.
"Yonder, like a dream, are waving
Milk-white lilies, bathed in moonshine.

"Milk-white lilies, bathed in moonshine,
Upwards on the stars are gazing.
Ah, my own beloved! tell me,
Hast thou, too, not sworn untruly?"

"Untruth is not in me, dearest,
As within my breast there is not
One small drop of blood of Moor, nor
Of that filthy race of Hebrews!"

"Think not, sweet, of Moor or Hebrew!"
Says the knight, in tones caressing;
And towards a grove of myrtle
On he leads the Alcaidè's daughter.

Stealthily love's silken meshes
He has round and round her woven!
Few the words and long the kisses,
And their hearts are overflowing.

Sings the nightingale, low-fluting,
As 'twere some ecstatic bride-song;
And along the ground the glow-worms
Flit as in a mazy torch-dance.

In the grove the hush grows deeper;
Nought is heard save through the silence
Prudent myrtles, lowly lipping,
And the flowers their sighs exhaling.

Of a sudden from the castle
Comes the blare of drum and trumpet;
And, awaking, Donna Clara
Steals from the embrace that folds her.

"Hark! they call me, O my darling!
But thou shalt, before we sever,
Tell me thy dear name, which thou hast
Kept so long from me a secret."

And the lover, smiling gaily,
Kissed the fingers of his Donna—
Kissed her lips, and eyes, and forehead,
And at length he thus addressed her:—

"I, Señora, your beloved,
Am the son of the illustrious,
Far-famed, and most learned Rabbi,
Israel of Saragossa."

VIENNA AND VIENNESE LIFE.

THE latest of M. Tissot's volumes on Germany has made its appearance even more appropriately than his 'Pays des Milliards.' He remarks in his introduction to 'Vienne et la Vie Viennoise,'* that Austria is exceptionally the country of contrasts; and we may say as much and more emphatically of the Austrian capital. That is the reason why eyes have been so anxiously riveted upon it of late. For the Austrians have so vital an interest in the Eastern Question, that to all appearance they should have spoken the words long ago that must have sent Europe into amicable conference. Unhappily, as matter of fact, the magnificent Austrian empire is a mere political expression. With its many and motley nationalities, jealously scrambling for equality or ascendancy, it has been shifting, as one of its diplomatists very justly observed to M. Tissot, from absolutism to federalism; from federalism to centralism; from centralism to dualism. The German race is in a small minority; while its more advanced Liberals are alien in their sympathies. As much indeed may be said of each of the people that compose what is anything but a happy family. The Magyars, who saved the throne of Maria Theresa from the cynical ambition of the Great Frederick, lay themselves out for foreign support in their aspirations after independence and self-government. It was the Russians of Nicholas, with the Slavs under the Ban of Croatia, who crushed out their rising of 1848 when its success seemed wellnigh assured. Thus they have an equal horror of their Russian neighbours and of their Slav fellow-subjects, and that is why they

have gone heart and soul with the Turks, while labouring to force the hand of Count Andrassy. But Count Andrassy, although their countryman, has to reckon with the Court party, and with the formidable Slav element that re-established its ascendancy. Then the Slavs, whatever may be their apprehensions as to the future, are loath to break in the meantime with their Russian kinsfolk. The Czechs, surrounded by Germans, are shut up in their *enclave* of Bohemia; they assert their pretensions to such privileges as are enjoyed by the Hungarians; and their deputies have refused to take their seats in the Cisleithan Chamber at Vienna, as the representatives of the coasts of Transleithania hold aloof from the Parliament at Pesth. Measures that are urged from the one side provoke bitter opposition on the others, because where interests are not actually in conflict, the atmosphere is charged with suspicion.

As we have no idea of entering into political questions, we refrain from even the most cursory *résumé* of the relative positions of the other provinces: we have merely glanced at the subject, because we see in Vienna the social embodiment of those antagonistic influences that hamper or paralyse Austrian action. Politically, the state of things is calamitous for Europe, and means the gravest anxieties for the dynasty of the Hapsburgs. But socially, and from the picturesque point of view, it makes Vienna one of the most attractive of capitals, at all events to the passing visitor. It is true that Old Vienna has been strangely changed, and by no means altogether for the better, even so

* Vienne et la Vie Viennoise, par Victor Tissot. Paris: E. Dentu. 1878.

far as its own inhabitants are concerned. For ourselves, we plead guilty to a sentimental conservatism in the case of venerable cities and time-honoured abuses, although it clashes with common-sense, and will not stand the test of argument. We regret the reforms in Papal Rome which have swept and garnished its filthy old thoroughfares; which have whitewashed the crumbling walls that used to be tapestried with gorgeous mosses; which have disengaged diseases and death in disturbing mouldering foundations; which broach schemes for embanking the yellow Tiber, although these seem to be indefinitely delayed. We regret the works of demolition that have let light and air into the Judengasse at Frankfort, replacing rookeries that gladdened the soul of the artist by a brand-new modern street with gas and water laid on. We lament the destructive enterprise of the municipality of Naples; and now that the energetic officials who carried it out have been brought into the law courts, we are inclined to say that it serves them right. We are by no means clear even as to the "improvements" in Paris; and we know that we move in pensive melancholy along those broad boulevards which traverse the labyrinths of oddly-named streets where we used always to lose ourselves after a long-standing acquaintance. A superbly imposing monotony of buildings is all very well in such mushroom cities as New York or Chicago; nay, there is little exception to be taken to it in quarters of our own metropolis like Belgravia or South Kensington, that encroach on what used to be fields or market gardens; but it is another thing altogether when it takes the shape of subversion, and transforms the Rome of the Popes, or the Paris of the Valois and the Bourbons. We love our comforts as much as most

people; and we trust that we are no more immoral than our neighbours. Yet we sometimes wish we could have seen the Paris of the occupation after Waterloo, before the *Préfets* of the Seine were abroad wielding the besom of destruction, and intrusted with unlimited credit; when there was a romantic sense of insecurity in the streets after sundown; when bands of lawless Bohemians infested the suburbs, and water-thieves were said to swarm on the Seine; when every sort of irregularity was facilitated by the faint light of the lamps of oil that swung from lines across the tortuous thoroughfares; when the chink of the gaming-tables might be heard in broad daylight from the windows of the gambling dens in the Palais Royal.

Our feelings have run away with us, and we have said so much that we fear we are very likely to be misunderstood. And besides, we have been wandering away from Vienna and the promiscuous population that makes it what it is. But then, if there is anything of the past that one may be excused for regretting, it is the Vienna that we used to know down to some dozen of years back. It was then that those contrasts, to which we have made allusion, struck you so forcibly at every turn. The citizens were cribbed and confined, and the city was mean in some of its aspects. Though the fortifications had been dismantled, they had not been removed; the inhabitants were cramped within an *enceinte* that reminded them of days comparatively recent, when the Turks came periodically to beleaguer their walls, and the Marchfeld was the habitual battleground of the Eastern Question. The proudest aristocracy of Europe lived in the very centre of the commercial quarter, looking out from the windows of their *salons* of state

on rookeries that were crowded by the hard-working artisans. There was literally no elbow-room to be had for love or money. There was no throwing out a wing or altering a gable without interfering with the lights or rights of a neighbour; and you had to pick your way along the most fashionable street on the narrow border of flags that was the merest pretence for a pavement. The wheels of the carriages, when the weather was wet, cast showers of mud on the unfortunate passengers as on the windows of the court shopkeepers. When the wealthiest nobles were so indifferently housed according to our Western notions, of course their inferiors were by no means particular. We have inhabited the gloomy interior of rather expensive lodgings in the K rnthner Strasse, and could judge by their internal appointments of the dwellings of the well-to-do middle classes. In short, light and air were not to be had upon any terms; and the tenants set small store by such modern conveniences as water and drainage. You had some idea of the habits of the Viennese in their homes when you groped your way into one of the restaurants they frequented. These restaurants still exist and thrive on the strength of their time-honoured reputations side by side with more showy rivals. A popular chop-house in the city of London was a palace of ease compared to one of those old-fashioned Vienna eating-houses at noon-day. Packed together like a consignment of swine in a railway truck, these worthy Viennese could be dimly distinguished through the dense columns of vapour that rose from their savoury food, or rolled up through dark subterranean passages from the vaulted kitchens below. The ceaseless clatter of knives and the clink of beer-glasses made the horrors of the hazy pandemonium

more intense. And if these things were done in the green tree, what was done in the dry? If that was the way of life of well-to-do people, who patronised establishments in the most frequented streets, one may imagine what it was when you penetrated into the labyrinth of lanes where the industrial and dangerous classes were huddled together, or when you made your way into the quarter of the Jews, that slopes down towards the arm of the Danube. The decrepit houses, piled stage over stage, threatened to topple over into each other's arms; the open gutters came with a rush after rain down the rugged acclivities of ill-paved *gassees*, to flood the pools that were stagnating at the bottom. There was no trapping or covering of sewers; it was seldom, indeed, that the scavenger penetrated thither; and as for the odours that tainted the air, the scents of the City of the Virgins were a trifle to them!

All that was one side of the picture. The natives did not seem to care, or it might be presumed that they would have agitated for sanitary measures; and we never heard that the death-rate in Vienna compared very unfavourably with that in other cities. The traveller might grumble at the gloom in the best hotels—in the solemn and grimly-furnished bedrooms of the "Archduke Charles" or the "Empress Elizabeth;" he might object to being jostled when he took his walks abroad—to having to swallow a peck of dust during his stroll—to being splashed from head to foot by the carriages; but all that only served with the rest to brighten the enchanting contrasts.

First, as to the city itself. Each individual dwelling might be incommodious,—taken in the aggregate, they were most inconveniently

huddled together. But then the general architectural and æsthetic effects were simply unrivalled, when the sombre harmony of the weather-stained tints was lighted up by the streams of brilliant sunshine that came pouring down upon the *places* and markets, or filtered through the gables and angular chimneys. Everything in the shape of public buildings seemed to wear the historic picturesqueness of hoar antiquity, from the Gothic glories of the graceful spires of St Stephen's to the fortress-palace of the Burg, where the Emperor kept house among his people. At each turn of the narrow twisting streets you found yourself in front of some imposing sculptured façade, among other buildings that had little to boast of but their solidity. At each corner you looked up at some quaint group of house-tops, dominated by the tower or the steeple of one of the innumerable churches. There were the massive convents, often looking out to the country from their commanding positions on the ramparts; the lofty townward wall, with its lines of grated windows, sometimes forming the side of an entire street. There were palaces of the nobles, that, though they left little space for the surrounding garden, sometimes looked out like that of the Esterhazys, on spacious *places* like the Freyung; while in the Jews' quarter, although it might scarcely be agreeable as a residence, there were the most fantastic eccentricities of curious outline, and specimens of the most elaborate workmanship in iron, that amply repaid the researches of the connoisseur.

But it was the open-air life of Vienna that was made so thoroughly enjoyable by comparison. The Viennese revel in the open air—and no wonder. If they could not exercise the familiar spirits of gloom

that haunted their closely-packed houses, at all events they could rush out and elude them. In bad weather and the long winter evenings there were the *brasseries* and the *cafés*, whose frequenters had been born to the manner of them, with the seasoned constitutions of salamanders and the lungs of stokers in the Red Sea. But these recommended themselves as a *pis aller* to the social townfolk, who always preferred, when they could, to be *unter freien himmel*, and if possible to take their wives and families along with them. In the first place, they had the intramural *places* within easy reach of their doors—most of them turned into markets on several mornings in the week. There they could lounge among the stalls laden with fruit from the neighbouring orchards, and bunches of old-fashioned flowers, and great piles of vegetables in profusion if not in variety; among the mob of sturdy, noisy, good-humoured peasants—the women in queer head-dresses and gay-coloured bodices and petticoats that wonderfully brightened the scene;—among the waggons and carts and *ein-spänner* that had been dragged overnight from considerable distances by horses and ponies, donkeys and dogs. There among flocks of pigeons and sparrows from the overhanging roofs, that scarcely took the trouble to flutter out of the way, the good housewives of the town used to do their marketing, with their children clinging on to their skirts, and often escorted by the house-father, who carried the basket. How pleasant and wholesome it must have been in the city smoke to sniff up the freshness of the country from the basketsful of apples and cabbages! No wonder they prolonged the bargaining indefinitely, though they must have been tolerably familiar with the

market prices, insisting on having a stock or a sprig of wallflower thrown in. These characteristic market scenes must alway linger in one's memory, as they presented themselves to the curious traveller looking down upon them—say from the balconies of the Hotel Münsch upon the Hop-markt.

It was chiefly the women of the *bourgeoisie* who went about the markets of a morning. The men looked forward to the mid-day meal, when they met their friends and discussed their affairs; to the gathering in the breweries and *cafés* when their day's labours were done; but above all to the cool of the evening in the gardens. There they inhaled the fresh breezes from the pine-covered hills of the Wienerwald; there they smoked their pipes and their favourite Virginian cigars, and listened to the lively waltzes by the bands of Strauss and Lanner. We need not loiter in the gardens now, for they are as great a feature of the Viennese life as ever. But nothing can bring back the old spectacle in the Prater on the gala-days and fine Sundays in summer. The noble clumps of timber are there still: the great shady stretches of turf: the lovely glades and impervious thickets, with the broad reaches of the rushing Danube sparkling in the brilliant sunshine or glooming in the shadows of the trees. There are still the streets of booths and dancing-saloons and eating-houses in the Würstl-prater, where the people pluck the passing day, and make merry in Rabelaisian fashion. But the old pomp and picturesqueness are gone, which were the most visible signs and symbols of a city that was still medieval. Then the court equipages, carefully supervised by the master of the horse, according to the traditions of his office, used to turn out in grand

gala-dress. Then the great magnates from all the provinces of the empire were wont to rival the imperial magnificence, and vie with each other in their degrees. Gorgeous *chasseurs* seated on the boxes, their good-humoured features shaded by nodding plumes, outshone the glories of Western field-m Marshals. Princes and counts of the kingdom of Hungary would appear in the graceful national garments—in the long boots and embroidered *dolmans*—that delighted their semi-oriental taste. It was a firmament of which the imperial sun was the centre, and where hundreds of minor constellations had each its train of satellites. The people crowded with open eyes and mouths to gaze in ever-renewed delight at a glittering spectacle that no familiarity could stale. And what he saw in the course of his drive round the Prater showed the stranger a reflection of the interior of those forbidding-looking mansions, where no foreigners set foot unless they came with the best introductions. Each of these mansions had its little court. In more than one of them, like that of the head of the Esterhazys, a table was daily spread for the relations and hangers-on. Some of the princely houses were entitled to their personal bodyguards, and had even the right to confer honours and distinctions. Nor was the picturesqueness by any means confined to the ostentation of the high aristocracy. You drove back from the Prater to the Stephen's-platz and the Kohl-markt to find yourself in such a variety of costume as you saw nowhere else out of a fancy ball. The different *cafés* were patronised by different nationalities. There were Turks and Greeks, Jews and Poles, Bohemians and Servians, Wallachians and Moldavians, Tyrolese and people from the coasts of the Adriatic. They crowded each other

and mingled their motley garb and speech on the broad flagstones of the Kohl-markt, jabbering in each dialect of Eastern Europe, and smoking everything from the porcelain pipe to the cigarette.

Nowadays if you woke up in Vienna after having gone to sleep for a dozen or fifteen years, like Rip Van Winkle, or About's 'man with the broken ear,' you might rub your eyes indeed. Vienna is the *Kaiserstadt* as much as ever; the same agglomeration of clashing nationalities constrained to a common obedience to their imperial head. The strange diversities of feature and language are as striking as before. But the crowds of semi-orientals have learned to clothe themselves like ordinary Western Christians, so that the people turn to stare at the Turk who sticks to the costume of his country and climate. The Hungarian whose father draped himself in the *dolman*, orders his garments in Savile Row, and piques himself on their insular faultlessness of cut. The nobles who prided themselves on the profuse hospitality of their patriarchal state, have either been half ruined or have had to draw in their horns. Humbler men have taken to making and losing fortunes after the manner of those enterprising Americans who have the knack of falling on their feet. Venturesome speculators have come to the front, and the money-making tribe of Judah has asserted its financial supremacy. M. Tissot remarks that the Hebrew dream of the new Jerusalem has actually been realised on the banks of the Danube. It is the Jews, he says, who have built these modern palaces. It is the Jews who have bought up the Austrian press. It is the Jews who monopolise the money of the empire. It is the Jewish bill-brokers who have made themselves the masters of the feudal families

that in former ages used to put them to ransom. "How the times are changed!" a Viennese sufferer remarked to him plaintively, referring to the good old times when the Jews were wont to be burned by the hundred, and when the poor Christian students came to turn over the heaps of ashes in search of the pieces of gold that the victims might have hidden in their garments. "How the times are changed! Now it is the Jews confiscate our goods."

And as it is with the citizens, so it has been with their city. It may seem a strong thing to say when the march of demolition and reconstruction has been so universal, but nowhere are architectural contrasts more conspicuous. Hear M. Tissot on the subject, when he gives expression to the ideas that must suggest themselves to everybody:—

"The '*stadt*,' the city, which forms as it were a black island lost in the white sea of its suburbs, remains the centre of commercial, political, and social life; the pickaxe of the destroyer has respected these tortuous streets, these narrow *places*, all full of old relics, and where still is palpitating, the same as before, the soul of the ancient monarchy. The six-storeyed houses, with their grand arched gateways, with their massive caryatides, encounter each other at each step in this labyrinth of picturesque and gloomy streets which worm themselves about, which cross, which meet, and which carry you back with your thoughts for several centuries; their sharp-cut, engine-turned turrets which shoot up in the air like vegetation in stone, soften the angles and give a castellated air to those ancient constructions of feudalism, where personal power was so solidly intrenched. But to see this decorated architecture in all its splendour, you should make the round of the city by night, in a brilliant moonlight. Going out of an evening I have given myself over to the guidance of an artist friend, in this ravishing labyrinth of venerable streets which seem to be

playing at hide-and-seek, and shrinking out of the way of the wind. I was in a rapture over the spectacle, with its unexpected effects and its delightful surprises. One part of the town seemed flooded in a sea of shadows, the other bathed in the limpid and silvery light of a dawn; and under these reflections of agate and opal, the bearded faces of the caryatides showed as if they were living and grimacing; you might have said that these great nude bodies of fauns and satyrs were making violent struggles to release themselves from their cases of mortar, that they might draw nearer to the nymphs who, like them, had half emancipated themselves."

M. Tissot remarks characteristically that the reconstruction of old Vienna, with the ruin it has brought on so many, was part of that fatal heritage of the milliards of which Prussia plundered unfortunate France; that the impulse to wild speculation came directly from Berlin; and that the embellishment of the capital of North Germany set brains on fire in the Kaiserstadt. In reality the Viennese had gone industriously to work long before the negotiations for the secret tripartite treaty which, it has been proved, precipitated the plans of Count Bismarck. The most inveterately Conservative aristocracy in Europe clung as long as they could to their old habits, with the odd blending of ostentation and simplicity. They disliked innovations in any shape as indicative of those popular movements they dreaded. The *bourgeoisie* was far too careful of its savings to offer an inviting opening to speculative adventurers. Yet, considering the growth of luxury and the rapid development of speculative enterprise everywhere else, the only marvel is that the Viennese should have stood still so long. Had the French marched upon Berlin and laid the Prussians under contribution, the Viennese would have gone on all the same with that

architectural transformation which was already fairly well advanced. As it was, the flush of cash and credit in Prussia no doubt accelerated the Austrian catastrophe. Moreover, the opening of the Exhibition contributed to it. The Viennese had dreamed the most extravagant dreams of the money they were to make by the strangers within their gates. They appear to have fancied that when once foreign visitors had found their way to them, they would continue to pour on in a perennial flood. So they run up whole quarters for the accommodation of their guests, and for the residence of those who were to make their fortunes by the inundation. Before the commercial crash they had already been undeceived. Some of the biggest of the new hotels were never filled beyond their *entresols*, and M. Tissot gives significant information as to the fate that has befallen them since. The Hotel Austria has been bought for a central police-office. The Tauber, the Britannica, the Union, have all been sold for what they would fetch—the first having been knocked down at a price which barely covered the mortgages. And we should say that if speculative shareholders have cleared the mortgages by their sales in all instances, they have good reason for gratitude. For the building crisis could never have become so acute, had it not been for the seductive facilities in obtaining extravagant advances. When all values were going up, when a swarm of mushroom financial establishments were bidding against each other for business, cash may be said to have been going a-begging. Neck-or-nothing men of straw would set their hands to "securities" to any amount, on the mutual accommodation principle. You bought your plot of land, and you borrowed on it, and made a contract with the

builder. When you had built up to the ground-floor you borrowed again, and you repeated the operation at each successive stage, till at last you arrived at the roof, and could survey your handiwork from the chimney-pots. The insurance companies conspired with the banking establishments to foster those financial follies, for they were a god-send to them—so long as they lasted.

When once the disillusioning set in, it grew to frenzied panic in a day or two. M. Tissot gives a most striking picture of the deplorable tragedies that occurred in the palace of the new Bourse. In six years the members of the Stock Exchange had increased from 1000 to 3200. Two-thirds of these sanguine speculators saw their occupation gone of a sudden, and their dreams of a golden future were changing into ghastly nightmares. Many of them had hopelessly committed themselves. Brought face to face with ruin in forty-eight hours, they found it impossible to stave off the evil day. The impulsive Southern nature passed swiftly from despondency to despair, and there were several suicides in the corridors. Some of the leading members of the great banking houses had fallen into evil repute with the new men. It was said that they had been locking up their cash in their strong-boxes that they might artificially aggravate the stringency and make a sweep among troublesome competitors. One of these bankers, the Baron de Schey—the Schey Palace is one of the most imposing in the Opera Ring—very imprudently drove down to the bear-garden, in the Schotten Ring, when the clamour and excitement were at their height. A frantic mob precipitated itself on him. “He was beaten, buffeted, nearly torn limb from limb, and only owed his life to

a miracle. One of his clerks was picked up dying. Next day the house was closed and occupied by a picket of gendarmes.” And it would be hard to conjure up a more horrible scene, than that crowd of smartly-dressed, scented and jewelled pseudo-dandies, changed of a sudden into a troop of wild beasts, and rending in pieces, with savage outcries, a gentleman whose acquaintance they would have purchased the week before by any act of servility or baseness. Heaven only knows what is become of them nowadays. A few committed suicide—notoriously one of the most distinguished of the imperial generals; some died of broken hearts in the extremity of misery; many must have gone back to the avocations in which they started, or descended to even more questionable walks of *escroquerie*. Some have succeeded in drifting ashore after the storm, on the spars that they saved from the wreck of their fortunes.

The city is beginning gradually to recover itself, though the effects of that panic of 1873 must be long felt through the empire, where it gave a rude shock to commercial confidence, and brought many promising public works to a standstill. The Viennese who had hastened to be rich—who had cut into the great gambling game with the savings they had hitherto been so careful of—who had changed their manner of living on the strength of their gains—have learned some lessons of prudence and over-learned them. They have had to leave their spacious new apartments to go back to their gloomy old rooms; and so far they might have done worse. But because they have once scorched themselves in the fires of speculation, they are more nervous than ever over the most legitimate enterprise. They put away the florins they may

scrape and save, in what is the equivalent of the thatch of the Hindoo's mud hovel or the heel of the stocking of the old Highland peasant, and consequently their country must be so much the poorer. Then those years of ephemeral excitement and fictitious money-making have resulted in permanently bad times for the nobles. Many of them had speculated foolishly; but that was by no means the worst of it. For, as a rule, the enterprises into which they were tempted were legitimate improvements in their own districts—in their forests, mines, or low-lying marsh lands. The promoters and concessionaries paid themselves handsomely, of course; but, as a rule, those schemes themselves had some substantial foundation. The evil was, that so many of them were suspended before they were in a position to begin to pay. But the nobles were hurried, besides, into habits of unfamiliar extravagance. Formerly a man took his stand on his recognised rank and his quarterings. If he had large revenues from his estates, he spent them munificently and hospitably; if he were poor or encumbered, he felt no false shame in retrenching his household expenses accordingly. The wealthiest of the citizens never dreamed of outshining him. They gained no social consideration by spending, and so they saved. But the influx of the foreign financiers and adventurers inaugurated a new state of things. As the new men had no known antecedents, they were obliged to *afficher* themselves and their means. By way of advertising their solvency as promoters, they flaunted their wealth in the face of the city. They built themselves magnificent mansions. They gave sumptuous entertainments amongst themselves in the new society they had formed. They ordered their equipages in Paris and imported their horses from

England. It is true that they were not received at Court—that men sneered at their vulgar ostentation, and told good stories to their discredit. But none the less it was not in human nature for the hereditary aristocracy to submit to be eclipsed. So they drew on their incomes for the display which the *nouveaux riches* paid for out of credit and capital. And habits of show and self-indulgence are more easy to assume than to abandon. The result is, that the aristocracy have given themselves over to be spoiled by the Jews, who must have locked away in their strong-rooms a most remarkable collection of title-deeds. "So it is," says M. Tissot, "that a prince has been ruined, rich enough formerly to scatter his handfuls of gold in the streets of St Petersburg, on the occasion of the coronation of the Emperor Alexander II. They have laid hands even on his gala-suit, and sold its diamond buttons in London." We presume that M. Tissot refers to the head of the great Hungarian family, who, when he mounted on horseback in his pearl-sewn tunic, reckoned on scattering some thousand pounds' worth of the gems.

Those years of thoughtless speculation have made Vienna what we see it; yet much as they have changed it, it is still unique in some respects, and more the city of contrasts than before. Materially the new Ring Strasse that encircles it with its roomy thoroughfares is an immense improvement. Disagreeably windy these thoroughfares may be, when the cold spring blasts are sweeping down from the mountains, enveloping you in whirlwinds of penetrating dust. But at those times the *flâneur* can always take refuge in the ancient streets that used to be his favourite lounge; and when the weather is pleasant the Ring is delightful. The streams of

the gay world may intermingle on the pavements with no fear of overflowing them.

Nowadays you need not make an expedition to the Prater to look on at the lines of carriages and equestrians. You have the seductive shops, showing in their plate-glass windows the variety of *articles de luxe* for which Vienna has always been famous. You may admire the substantial yet graceful furniture, with its artistic carvings of flowers, and fruit, and game, to the manufacture of which a whole quarter is devoted. Then you have the display of knick-knacks in morocco and Russian leather, which seem ridiculously cheap to the stranger, even in the establishments of most fashionable renown. And there are the delicately wrought meerschauts, with their mouthpieces of clouded amber, for which that city of smoking connoisseurs is celebrated; and there are the opals from the Carpathian mountains, and coral from the Levant, among the masterpieces in gold and gems, that show the taste of Austrian jewellers. There are rare carpets and hangings, woven in the Moravian and Bohemian looms, that vie in the softness of their texture and the subdued harmony of their tints with those specimens from Turkey and Persia alongside of them, which are imported by Trieste or the Danube. Next you are dazzled by the coruscations from the stands of Bohemian glass; and then you come upon a gunmaker's whose admirably finished arms of precision are adjusted in trophies under the spoils of the chase—mighty stag's antlers from the Carpathians, chamois-heads from Styria or the Saltzkammergut. In short, you lounge through a fancy-fair or permanent imperial exhibition, which shows the visitor the ornamental productions of the empire. And when you are tired of lounging, as

you may easily be, for the distances are great, and the air is apt to be relaxing, you have only to drop into a *café* and take up your position at one of the windows. These *cafés* are so numerous that they are never overcrowded, except possibly two or three of the most frequented in the fashionable hours of the afternoon. You call for your *mélange* or your '*Capuciner*'—white, brown, or black coffee, as you prefer it—light your cigar, lie back in a cushioned-corner, and look out upon the boulevards, as you listen to the murmur of talk from the tables around you, though the listening is seldom likely to be indiscreet, thanks to the blending of unfamiliar dialects.

On the Ring or Viennese boulevards, you see nothing but modern architecture. Huge blocks of high-roofed mansions, with a general uniformity of *ensemble*, although each has more or less of a distinctive character. Great palaces, with archways almost as lofty in proportion as the gigantic *chasseur* or Swiss who stands on guard at the entrance. Palaces, whose stately façades are embellished with those grotesque satyrs and graceful nymphs to which M. Tissot makes allusion in his *uebersicht* of the city by moonlight. Here and there the lines of the mansions are broken by the foliage and flowers of lawns and gardens like those of the Stadt Park; by the parade-ground that surrounds some imposing barrack; by a grand opera house or a sumptuous church. Everything gives you the impression of lavish expenditure, of buildings erected to endure, and with every modern convenience. Through some of the archways you look into shady courtyards where shrubs and flowers are grouped round fountains, reminding you of the *patios* in Seville or Cordova. Through the open windows you get

glimpses at gilded cornices and frescoed ceilings. Sovereigns and princes have taken up their quarters here. There is the palace of the Archduke Albert, perhaps the largest landed proprietor in the empire; there is the palace of the ex-King of Hanover, who has happily managed to retire on a comfortable income, although the Prussians have laid an embargo on revenues, which they devote in the meantime to the "reptile fund." At no great distance there lives, in luxurious exile, one of the ex-archdukes of northern Italy. So that the *nouveaux riches*, who greatly affect the quarter, find themselves in eminently aristocratic company. On the other hand, but a gunshot or so from the Burg Ring; the first gentleman of the empire is content to remain in the unpretending home of his ancestors. Francis Joseph still inhabits the gloomy palace of the Burg, and a duller or more thoroughly old-fashioned residence no gentleman of his degree need desire. It is the very embodiment of the favourite style of architecture of the medieval city. It is large enough and rambling enough in all conscience, and a blending of the palace, the castle, the convent, and the *corps de garde*. If some of the front windows have a smiling out-look over the Hof Garten, the views over the sombre courts behind are enough to give any of its inmates the blue devils, even when they are enjoying a brighter existence than the unfortunate representative of the Hapsburgs. M. Tissot's remarks on the subject are a good specimen of his style, though of course he cannot resist an incidental fling at the Berlinese.

"You must not look at Vienna for edifices like the Louvre, the Tuileries, the Luxemburg; the old palaces here have all either the uniform features of the barrack or the melancholy aspect

of the convent. Vienna offers no work of elevated architecture; every one reminds you of the age of battle and alarms. The stone is bare; stained with a smoky tinge. Nowhere are there the wrought gratings, the gardens which extend their refreshing and velvety parterres under peristyles with lofty colonnades, but gates and entries which remind one of the fortress and the prison. The imperial chateau—the Burg, as they call it at Vienna—is a simple amalgamation of diverse constructions with no especial style, and united by its courts. But such as it is, with its massive walls, I like it better than that imperial palace of Berlin, of recent manufacture, that you might take for the country villa of a retired dealer in drum-skins. There is here, as it were, the shadow of the grand memories that float before you: these stones are speaking to you of a glorious past. The Burg in other days was surrounded by ramparts, defended by towers, fortified with gates, furnished with portcullises and drawbridges. The Dukes of Austria had at first established their residence on the heights of the Kahlenberg, whence they commanded this fertile and splendid plain of the Danube; when they shifted their castle to the banks of the river, Vienna had its birth."

The interior is quite as unpretending as the exterior. The substantial furniture and old-fashioned decorations may be renewed from time to time, but they have never been "restored." Indeed, the Hapsburgs would be flying in the face of all their family traditions if they were to desert the family mansion; and the Burg, with the simplicity of its domestic life and the stately formality of its court ceremonial, is likely to remain for long a landmark of the old state of things. And what the Burg is as a specimen of castellated municipal architecture, the Church of St Stephen is ecclesiastically. Surely M. Tissot, who admires the grand cathedral as heartily as any man, had let it slip from his memory when he wrote that Vienna shows

no specimen of elevated architecture. St Stephen's with its lofty, long-drawn choir of the purest Gothic; with its triple nave; with the glorious stained-glass in its traceried windows; with the fretted network of its vaulted roof, and its sculptured pillars, profusely decorated with statuary; with the airy strength and sublimity of its soaring spire, is a marvel and masterpiece of medieval genius. We have often admired the massive magnificence of outline of some stupendous dome on a remote horizon—of St Peter's, seen over a rolling sea of malarious mist creeping across the flats of the Roman Campagna—of St Paul's, behind, the veil of London smoke, coloured in an autumnal sunset—of St Sophia's at Constantinople, against the azure of the sky—or of the Mosque of Omar on its mount at Jerusalem. The swelling dome comes in appropriately among the minarets of an eastern city with its *enclaves* of gardens, or over such a limitless expanse of stone and lime as that of London. But the sharp, soaring spire is the befitting crown and centre point for a walled city such as old Vienna, moated on one side by its river, and ringed in by its encircling hills. As a rule we dislike climbing interminable steps to risk a doubtful reward in the bird's-eye view of a landscape. But it is worth while ascending the spire of St Stephen's, if you can only shake yourself clear of the attentions of the guide, were it merely for the sake of the historical associations. You read an epitome of the fortunes of the Hapsburgs and their empire, rolled out around you in the panoramic map where each salient point has its especial memories. Many a time the guardians of the bulwark of Christendom have looked down from that commanding standpoint on the tents of the beleaguering hosts of the Moslem, or watched

their "baffled flight along the plain," when they left behind them those standards, kettledrums, and horse-tails that are shown among the trophies in the Ambras collection and the Arsenal Museum. It was thence that the chivalrous Staremborg gazed out night after night for the concerted signs of the longed-for relief, till at last he was gladdened by the signal-rocket shooting up from the heights of the Kahlenberg. On that night Sobieski and the Duke of Lorraine were solemnly partaking of the sacrament in the solitary hill chapel on the Leopoldsberg, while the successful attack was being organised, which was so gallantly seconded by Staremborg. From St Stephen's, you see at your feet the battle-fields of Lobau, Essling, and Wagram, where the fate of the empire hung trembling in the balance. From St Stephen's the bivouac fires of the enemy were distinguished, when the Prussians, after Sadowa, had advanced to the banks of the Danube. And carrying your eyes towards the eastern horizon, they follow the winding course of the Danube—the imperial river after all, whether its mouths be Russian or Roumanian—till they rest beyond the plains of Hungary on the blue ridges of the Carpathians, and away to the south on the Alps of Styria, and behind these again on the snow peaks of Tyrol. While, if you drop your gaze over the parapets on the Stephen's-platz, you contemplate the dwarfed gables and chimney-stacks of the lofty houses ranged round the square; the stands of rickety *fiacres* with the liliputian coachmen nodding on the boxes, and the long lines of the omnibuses that ply to all points in the *environs*.

M. Tissot gives a picturesque legend of the building of the spire. He had it, he says, from a friend

who persuaded him to the ascent, and *si non e vero, e ben trovato*.

"Maitre Pilgram," his friend began, "the architect of the southern tower, on the summit of which we shall stand in ten minutes, was one of those artists of genius such as there were at Cologne, at Strasburg, at Ulm, at Spire. The cathedral pulpit is a marvellous masterpiece, which owes its construction to his chisel. Have you remarked the head up there, looking at us through a window? That is Pilgram himself, who placed himself there.

"Well, the old master had a daughter, beautiful and pure as the Virgin; her name was Cecile, and one of his pupils loved her as they loved in those days, and as they still love sometimes at the age of twenty. He has given her features to the faces of the angels that he has sculptured on the cornices and on the doorway of the cathedral."

When Pilgram had finished his tower, one morning this pupil of his sought an interview with him. It was to ask the hand of the great architect's daughter: and the suppliant scarcely helped his suit by assuring her father that she reciprocated his passion. He urged that he was persuaded of making himself a reputation; that he had courage, perseverance, and ambition. "What, if you only had ambition?" sneered the master. "Put me to the proof," rejoined Puxbaum. "Build the second tower of the Cathedral, and Cecile shall be yours," said Pilgram, with an ironical and disdainful air, and then he turned his back on his pupil. The promise, which Puxbaum accepted in all seriousness, proved a rash one for Pilgram. The council of the city heaped honour and riches on the Master for the great work he had accomplished: then they charged him with the construction of the second tower. The temptation to accept was strong; the more so perhaps that he had little belief in Puxbaum's talent, and felt that both he and the munici-

pality might be befooled. But he was the slave of his plighted word, and he succeeded in persuading the city council to transfer the flattering commission to his detested pupil. But there was one man who hated Puxbaum even more than Pilgram did. That was Herder, a fellow apprentice, his senior by a score of years, likewise in love with Cecile, and who therefore regarded the aspiring young genius with a double jealousy. As Puxbaum reared his tower under the admiring eyes of a sympathetic populace, Pilgram aged visibly, grew daily more morose, till at last he took to his bed and died. As for Herder, he swore that his rival had made a bargain with the devil, and that the death of the famous architect was one of the articles of the agreement. Puxbaum had remained in the cemetery after his master's funeral, lifting his eyes to the work that was fast approaching completion, when all at once, against the moonlight that shone through the Gothic lace-work, he distinguished a shadowy outline climbing the ladders of the scaffolding. Suspecting the presence of an enemy, he hurried up and challenged the night-walker. The answer came from Herder, who precipitated himself on Puxbaum, and the rivals closed in a mortal grapple. Losing their balance, still locked in each other's arms, they tumbled into the void. In the fall, Puxbaum released his adversary, and succeeded in seizing a projecting beam, clinging to it with the clutch of despair. As to Herder, before touching the pavement, he uttered a shriek of anguish so piercing that it was heard all over the town: the neighbouring windows and doors were thrown open; the people rushed out upon the *Place* in their night-dresses to pick up a bleeding and frightfully mutilated corpse. The face was shattered beyond recognition, and

at first the people fancied it was Puxbaum whom the devil had flung down from the tower. When they learned the miraculous circumstances of Puxbaum's preservation, with more plausibility suspicions changed to convictions as to the reprobate's bargain with the Powers of Evil. So it became out of the question that he should remain in Vienna; he bade a mournful adieu to his Cecile—and the separation proved her death-warrant—wandered forth on a pilgrimage with staff and scrip, and never was heard of again.

There is another legend of the artist guilds of the middle ages, connected with the famous *Stock-im-Eisen*, which stands within a stone's-throw of the cathedral doors. The *Stock-im-Eisen*, as everybody ought to know, is the stump of a venerable tree, said to mark the ancient limits of the Wienerwald. It is clasped with a padlocked iron band, and sheeted with iron in the shape of nails driven in by the apprentices to the locksmith's trade before they set out on their probationary wanderings. About the genuine *diablerie* of this story there can be no mistake, since it is founded on historical facts, and confirmed by immemorial tradition. M. Tissot tells it thus: Erhard Marbacher, the most famous locksmith of Vienna, had taken a certain Martin Mux as an apprentice out of charity. Martin was very much of a *mauvais sujet*, so the worthy Master Marbacher was exceptionally severe with him. One evening Marbacher sent the lad on a message beyond the walls, with strict injunctions to be back before the gates closed. Martin loitered till he was belated and locked out. In sore distress he tried to soften the inexorable gate-wards, but all in vain. Then in the moment of his despair, a stranger appeared at his elbow and offered to help him. He gave his *protégé* a handful of gold

by way of earnest, and gradually increased his offers of future patronage. Martin being shrewd enough, naturally suspected the motives of the benevolent stranger, who moreover had all the attributes both in dress and costume that distinguished the Mephistopheles of the middle ages. By way of some small return for his generous promises, the stranger negligently suggested that Martin should sign away his soul; but though Martin was dazzled and tempted, he would not consent without bargaining. According to their final terms, the tempter stipulated to place the apprentice at the head of his trade, and instruct him in all the knowledge of good and evil. On the other hand, Martin bequeathed him his soul, providing that he failed on a single occasion to attend the Sunday Mass. Next day Martin's new acquaintance presented himself as a gentleman of the Court to Marbacher in his workshop. He came to order an iron circlet, to be secured by a padlock, that no mortal strength could force. It was a difficult commission at best, and had to be executed so quickly, that Marbacher hesitated, and finally declined. Then the visitor made an appeal to the apprentices. Martin, the youngest of them, venturously undertook the task, and received the inspiration that enabled him to execute it in a dream. His masterpiece met the full approval of the mysterious customer, who clasped and locked it round the stem of the old tree in the horse-market. The successful artisan went on his trade wanderings, and worked, among other tasks, under Master Veit at the great tomb of St Sebald in Nuremberg. He chanced to come back to his native city at the very moment when the municipality were offering munificent rewards to the man who should open the lock that he had forged. He succeeded as a matter

of course, and was acknowledged as the chief of his calling. He attained to increasing wealth and consideration, taking care never to miss a mass, until one unlucky Sunday, when his vicious old habits got the better of him, and he carried the Saturday night into Sunday morning over a long game of cards. Then he made a rush for the church, but it was too late. The officiating priest was already at the "*Ita missa est*;" and lo! the other party to the fatal bargain was there to receive him with triumphant sneers and a demoniacal scowl of congratulation. Martin fell down senseless, and expired on the spot, his breath escaping from the body in a puff of black smoke. When they carried the corpse to his mother's, the skin had changed to the hue of the Ethiopian's; and although he was honourably buried in the cemetery of the cathedral, there could be no question as to the fate of his soul.

We can well believe that wild legends of this sort still find a shadowy credence. The citizens of Vienna have preserved their faith in their religion more than those of most Roman Catholic cities. A larger proportion of the men are to be seen in the churches; the lower classes are unmistakably devout. Religion or superstition still presides at grand imperial and popular spectacles, when the whole town is *en fête*. Where else could you see such a sight, for example, as is to be witnessed in Vienna on each festival of the *Corpus Christi*. Every shop and place of business are closed. The Emperor in person takes his place in a procession, falling into the ranks behind the clergy, followed by the court, the ministers, the municipal authorities, and the trade guilds. There are waving plumes, caparisoned horses, with all the noble Hungarian body-guard glittering in their medieval trappings. There are benedictions and genuflexions at

the successive stations; and as the crosses and the sacred symbols are held on high, the people drop devoutly on their knees in the mud or the dust. In the Austrian empire no ecclesiastical commissions have restricted the emoluments and retrenched on the privileges of the great church dignitaries. There are Hungarian archbishops and prelates who are still in the enjoyment of revenues that sound fabulous in western ears. And then the population of the city, religious as it evidently is—priest-ridden if you will—is being perpetually recruited from provinces that are devout or benighted, as you may please to call them. The son of the peasant, or of the small country burgher, who comes up to try his fortune in the Kaiserstadt, brings with him something of the atmosphere in which he has been nursed. In the primitive valleys of the Tyrol and the Vorarlberg; among the bleak hills of Carinthia; on the thinly-inhabited plains of Hungary and Galicia; in the forests of Styria and Bohemia, or in the Transylvanian military borderland,—he has shuddered from his childhood at strange legends, and been taught to receive wild superstitions as articles of his faith. He has cherished the prejudices and animosities of his local patriotism; he half feels that he has emigrated into a city of foreigners where he is subjected of a sudden to unfamiliar companionship, that opens his eyes and quickens his intelligence; but it is very slowly that he responds to the influences of scepticism, socialism, and advanced ideas generally.

These circumstances have even a more marked effect politically, though the consequences are rather negative than active. There can by no possibility be such a thing in Vienna as an ardent and unanimous national impulse, as we understand it here. If the Emperor and his ministers, after most na-

tural hesitation, make up their minds to some grand stroke of policy, they must infallibly run serious domestic risks. Imperial triumphs would be sure to aggravate active discontent in certain quarters. They must rely, in the meantime, partly on the support of the Court party and the semi-official leaders of opinion, but chiefly on the discipline and obedience of the troops; and these cannot be absolutely counted upon in all instances, in consequence of the conditions under which the army is recruited. It is a fact that at least one cavalry regiment at Solferino refused to charge at the word of command, when the colonel who had answered for its loyalty blew out his brains on the battlefield; while the strategy of the Bohemian campaign is believed to have been gravely affected by the necessity for peculiar dispositions of the troops.

M. Tissot is a careful and conscientious inquirer, and we have found him to be generally reliable where his thorough-going partisanship is put out of the question. *Apropos* to the assertion that Vienna cannot be properly called a German town, he quotes with approval the following passage from a German writer, whom he does not name; and it appears to us that the German is right in essentials, although doubtless he has exaggerated for the sake of effect:—

“Swamped for long centuries by the Slavs, the Magyars, and the Italians, this town, they say, has no longer a drop of pure German blood. You find at Vienna a Bohemian theatre as at Prague, an Italian opera, French and Hungarian singers, Polish clubs; in the omnibus it is sometimes impossible to exchange a word, since nobody understands German; in some of the *cafés* there are Hungarian, Czechian, Slav, Polish, Italian journals, and not a single German newspaper. If you have not lived long in Vienna, you may still be a German of pure breed,

but your wife will be a Galician or a Pole, your cook a Bohemian, your nursemaid an Istriote or a Dalmatian, your valet a Servian, your coachman a Slav, your barber a Magyar, and your tutor a Frenchman. In the Government offices the Czech *employés* are in the majority; and it is the Hungarians who fill the highest posts in the administration. No; Vienna is not a German town.”

All that, as we observed in the beginning of our article, makes the city the more agreeable in a social point of view. The confusion of nationalities is so great that it becomes impossible to obtain trustworthy returns by a census. But we may form some vague general idea of it by statistical returns from the provinces. Thus in Bohemia, the Germans are to the Czechs as 1 to 2; in Hungary the pure Magyars are to the Slavs, &c., perhaps as 2 to 3. Possibly M. Tissot goes too far in asserting, that out of a hundred people whom you meet in the capital, no more than twenty are unmistakably of the German type. But it is certain that the less taking traits of the German character are pleasantly toned down with the harsher features of the Teutonic physiognomy, by the influences of a genial climate, and by intermingling with more warm-blooded southerners. No people impresses the stranger more favourably than those kindly, jovial, good-humoured Viennese. The inner circles of the aristocracy are difficult of access; but if you are fairly passed into their intimacy, you are welcomed in the most frank and friendly fashion. It is significant of their *gutmüthigkeit* that they take it as a compliment when an acquaintance of their acquaintances asks permission to be presented to them. We cannot say that hospitality is one of the national virtues—partly, perhaps, because with their simple habits of life the *bourgeois* had few facilities for entertaining suitably.

But they are always friendly and cordial when you meet them in the public resorts, in which they seem to be really more at home than in their houses. Nothing can be more cheerful than those merry family groups of an afternoon, sitting over their ices and coffee on the terraces of the Stadt Park; or even more of a summer evening in the Volk's Garten, where all classes still meet on a friendly footing, though there is decidedly more segregation than there used to be. Black eyes and lemonade make the Persians' paradise according to Tom Moore; and the genuine Viennese finds his terrestrial heaven in music, tobacco, and Dreher's beer. And his tastes in those respects are most liberally catered for. In the fine weather everybody crowds to the gardens, or takes the tramway to *casinos* among the woods in the suburbs, or runs down by rail to the more distant *anlage*. If you are storm-bound in the town, in wet weather, or in the winter, at every turn you come upon some *café chantant*, or "brewery," or dancing saloon. We dare not say much for the morality of the Viennese. They stand self-condemned in that respect by the singularly free-and-easy advertisements they tolerate, and which sometimes fill entire columns of journals in general circulation. In fact, to assure them a wider circulation, these advertisements in the 'Tagblatt' are generally in French, which M. Tissot describes as "the language of love at Vienna." A gentleman intimates his desire to form a connection, not always *pour le bon motif*, and sketches a fancy portrait of the object of his vague aspirations. Or he has been struck by the charms of some amiable *ingénue*, who has apparently exchanged *cœillades* with him from under the parental wing in a box at the theatre or an omnibus to the environs. Forthwith he rushes into type, in-

viting the fair unknown to pave the way to an intimacy by an assignation; and that system of advertising would not be so common as it is, were these assignations not very frequently responded to. In flirtations in good society and elsewhere, affinities go by the rule of contraries. The swarthy Magyar makes love to the plump German *blonde*; while the blue-eyed and more stolid Austrian selects for the objects of his adoration the Pole or Hungarian, with their French *esprit* and their wealth of raven locks, or the black-eyed daughters of sunny Dalmatia.

So far as the foreigner is concerned, there are few cities where he can amuse himself better than in Vienna—at all events, for a short time. If he comes supplied with introductions, and goes in for society, the winter is undoubtedly the season to see the city to advantage. In summer, the nobles and landed proprietors have gone to their estates, and the diplomatists are on leave; the merchants, bankers, and wealthier citizens are away in *villegiatura*; even the clerks, shopkeepers, and people of that class, have taken lodgings, when they can, in the surrounding villages. But in late spring and early summer, the passing traveller finds the place delightful. It may be hot, no doubt, in the day, but there is a most refreshing coolness in the evening; and at all times there is a wonderful purity in the air. If you are lucky enough to be lodged high up in one of the well-situated new hotels, like the "Metropole," you enjoy enchanting views up the river and over the house-tops, to the breezy heights of the Kahlenberg and Leopoldsberg. You make parties for dinner to Dom-mayer's at Schönbrunn, or to one of the *restaurateurs* in the Prater, or at Hitzing, Brühl, or Baden. You get up an appetite before dinner in the Imperial Park, or in a long stroll through the pine-woods, and smoke

your cigar afterwards among the flower-beds under cool masses of foliage. The Viennese *cuisine* is very good—at all events to a man with an honest appetite; although the sauces, the salads, and the promiscuous mode of serving, may be trying to sensitive stomachs and livers. As for the Viennese themselves, they are blessed with most admirable digestions, and have slight consideration for weaker vessels. Their light amber-coloured beer may be swallowed with impunity in almost any quantity, and they show their good sense in insisting upon calling for it at their *petits diners* in the most fashionable hotels. The wines of Austria and Hungary need only be known to be appreciated, and they have the merit besides of being marvellously cheap, which, unhappily, is rather tending to send them out of fashion. Then there is an excellent opera, where the singing is always good, and the splendour of the *mise en scène* almost unrivalled; while you may pick and choose among polyglot theatres, ringing the changes from the legitimate drama down to the broadest farce. The mystery is how their managers can afford adequate remuneration to the numerous actors; for in some of the most popular establishments there is a double and even a triple company. Possibly the liberal engagement of ladies may be explained by that laxness of morality to which we have made allusion. The *cafés*, especially some of the oldest of them in the Kohlmarkt or the Stephen's-platz, are epitomes in themselves of the life of the citizens. When you frequent them during a brief sojourn, by keeping your eyes and ears open, you may pick up a variety of curious information as to the ways of the city and the empire.

M. Tissot gives a pleasing, and, as we believe, a very faithful picture of the easy relations that have always

existed between the Kaisers and their subjects. The Emperor, he says, is but the first of his fellow-citizens, as he lives in homely fashion in the midst of them.

"The Court of Austria has remained the most popular of all Courts; between the Emperor and his people there is something of the friendly affection of a father for his grandchildren. So you find at Vienna republicans of a very peculiar kind—they are all imperialists; words which seem contradictory, but which are explained by the facts. In the worst days of 1848, the people placed the Emperor's portrait, wreathed in flowers, above the barricades; and at night the insurgents lighted candles before the respected image. 'It's not to the Emperor that we bear a grudge,' said the revolutionists, 'but to his ministers—to Metternich.'

"When Ferdinand drove in an open carriage, without an escort, through the streets of Vienna when in full revolt, he received an enthusiastic ovation. The Viennese had surnamed him 'the good.' They recall traits of him of a charming simplicity. . . . Another time, in one of his walks in the neighbourhood of Schönbrunn, he met a coffin that was being carried to the grave, with nobody in attendance. He expressed his surprise to his aide-de-camp. 'Doubtless,' rejoined the aide-de-camp, 'it is some poor devil who has neither friends nor relations.' 'Ah, well,' said the Emperor, 'let us walk behind;' and removing his hat, he accompanied the coffin, threw the first shovelful of earth, prayed on the brink of the unknown grave, and then went quietly home."

M. Tissot thinks that Ferdinand need never have abdicated; that he made a grave mistake in quitting his capital. But it was partly, perhaps, that the very friendliness of the relations between himself and his people made the false position insupportably painful to him. There were strange episodes in these days, both military and political. The hordes of Croats, rough warriors from the border states of the empire, with a touch of hereditary

savagery in them, had brought the worthy citizens back to an allegiance they could scarcely be said to have thrown off; and the sceptre of his empire was going a-begging. Ferdinand absolutely insisted on laying it down; his brother Francis-Charles shrank from receiving it; and it was almost forced into the reluctant hands of the youthful Francis-Joseph. With the domestic and rural tastes that almost invariably characterise the members of the family, and have induced some of the Archdukes to withdraw into private station and seek their mates among the daughters of the people, Francis-Joseph foresaw but too clearly the trials and troubles he could not hope to escape. He consented to a heavy personal sacrifice in the interests of his people and the dynasty. M. Tissot describes his checkered career in phraseology that is both suggestive and eloquent, though it may be rather in Victor Hugo's vein of antithesis and exaggeration:—

“A formidable struggle of man against Destiny. One understands that the glance that this prince has thrown to the bottom of things has made him resigned, and mournfully undecided and distrustful of himself. He has seen his convictions crumbling one after the other, like the stones which detach themselves from an ancient citadel. He has only given way foot by foot; and even to-day, if he is constitutional in theory, it is impossible that he should be so in reality. He endures his ministers as a prisoner endures his jailers; he too is confined in the dungeons of the Constitution.

“But in the midst of so many deceptions, of so many sufferings and griefs, Francis-Joseph, like all *natures d'élite*, has succeeded in preserving an unimpaired gentleness. Austria would have been long ago in full decline had it not been for the admirable character and peculiar virtues of his dynasty. The Hapsburgs have always had the art of extricating themselves from their difficulties by means of a rare tenacity of purpose and a patience it

is impossible to exhaust, yet without losing sight of their dignity for the moment. It has been said, indeed, with extreme justice, of the present Emperor, that he has not been lowered but elevated by his misfortunes. In fact, on all the thrones that surround him, I see no grander or more sympathetic figure than that of this king in the torn mantle, whose existence has been one political Calvary. Perhaps there has never been a sovereign that like him has carried the very flower of his youth on to the steps of a tottering throne, who has shown like him on all occasions so grand a power of self-abnegation, so strong a sentiment of duty, and who has so invariably sacrificed his person and his interests to those of his people.”

But what *are* the interests of his people? Let him consult the various representatives of his subject-states, and he may well conclude in despair that those interests are absolutely irreconcilable. The statesmen by whose advice he has successively shaped the schemes of his policy, have seldom or never raised themselves above their personal ideas to a serene atmosphere of impartiality. Nor does the course of events or the dignity with which he resigns himself to the inevitable seem likely to bring repose to him in the future. The opening of the Eastern Question, with all the jealousies and apprehensions it has excited, immeasurably adds to his embarrassments. He dare hardly break away from the alliance of the three emperors, whether it be formally or informally ratified. Yet in the family relations of the Czar with his affectionate old uncle at Berlin, the head of the Hapsburgs is “left out in the cold;” and by each imaginable triple understanding the interests of Austria must be imperilled. Any conceivable decided course of action must involve Francis-Joseph personally in the gravest responsibility; for the more brilliant the success of his arms, the more acute would be domestic

discontents, while he would have to bear all the blame of a national disaster. The weary hours he passes in his cabinet must be more full of despondent anxiety than ever; and except when he enjoys his well-earned holidays in the fine season, he is one of the most hard-working men in his broad dominions. This is what M. Tissot tells us of his habits:—

“He loves literature, music, and arts. His private library is that of a man of study and a man of taste. In this Vienna, so hungry after pleasure, he leads the existence of a conscientious functionary. He seldom goes to the theatre, much as he adores the opera; he only shows himself when he is compelled to do so, at *fêtes* and brilliant assemblies. At the hour when the Viennese life is beginning, he retires to rest; and at five o'clock, in winter as in summer, this active, laborious, vigilant prince is invariably up and about. After his prayer, the Emperor breakfasts on a cup of *café-au-lait*, placed on his desk; and while reading his despatches and reports, he smokes one of those long ‘Virginias,’ which are the favourite cigars of the Viennese. At eleven they bring him a basin of soup or a glass of beer, and he continues at his work till the dinner-hour, when he usually dines with his family.”

The Emperor carries the unmistakable traces of care on a face that ought naturally to be singularly cheerful. But it is certain that his constitution would have suffered far more, had it not been for his enthusiastic affection for the chase and the mountains. There are compensations in most lots. And few monarchs are more fortunate in their country-seats. Schönbrunn and Luxembourg, with their fresh green turf and their gay *parterres*, their noble timber, their gigantic hedgerows of trimmed forest-trees, their lakes and fountains, their groups of statuary, their picturesque views into the surrounding highlands—above all, with their in-

vigorating air,—are the most enchanting of suburban retreats for an over-wrought inhabitant of the city. But Ischl, to a man of the Emperor's tastes, is simply an earthly paradise, so far as health, sport, and scenery are concerned. The green meadows lie locked in the embraces of the luxuriant woods. The air is fragrant with the lime-flowers in the spring; showers of snow-white blossom have fallen over the foliage of the spreading horse-chestnut trees; the mighty walnuts extend their gnarled boughs over the grey shingle roof and weather-stained timbers of the great, rambling, home-like farmhouses; while the mountains are clothed in magnificent pine-forests, where the pine-stems attain to gigantic girth and have shot up like cathedral columns without throwing out a side-bough. The lower slopes of these forests are mirrored in the hill-locked lakes; the swift trout-streams of emerald-green come rushing down the bottom of the valleys; each of the rock-*schuchts* and side-dells has its own murmuring rivulet—each cottage its limpid spring at the door. There are saw-mills and corn-mills such as Ruysdael loved to paint, in glades overshadowed by the cool deep verdure that Hobbema delighted in. At Ischl, the “deer-forests” are forests literally, and they are swarming with the red deer and the roe, within a short walk of the imperial chateau. Sitting on the banks of the Traun—so dear to Sir Humphry Davy—and almost within earshot of the lively promenades in the bathing season, we have seen a magnificent stag go by within a stone's throw, with some couples of the imperial beagles at his heels. And we have met the Emperor, in these woods, as M. Tissot describes him, strolling alone in his green-trimmed grey shooting-tunic. You feel, when at Ischl, that it is almost worth while being

lord of the dual kingdom, to be able to relax from the cares of state in a retreat so delightful.

The imperial marriage was a marriage of affection. M. Tissot relates the romantic circumstances in which Francis-Joseph made the acquaintance of his bride.

"He married a princess who was almost a shepherdess. She lived in the mountains with her sisters and an old *bonhomme* of a father, a kind of country gentleman, who dressed himself in coarse cloth, and his daughters in wool. She had not been brought up for the throne, and it was one of her sisters that they destined for the youthful Emperor. Francis-Joseph arrived one evening in hunting-dress at his future father's-in-law, on the banks of the Lake of Traun. As he was chatting before the house with the four young girls—who are since become, one the Queen of Naples, another the Princess of Thurm and Taxis, a third the Countess of Trani, and the fourth the Duchess d'Alençon—of a sudden he saw detach itself on the skirts of a neighbouring wood that the setting sun was streaking in red and yellow like the stained glass in the windows of a church, the admirable form of a young girl all in white, followed by an enormous dog. The sun set her dress a-sparkling in a thousand points of light, and she came forward in the halo of an apparition, her magnificent hair streaming over her shoulders. It was the Princess Elizabeth: at sight of her, the heart of the Emperor felt itself fixed. Some days afterwards, at a ball at Ischl, he passed almost all the evening in dancing with the lady he called 'the fairy of the forest'; and so he marked his preference publicly."

It would be impossible fairly to estimate the position of the Emperor or the policy of the empire without taking note of the privileges of the nobles, and of the social *prestige* they continue to enjoy. The revolution of 1848, with the new constitutional arrangements, have emancipated the *bourgeoisie* from many of their disabili-

ties. Not a few of the nobles, as we said, have been ruined, or at all events crippled. But from the great princely houses downwards, some of whom until days comparatively recent exercised the right of life and death in their territories, they still assert much of their former ascendancy. When they can afford it, they mount their establishments on a scale of magnificent luxury. As peers of the Emperor and nobles of the empire, they attend all the Court festivities as a matter of course. When residing in their country *schlosses*, they are little kings to all intents and purposes. Employing whole hosts of labourers and shepherds, they *exploitent* themselves their minerals and forests. Then their *salons* in the city are the most exclusive in Europe, and there is no such thing as intermarrying with the rich *roturiers* and new-made millionaires. Consequently they continue to be divided by impassable barriers from the wealthy commercial class, in place of blending into it by almost imperceptible gradations, as with us. Consequently, too, the commercial classes in Austria do not enjoy the same social and political consideration as in the West of Europe, while relatively they are far less numerous. It is but lately that a free course has been cleared for them, and the antecedents of not a few of their most conspicuous members will scarcely bear investigation.

The wealth and business that have accumulated in the hands of the Jews are no doubt gratifying proofs of religious toleration. Still it is significant, that in a capital which beyond any other is the city of castes, there were only 255 Christians, with 250 Jews, at the school of commerce when M. Tissot visited it. No doubt we shall see extraordinary changes as the nobles are impoverished and the traders

are enriched; but in the meantime we must take the situation as we find it.

One word before we have done, as to that growing weight of the press, which begins to temper the power of the Emperor and his ministers, and the predominating influence of the nobles. M. Tissot, according to his invariable habit, devotes to it an interesting and instructive chapter. Before 1848, but a single journal appeared in Vienna, and that was the 'Official Gazette.' "Ah! we were very stupid then," an old Viennese remarked to M. Tissot; "but we were very happy." Now there is an infinity of journals, of all kinds and of every shade of opinion. The Viennese has become as dependent on his newspaper as on his pipe and his glass of beer; and when great events are stirring, the offices in the journalistic quarter are beset. Two hundred and seventeen newspapers were established in a single year. Then came a brief *régime* of sharp repression, to be followed by an extremely liberal reaction. M. Zang, the director of the 'Presse,' originally a baker in Paris, and celebrated for his Viennese bread, "saw his cabinet besieged by personages who humbly solicited the honour of passing into his portfolio the contents of their own." The 'Neue Freie Presse' had its origin in a misunderstanding between Herr Zang and Herr Etienne, who was one of his leading contributors. Herr Etienne launched out with English enterprise, and obtained from the first a brilliant success. He went strongly against the French in the Franco-German War; but M. Tissot scouts the idea of his having been bribed, at a time when half the Viennese press was in Prussian pay, while the refuse was being liberally subsidised by the French Empire. "I believe it more likely

that it was M. Etienne who might have offered, had it been needful, a million of thalers to M. Bismarck that he might push on to Sedan." The 'Presse' is moderately liberal; the 'Neue Presse' rather more radical. "It is a journal written by men of passion. Foreign correspondence abounds in it, serious and to the point. Its literary *feuilletons* have real merit." The 'Fremdenblatt,' which is the most lucrative of all, passes for being an organ of the Government; while the 'Politische Correspondenz,' which is avowedly official, is inspired from Berlin by a certain M. Schneider, the private reader of the Emperor William, who supplies it with confidential intelligence from Berlin and St Petersburg. The leading journals publish two editions in the day. In the opinion of M. Tissot, they are thoroughly independent; and the relations of the Government with the press in general are frank and honourable. The press representatives have free access to Herr Hoffman, the Minister of Finance, who receives them without distinction of opinion, and communicates what information he is at liberty to impart. Nor can there be a more hopeful sign of the political vitality of the empire than the talent and the honourable independence of the leading organs of opinion. What Austria needs and desires above all things is the peace which would assure her prosperity—which would enable her to persevere in a policy of conciliation, and give her leisure to arrange her internal affairs. To us in England it may seem clear that a more decided attitude would be best calculated to spare her the struggle or the calamities she shrinks from; but even if we are inclined to blame her for short-sighted vacillation, we are bound to give her the benefit of extenuating circumstances.

THE BUDGET.

SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE is acknowledged even by his political opponents to be an eminently sound State financier. This is the judgment of Parliament and of the country after he has held the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer for four years; and the present Budget, despite its unfavourable features, will not detract from his well-won reputation. In truth it may heighten it, by manifesting his resolution not to court popularity by tiding over difficulties by means of inadequate expedients, but boldly to impose additional taxation when this course is needful to insure the stability of the national finances.

The principal and all-important duty of a Chancellor of the Exchequer is safely and surely to make the revenue equal to the expenditure. At first sight, at least, this object does not appear to require any very high ability. In the case of a private individual, no doubt, the "making ends meet" may be a task beyond the powers of the most exquisite genius or of the most stubborn will. But with a Chancellor of the Exchequer, who has the inexhaustible purse of England to draw upon, the only question is, when a deficit occurs, to decide as to which of the existing taxes can be most suitably increased. Whatever sum is really wanted must be and can be easily found; and if a penny on the income-tax, or twopence extra on spirits or tobacco, be not enough, then doubling one or other of these imposts, or both of them, will supply the sum required. Accordingly, until of late years, the post of Chancellor of the Exchequer was never regarded as requiring any exceptionally high or even any special abilities.

Pitt, it is true, was the greatest master of State finance in all its branches which England has produced; but after him, the Chancellorship of the Exchequer was held by thoroughly mediocre men, even during the Napoleonic wars — a period of unparalleled difficulty for the finances of this country, compared with which all subsequent Chancellors of the Exchequer have been "sailing o'er summer seas." Lord Althorpe was taken from his fat stock, and Sir Cornewall Lewis from his books and philosophic studies, to conduct the national finances—which they did by making ends meet in the simplest fashion; and it is the fact that in the "city" Sir Cornewall Lewis was better liked and trusted than Mr Gladstone had been during his first Chancellorship of the Exchequer under the Aberdeen Cabinet. Were the importance of the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer measurable by the importance of the branch of national affairs with which it is connected, then, indeed, it would be very great. The finances are the wheels of the State, but the Chancellor of the Exchequer is not the driver of the chariot, nor even the supplier of the wheels; and although his position is not to be likened merely to that of the "fly upon the wheel," which says, "Behold, how I make the chariot go!" nevertheless the old and long-established judgment upon this matter is better founded than the exaggerated importance ascribed to the influence of a Chancellor of the Exchequer upon the state of the finances which some years ago came into vogue. In good years the country makes its own surpluses, and in bad years there will

be bad Budgets, whether the Chancellor of the Exchequer be a Peel or an Althorpe, a Gladstone or a Sir Charles Wood.

It was the great Budget-speeches of Mr Gladstone during the early years of the second Palmerston Administration which first invested the Chancellorship of the Exchequer with an exaggerated and factitious importance. Possessing a thorough mastery of our fiscal system, and also an unsurpassable power of lucid and fluent exposition, Mr Gladstone made scope for his ambition, and found vent for his high abilities, by glorifying the ministerial office with which he was for the time connected. The House was instructed for the first time in the details and working of our fiscal system, and gratefully applauded; while the public felt how onerous and all-important must be the functions of a Chancellor of the Exchequer when each Budget required a six hours' speech to explain it. When Mr Lowe became Chancellor of the Exchequer in Mr Gladstone's Cabinet, he aspired to vie with his chief in the making of Budget-speeches, but not successfully; while in his desire to make "sensational" Budgets—which in plain language means giving away more than the revenue naturally yields—he displayed the perverse ingenuity and warp in the judgment which characterise him, and which so seriously detract from his high intellectual power. His forestalling of the revenue-payments merely for the temporary purpose of swelling his surplus in one year—so as to bring five quarters of the Income-tax into twelve months—was a most reckless and unstatesman-like proceeding, which would have proved fatal to any Minister who had not an overwhelming majority at his back. Moreover, the changes which he so unnecessarily made in the collection of the taxes

seriously disturbed the balances which the Government keeps in the Bank of England, swelling them greatly at some periods of the year and almost sweeping them away at other periods; thereby detrimentally affecting the position of the Bank, which it is so important to uphold in the interests of the trade and commerce of the kingdom. Nor, we may add, was this mistake palliated by Mr Lowe's cynical and unstatesman-like remark, when his procedure was challenged, that "the Bank must look after itself."

Mr Gladstone's latest and happily abortive display as a financier, in 1874, was the first of those great blunders in statesmanship which threaten to make the close of his career the greatest failure that has ever happened to any Minister of the Crown. When his Cabinet was tottering to its fall, he resolved to revive its waning popularity by resuming the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer, and by launching another grand Budget which was to transcend all his previous efforts. In his Greenwich manifesto, in January 1874, he announced to the constituencies that he would employ the vast surplus at his disposal to abolish the Income-tax. Happily the bait did not take, and Mr Gladstone did not get an opportunity to make his grand *coup*. It would have been the greatest mistake ever made by a Chancellor of the Exchequer. Where should we have been at present had the Income-tax been abolished in 1874? How should we have encountered the financial effects of the long-continued depression of trade, which had actually commenced at the time when Mr Gladstone promulgated his last and happily abortive Budget?

Sir Stafford Northcote was fortunate in acceding to office when a very large surplus was at his disposal; but he has had to encounter

very different circumstances since then ; and if not when dealing with a large surplus, at least when, in the downward progress of the revenue, he at length encountered a deficit, he has displayed financial statesmanship of the very highest order. His establishment of a Sinking Fund was a bold act, considering the disrepute into which the very principle of a Sinking Fund had so undeservedly fallen ; and his success in this matter, together with his remodelling of the Income-tax, have been enough to render any Chancellorship of Exchequer memorable. By his lightening of the Income-tax upon the smaller class of incomes he has staved off for many years the entire graduation or fundamental remodelment of that tax, the demands for which have been steadily increasing and will never cease ; and he has given a stability or comparative popularity to the tax which is eminently desirable in these times when the national finances may have to undergo a severe strain.

This year Sir Stafford Northcote has had to encounter far greater difficulties than have befallen a Chancellor of the Exchequer for many years. The expenditure has become largely increased, while the revenue has lost all its elasticity. Even the ordinary expenditure has risen to the extent of a million and a half, the greater part of which increase is entirely independent of the policy of the Government, and is simply a consequence of past parliamentary legislation. Let whatever Ministry be in power, these yearly additions have to be made to the expenditure. In the military services, the Abolition of Purchase, besides being practically a very unwise measure, has added largely to the Army Estimates ; while the Navy, the right arm of England's power, was so ne-

glected under the Gladstone Cabinet that Mr Ward Hunt said on taking office that he could not remain content with "a phantom fleet." In the Civil Service this steady and serious increase in the national expenditure, as a legacy from past legislation, is still more remarkable. The operation of the Education and Sanitary Acts has been making a steady addition to the national expenditure for several years past ; and during the present year this increase is further augmented by the operation of the Prisons Act of last session, whereby there has been a transference of a portion of the local rates to the imperial Budget. Owing to these causes, the cost of the Civil Service has, according to Mr Childers, been increased to the extent of no less than £3,375,000 since April 1874 ; while the ordinary revenue has been further augmented by the Abolition of Purchase, and some other measures of doubtful utility. This year the charges for the miscellaneous Civil Service in this way receive an increase to the extent of £854,000 ; and in addition there is an increase on the ordinary expenditure upon the Army and Navy of £640,000, besides an increase of about £200,000, under the heading, Customs and Inland Revenue, Post-office, Telegraphs, and Packet Services : the total increase on the ordinary expenditure for the present year being £1,700,000. On the other hand, in consequence of the long-continued depression of trade, the revenue has lost what is called its "elasticity." For many years past, and under all ordinary circumstances, the productiveness of the taxes increases from year to year : that is to say, if the taxes produce 78 millions in one year, they will produce 79 millions or more in the year following. And even during the

past year, as we shall see, this "natural increment" of taxation, although diminished in comparison with the previous years, has taken place to a large extent. This is a very remarkable as well as gratifying fact, inasmuch as the country is now entering upon the fifth year of a depression of trade which, in its long endurance, is altogether unparalleled during the present generation, or perhaps at any former period.

The ordinary expenditure of the past year has been £78,904,000; and as this sum is considerably under the amount voted by Parliament, it is evident that the Government has been careful and economical in its management. The revenue of the past year has been £79,763,000—leaving a surplus over expenditure of £860,000. Sir Stafford Northcote, a year ago, estimated that the taxes would yield £79,145,000—which is £580,000 more than the same taxes had yielded in the previous year; but the increase has been fully twice as much, being £1,198,000 in excess of the revenue for 1876-77. A portion of this excess, however, has been owing to an abnormal cause—namely, the unusually large quantity of duty-paying commodities which were "cleared" during the last week of the financial year, in order to avoid the increase of duty that was expected. Sir Stafford Northcote estimates that in this way the revenue of the past year benefited, of course at the expense of the present year, to the amount of £350,000. Deducting this sum,

it appears that the natural increment of taxation during the past year has been £850,000.

Thus far, then, the prospect was not unfavourable. There was a surplus from last year of £860,000, applicable to the present year's expenditure; and if the productiveness of the taxes continued the same as during the past year, there would be a further sum of £850,000 available for the present year. In other words, if there be no further decline in the produce of the taxes, there would be a sum of £1,700,000 available to meet the increase to exactly the same amount in the ordinary expenditure; to that additional taxation would have been unnecessary.* This happy result, we need not say, has proved unattainable, and the Budget imposes no less than three and a half millions of additional taxation; but we think it advisable to make the above statement, because such would have been the result but for the exceptional condition of the country and requirements of the State.

The first cause that has interfered with the realisation of the above prospect has been the continued depression of trade, especially of our foreign trade, which has been only too plainly manifested by the steady decline in the exports and imports of the country for several years past. The effects of this untoward change upon the tax-paying power of the country, as shown by the yield of the revenue, is well worthy of notice. It of course affects all branches of the revenue, but in very different degrees. The In-

* Nominally the increase in the ordinary expenditure for the current year is much greater than this—the total being £81,020,000 against £79,903,000 for the past year; showing an apparent increase to the amount of £2,117,000; but fully £400,000 of this is no increase at all, appearing equally on both sides of the ledger. Indeed, it seems to us that part of the extra £200,000 to be expended in connection with the Inland Revenue, Post-office, &c., is likewise only a nominal increase; nevertheless, in our calculations we reckon it as a real addition to the ordinary revenue—making the increase for the year £1,700,000.

come-tax, which is drawn from the comparatively stable wealth of the middle and upper classes, is the last to show the effects of the change in the circumstances of our people; and during the past year, despite our declining trade, the "natural increment" of this tax has been maintained. The Chancellor of the Exchequer did not expect that this would be the case, for a year ago he estimated that the Income-tax would yield only £260,000 more than in the previous year, whereas it has yielded £540,000—a rate of increase from natural increment equal to about 9 per cent per annum.

The Customs and Excise, however, show the depression of trade in a very serious manner. These taxes, which yield five-eighths of our entire revenue, are supplied chiefly by the masses of our people, the wage-receiving class, who live almost from hand to mouth, and who in bad times have to curtail their expenditure at once. During the golden years from 1871 to 1874, and for a year thereafter, the produce of the Customs and Excise increased by natural increment at the rate of 2 per cent, or about a million each year. Since then their productiveness has been steadily diminishing; and a year ago the Chancellor of the Exchequer, warned by the signs of the times, instead of reckoning upon any natural increment as hitherto, estimated that there would be an actual falling off to the extent of £308,000. This was a most adverse state of matters: these two imposts, which a few years ago used to yield each year a million more than they yielded in the previous year, were estimated to produce £300,000 less than they had yielded in 1866-67. And substantially, though not in form, the result has been even worse than the estimate. Taking the Customs and Excise together, the produce during

last year has been only £225,000 less than in the previous year; but to this has to be added the £350,000 produced by the forestalling of payments, or premature "clearing" of an unusually large quantity of commodities from fear of an increase of duty,—making the *real* falling off in the Customs and Excise no less than £575,000 compared with the previous year. In other words, these two largest branches of our revenue now yield a million and a half less than they did a few years ago. A Chancellor of the Exchequer may well be pitied when he falls upon such bad times for Budget-making. The Gladstone Cabinet floated on a golden tide of prosperity; whereas not only has this flowing tide ebbed away from Sir Stafford Northcote, but even the ordinary volume of the stream has become diminished.

The importance of this subject from a national point of view—namely, the productiveness of the revenue, or the tax-paying power of the country—can hardly be overrated; but to understand the exact position several other facts have to be taken into account. In the first place, although the Customs and Excise during the past year have yielded apparently £225,000 and really £575,000 less than in the previous year, every one of the other branches of the revenue shows an increase,—amounting in the aggregate to £1,423,000. Secondly, despite the recent great decline in the produce of the Customs and Excise, these imposts still yielded during the past year fully £1,600,000 more than in 1873-74, when the present Government came into office. And there has been a corresponding increase under all the other heads of revenue. In the Income-tax, the changes made in the intervening period have been of such a character that it is impossible to compare the present pro-

ductiveness of this tax with that in 1873-74; but the effect of the changes made in the other branches of the revenue (such as by the sugar-duties and the horse-duty) can be easily estimated; and making

allowance for these changes or reductions, the produce of the several branches of the revenue (the Income-tax excepted) in 1873-74 and during the past year, has been as follows:—

	1873-74.	1877-78.
Customs,	£18,339,000	£19,969,000
Excise,	26,690,000	27,464,000
Stamps,	10,550,000	10,956,000
Land and House taxes,	2,324,000	2,670,000
Post-office,	5,240,000	6,150,000
Telegraphs,	1,210,000	1,310,000
Crown Lands,	375,000	410,000
	£64,728,000	£68,929,000

Thus these taxes alone, and exclusive of the Income-tax, during the past year have yielded fully four millions more than they did in 1873-74; in other words, their natural productiveness has increased at the rate of a million a-year. Moreover, these last four years have been years of almost unparalleled commercial depression; and in the period from 1870 to 1875, the

natural increment of the revenue was much greater. It is this valuable natural increment which now at length entirely fails us. The following table shows Sir Stafford Northcote's estimate of the receipts for 1878-79 from the taxes as they existed last year, and the increase or decrease upon each as compared with the actual receipts during last year:—

Estimate for 1878-79.	Compared with last Year.	
	Increase.	Decrease.
Customs,	£19,750,000	... £219,000
Excise,	27,500,000	£36,000 ...
Stamps,	10,930,000	... 26,000
Land and House taxes,	2,666,000	... 34,000
Income-tax,	5,620,000	... 200,000
Post-office,	6,200,000	50,000 ...
Telegraphs,	1,315,000	5,000 ...
Crown Lands,	410,000	
Interest on Advances, &c., . .	1,075,000	126,000 ...
Miscellaneous,	4,000,000	... 64,415
Total,	£79,466,000	£217,000 £543,415

In estimating the receipts to be expected from the Customs and Excise, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has had to take into account the £350,000 paid prematurely at the close of last year; and he says that the reason for the decrease which he estimates for the Income-tax is, that "in consequence of the late collection in the year before, and the comparatively early date of the year, a larger amount came

within last year than would have been the case on an average of years." The result of these total estimates is, that the taxes (if no change were made in them) would yield during the present year, £557,000 more than the ordinary expenditure last year; and adding the surplus from last year of £860,000, this would make £1,417,000, to meet the increase of £1,700,000 in the ordinary ex-

penditure for the present year. And this, we repeat, is proceeding on the hypothesis that the elasticity of the revenue is wholly at an end. It is obvious, then, that but for the exceptional and threatening aspect of foreign affairs, it would have been possible to have met the expenditure of the present year without any increase of taxation; seeing that £640,000 of the ordinary expenditure for 1878-79 is an increase of our naval and military charges, of which one-half at least might easily have been postponed under ordinary circumstances,—thereby making the revenue, together with the surplus from last year, equal to the expenditure. We desire to make this matter clear, because otherwise the normal state of the national finances at the present time would not be apparent, and also because, unless we keep this matter in view, the political significance of the Budget (of which we shall speak in the sequel) might be overlooked.

Now we come to the Vote of Credit, and the exceptional expenditure connected therewith, which has temporarily overturned the normal state of our finances. Of the vote of credit for six millions, £3,500,000 was spent during the past year. The Government could not (they had not time to) spend more than this sum before the 1st of April; and any further expenditure of this kind is no longer covered by the Vote of Credit (which of course expired on the 31st of March), but must be brought forward and sanctioned by Parliament, as “supplementary votes.” The Government might have spent the whole six millions in any way they liked had they been able to do so before the end of March; but such portion of this expenditure as was not completed on 31st March must stand on a different footing,—Gov-

ernment must tell Parliament how each sum is to be spent, and obtain “supplementary votes” to that effect. The Government finds it necessary to spend more than the $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions actually expended under the vote of credit; or, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer puts it, the Army and Navy Departments “are pledged to a further expenditure” amounting to £700,000. Besides this, the Government will require about £400,000 in connection with the calling out of the Reserve Forces, and a like sum for extra labour that may be required in the dockyards. Thus the Government propose to spend five millions instead of the six millions sanctioned by the vote of credit; and as $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions are already spent, this leaves an extraordinary or exceptional expenditure during the present year of £1,500,000. This is an outside estimate. The Chancellor of the Exchequer states that he can hardly make any estimate of the cost in connection with the Reserve Forces and the extra labour in the dockyards, merely reckoning it in a vague way at £800,000; and in his subsequent remarks, he speaks of the exceptional expenditure during the present year as “£1,500,000 or £1,000,000.” And if the country is not compelled actually to engage in war, we feel assured that the exceptional expenditure for the present year will not exceed a million.

Finally, let us see how this exceptional expenditure, amounting at the outside to five millions, is to be met. Of the three and a half millions spent last year, £750,000 has been paid for in cash out of last year’s surplus (leaving £110,000 in hand), and the remaining £2,750,000 has been paid for (temporarily) by Exchequer bonds, falling due next March. Such is the form of the transaction: in substance it amounts

to this, that the surplus on last year (£860,000) has been converted into a deficit of £2,640,000; and in addition there is the extraordinary expenditure for the current year, amounting, at the outside, to £1,800,000: making a total of £4,440,000 to be paid off as soon as may be. As this is confessedly an outside estimate of the extraordinary expenditure, and as the ordinary revenue and surplus only fall a little short of the ordinary expenditure for the current year, it follows that when five millions are met or paid off, the country under ordinary circumstances may recur to the ordinary revenue as it stood during last year.

When the vote of credit was taken, it was provisionally arranged that the amount expended should be paid off by equal instalments extending over three years. But, as stated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Government intend to pay it off within a shorter time. The Income-tax is raised from 3d. to 5d. on the pound, and the tobacco-duty is increased from 3s. 2d. to 3s. 6d. per pound. The raising of the Income-tax will yield an addition of £3,600,000 a-year; and the increase of the tobacco-duty will yield an additional £750,000 a-year: so that if the entire produce of this increased taxation were obtainable within the current year, we should have £4,350,000 at the end of the year to meet the 5 millions, then fully expended, leaving a deficit of only £650,000;—to which must be added the actual deficit on the ordinary expenditure amounting at most to £300,000. The case, however, is not quite so simple as this. One-sixth of the produce of the Income-tax does not fall due, or is not collected, until the following year: so that in the current year the additional twopence will yield only £3,000,000, leaving £600,000 to

be received in the year following. The substance of the case, however, is as above stated; and if any one takes the trouble to work out the result, by the figures which we have given, it will be found that *if the present addition to the taxation remains in force for two years, and supposing that the ordinary expenditure and also the produce of the taxes remain as at present, there would be a surplus of about £2,500,000 on next year (1879-80), besides £600,000 as a remanet of the extra Income-tax to be collected in the year following.* Even if the Income-tax were reduced to 4d. next year, and the tobacco-duty reduced to its former amount—that is to say, if next year only an extra penny is left on the Income-tax—there would be a surplus of about £100,000, with a remanet of £300,000 from the Income-tax to be collected in the following year.

The true character, and also the political significance, of the present Budget, are now, we think, made manifest. The Government are preparing for the worst. With the possibility of a war in prospect—and if war comes it must be a serious one—the Government are resolved that it shall not find us unprepared. The Budget is a complement of their policy. Just as they have been putting our army and navy in an efficient state, so are they putting the national finances into the best form and condition for encountering any sudden strain. In short, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, firmly and wisely sustaining the general policy of the Cabinet, is resolved that whatever tempest may blow, the good ship England shall not (like the ill-fated Eurydice) be caught unprepared under a weight of sail, but riding under bare poles, and with the crew (the taxes) mustered on deck, ready for any emergency.

At the same time it is to be observed that the present Budget—the real excellence of which has been little noticed—while preparing for the worst, carries out this object in such a manner as to be equally suitable for a happy and pacific termination of the great crisis in our foreign affairs. If peace is to be maintained, the crisis will be short, and there is no tax comparable to the Income-tax as a means of discharging a temporary increase of expenditure. Mr Childers and others who complain of the large portion of the extraordinary expenditure that it is to be levied by means of direct taxation, forget that if the crisis is to be short—if this £5,000,000 is to be all that is required—it would be a grievous financial mistake to disturb our whole fiscal system, or at least all the chief taxes upon trade and commerce, merely for two years at most. Sir Stafford Northcote is far too sagacious a Chancellor of the Exchequer to inflict such a disturbance upon the national industry; nor can we believe that Mr Childers himself, albeit he has not much financial reputation to lose, would be willing to commit so obvious a blunder were the responsibilities of office upon his shoulders. Or take the other view of the future, and suppose that England will be forced into war. How would then stand the objection to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's course of raising so much of the present extraordinary expenditure by means of the Income-tax? Is it not obvious that, if we have to go to war, the present addition to the Income-tax will only be an instalment (most wisely and foreseeingly imposed) of the increase that must of necessity be made upon this great war-tax?

Thus, whatever view we may take of the future, whether the issue of the crisis be war or peace,

the Budget may be equally commended; while the fact that no less than £4,500,000 has been added to the ordinary revenue, and stands available for all emergencies, shows how resolutely and providently the Government are preparing for the worst.

The remarkable success of all the calculations of the revenue made by Sir Stafford Northcote has at length silenced his critics upon this point. Year after year they had complained that he was wrongly estimating the produce of the taxes, and year after year his estimates have been proved more remarkably correct than those of any previous Chancellor of the Exchequer without exception. This year the logic of facts has reduced these critics to silence; and the only objection which they have advanced—namely, as to the alleged undue increase of the Income-tax—will prove, nay, may be already seen to be equally unfounded, whether the crisis end in war or peace.

In the House of Commons there is always some grumbling over a Budget, which is useful enough in its way; and this year the grumbling has not been in excess of what is usual. Yet we have only to look across the Channel to see one of two things,—either that less public spirit now exists here than in France, or else that we are greatly superior to our gallant neighbours in the faculty of grumbling. The French people, whom we regard as somewhat frivolous and highly impatient in matters of policy, for the last seven years have borne uncomplainingly a taxation of about £110,000,000—this year it is £108,560,000. And all of the various parties in France, however discordant and acrimonious towards each other, are perfectly in accord upon this point. Nevertheless the wealth of France is reputed to be vastly in-

ferior to that of the United Kingdom.

But even comparing ourselves by ourselves, how light is the pressure of the present taxation compared with that which the nation has been accustomed to in former and even recent times ! The financial statistics of the United Kingdom have been most carefully ascertained by successive investigations, from those of Mr Porter and others down to those of Mr Dudley Baxter, and, most recently, Mr Giffen. Taking even the last ten years to which those investigations refer—namely, from 1865 to 1875—it appears that, allowing for the contemporaneous increase of population, the wealth of our country has increased 25 per cent; and in actual amount this increase is no less than 2400 millions sterling, or equal to three times the present amount of the National Debt ! In fact, the annual income from *capital*, or realised wealth, alone (apart from wages and professional income), and after making a deduction for increase of population, is now £146,000,000 larger than it was in 1865. In other words, the taxation of the country might be doubled, or the National Debt paid off three times over, and our people would be still as rich as they were in 1865.

Compare this with the condition of the country in 1815, when the victory of Waterloo at length brought peace, and relieved our people from the gigantic burdens which they had so manfully borne. At that time, the National Debt amounted to 900 millions, while the total capital or realised wealth of the country was 2200 millions ; and, reckoned by population, the Debt was about £70 and the property £170 per head. In other words, the Debt was equal to nearly

one-half of the whole property of the kingdom. How stands the case now ? The Debt is under 800 millions, and the wealth or property of the kingdom is more than ten times as great—viz., 8500 millions, or £251 per head of the population. The contrast is equally striking as regards income or yearly receipts ; for, even putting aside the large portion of the national income arising from professions, wages, &c., the annual charge for the Debt is only one *twenty-second* part of the income annually derived from capital alone.

We trust that the blessings of peace may be preserved ; but the aspect of foreign affairs is very threatening, and may plunge Europe into the great war which to many sagacious observers has seemed inevitable. But if we look back upon what the England of our fathers achieved, and compare the smallness of their resources with the immense wealth of the United Kingdom now, it is obvious that if England falls from her old place among the kingdoms of the world, it will be only because her sons have become unworthy of their sires. At the outset of a crisis in foreign affairs it is to the Government that the nation naturally looks for guidance ; and happily it is now manifest that the Cabinet, inspired by the political genius and high patriotism of its chief, is resolutely prepared to repel the peril to the empire created by the audacious and ever-encroaching ambition of the Muscovite Colossus. The Chancellor of the Exchequer has now done his part of the work firmly and sagaciously ; and the unanimous approval given to the Budget shows that the spirit of the nation is equally firm and resolute in the face of the gathering storm.

ENGLAND AND THE TREATY OF SAN STEFANO.

SINCE our last issue the main events have been the publication of the Treaty of San Stefano, the temporary abandonment of the Congress, the resignation of Lord Derby, the calling out of the Reserves, and the Circulars of Lord Salisbury and Prince Gortschakoff. That is a liberal bill of fare for one month; and it is no easy matter to arrive at anything like a clear and definite opinion on the extraordinary and perplexing position in which we are placed. The publication of the Treaty was followed by an outburst of discordant clamour all over Europe, and in our own country in particular. The universal panacea is for Russia to bring the Treaty into Congress, and convert a Russian settlement into a European one. What form that European settlement is to take, no one seems to know or to be able to suggest. What is to be done if Russia refuses to consult Europe is equally perplexing. The deluge of Russian invasion is past, and the babel of confused utterances and discordant purposes has come. In the midst of it all, our Foreign Secretary resigns, declaring that it is quite impossible for England to have a consistent and intelligible foreign policy at all. He says that the English public has passed in eighteen months from blind trust in Russian philanthropy to an equally reckless jealousy of Russian designs. Certainly if the Queen's Ministers have allowed public excitement to regulate their decisions, we have indeed been without a rudder in our navigation. We are not at all disposed to adopt that conclusion. Foes as well as friends, have recognised the tenacity of purpose and strength of will for which the Prime Minister

is remarkable; and although he may at times have modified his policy to secure unanimity, it is simply incredible that he would have allowed the course of English policy to be seriously or permanently diverted from its main purpose of upholding the faith of treaties and preserving intact the security of the British empire and its communications.

It is impossible to leave out of consideration, in endeavouring to estimate the position in which we are placed, the two main features of the late war so far as concerned England. One is, that, as Lord Derby expressly boasted, our conditions never affected our neutrality, and the wave of war rolled right up to Tchekmedjie and Bulair without our interference. The other is, that before the Russians crossed the Balkans, before the chief and most stirring incidents of their campaign had even begun, whilst their first tide of success was still unchecked by failure, the Russian terms, not conspicuously differing from those of the recent Treaty, were communicated to the English Government, and by them received in silence and without remonstrance. No doubt, as the Lord Chancellor insisted, in the one case Russia is constituted the arbiter and executioner of the Treaty, whilst in the other the Powers were to be the arbiters and the guarantors. The change in the terms flows so naturally from conquest, that it is difficult to believe that last summer the Government considered the proposed arrangements, even should they be altered, as by the recent Treaty they have been, would be in themselves fraught with peril to England and to Europe, beyond

what could be removed by a peaceable adjustment, or by operations remote from the then theatre of action.

Bearing these things in mind, the conclusion is almost inevitable that all the hubbub and confusion which arose throughout Europe, chiefly at the instance of England, on the publication of the Treaty, were caused not nearly so much by the provisions of that Treaty as by the refusal of Russia to bring it into Congress. It was felt that this was a breach of faith; that neutrality had been secured by representations which were now forgotten; that Russia was again seeking to tear up the Treaty of Paris of her own free-will, and ostentatiously to present the signatory Powers with the pieces. The diplomacy of Russia, with all its trickiness and duplicity, is essentially short-sighted; ready to risk substantial advantage, however promising, for the doubtful advancement of some individual reputation.

The whole country and the whole of Europe are agreed that if a peaceable international settlement is to be made, the very first step to be taken is that Russia must bring her treaty into Congress. In fact, it is doubtful how far any Government is acting *bonâ fide* with regard to Europe and its treaties if it allows itself to be drawn into separate negotiations and explanations with Russia. Lord Salisbury's Circular was addressed to all the Powers, and that appears to be the only way in which regular diplomatic discussion of the business can proceed. Mr Gladstone is so eager for a Congress that he is indifferent as to the terms on which it should meet. He is in favour again of that "less accurate" language, and that incomplete indefinite understanding which in the Treaty of Washington was productive of so much mischief. He

declared ('Times,' March 29) that "no greater wrong had ever been done to Europe than to interrupt the meeting of that Congress," even though it were interrupted by what Lord Derby calls "a very substantial dispute" as to its powers. If the sanction of Europe is to be given to the resettlement of South-eastern Europe, it can only be given in Congress. Public law is in abeyance until that Congress meets; and while Russia persists in the endeavour to set all Europe at defiance, she is running the risk of universal war, and forcing upon every nation those increased armaments which are the inevitable result of public distrust.

There is, however, the important declaration of Lord Derby, that in the interests of the peace of Europe it is a less misfortune that Congress should not meet at all, than that having met, and serious difficulties having arisen at the outset of its sitting, it should break up without any result having been arrived at. Mr Gladstone insists that a preliminary conference according to the German proposal would clear away difficulties. But until Russia has given evidence of good faith, has acknowledged the necessity for a new treaty by submitting her proposals, it is impossible to clear away difficulties. It is no use making a treaty if Russia repudiates it beforehand. While Russia is of opinion that she can dispense with Europe and rely on what was done at San Stefano, no conference, preliminary or otherwise, will mend the situation. Lord Hammond, moreover, in the debate of March 21, condemned the proposal of a preliminary conference for the purpose of settling the bases on which the Congress should proceed. It would, he argued, tie down the representatives of the Powers to foregone conclusions.

We need not criticise events in their chronological order; and as the interest attaching to the Russian view of the position is intense, we will refer to it first. The Russian press appears to have been singularly unanimous in regarding the Treaty of San Stefano as "a model of diplomatic art," and it pointed out (see 'Times,' March 28) the satisfactory manner in which "Slav and Russian interests have been attended to, the bitter lot of Turkey sweetened, and the Anglo-Austrian pretensions satisfied." In fact, they considered the interests of Austria had been so tenderly treated that "one might suppose an Austrian plenipotentiary had taken an active part in the negotiations." M. Onou, however, the Russian dragoman, who was sent on a recent mission to Constantinople, is reported to have described the Treaty in terms more nearly approaching to the general opinion of Europe. He is reported to have said:—

"From the point of view of Russian diplomacy, we have taken from Turkey everything which we could demand from her without breaking European peace. The least alteration in the Treaty would cause an infraction of our own or of European interests. Turkey remains in Europe—but, in the military sense, she becomes a mere spectre; and at a more convenient season Russia may, by a single word or threat, without having recourse to arms, compel the Porte to grant the demands which will inevitably arise in the future."

That, no doubt, is an excessively neat and accurate description of what Russia has attempted to do.

It is interesting to place side by side with this frank avowal Prince Gortschakoff's view of the Treaty as he expounded it in reply to Lord Salisbury's Circular. According to that reply, the Constantinople Conference wished to endow Bulgaria with a material existence and a real

administrative autonomy, and would have planted as a germ the very plant which at San Stefano reached maturity. In other words, the new Treaty only promises "a programme more complete, more *précis*, and more practical" than that of the Conference. It is, moreover, only preliminary—which is explained to mean that it merely lays down the principle, leaving the application to be guided by the "technical studies, the exact appreciation of geographical necessities, and the conciliation of numerous interests," which, pre-eminently, a congress would supply. He denies that the new state will be under the control of Russia, and alleges that it will be more independent than Roumania: he denies that military occupation is a step towards a *prise de possession*; its ports in the Ægean Sea are solely with a view to commercial development; its government and administration are not being provided with a view to render Bulgaria a part of the Russian political system, but to protect its national development.

The attempt in the Treaty to ameliorate the institutions of Epirus and Thessaly, and to provide for the protection of the members of the Russian Church, is not, according to Prince Gortschakoff, with a view to extend the power of the Russian empire. In fact, even the retrocession of Bessarabia is partial, and leaves the delta and navigation of the Danube untouched. Batoum is only required for commerce, the other strongholds in Armenia simply for defensive purposes. "Territorial cessions," he exclaims, "are a natural consequence of war." The consequences lamentably differ from the causes. The latter always, in the language of Russian diplomacy, spring from philanthropic and benevolent motives, accompanied by solemn pledges that no aggrandisement is aimed at, and no annexa-

tion desired. But as time goes on, great "sacrifices" are made, and territorial cessions naturally follow; but they are purely for defensive purposes, and involve no increase whatever to the power or influence of Russia, nor any danger to British interests or European commerce! It is argued, also, that the indemnity arrangement is designed to care for Turkey as well as the interests of Europe, "and to maintain the Turkish Government in the fulfilment of its engagements, and of all pacific relationships which would be profitable to all." The contrary view argues sheer mistrust, and "against mistrust there is no remedy."

There breathes throughout this remarkable production the spirit which is natural to the *beati possidentes*. It was a saying of Lord Beaconsfield's that there is no repartee like a majority; and certainly any arguments are good enough for the master of many legions who is for the time being in undisputed occupation of his neighbour's territory. It is a concession to the force of public opinion that he condescends to argue at all, and more particularly so that he argues in an explanatory and apologetic manner. Great Britain, however, is differently situated. We have our fleet in the Sea of Marmora as the symbol of our determination to have a voice in the settlement, and to keep open maritime communications. Apart from that we have to protest from the standpoint of the Treaties of Paris and of 1871, which create our rights, with the object of arriving at some adjustment of those rights, having regard to the claims of Russia, the welfare of the Christians, and our own security. The first step, accordingly, is to bring out in a strong and clear light all the deviations from the old Treaty which are contained in

the new. The word "violation" is expressly avoided; and, as it seems to us, the whole object of Lord Salisbury's Circular and of the speeches of Ministers is not so much to indict the Treaty of San Stefano as an outrage, as to demonstrate the absolute necessity that so broad an innovation upon existing public law should be moulded into a permanent shape by the will and voice of Europe. It is impossible to regard the ministerial denunciation of the Treaty as a menace of immediate or inevitable war; but as a determined assertion that the Treaty is of a nature to require the sanction of Europe—that otherwise it cannot be recognised—and that if persisted in without that sanction, it gives to each of the Powers rights of separate action which each must judge for itself to what extent they will be enforced and acted upon. It was a purely diplomatic storm which arose, and it was occasioned by Russia's refusal to lay her Treaty on the table of the Congress.

The Circular of Lord Salisbury, though containing a general indictment of the Treaty of San Stefano, did not in any way profess to close discussion on its provisions. It left it an open question how far these might commend themselves as expedient to the European Powers. It admitted that the policy of reforming Turkey under the Ottoman Government had been frustrated by the Ottoman Government itself; and that in the circumstances which had happened "large changes may, and no doubt will, be requisite in the treaties by which South-eastern Europe has hitherto been ruled." Moreover, the English Government would willingly have entered into a Congress in order to examine the stipulations of the Treaty of San Stefano taken as a whole, and to consider the general interests affected

by them. The discussion upon the Treaty is not refused, nor are its stipulations declared to be inadmissible; but they must be considered and adjusted "in their relation to existing treaties, to the acknowledged rights of Great Britain and other Powers, and to the beneficent ends which the united action of Europe has always been directed to secure."

If Russia is not obstinately bent upon a purely Russian settlement of the Eastern Question, to be effected with every mark of indignity to the Powers, the Circular of Lord Salisbury does not bar her way to a reasonable and satisfactory settlement. If, on the other hand, Russia refuses to bring her projected arrangements into Congress, and seeks to execute her treaty in defiance of Europe, she forces the Powers back upon the Treaty of Paris, which is their only *locus standi*. Until formal proposals are laid before the signatory Powers to modify the existing treaties, the present position can only be logically or legally dealt with in the light of their provisions. Viewed in that way, every material stipulation which the Treaty of San Stefano contains involves a departure from the Treaty of 1856. So says the British Circular; but the British Government is none the less willing and desirous to discuss the subject with a view to an amicable and satisfactory settlement.

We read Lord Derby's criticism of this Circular with great regret. In fact, Lord Derby's appearance in the debate did not equal, in point of taste, tact, and judgment, the part which he played in announcing his resignation. And, on the other side, the *navy* *Anticypam* of the Premier, with the rebukes administered by Lord Salisbury, betrayed the existence of some warmth of feeling, the natural result of what

must have been the somewhat strained relations between the late Foreign Secretary and the Cabinet. But the description given by Lord Derby of the Circular, that its publication and accompaniments amounted to a demand that the Treaty of San Stefano should be torn up by the roots, which demand would be supported by force, and rendered concession on the part of Russia difficult and humiliating, was exaggerated. The terms, also, in which that view was expressed, were likely to increase rather than soften the difficulty of the position. There was a certain asperity, moreover, towards Austria, on which it is premature to pronounce judgment. The conduct of Austria has not been satisfactory, and we had far better learn to rely upon ourselves than upon her.

Lord Salisbury's Circular has been variously applauded as a war manifesto, and denounced as a total reversal of his own policy at the Constantinople Conference. It is neither the one nor the other. It is an emphatic but by no means an arrogant or impracticable protest against, and repudiation of, the scheme by which Russia is attempting to arrogate to herself the exclusive settlement of the Eastern Question, and to liberate herself from her existing engagements with the Powers, without their consent, and by refusing discussion. The despatch was directed to prove that, having regard to the declaration in London of 1871, the provisions of the new Treaty could not be withdrawn from the cognisance of the Powers, and that those provisions could not be separately discussed. Their combined effect upon the interests of the signatory Powers must be considered; but there is no statement that they form an inadmissible basis of discussion and negotiation.

The innovations proposed by the Treaty were summed up in this way. A strong Slav state will be created, regardless of Greek interests, under the control of Russia, and largely increasing her power, even beyond the boundaries of the new state, to the prejudice not merely of the Greeks, but of every Mediterranean Power. The Government of the Porte will be severed from its provinces, increasing the difficulty of administration, whilst means are provided for coercing that Government, and subordinating its policy in all respects to that of Russia, whose predominance over all the region of the Black Sea is carefully provided for.

Nevertheless, the Circular in terms leaves it open for discussion whether or not these stipulations are consistent with "the attainment of lasting peace and stability in the provinces of European and Asiatic Turkey," which it describes as "the highest object of all present negotiations." But the signatory Powers, and especially Great Britain, must approach the subject from the point of view of the balance of maritime power, and the altered *status* of the Ottoman Government. Great Britain sees that the key of the Straits, the dominion at the head of the Persian Gulf, on the shores of the Levant, and in the neighbourhood of the Suez Canal, are virtually transferred to another Power, and that that transference involves danger to English interests and to the permanent peace of Europe.

To denounce this as a war manifesto, implies that no resistance is to be offered to any policy of Russia, however subversive of British interests, or however menacing to public tranquillity. To denounce it as a reversal of the policy at the Conference implies that a willingness to reform Turkey under the Ottoman Government was equivalent to a willingness to abandon

every safeguard of British dominion which might be perilled by its fall.

The Salisbury Circular achieved the signal success of commanding at once almost universal approval abroad. The bold exposure of the extremely Muscovite character of the Treaty fostered, if it did not create, a strong reactionary feeling against Russia in France, Italy, and even in Germany. The reputed organ of Prince Bismarck was heard denouncing the Treaty as a masterpiece of cunning, quite as much in respect of what it designedly left undone and reserved for future opportunities, as for what it did. There is little doubt but that the remnant of Turkish power is preserved, in the hopes that it may prove serviceable to Russia, to whom the policy recommended by the Berlin 'Post' of proclaiming at Constantinople the extinction of the Turkish Power in Europe, and of then inviting a European resettlement of the provinces, would probably have been distasteful. The effect of European unanimity, in support of the English Government, has evidently produced in the mind of the Imperial Cabinet a disposition at least to waver and hesitate, and call for separate negotiations, which we trust will be denied.

Accordingly, the Russian answer closed by noting the acquiescence of the British Government in the ends ostensibly proposed of good government, peace, and liberty amongst the populations of Turkey, and the admission that those ends have been hitherto frustrated by the action of the Ottoman Government. And it asked by what arrangements England is willing that these ends shall be realised, her own rights preserved, and compensation for Russian sacrifices adjusted; what, in other words, are the great changes which Lord Salisbury admits must and ought to be made.

The tone of the Russian Circular,

moreover, was certainly not hostile or impracticable. It suggested no solution, offered no compromise, and left the matter where it was. No doubt, in the details of the arrangements it takes a one-sided and unreasonable view. But it is not about details of administration or the exact boundaries of Turkish provinces that this country will find a *casus belli*. Our policy of neutrality, our silence at the proposals of June 1877, our admissions in Lord Salisbury's Circular, all point to large changes being acquiesced in and regarded as inevitable. The precise nature of these changes may be the subject of argument amongst experts from now till the crack of doom. Experts alone are qualified to appreciate their full bearing; the popular mind will never understand them. What the instinctive common-sense judgment of this country tells it is, that Russia proposes to herself a great increase of power and territory—that all the projected arrangements are made or proposed with that view exclusively, regardless of the peace and stability of the provinces—that an extension of her influence is probable in the future—that the security of our communications is or will be brought into jeopardy—and that now is the time to insist upon our being in that respect replaced in a position as nearly as possible equivalent to that we have lost. The right course to adopt is, for the nations of Europe, in Congress assembled, to adjust their rights and claims by mutual consent to the altered circumstances created by the war. If that is impossible, England must provide the means of her own security in the present and in the future. She has no right to resort to separate action with that view until she has patiently exhausted all the resources of diplomacy and all recognised modes of appeal to interna-

tional right and law. And further, there is not the slightest occasion for her to be in a hurry.

The two arguments, the British and the Russian, are alike in this, that they demonstrate the absolute necessity for a Congress. Both agree that the existing European settlement is virtually abrogated, and that both English and Russian rights, *inter se*, and in relation to the subject-matter of controversy, must be readjusted. It is clear that the settlement must be a European one, and that the whole of it must be, sooner or later, discussed from a European point of view, and in reference to the interests of every Power affected. Ultimately a Congress must assemble, or each Power whose interests are sufficiently imperilled must resort to separate action. Separate negotiations with Russia, with a view to separate settlement, are out of the question; for they would immediately render the Power which resorted to them *particeps criminis*, and constitute a waiver of its existing treaty rights.

The position, no doubt, is extremely critical, but by no means hopeless. It is said that Germany is endeavouring to mediate between Russian and English views respecting the Congress, but it is difficult to see what *via media* is possible. The position is, that in England the vast preponderance of opinion is in favour of treating the provisions of the Treaty of San Stefano as admissible bases of discussion at a Congress, but to regard them as they stand as incompatible with English interests, and to repudiate separate discussions with Russia of European matters. Unless the stress of actual circumstances, including a daily military expenditure, it is said on good authority, of 7,000,000 francs—*i. e.*, nearly two millions sterling a-week—coupled with the remonstrances of united Europe, induce the Government of the

Czar to modify its policy considerably, we may be on the eve of a European war. There is a general reluctance to embark in it, and it will, we hope, be avoided. One thing, however, seems to be quite certain, that we have nothing to gain by haste; that with a Cabinet which satisfies the warlike sentiment by its language and acts, it is perfectly practicable to wait; that it is quite as much our interest to avoid being left in the lurch to fight the battles of Europe by ourselves, as it is to be prepared and determined to fight our own with pertinacity when the fitting moment arrives.

At such a moment it is of extreme importance to note the attitude of party leaders, and the degree in which their respective policies attract attention and approval. The House of Lords unanimously, and the House of Commons by a majority of 255, approved the calling out of the Reserve Forces; thus indicating the opinion that a grave emergency had arisen. And public opinion has all but unanimously approved it. That decision must be judged of by the light of Lord Beaconsfield's speech which opened the discussion. It was a grave and momentous declaration, made by the most powerful Prime Minister of the century, ratified by the approval of the country.

His indictment against the Treaty of San Stefano was the heaviest and most uncompromising of any which have been uttered. It was negotiated, he said, in secrecy and encircled in mystery. "It completely abrogates what is known as Turkey in Europe; it abolishes the dominion of the Ottoman empire in Europe; it creates a large State which, under the name of Bulgaria, is inhabited by many races not Bulgarians." The result of that and other arrangements is,

that "we say all the European dominions of the Ottoman Porte are taken from the Porte and put under the administration of Russia. The effect of all the stipulations combined will be to render the Black Sea as much a Russian lake as the Caspian." The claim with regard to Bessarabia revokes a stipulation in the Treaty of Paris which Lord Palmerston regarded as of the greatest importance as involving the emancipation of the Danube. The cessions in Kurdistan give Russia the power of stopping European commerce with Central Asia. The Treaty, moreover, by reducing the Sultan to a state of absolute subjugation to Russia, practically places the navigation and opening of the Straits at the command of Russia. Nevertheless Lord Beaconsfield was prepared to submit this instrument to a *bonâ fide* Congress, with a view to arriving at a satisfactory settlement, "with a due consideration for the circumstances in which Russia was placed." He alluded to the possibility of armies being marched to menace Egypt and the Suez Canal. He declared that, under the circumstances prevailing in the East, we must not merely have a powerful navy in those waters, but also, "if necessary, not a very considerable, but an adequate and efficient army."

Lord Beaconsfield also makes this significant remark—viz., that without the neutrality of the other Powers Russia could not have gained the advantages she enjoyed; and also, that that neutrality would not have been shown unless it had been believed that, as regarded the other Powers, Russia would feel bound by the Treaties of 1856 and 1871.

The tone of the speech was as firm and patriotic as possible. It insists upon the Treaty being submitted to a Congress; and it intimates as clearly as words can put

it that British interests are seriously imperilled by the projected arrangements, and that unless they are modified, military and naval action will be resorted to in order to provide for the security of the empire.

It is really painful to contrast these manly declarations with the speech of his *quondam* rival, whose indiscretions confound all criticism. One can only recount his sayings in silent astonishment. Mr Gladstone (see 'Times,' March 25) told the Greenwich "Five Hundred" that his great consolation at this trying period is to talk over economy, retrenchment, and the minimum of public establishments, with Mr Bright. He persisted in declaring that the vote of six millions was waste, and worse than waste—an attempt to mix up military preparations with peaceful negotiations. He preferred the Alabama arbitration, and actually boasted that, inasmuch as the money then awarded was paid out of surplus of the year, it was (apparently for that reason) a wise and satisfactory settlement. And he appeared to think that if we could only drink ourselves out of the Eastern difficulty, it would be "a step onwards towards civilisation." He openly declares that for England during such a critical period as the last two or three months of her history "to put every dockyard and every arsenal into a state of preparation for war," is a step backwards from civilisation, a step to which he is inflexibly opposed. Such a view can only be explained by one circumstance—viz., that "looking at all the wars of recent times, he knows of none that has produced results more glorious than the one which has so recently been brought to a conclusion." He protests against the presence of the British fleet where it is, in defiance of treaties.

This, it is true, was an extra-parliamentary utterance, and there-

fore must be taken *cum grano salis*. In the House of Commons he made, as usual, a vigorous and eloquent speech, but one which has fallen flat on the country, and which, it is obvious at a glance, misses all the salient points of the case. He began by saying, in reference to the extremely temperate speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—a speech which evidently means that no war measures are in immediate contemplation, and that diplomacy has still much to do—that by far the greater portion of Sir Stafford Northcote's speech was one which he would have had no hesitation in using. Still he denied that any great emergency had arisen. He differed from Lord Derby in that he declared that "the heart of the vast mass of the people of this country was set upon having a Congress." He wanted a preliminary conference to meet and clear away difficulties. He declared that, according to Lord Salisbury's Circular, there always would be great emergencies as long as England ruled India and did not master the entire portion of the globe between us and our dependency. He denounced what he called the misrepresentations of Lord Salisbury's Circular, and concluded: "When I read Lord Salisbury's vigorous argument, I confess it appeared to me that all this argument showed how imperative is the necessity for going into a Congress." "The worse the Treaty of San Stefano is, the greater is the need of the Congress."

We entirely agree in this conclusion, and a good deal of the criticism which he passed upon the Government proceedings was well worthy of careful consideration. The astonishing thing to us is, that at such a moment as this, when England needs the help of her foremost statesmen on either side of politics to guide her to a sound conclusion—when in the perplexity

of the situation experienced counsel is anxiously sought—Mr Gladstone can throw away all influence and all usefulness by the speeches which he thinks good enough for provincial audiences.

Both this speech, which was in marked contrast to that with which the faithful "Five Hundred" were favoured, and also the speeches of Lord Granville and Lord Hartington, show that the Opposition have no alternative policy to propose,—that the Treaty is viewed with general dislike, though the degree of hostility varies,—that war is recognised as imminent, although the precise occasion or purpose thereof is not yet shaped. In fact, everything depends on the future course of Russia, and our action must be suited to hers.

It is impossible to forget that during a very critical time the Ministry of this country has been a divided one. The debate in the House of Lords brought that circumstance very clearly to light. There were two observations relating to that subject in Lord Derby's speech which deserved note, besides the confession that he was opposed to the early meeting of Parliament, and also to the grant of the six millions. One was a sarcastic reference to the circumstance that our conditions never affected our neutrality, which is perfectly true; the other, that there are proposals of the Government not yet divulged to which he could not consent and therefore resigned, which proposals evidently lie at the root of our future policy. Lord Derby has evidently considered all along that our neutrality was based upon indifference to Russian designs, and that our interests were not affected or likely to be affected to an extent which necessitated war. He denied that any emergency had arisen to justify calling out the Reserves. The dead

lock in regard to the Congress, he declared, was not an emergency—for, except Austria, no single Power was anxious that it should be held; an announcement which, under the circumstances, is perfectly astounding. It would be as easy to conduct negotiations, he declared, without as within a Congress; and therefore we presume that he does not object to separate negotiations. He deprecated such comprehensive objections to the Treaty as those put forward in Lord Salisbury's Circular being stated in so public a manner; raising the impression that England "demands that the Treaty of San Stefano should be torn up, and is preparing to support that demand by force." The Circular, he said, greatly increased the difficulty in the way of Russia consenting to a liberal modification of her proposals; which, moreover, is only to be obtained by diplomacy. If we obliged Russia, by war, to give back nearly all she had taken, even then "you will not have destroyed Russian influence or substituted English influence." Russian influence, he added, in that country which is now to be called Bulgaria, rests only in a slight degree upon military success. "It rests upon what you cannot take away—identity of race, community of religion, similarity of religion, traditional historic sympathies, and the common hatred which was now felt against the common foe." If we gain our object, our work will have to be done again in twenty or twenty-five years. He warned us not to rely on an Austrian alliance. The speech was that of a man who was oppressed by the difficulties of the situation in the present and the future. In its disappointment and discontent, its perplexity, and its querulous tone with regard to the public, there were all the symptoms of conscious failure. It reads very

much as if his mind had been unduly influenced by Mr Gladstone and the Philo-Russian party eighteen months ago, and as if the present outburst of hostility towards Russian designs had annoyed and disgusted him. If he could not satisfactorily steer his way between those opposing currents, there are still other opposing difficulties to be dealt with which will test the firmness and judgment of those upon whom the task must fall.

It is imperative upon us to back up our diplomacy by manifesting a strong determination to make our will respected; and at the same time common prudence should prevent our undertaking, single-handed, a task which is equally incumbent upon the Germanic Powers. In the difficult game which is being played out, it is quite as disastrous to be too forward as to be too backward. We trust that there will be no more forcing the hand of diplomacy by senseless outbursts of popular emotion, whether on one side or the other. Fortunately, the Cabinet holds public opinion, as well as the subject, firmly in their hands, and whether they bid the nation fight or compromise, will probably be obeyed. For ourselves, we believe in the virtues of ripe preparation and determined resolution. We have no fear of such preparations, or of any outburst of military ardour which they may occasion, driving the Government into war one moment before it is necessary or prudent. Whether the Prime Minister is right or not in every step which he has taken or allowed, he is a man who knows his own mind, and he is of far too firm and tenacious purpose to allow his hand to be forced in any of the difficult crises which occur. To trust a weak and vacillating Premier with six millions of money and any amount of warlike demonstration would render war inevitable. In the hands of

Lord Beaconsfield they are measures of peace—a final, but by no means desperate, chance of averting war.

Nevertheless, Lord Derby's resignation is a great blow to the Conservative party. The immediate loss has been easily repaired. Lord Salisbury at once takes the Foreign Office with almost universal approval, the heir of Knowsley goes to the War Office, and the resistance of the House of Stanley to the Government is minimised or prevented. But in the future, when these foreign complications have passed away, it is impossible not to regret the loss of that capacity for affairs, that penetrating power of intelligence and judicial impartiality of general conduct of which Lord Beaconsfield spoke. Doubtless, with regard to this Eastern Question, Lord Derby has failed, and it would probably have been better if he had resigned with Lord Carnarvon. But a quarter of a century's public service and party fidelity, joined to the recollection of all that Conservatives owe to their former leader, ought to restrain obloquy, and prohibit any criticism which is uncandid or ungenerous.

The new Foreign Secretary evidently regards the present position of foreign affairs from a different point of view. He denounced this "huge Bulgaria" as the great blot on the Treaty, and contrasted it with the proposed arrangements at the Conference of Constantinople. When our conditions of neutrality were framed, we still had the assurance that no annexation was intended; and although afterwards this was qualified, there was still the engagement that the terms of peace would be settled at a Conference. With regard to there not being any *casus belli*, he reminded Lord Derby that he himself had declared the occupation of Constantinople by the Russians to be a *casus belli*; and "is the possession of Constantinople

more threatening to English interests than the possession of the *Ægean Sea?*" He added, with regard to the future, "We are bound to foster the aspirations of the rising races of the South-east of Europe; we are bound to consolidate their nationalities, and in their patriotism, in their love of their own traditional history and past glories, to find a security for future stability and peace."

The Chancellor of the Exchequer's speeches appear to us to throw most light on the situation. In proposing the address to the Crown, he put our dispute with Russia on this ground, that she "has not at the present time agreed to that full discussion of the Treaty of San Stefano, in all its articles in relation to their bearing on existing treaties, that we desire, and that we think essential." England has no desire, he added, to interfere with a proper and reasonable settlement; she wishes for one which shall be beneficial to Europe and to Russia as a part of Europe. On the other hand, "if we are denied the advantage of taking part in a general European settlement such as we desire, it is the paramount duty of the Government to see that the interests of England should take no damage." Our policy is to "maintain the integrity of the empire, and to maintain the communications between its different parts."

In reply, he reiterated his denial that the measures of the Government were "intended or likely to precipitate war." They were intended and well qualified to avert and prevent war. His objection, like that of other Ministers, to the Treaty of San Stefano, was that, as it stands, "it places Russia in such a position of command over the territory of Turkey, that it would enable her to exercise a most dangerous and prejudicial influence over that quarter of the world in

which we have the greatest interest." Further on, "in our opinion our communication with India and with Egypt would be threatened if the provisions of the Treaty were to be carried into effect." He denied that we were going to fight. Two alternatives were before us: either to replace the Treaty of 1856 by a new arrangement, or to go on without any arrangement at all. He hoped that a great international arrangement would take the place of the old Treaty. If not, "we must stand aside, and make the best provision we could for our own safety and our own security." If no Congress meets, therefore, or if no new European Treaty is made, we must "take steps to protect the interests of our empire," and the Government in that case was "determined to act."

We infer from this that it is not in contemplation to attempt single-handed to dislodge Russia from her present position. We are waiting to take our part in a European settlement, and we will, no doubt, if Europe has to apply force, take our share of the burden and the necessary efforts for that purpose. But if Europe means to let judgment go against her by default, we should not fight alone the battles which Europe declines. We shall stand aside, refuse to recognise what has been done, and take measures for our own security in the present and in the future. Such a policy is consistent with the course which has hitherto been pursued; and if we succeed in rendering the defences of the empire and its communications impregnable in that part of the world, the Eastern Question may possibly cease to be one in which British interests are vitally affected. But whatever the undivulged plans which Lord Derby condemns beforehand may turn out to be, in order to be adequate they must not merely estab-

lish our defences in the east of the Mediterranean, but they must finally guarantee the freedom of the Straits. The task before us may involve serious effort; and apparently our military forces will be drawn from India as well as from home. Mr Hardy's transference from the War to the India Office at this critical moment points in that direction, and would be inexplicable on any other ground.

We have thus summarised the extraordinary occurrences of the month, and have now to estimate the present position and immediate prospects of this Eastern Question. With the publication of the Treaty of San Stefano a wholly new situation has been created. The Turks disappear as a factor of any great importance as regards the ultimate settlement; and unless by those disgraceful massacres which are reported from the neighbourhood of Greek insurrection they again arouse the indignation of civilised men, the disposition is to think that they have already suffered enough, and that for the future their interests and security must be duly considered. The subject henceforth stands clear of all the questions which arose out of Bulgarian atrocities, and were so unduly and factiously exaggerated. It is one purely of Russian domination, the spread of her mechanical and repressive system, the extension of her territory. The Treaty which she has made represents the triumph of the purely military party, which, flushed with sudden and unexpected success, forgot the existence of Europe. Its policy is short-sighted in its disregard of the extraordinary difficulties, moral, diplomatic, and strategic, which it immediately creates. Its cunning is too barefaced, its craft too little veiled, its insatiable greed too plainly confessed. The ordinary characteristics of Russian statesmanship—caution, adaptation

of the real schemes to the avowed motives, of self-aggrandisement to ostensible philanthropy, careful appreciation of actual as distinguished from apparent gains—are wanting. It is difficult to believe that any long-sighted politician presided over the conclusion of arrangements which have ushered in such a formidable array of difficulties as those which now beset the Russian Cabinet. If ever the provisions of that Treaty are carried into execution, it must be in defiance of Europe, and in the face of a passive hostility within and without which is as costly and ruinous as war itself.

We cannot describe the Treaty better than in the language of the 'Times' (April 4), which, in the situation created by the terms of the new Treaty, has so vigorously expressed the sentiments of the English people, and enforced a policy of spirit and determination:—

"Not one article," it says, "of this Treaty has the promise of endurance. The annexations, autonomies, and independencies cannot stand. Every part of the Turkish empire is placed on the slide to roll down into the open lap of Russia. The money will have to be paid in territory, the independencies will gravitate to their stronger neighbour, the autonomies will struggle for independence, and be well helped thereto, in the hope of further change. The arrangements which enable Russia to grasp the neck of the Danube cannot possibly stand longer than circumstances shall compel her neighbours to endure it. As soon as ever the additional hold gained by Russia on the Bosphorus is found injurious to the commerce or the security of the world, war there will certainly be, and no ordinary one, or leading to any lame or impotent conclusion. Here there is nothing but a house of cards. There is scarcely the illusion of fixity. . . . As for the Turk himself, he was the sick man; he is now the ghost of himself. Turkey will not be able to do any part of the very humble rôle left her. She will not be able to

govern, to collect taxes, to pay her debts, not even the last contracted, except by the surrender of territory."

The position thus created was promptly answered by the British Cabinet publicly appealing to the faith of treaties, and adopting certain resolutions to be at once or ultimately carried into effect in case its appeal is unanswered. What those resolutions may be we are not informed; but that they involve a determined vindication of British interests, and active measures to secure the rights of the empire in the east of the Mediterranean, is obvious. The immediate results of that line of action are extremely satisfactory. They disclose a state of international relations out of which war may no doubt arise, but which is much more likely, if this country takes care to let its will be decisively known, to lead to a pacific and even a satisfactory settlement.

The first result was to reveal the absolute isolation of Russia. No sooner did England denounce her Treaty as a flagrant departure from the Treaty of Paris, than the public opinion of every country in Europe (Germany included) ratified that denunciation, and joined in demanding that the proposed arrangements should be forthwith submitted to a Congress. It is in vain for Russia to struggle against that demand. It is in vain for Prince Gortschakoff to shelter himself behind the imposing phrase of each Power having full liberty of its appreciations and its actions. He says it is difficult to see the difference between the English demand and the Russian concession; if so, let him remove all chance of difficulty by admitting that what he is willing to do is equivalent to laying the Treaty of San Stefano on the table of the Congress. He can use any phrase he pleases as long as it means that, and is understood by

others to bear that meaning. No compromise is possible, unless the difficulty is got rid of by the Powers agreeing beforehand to certain defined bases, and subject thereto to discuss the new Treaty in its relation to the old. To abandon our demand in substance is equivalent to surrendering our appeal to public law, to cutting from beneath our feet the very ground on which we stand. If Russia has gained any rights at all as against Europe by the recent war, there is no known principle upon which those rights can be in any way limited. Our position is, that as regards the signatory Powers not parties to the war, she has gained no rights at all, but is bound by her treaties until released by common consent on terms accepted by all. To invalidate that position by any concession would be to forfeit the moral support of Europe—the enormous advantage of having written law, the conscience, safety, and interests of Europe, entirely on our side.

The great merit of the Salisbury Circular and of the ministerial speeches in both Houses was, that while plainly indicating that England was prepared to accede in the regular way to considerable changes being effected in the system by which South-eastern Europe is governed, she utterly repudiated the Muscovite claim to recast that system in the sole interests of Russian predominance. She boldly proclaimed that the settlement must be a European one; that the Treaties of 1856 and 1871 can only be revised by the same authority which created them. It is a hopeful sign in the interests of future tranquillity and public order that the master of a victorious army and a defeated empire, however much he may fret under the curb, is obliged in the end to acknowledge the binding force of public law, and recognise that organised Europe, when suit-

ably led, is not the thing of impotence which has been so frequently described. Even while we write the news arrives that owing, it is said, to mediation, equally astute and powerful, the Berlin Congress will probably soon assemble, and that when it meets difficulties will soon disappear. It is said that Russia has already discovered that it is not of vital importance to her interests to intercept the road from Trebizond to Persia, and that the "huge Bulgaria" may be longitudinally divided. It is said that although Russia will not allow her Treaty to be torn up by the roots (whatever that may mean), no single clause need stand in the way of a satisfactory solution of the question. An appeal to treaty law, supported by the presence of a formidable fleet, and by ripe military preparations on both sides the globe, sanctioned and enforced by every people within the confines of the Turkish empire, and by every European nation and Government outside it, is outweighing in the balance the crude appeals of Russian military authorities to the successful issue of force and fraud. With the Turk annihilated, and the Muscovite wearied, outwitted, and surrounded, the hopes of a satisfactory settlement of the Eastern Question will begin to reanimate Christendom.

Even the Gortschakoff answer, though it held out in words no hope of a compromise, and did not seem to advance in any way the solution of the question, was yet of satisfactory promise from the very principles to which it appealed, and from the standard of criticism which it recognised and approved. Throughout it implicitly admitted that Russian predominance was a thing to be avoided; that the reform and security of the Christian populations were the ends in view; that European control was the agency

to be established: and with these principles admitted and formally appealed to by Russia, the work of revising the Treaty of San Stefano may be harmoniously proceeded with. That answer involves in terms those admissions, and in terms supplies those principles, by which the provisions of the new Treaty, that rash product of military insubordination, may be ratified with the approval of riper Russian statesmanship. According to Prince Gortschakoff, the object sought by the new Treaty is to lay down, in principle, a complete, precise, and practical programme of reforms for European Turkey, without prejudicing the application of that principle. It does not, according to the Prince, seek to place the new Bulgaria under the control of Russia. The occupation of that province may be shortened as much as possible. Its delimitation has been indicated only in general terms. That measure admittedly must be effected with regard to the majority of the population—the rights of minorities being guaranteed by express stipulation. It is not to be placed through its chief under the control of Russia; and the free election of its chief is to be guaranteed. It is not to be drawn into the Russian political system; but, on the contrary, its own national development is to be the exclusive object of all arrangements. The institutions for Epirus and Thessaly are not to be improved merely with a view to extend Russian influence. In fact, according to the Annex, the increase of Russian power is to be scrupulously avoided and carefully guarded against. The freedom of the navigation of the Danube; the defensive security of Russia in Armenia; the freedom of European trade from Trebizond through Persia; the impossibility of Russia being allowed to substitute new territorial acquisitions as a substitute for the indemnity; the duty of re-

specting the interests both of Turkey and Europe; the adjustment of the old treaties to the recognised rights of Great Britain and the Powers, to the new rights acquired by Russia, and to the benevolent designs of Europe,—are all of them principles which are appealed to in this Annex itself as sacred. It is true that the object of the appeal is in most cases to defend the existing provisions of the Treaty of San Stefano. But a Congress of the Powers may adopt the principles and regulate their application with greater appreciation of geographical necessities, and more successful reconciliation of numerous interests. If the actual arrangements are made to correspond with the avowed design, we shall none of us have any reason to complain.

It was frequently complained in the London press that this communication offered no compromise. It seems to us to be full of hope; and we must recollect that the Russian Government is in a difficult position. We know from what passes within our own shores that defiance and combativeness are not confined to military circles, but are prone to animate all ranks and classes of society. The unofficial world at St Petersburg is apt to regard an invitation to bring this Treaty into Congress as an injustice and an insult; just as irresponsible politicians in England may clamour for forcible repression of Russian ambition. But we are assured by the 'Times' correspondent at St Petersburg (April 19), that "those who have the direction of affairs foresee clearly the ruinous consequences of a new war, and desire a pacific solution of the difficulty." It was a great political mistake for a victorious but exhausted Power to advance a claim which, at the instigation of England, brought down upon her the moral opposition of all Europe.

The military mind, no doubt, calculated that neither England nor Austria could or would go to war alone, and that the opposition of one could be bought off at the expense of the other. It was not prepared for the isolation which has followed, or for the crushing weight of public reprobation. And as Russian statesmen look round them, they can discern but little promise in the situation, which their experienced judgment must tell them is full of peril. They have, according to the 'St Petersburg Exchange Gazette,' expended 120 millions of money down to the date of peace, as well as lost, at least, 100,000 men, probably more. Their new levies show that they have got to the end of their resources in men; their attempts to raise a loan prove that in finance alone they have abundant reason to avoid a war. Their present expenses are computed at a quarter of a million *per diem*. Yet the mere repugnance of Austria, and the English occupation of the Sea of Marmora, compel, and may for an indefinite time compel, them to incur the continuance of this profuse expenditure. The Berlin 'Post' long ago pointed out that the only result of a Congress not meeting, or proving a failure, would be that Russia and England would continue at peace but arm for war, and it urged upon the Czar's attention that England could infinitely better afford prolonged armaments than Russia, who would speedily be reduced to exhaustion. At the same time the 'Journal de St Petersburg' was declaring that Russia would not endure a position in which she would be obliged to maintain her armaments for an indefinite time. The organ of Prince Bismarck argued that as Russia cannot attack England, while England is perfectly in a position to bide her time, and wait until the right moment arrives,

the Czar will probably be driven to extend his conquests in the interval, the better to be prepared for the collision when it does occur. "But in such a case, Austria and Greece would join England to protect their own interests. As to Germany, she would never fight for Russian or any other foreign interests. Russia, therefore, had better restrain her ambition." We may add to this that the Turks are in formidable force, and will not be friendly. Hints like these should not be thrown away. What can Russia do? If she advances, she commits herself to war with England or Austria, or both; if she withdraws, what becomes of her Treaty? If she does neither, she endures isolation, and fans to a white heat the irritation and hostility of the provinces. Her land communications are long, costly, and no longer through a friendly territory. We know the intense hostility of Roumania; that to the south is not much less. Meanwhile England, according to the evidence even of the 'Times' correspondent at Pera (April 16), is gradually winning back her old position in the esteem of both Mohammedan and Christian Turkey. The hopes and sympathies, he adds, of all the non-Slavic races of the Levant cling to England, which, in Lord Derby's words, it is hoped will hold the balance in the adjustment of the interests of those races. Premature action, he argues, on the part of England, will not advance the settlement of the Eastern Question, or further the cause of either Greek, Turk, or Armenian. The success of such action could itself only lead to a European Congress or a European settlement, which in all probability time and diplomacy alone will suffice to give us. All that is necessary is to recognise that Russia entertains a distinct and well-defined scheme of aggrandisement in Eastern

Europe and Asia Minor. To the success of that scheme time and destiny are, we believe, inexorably hostile. And Russia, says the correspondent, cannot compete with England for the respect and sympathy of the races which are struggling into existence, which would thankfully follow the lead and guidance of England. If they were to be assured those blessings of good government and tranquil existence which both the Salisbury Circular and the Gortschakoff Annex promise to them, the secret machinations of Russia in the future would be neutralised, and her means of action reduced to open warfare.

If we are right in the judgment we have formed of the extraordinary position which has been created by the Treaty, followed by the energetic remonstrance and armed preparation of England, the Russian army is in a *cul-de-sac*. Either England or Austria can reduce it to one line of communication, which will be difficult and costly. The two together can reduce it to ultimate surrender. But, as it seems to us, there is no occasion for either to take that extreme step. Time and public law will inevitably second the suggestions of a ruinous expenditure, and render inevitable a Congress, which, the more it is felt to be indispensable, the greater will be its powers. Our own belief is that, when that Congress meets, the increasing difficulties of the position will be such that Englishmen may find that resistance to Russia's present designs is of less importance than provision for ultimate security, and the task of carrying out those beneficent aims which all Europe entertains, and Russia in the long-run will be powerless to prevent. At all events, this much seems clear, that no Congress is possible without England; that England will not enter one until Russia has pre-

viously admitted its jurisdiction ; and that she will recognise no departure from the Treaty of Paris unauthorised by the signatories thereto. Europe acquiesces in that decision, and recognises its justice and spirit. If Russia refuses obedience to international law, and is determined to disregard her treaties, her alternative course is to revive the Triple Alliance. She will probably be unable to do that, except at the price of surrendering that exclusive predominance in the Balkan peninsula for which she has stipulated. The diminished fruits of her ill-gotten victories would still leave outstanding the unjust claims of Great Britain. We shall stand aside from any arrangements which the three imperial Powers may make in defiance of Europe ; and we shall take care that these arrangements—which, illegal as they must be, we shall not sanction—do not imperil our own interests. We shall not stand by while Constantinople is seized and the Black Sea is closed. And as with the fall of the Ottoman empire in Europe the question of the ultimate dominion over the imperial city and the control of the Straits is brought into prominence, we cannot retire till it is satisfactorily disposed of. We stand by the treaties we have made, and will enforce the rights which these have given us. The new arrangements, whatever they may be, must be so adjusted as not to infringe them. We

may be quite sure that unless we are armed and determined to uphold them, these rights will undoubtedly be disregarded. But in the present attitude of the British Ministry and people, no solution of the Eastern Question, temporary or otherwise, is possible, without our concurrence. Russia can do nothing in spite of us ; nor can she mend her position by going to war with us. Whether at war or at peace, it is chiefly a question of endurance. In the end Great Britain cannot be disregarded, or our legitimate claims set at defiance. All we want—and sooner or later we must get it—is that Russia should bring her whole Treaty, and every proposal she has to make, whether in the Treaty or not, and lay it before the signatory Powers. She is then free to make the best bargain that she can with them. In arranging its terms, all must have due consideration for the altered circumstances of the case ; and while each will insist upon full security for its own immediate vital interests, all will, doubtless, join in devising the best available securities for the peace and prosperity of the provinces. War will be of no use, for none of its operations or probable issues would be likely to affect the result. What England aims at is the peaceful triumph of public law and international right ; and until that is secured her fleet will mount guard in the Straits, and her armies prepare to second its operations in case of need.

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MINE IS THINE.

CONCLUSION.—CHAPTER LVIII.

A FEW hours after Lord Germistoun's breakfast had been disturbed by the arrival of Cosmo's letter, Tom Wyedale was leisurely enjoying the same meal at his club; and, in the intervals of gossiping with other breakfasters, he glanced at a newspaper which was conveniently propped upon the table in front of him. Presently his eye fell on the announcement of Sir Robert Glencairn's death, which had perplexed Esmè, and which now, almost as much, bewildered Tom. "Cosmo's uncle, of course," he thought to himself. "There can't have been two Sir Robert Glencairns living in the same rooms in Pall Mall; but, hang it! why 'Douglas'? and how 'great-grandson of the 12th Baron Dunerlacht'? Either poor Cosmo has, at last, gone mad, or some fiend has been playing a practical joke on him—to make yet more mischief between him and old Germistoun. Yes, that must be it. A woman, of course. It's too bad: upon my life it *is* too bad!"

When Tom had finished his

breakfast he went up-stairs to the library, and attentively studied the history of the Germistoun-Dunerlacht family, in Burke's Peerage. After which, he decided to go and call Cosmo's attention to the obituary notice. "He must take *some* notice of it," he said to himself; "malicious chaff of that sort ought to be jumped upon heavily."

A very few minutes brought Tom to his friend's room, and, saddening his face, discreetly, to suit the occasion, he entered. Cosmo was busily writing, but looked up and bade his visitor "Good morning." "I won't stop an instant," said the latter, "if you are too much occupied."

"To tell you the truth, Tom, I am excessively busy. Perhaps you could come back, by-and-by?"

"Certainly; but I have just half-a-dozen words to say, which won't keep you an instant. Poor uncle gone, I hear?"

"Yes—poor old gentleman—the night before last."

"Premature, I suppose, to specu-

late about his little—a—testamentary arrangements?"

"Scarcely decent, perhaps; but I may tell you that there is no mystery about them at all."

"My dear Cosmo, I do hope Sir Robert has been loyal? Excuse the question; you know my affectionate interest."

"I don't quite understand you; but I believe my uncle has kindly left me all he had to leave, if that is what you mean."

"I am awfully glad to hear it! There is always a risk about uncles of that sort, you see. Satan is so apt to suggest a religious charity to a solitary old man when he is making his will. This is really charming; and since he *was* to die, he has timed his death so admirably!"

"Well, Tom, that is not the way I care to consider the subject. If you have nothing important to say, I fear I must ask you to let me go on with my work."

"I *have* something important to say. Have you seen that scandalous notice of his death in the papers?"

"Scandalous notice? No! Where?"

"In the 'Times.' Here it is. Look!"

"There is nothing scandalous about it. I inserted it myself."

"My dear Cosmo!" exclaimed Tom, searching in his friend's face for symptoms of lunacy.

"Well, it is a simple statement of facts."

"But 'Dunerlacht'? and 'Douglas'? Have I now the privilege of talking to Mr Cosmo Douglas, then?"

"Certainly."

"O Lord! this is beyond me. When did the transformation scene take place?"

"I discovered the history of our family immediately after my uncle's death."

"Well, Cosmo, my dear fellow, it can't possibly be a very creditable kind of descent. I do think you were wrong, under the circumstances, to mix the poor old man up with the name. He wouldn't have liked it."

"What *do* you mean?"

"That ought to be *my* question. Well, you must know that when I saw the newspaper notice, I took the trouble to get hold of 'Burke' and hunt up the Dunerlacht history; and, you mustn't be angry with me for saying so, old fellow, but it really *is* impossible that you can be descended from the 12th Lord Dunerlacht."

"I know, however, that I am."

"No, no; not legitimately."

"I have the proofs in this room."

"In that case you must be—your father, at least, must be—Lord Dunerlacht. You don't claim that, do you?"

"No, I don't."

"Then you can't claim the descent at all. I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll just rush into Bobus Packer's, two doors off, and borrow his 'Burke' for a minute, and show you. His father was what Lord Germistoune calls a "flagrant huckster," and he is sure to have a 'Burke.' I shan't be a moment." Tom was off and back immediately, with the volume in question.

"Now, Cosmo," he cried, "here is the place; but listen, and I'll read you off a *résumé* of it, as I've been over the ground before. Listen—

"The 12th Lord had three sons—Archibald, George, and Norman. *None* of them survived him. He was succeeded by his *only* grandson, George—the only child of George, his second son. Very well; young George, the 13th Baron, died, in his youth, unmarried. The title then went back to a nephew of the 12th

Baron, who thus became 14th Baron, and, having received the British peerage of Germistoune, was succeeded, on his death, by Archibald, 2d Viscount Germistoune and 15th Baron Dunerlacht—our not altogether satisfactory old friend. All this is as clear as daylight; so that you see, Cosmo, there is really no one for you to descend from—no one, at least, who was married."

"I am descended from Norman."

"Who died unmarried."

"The proofs of his marriage are in this room."

"In that case your father is Lord Dunerlacht."

"Nonsense! Here, look at the proofs, and a short *résumé* of the case to connect them, which I had from my uncle's lips."

Tom carefully examined them, and presently looked up with an expression of eager astonishment. "Then,—then, by George! Cosmo, there's no error about it. These proofs seem to establish the marriage, and, the marriage being established, your father is the 15th Baron Dunerlacht, as certainly as I am not."

"I—I don't understand," faltered Cosmo.

"Hang it! man, take the book and use your common-sense. Read it; I should think it's the pleasantest bit of reading you ever did in your life. I suppose there is no doubt that a man's great-grandson is his heir, rather than his grand-nephew?"

"Yes, of course he is."

"Well, then, read, mark, and learn that your father becomes Lord Dunerlacht, *vice* the Right Honourable Jupiter Tonans, who retires upon an allowance, retaining his rank as Viscount Germistoune—and his Thistle;—we must leave him his Thistle."

Cosmo examined the book, and

re-examined it, and at last said, "I can scarcely credit my own eyes; but if this book is authentic—if there is no mistake——"

"How *can* there be? The facts are supplied by Lord Germistoune himself."

"Then it is—it must be, as you say; but—but what will happen?"

"The first thing that happens is that I offer you the right hand of fellowship, and hail you 'the Master of Dunerlacht!'" The next thing is that old Germistoune will lie down on his back and kick and bite and struggle, with all the forms of law, to resist eviction. The next thing is that he will be evicted. The next—oh! all sorts of glorious events will happen, in a mellow future. The eye of prophecy grows clear, and I can see—among other things—about sundown, on the 12th of August, next year, two graceful, yet manly, forms, slowly descending the hills which overhang the beautiful valley of the Erlacht. They are in earnest converse. The less attractive of the two appears to plead with his handsomer companion, who at last replies, with a winning smile, 'Well, well; so be it! I'll throw them all over. Hang the duke! I'll disappoint him, and stay with you till the end of the season. I'm not the selfish beast people say.' The speaker is Thomas Wyedale, Esquire, and he addresses his friend, the Master of Dunerlacht."

"This is not the time for fooling, Tom. It is a very grave crisis for me, and there are a hundred other reasons which make a different tone suitable and necessary."

"I beg your pardon, Cosmo; I forgot that I was, to a certain extent, in the house of mourning. You must forgive me, however, for feeling jolly; I can't help it, you know: but perhaps, under the circumstances, I had better leave you?"

"I think so, Tom."

"Very well; I'll look in to-morrow, when I've sobered down a bit. At present I *must* go and laugh somewhere. When I think of the old patriarch's face—O Lord! it's too much for me. Good-bye, Cosmo!" and Tom disappeared in convulsions. He went, like an arrow from a bow, straight to the most frequented of his clubs, and on thence to the many other centres of life and gossip, which boasted his membership. At each he retailed this startling novelty, this splendid material for a *cause célèbre*; and made a most dramatic story of the discovery, in which he figured as a kind of overruling providence, righting the wronged and casting down the wicked in the naughtiness of their hearts. It was all over the town by sunset; and, before that time, a good many people had remembered and remarked that they had always detested old Germistoun, who had no merits, except in regard to his wine and his shooting, which were quite over-handicapped by his intolerable bumptiousness.

Tom dashed in to his sister's, for just one moment, before dinner, and, without sitting down, breathlessly gave her the news, asking, as he left, "How about the foundling now?"—which cast Mrs Ravenhall into deep thought. What she *did* think about "the foundling" may perhaps be gathered from this nice little unconscious note which Cosmo received next morning:—

"DEAR MR GLENCAIRN,—I forget who my informant was, but some one of my numerous visitors, this after-

noon, mentioned incidentally that Sir Robert Glencairn, whose death was announced this morning, was your uncle; and, I trust, one little word of sympathy, from a not very old, but a very sincere, friend, will not be unacceptable to you. I need scarcely say that you have been *much* in my thoughts for many months past. No true woman could but have felt for the *cruel* position in which I know you to have been *so cruelly* placed; and it touches me deeply to think that another sorrow has been added to the *great* grief which you have borne so manfully. But your uncle has served his country faithfully, and gone honourably to his rest, and this reflection will support you in your bereavement. My husband sends his kind regards and condolences. He had a very high opinion of the late Sir Robert's administrative ability.—With sincere sympathy, believe me, dear Mr Glencairn, yours very truly,

"LUCY RAVENHALL.

"P.S.—I observe that Sir Robert had recently assumed another name. Is it *indiscreet* to ask if this were done in consequence of succeeding to a property? In any case, it cannot be indiscreet to express a hope that, if so, you now inherit it. Dear Mr Glencairn, I *do* so hope and trust that *happy* days are yet in store for you!—L. R.

"BELGRAVE SQUARE,
Wednesday Evening."

Cosmo laid the note down with a grim smile.

"Tom," he said, "has lost no time."

CHAPTER LIX.

The agitation into which the receipt of Cosmo's letter threw Lord Germistoun was very natural. He

had, of course, no suspicion that Norman Douglas had ever been married. The history of that strange

being was, indeed, involved in utter obscurity; but, before Lord Germistoune's father had entered on the succession opened by the death of young George, the 13th Baron, the interval of time prescribed by law had been suffered to elapse, and, during it, every effort had been made to trace the lost heir. By the time young George died, however, Norman Glencairn had himself been some years dead, and the secret of his identity with Norman Douglas slumbered in the neglected leaves of the old pocket Bible. Thus all searches or advertisements for him, or for any child he might have left, necessarily failed to attain their object; and in due time, the law being inferentially satisfied of his death and childlessness, the succession passed to the Germistounes, to whom, after nearly two generations of undisputed possession, the possibility of disturbance was unlikely to occur. But, when a man of probity, intelligence, and position came forward and gravely asserted, not merely that Norman Douglas had been married and left descendants, but that clear evidence of these facts was in his possession, and that he himself was prepared to prove, by legal process, his legitimate descent from the individual in question,—a host of terrible possibilities, and even probabilities, rushed into the old lord's mind, and temporarily overwhelmed him. To contemplate the loss of everything that, in his eyes, made life worth having, was sufficiently horrible; but to contemplate the transfer of all he prized to the men whom, of all others, he hated, was enough to madden a quieter brain. No wonder that he staggered like a drunken man, and succumbed, for a time, to this thunderbolt from a serene sky. Suspense, however, was intolerable; and, since every document purporting to bear on the

question was in possession of the claiming party, suspense must endure till their evidence had been examined and an opinion as to its validity obtained. Within a couple of hours, therefore, Lord Germistoune, having so far mastered his agitation, summoned his solicitor, and in the course of the day that gentleman called upon Cosmo and possessed himself of all the facts of the case. Thereafter, he returned to his lordship with words of comfort and good cheer, born, in great measure, of his haziness on the subject of Scotch marriage-law, which, in truth, is a hazy subject, and "a marvel to many."

"My lord, I do not think that they have the shadow of a case. *Primâ facie*, at least, it appears to me that it won't hold water at all. Make your mind easy, and take no notice of them. They will, in all probability, be better advised than to attempt a fight. In the meantime, silence is our true tactics."

Thus the lawyer delivered himself; but silence was, under the circumstances, impossible for Lord Germistoune. He wrote to Cosmo a violent, browbeating letter, pointing out that, since the claim to descent involved a claim to the family honours and estates, he might bring himself into perilous relations with the criminal law, if he attempted to establish his position, upon grounds which should prove to be inauthentic, frivolous, or suspicious.

Cosmo replied, in a few temperate lines, merely stating that it was impossible so momentous a matter should be permitted to remain undecided, and that an action would be at once raised to establish his father's right to the estates and title of the Dunerlacht family.

No movement was made in the matter until after Sir Robert's funeral. Then, for the first time,

Mr Glencairn, who was of a sceptical turn, came to admit, on a closer investigation of the case, that there was "something in it," and he was induced to go with Cosmo to Edinburgh, for legal advice. The case was placed into the most experienced hands, and pronounced to be "full of promise." It took a considerable time to prepare, however; for reference had to be made to India, and affidavits had to be obtained from the proper officers there, establishing the authenticity of the certificates which proved the birth and marriage of Cosmo's grandfather, as well as of the birth of his father, which had also taken place in Bengal. In this way several months elapsed—months of anxiety and suspense for Cosmo, and, in a minor degree, for his father also, but which restored the equanimity of Lord Germistoun, who was satisfied, by the apparent inaction of the claimants, that their claim had been definitively abandoned.

From this fool's paradise he was rudely awakened in the early winter, by receiving notice of an action to be at once raised before the Court of Session, by which Archibald Glencairn, or Douglas, sought to establish his title to the lands of Dunerlacht and Ferniehall, now in the wrongful possession of Viscount Germistoun.

It would not be interesting to the reader, were we to do more than summarise the results of the various legal processes. Suffice it to say that, after a very keen contest, conducted, on either side, with the highest talent and skill which the Scotch Bar could produce, a deci-

sion was given unreservedly in favour of the claimant. Archibald Glencairn was pronounced to be Archibald Douglas, and the legal possessor of the estates claimed.

With regard to the family honours, the Court of Session having no jurisdiction to decide any question as to a peerage, Mr Douglas thereupon presented a petition to the Queen, setting forth that his right to the Dunerlacht peerage was inferentially affirmed by the judgment as to the Dunerlacht estates, and praying, therefore, that he might now be permitted to assume it. This petition was referred by her Majesty to the House of Lords, and by them to the Committee of Privileges. The hearing came on at the beginning of the parliamentary session, and was concluded, in one or two consecutive sittings, with a celerity as satisfactory as it is unusual.

Lord Germistoun had unbounded faith in the wisdom of the Peers, and he had no doubt that their decision would be in his favour; and, since this would involve the eventual reduction of the Scotch Court's finding as to the estates, he confidently looked forward to his full restoration to the *status quo ante*.

The Peers, however, disappointed his lordship's anticipations. They decided unanimously that Archibald Douglas, the petitioner, was the fifteenth Baron Dunerlacht, and lord of the lands of Dunerlacht and Ferniehall.

So that Archibald Douglas, the opponent, was the second Viscount Germistoun, the squire of a moderate estate in Wales—and nothing more.

CHAPTER LX.

The new Lord Dunerlacht and his son passed the evening together, on the day when the final decision

was given. The former bore his honours, not meekly—for he did nothing meekly—but with profound

indifference. A title was valueless, in his eyes; for though, theoretically, it altered his social position, practically, it could not much affect a man who had always avoided society, and who had no intention of permitting his way of life to be disturbed, because other people might now think more of him, and desire his acquaintance.

Then—with regard to the pecuniary succession—the fortune was, indeed, large, for the rental of the Scotch estates turned out to be considerably over thirty thousand a year; but, large as this fortune was, it produced no agitating effects on a man accustomed to vast financial operations, and to the ups and downs of financial life. It represented a grand capital, to be sure, but *unavailable* capital, for the entail stood between the family estates and speculation; and this, at a time when available capital was his chief desideratum, appeared to him to neutralise, in a great degree, the value of his new acquisition.

Cosmo, on the other hand, having believed the decision in their favour to be a foregone conclusion, had long ago familiarised himself by anticipation with his new position; and two thoughts almost exclusively occupied him to-night. One was, that her father's deposition could not but be distressing to Esmè; and the other concerned the bearing which the change of circumstances might have upon his hopes of eventually winning her.

Engrossed, therefore, with very different trains of thought, father and son passed the evening, without much conversation. Towards its close, the former broke a long silence by saying—"I must be going immediately, Cosmo; but, before I go, there is a matter of business to be settled between us. I am glad to say that things in the commercial world are beginning to

improve; the iron business is paying its way, and some of the foreign stocks which have double-locked the remains of my capital, are decidedly moving upwards in value. Still, I may never be able to repay you your advance. If I ever can do so, it will be after a long delay."

"My dear father, I wish for no repayment."

"Yes, you do; at least you require money; and you shall have it, in one way or another—and at once. If my affairs ever came right, it would be my wish simply to turn the whole of this Scotch property over to you, on condition that I was never bothered about affairs I know nothing of. At present, since a man must live, that cannot be; but what I can, I will do. In the first place I propose, of course, to give you the interest on your large advance. Don't interrupt me; that admits of no discussion. This brings me to another point: you wish to be married, and objections to you on the score of position are now removed; may I ask if the lady has given her consent?"

"Yes, father, she has, but——"

"Very well, then, what extra income shall you require? You can ask nothing that, up to my abilities I will not be glad to give."

"You are most good; but I fear it will still be difficult to get the young lady's father to consent. I have not yet told you that she is Lord Germistoun's daughter."

"Good heavens! what do you say?"

Cosmo repeated his statement, and Lord Dunerlacht expressed his astonishment by a prolonged whistle.

"Very strange," he said, "and very unlucky. That is a man who won't readily forgive us for recovering our rights at his expense."

"I fear not."

"I presume that the young lady is—is very attractive?"

"She has every perfection. I don't suppose that there ever yet lived any one who——"

"Exactly. Therefore, I suppose, you are not likely to abandon the idea?"

"I would far sooner abandon life. I could never live if——"

"I understand. Well, it must be managed somehow."

Lord Dunerlacht sat in deep thought for some time, and at last said—

"After all, the match ought to suit him exactly. His daughter and you are the last of the family; your marriage would unite all interests, and the family he thinks so much about, would, if continued at all, be continued through his own descendants. It would really be much the same to him, as having a son of his own for his successor."

"No doubt these considerations ought to have powerful influence with him; but personal interest is often sacrificed to pride and animosity. I fear this may be a case in point."

Lord Dunerlacht again reflected silently for a little and then said: "The question I have been weighing is,—whether a man like Lord Germistounne is likely to be cooled, or embittered, by reflection. Do you think that if the proposal were made to him at once, he might accept it, as an immediate salve to his dignity and a counterpoise to his loss?"

Whatever Cosmo's cool judgment might have said, the impatience of a lover spoke, and pronounced for immediate action.

"Very well, I will make the proposal to him myself," said Lord Dunerlacht.

"You, father?"

"Yes; he stands on forms and ceremonies, and I am now, ha! ha! the head of the house! A proposal from me, with the offers I am prepared to make as to settlements, would probably be the best move."

"I assure you I feel your affectionate interest very deeply, and I hope you will not misunderstand me if I beg to be allowed to see your letter before it is sent. The great thing is to avoid wounding Lord Germistounne's susceptibilities. I know him better than you do, and——"

"Say no more, Cosmo. I'll write the letter now, and you shall edit and improve it to the best of your ability."

This was accordingly done: and though it took a long time to get the letter into a shape which Cosmo approved, that was, at last, to a certain extent achieved. It expressed, in very good taste, the writer's sympathy with Lord Germistounne under his loss of lands and title; also a desire to consult his wishes in all ways that could tend to make his loss as little irksome as possible, and to act, in every way, as a kinsman ought to act. The marriage was then proposed; the expediency of the arrangement—from a family point of view—was pointed out, and an offer was made to assure to the young couple such an income as Lord Germistounne himself might name as suitable. The letter was not all that Cosmo could have desired, though his father made many concessions to him in adopting what he considered a tone of unmerited courtesy, but it seemed pretty unobjectionable on the whole; and in this shape it was despatched.

The impatient lover could not complain that he was kept long in suspense. Very early next forenoon, Lord Dunerlacht received the following reply:—

"MY LORD,—I have the honour to acknowledge receipt of the letter which your lordship has done me the favour to address to me. As a comprehensive and sufficient answer to its contents, I beg leave to say that I must decline, for myself and for my daughter, any further communication, upon any subject whatsoever, with your lordship or your lordship's son.—I have the honour to be, my lord, your lordship's most obedient humble servant,

GERMISTOUNE.

"The Right Honourable
LORD DUNERLACHT."

"The man is a raving lunatic," said Lord Dunerlacht, when he had given the letter to his son; "but don't be cast down, Cosmo. He'll come to his senses by-and-by, and see reason. Self-interest asserts itself, in the long-run."

This philosophical reflection was cold enough comfort, however; and Cosmo *was* cast down, and very far down indeed.

In the course of the day, a letter came for him, addressed, in a lady's handwriting, to

"THE MASTER OF DUNERLACHT."

It was the first time he had seen himself thus styled, and he opened it with curiosity. It ran as follows:—

"MY DEAR MASTER,—I took a fancy to you, the first time I saw you (and heard you), in the House of Commons. I think I must have told you so, when we met, as I generally say what I think. We all worship the rising sun—we worldlings—so you will not be surprised to find me *now* repeating that I *have* a fancy for you, and that I hope you will come and see me. While the legal decision was pending, it would have been indiscreet in me, for many reasons, to have anything to do with you; but now, all is changed. It seems that

you are as much my cousin, in a far-away Scotch fashion, as the poor old lord is; and I am very anxious that we should be friends. You know, of course, that I was set as a watch-dog, to guard a certain lamb from a certain wolf; and you may be certain that, if the wolf had made it necessary (which, to do him justice, he never did), I was prepared to spring upon him and worry him without mercy. But now it turns out that he was no wolf, after all, but the most valuable animal of the flock, in disguise; so that the watch-dog is naturally anxious to cherish him, and look after his interests.

"Parables apart, I hope everything will now be soon settled, as you and dear Esmè wish. Such an arrangement would be a most sensible, not to say romantic, way of setting things to rights, allaying bitter feelings, and so forth. Come and talk to me about it.—Yours very truly,

OCTOPA HAWKER.

"P.S.—Men are such wretches, the horrible thought occurs to me, that prosperity may make you fickle. It generally does; but, if you do not prove an exception, you shall never more be cousin of mine, my Master; and if you don't come and see me very soon, I shall believe that you are just like all the rest of them."

Cosmo would have clung to a straw for assistance, in the renewed shipwreck of his hopes; and here was a good, sound, serviceable plank at his disposal. It is not surprising that he caught at it eagerly, and went, that very afternoon, to renew his acquaintance with this friendly far-away cousin. Arrived at Lady Octopa's house, Cosmo, inadvertently, gave his name to the servant as "Mr Glencairn," and was thus announced.

Now it so happened that, at that very moment, her ladyship was discussing the Dunerlacht decision, with several friends, over afternoon tea, and, in the discussion, occupied a commanding position from her announced relationship with the parties, and also from a pretty broad hint, on her part, that she had a scheme in hand for giving romantic point and finish to a story which was admitted to be romantic. Her audience, in fact, gathered, that her ladyship's matrimonial skill was about to be again tested (and no doubt with results equal to her reputation), under circumstances of extraordinary difficulty and interest. Lady Octopa, in a word, looking upon the marriage as a foregone conclusion, was discounting the success of manoeuvres, which she had no reason to believe would take place, except in her own imagination.

Nothing, then, could be better timed or more welcome than this visit of Cosmo's. In a society which worships novelty, *prestige* accrues even from a remote connection with the novelty or sensation of the hour. Cosmo was unquestionably the topic of the hour, and Lady Octopa could exactly appreciate the value of his visit. His accidental introduction under what was now a misnomer, gave her ladyship an admirable, almost a dramatic, opportunity of advertising to her visitors that the *topic* himself was in their midst.

"My dear Master!" she cried, going to meet him, with both her hands extended, "I *do* call it very charming of you to come so soon,—before your worries are a day over; but why *incognito*?"

"It was a very natural act of obliviousness, on my part, Lady Octopa," said Cosmo, in some confusion, as his hostess led him back with an air of proprietorship to the circle, which stared at him with the

steadfast scrutiny of curiosity and criticism, distinctive of the more highly cultured classes in England. The advertisement being then completed, Lady Octopa made no further special allusions; but gave her guests what she considered a generous allowance of time to feast their eyes upon her lion, and to pick up materials for table-talk, from such stray roarings as he chanced to emit. But there are limits to the greatest generosity; and when her guests had transgressed these, by sitting at gaze, for an unseemly time, her ladyship, who was one of those privileged persons, for whom force of character, or caprice of fashion, secures great latitude of speech and action, suddenly gave them their *congé*.

"Now, my dear people," she cried, with charming frankness, "I am going to send you all away,—all but the Master. I have only a few minutes to spare, for we are going to the play to-night, and dine early; and these few minutes I must give to my cousin, and some family matters."

So the guests went away, reluctantly,—consoled, however, by the reflection that they knew more than any one else, and might *almost* say they had been present when Lady Octopa made the first move in her game of intrigue and romance, which was, no doubt, destined to culminate in one of the season's great sensations.

"Tell me why you have come so soon?" was her ladyship's first question when she and Cosmo were left by themselves.

"You were so warm in your invitation, Lady Octopa, I could not think of postponing the pleasure."

"If I had been thirty years younger, that might have been a correct answer: as it is—no! Young men don't rush to see old women

of sixty, for the pleasure of looking at their faces. Let us try again."

"Really, Lady Octopa, you are—very—very——"

Cosmo broke down, and her ladyship went on—

"Either you wish me to help you in a certain affair, or you wish to explain that I was under a misapprehension—and that what was believed to be a wolf was only a butterfly; which is it?"

"I certainly require advice and help, and if you will be so kind as to give them to me, I shall be for ever grateful."

"Why not have said that at once? I told you I had only five minutes to spare. You are not a butterfly, then?"

"Certainly not."

"Very well, you shall have my help. What's the matter?"

"Lord Germistoune will not listen to my proposals."

"Why? have you tried him? since?"

"Yes, and we received his reply this morning."

"Refusing?"

"Absolutely."

"The old goose! He will repent."

"I fear not; his tone is very decided."

"No matter, he will repent."

"But why, and how?"

"For various reasons. It will be wise in him to repent; but he won't repent because he is wise, but because he is crazy. The name of Douglas of Dunerlacht is very dear to him. To be pushed out of the line of ancestry will be very grievous to him. A strange mind, you will say, which covets the ancestral position as a grand object? yes, and Germistoune has a strange mind. He has looked forward all his life to being a Dunerlacht ancestor; and now—well, when he realises all this, he will begin to

repent. Then, if Esmè only assures him, and he can be got to believe, that she will never marry any one else, he will repent altogether; for, if there is one set of people he hates worse than another, it is the Williamses who, failing Esmè, inherit the Welsh property. So that, though he may come to a wise decision, his reasons for reaching it won't be those of a sage, you see. The dilemma will be a cruel one for him,—between two hatreds. But, after all, he ought not to go hating people in the promiscuous way he does—the wretch!"

"Then you think all I can do is to wait in patience?"

"All *you* can do, but not all *I* can do. I will bring it about, Master. Leave it to me."

"My dear Lady Octopa, how good! how kind!"

"Perhaps. I like Esmè; I have a sort of fancy for you; but the affair also has attractions for its own sake. I'm quite frank with you, you see. Yes, I will bring it about; but you must promise to leave the whole affair in my hands, and not to interfere yourself, or consult others."

"I promise most willingly."

"I don't like partnerships, in such matters. I don't mind doing all the work, and I insist upon having all the glory. I will go and see how the land lies to-morrow, and you shall have a note reporting progress. On second thoughts, though, I won't write. You shall come here for your news. I wish that we should be friends, and we can't become friends if we never meet *en petit comité*, which we never should, if interested motives did not bring you here."

"You take a cynical view of me."

"Of men; and I don't know you, yet, to be different from the rest of them. Now, good-bye; I must go and dress. I am very glad

to have seen you, and I needn't tell you to come back; the difficulty will be to keep you out of the house. *Au revoir.*"

CHAPTER LXI.

The state of Lord Germistoune's mind, when the final award was given, it would be rather hard to define. Every one else was prepared for the result, but not so his lordship, who had laughed at the finding of the Court of Session. The "Bible" marriage he had decided to be an absurdity; the "Glencairn" marriage to be invalid, from having been contracted under a false name; while the construction of a valid marriage out of these two factors, involved a monstrosity beyond the consideration of sane men. He had formulated this in a phrase which had become axiomatic in his eyes—"You can't have a *composite* marriage,"—and, with the profoundest reverence for the wisdom of the peers, he believed that the axiom would, at once, be recognised as such by them. When, therefore, they trampled it under foot, though he submitted, perforce, to their decision, the disappointment was utterly crushing. It crushed out the capability of violent wrath, replacing it with bitter chagrin and abject woe. His sensitive family pride was brayed as in a mortar. The legitimate chief of his house—the successor of peerless paladins—was a "huckster!" Their es-cutcheon was tarnished, their race degraded: he felt that he himself was lowered, not by loss of the title, but by the damnification which the title had now sustained. The loss of land and money was bitter, but nothing to the loss of family *prestige*. And then, that his sup-planter in everything should be his arch-foe Glencairn!—this was the very abomination of desolation!

His first feeling was that he would retire in mournful dignity from the world, like a dethroned monarch. As for the new Dunerlachts, he could not dispute their title, but he would disown them, with scorn, as their ancestor had been disowned, and the real traditions of the family would die with himself. His answer to Lord Dunerlacht had been conceived in this spirit. He had ostentatiously acknowledged his rank, and, at the same time, though in the tone due to rank, he had expressed his personal contempt.

In this frame of spirit Lady Octopa found him when she paid her first diplomatic visit.

She found him alone, and looking terribly broken and woe-begone. "Ah! Cousin Octopa," he said, "I am glad to see you; but, if you have come to condole, let me tell you that I hate condolences."

"No, I haven't come to condole; but is the subject tabooed? Remember that my mother was a Douglas."

"You are distinctly entitled to converse with me on the family catastrophe; but I will have no condolences."

"My dear lord, be at ease on that subject; I have no heart."

"You have, however, no doubt, some feeling for the degradation of the name."

"Is the man so *very* bad?"

"He is a pestilent *roturier*."

"Come, remember he is our chief, and we ought to make the best of him. He can't be a *roturier*, whatever he is."

"I repeat that he is personally pestilent, and a *roturier* in his in-

instincts. He will trade under our title: we shall have vans labelled, —‘Lord Dunerlacht & Co. (Limited),’ plying in the streets of London. There are a number of members of the peerage, whose fathers, or grandfathers, were picked out of the gutter, washed, and put into ermine. None of these men, even, would be guilty of such a thing; but this fellow will—I know it, I feel it.”

“Not a bit of him; and, I hear he is not likely to be *en evidence* at all—no one will see him. Let us make the best of him.”

“How?”

“Why, the common-sense thing would be, to countenance the son, and help him on in every way. He has the makings of a very distinguished man.”

“An insufferable prig—a dogmatic puppy!”

“Perhaps; but a man of talent and not a *roturier*. With your countenance, he might come to anything, and restore the dignity of the name.”

“He shall have no countenance from me; and as for the name, it is hopelessly degraded. What do you think the scoundrels have done?”

“What?”

“Why, written me this letter; there! read it.”

He handed Lord Dunerlacht’s letter to Lady Octopa, who read it, and said—

“The tone is proper, and, I should say, gentlemanlike; though the proposal is, certainly, rather premature.”

“Rather premature?”

“Well, *very* premature.”

“Damnably premature, I say!”

“Well, ‘damnably’ premature. I’m not afraid of your brimstone words.”

“‘Premature’ isn’t the word for it at all; it is an impertinence which would not mend by keeping.”

“Half the grand dames in London would be overjoyed at such an offer.”

“Possibly. Thank heaven! I’m not a grand dame.”

“Maria, Marchioness of Mopus, has vowed to secure him for Lady Ermyntitude.”

“Maria, Marchioness of Mopus, be——”

“Stop, my dear Germistoune; I won’t have a marchioness brutalised. Such a thing is quite unheard of. I am astonished.”

“I beg your ladyship’s pardon. I suffer from gout. It is responsible for my indiscretion.”

“I’m sorry to hear of the gout. I daresay all these worries have brought it on. Poor man!”

“Don’t condole.”

“I beg your lordship’s pardon. I suffer from neuralgia. It is responsible for my indiscretion.”

“He will trade under the title; mark my words. He will—to spite me.”

“Not the young man?”

“No; the old villain. ‘Lord Dunerlacht & Co. (Limited),’ ‘Archibald 15th Baron Dunerlacht & Co. (Limited),’ It’s maddening!”

“I don’t believe he will do anything of the sort. But even if he did, surely the *prestige* of the family is sufficient to carry off the eccentricities of one generation. In any case, a word from you would set everything to rights; you see that the tone of his letter is really def-ferential.”

“I would not condescend to express any interest in his proceedings.”

“Though you condescend to let his proceedings interest you to a ‘maddening’ extent?”

“I beg you, Lady Octopa, not to argue. Under present circumstances, argument is in-sufferable to me.”

"Very well, I won't; and under present circumstances I will suspend my judgment, which was beginning to be that Lord Germistoun is not the acute and finished man of the world which the world takes him to be. Gout is, no doubt, responsible for temper, and temper clouds our views of everything. The gout being gone, the eclipse will cease."

"I think your ladyship allows yourself a considerable latitude of criticism," said Lord Germistoun, rearing himself up to the springing position.

"I always do, my dear lord; all the world knows that. Come,

Germistoun, don't be cross; you know you can't frighten me,—never could, since we were children. However, I won't tease you any more to-day. I believe a little teasing *has* a good effect, when a man is in the dumps; but you have had enough of it, for one dose, so let us change the subject. What do you think of the majority last night? &c., &c., &c."

Lady Octopa came away from the visit, rather thoughtful. The thing was not to be done by a *coup de main*. The slower operations of sapping and mining must be had recourse to.

CHAPTER LXII.

The next few weeks went past, without any break in the clouds which obscured the lovers' heaven. Cosmo constantly visited Lady Octopa, but could get nothing definite from her. He must be content to wait, she said; her success was certain—of that he might be assured—but her measures required time for their development; "Wait and Trust" must be his motto. So he waited and trusted, in good heart and hope, and followed the business of his life with earnestness and energy. He spoke in the House several times, and it was clear that he was destined to make his mark there. His romantic story and accession of rank assisted his personal *prestige*. Society not only extended its hand to him, but cast out eager arms constraining him to its close embraces. These, however, he resisted in a great degree, seeking in his parliamentary duties the chief distraction of a thoughtful, and otherwise somewhat solitary, way of life.

Lord Germistoun's loss of fortune necessarily compelled him to alter his style of living; but he,

in his *rôle* of dethroned monarch, naturally did a great deal more than was at all necessary in that way. He was still left with £7000 a-year, and, since his expenditure had always been moderate, the change need not have involved any great shock. He was determined to have the shock, however. He gave up his house in Grosvenor Square, and removed to a small and rather lugubrious abode in Hans Place; he put down his carriage, and reduced the rest of his establishment to a minimum. He ceased to entertain and declined entertainment; and abandoning, for the present at least, all ambitions as to Esme's marriage, which, indeed, had been conceived with reference to circumstances now non-existent, he discouraged all efforts of Lady Octopa and other friends to give the poor girl any of the distractions of society. "Under the circumstances," he said, "nothing of the sort would be seemly."

So that he was quite the dethroned monarch. Probably he would have also abdicated his parliamentary functions altogether, had

not the Welsh miners again thought fit to strike :—a “flagrant circumstance” which offered an alleviation, to the despondency of a gouty and disgusted old age, which threatened to get the better of him. For his political instincts were thus fired by personal interest, the loss of his mineral royalties being severely felt in his altered circumstances. And so he set himself to concoct a bill for the suppression of trades-unions by the strong arm of the law ; also to compose a tremendous pamphlet, intended to pioneer the bill, and in which these associations were described in colossal language, as “parts of a felonious, piratical, cosmopolitan polype, moving darkly under the surface of European society, and seeking to asphyxiate all the capital of Europe, with its obscene tentacles.”

A good deal of gout, and general bitterness of soul, were blown off in these literary efforts, and in constant propagandist visits to the House, where he bored his brother peers with the eternal subject of his forthcoming bill. In this characteristic way, he was preserved from succumbing to his reverse of fortune, during the first stage of that dire experience.

In all these chances and changes, the greatest sufferer was poor Esmè, whose life was now made, simply, a burden to her. No hope seemed to offer promise of better days ; the change in Cosmo's position only seemed to thicken the wall of separation which kept them apart. It did not enter into Lady Octopa's policy to confide to Esmè the existence of

her friendly strategy ; and Cosmo's name was never mentioned between them. The only occasions on which Esmè heard that name uttered, were, when Lord Germistoun, enraged by some new hardship, arising from the change of his fortunes, loaded Cosmo and his father with maledictions, as the authors of the calamity. On such occasions, too, she not uncommonly received a share of his abuse, being held, in some mysterious way, responsible for the villainies of the Glencairns, including, apparently, the audacious nuptials of Norman Glencairn and Jean Lothian.

The distractions of society were now denied to her. She was a prisoner whose solitary confinement was only relieved by the occasional companionship of an old man who had lost even such kindly characteristics as he once possessed, and who now, in his best moods, was bitter and cantankerous, and, in his less happy moments, displayed the qualities of a highly-seasoned fiend.

If all sunshine and all hope of sunshine are taken from life, the hardiest human plant will droop and wither. If all outlet for generous and loving emotions is denied to a tender and ardent heart, it will fret itself till it breaks. Such was Esmè's case ; she drooped and withered, and her heart was breaking. The colour left her beautiful face, the light faded from her innocent eyes, and the blithesome elasticity of youthful movement was replaced by the languid gait and gestures of apathy.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Lady Octopa's diplomatic overtures had been renewed over and over again ; she had tried many different forms of approach, but

as yet with signal failure. One day, coming to Hans Place, on one of these missions, after an interval of ten days, she was star-

bled by the change in Esmè's appearance.

"My dear child!" she cried, "what is the matter? You look like a ghost."

"Nothing," said Esmè. When the whole life is brought down to the level of utter wretchedness,—when *everything* is the matter,—we find it hard to particularise, and we say, "nothing."

"Nothing! why, you are thin and pale and—oh, you are *dreadfully* ill! Any one can see that. I must have Sir Cavy to see you at once. Where is your papa?"

"I believe he is in the next room; but he is unwell."

"I'll go and see him, at once; I never beheld such an object as you have become!" So saying, the vigorous dame went to the lion's den.

"Good morning, Germistounè!" she cried, bouncing into his lordship's presence.

"Hush! hush! Lady Octopa. Pray don't speak so loud. I am in agony—in torment. This accursed foot—oh!"

"Gout again?"

Lord Germistounè rolled his agonised eyes upon her, but, for reply, he only groaned.

"I wish to speak to you about Esmè," said Lady Octopa.

"Now, Lady Octopa, let me tell you, once for all, that I will have no more of this confounded intriguing," cried the old lord, forgetting his foot, for the moment, and sitting bolt upright; "let me add that I won't have 'the Glencairns' mentioned in this room. There!"

"My dear lord, you've got 'Glencairn' on the brain. I should like to know what possible interest I can have in them?"

"Why mention them, then?"

"I didn't mention them. Don't be a baby!"

"Your ladyship forgets yourself."

"Not a bit of it. It is about Esmè I wish to speak to you. She is very ill."

"Rubbish!"

"For you, perhaps, but not for her, or for those who really love her. I tell you the child is alarmingly ill; and you must have a doctor to see her, at once. Her colour is gone; she is half the size she was; she looks like consumption, but I have tested the action of the heart, and I find that the mischief is *there*."

"It is a little odd, I think, that I should be the last person to observe all this."

"It *would* be, in any other man, but not in your case."

"Why, pray?"

"Because you are entirely engrossed with yourself. There! that's frank. Now, now!" she cried, holding up her hand, as Lord Germistounè was going to break out,—"*don't try to shout me down and frighten me; you can't do it; no one can. I tell you the girl is alarmingly ill.*"

"I tell you she is nothing of the sort."

"Will you use your stupid old eyes?"

"Lady Octopa! I——" But here he was interrupted by a terrific spasm, so that his sentence evaporated in miscellaneous howling.

Lady Octopa, seeing him thus impracticable, and feeling that the thin edge of the wedge was inserted, left him and went promptly to Sir Cavy Bolus—the eminent physician who advised both families.

The doctor was bland and politic, the private friend of all his patients, and the confidant in many domestic mysteries, as doctors are wont to be. He was a kindly man, as it is also the wont of doctors to be, and, in fact, "a good man all round" where it was a question of managing obstreperous patients.

With him Lady Octopa dealt

astutely; a ray of light had flashed upon her; she beheld a new point of departure for her manœuvres, and the doctor must be pressed into her service, if it were to be utilised. She told him, then, that she had come to talk to him about Miss Douglas, whose condition caused her anxiety. She told him that there *had* been a love-affair (it would never do to mix a family doctor up with a love-affair *in esse*)—that there *had* been a love-affair, through which Esmè had suffered, not merely from disappointment, but from the tyrannical conduct of her father, who, though the affair was past and gone, continued to treat her with extraordinary harshness and even cruelty. Under this, and the absolute seclusion in which he kept her, her health was breaking down;—the doctor would see *that* for himself, at a glance. The great thing was to get her away from her father for a little; so that while she had change of air and scene, and general distraction, her parent's bitterness might have time to evaporate. The doctor must drop in, accidentally, as a private friend, to see her; he must be shocked by her appearance, alarm her father, and instantly order change of air. He ought to recommend sea-air; and, since the best kind of sea-air was notoriously to be found at Torquay, he ought to suggest Torquay.

The doctor smiled subtly, and said that his directions must always be guided by the symptoms of his patients; but that, if the symptoms were as stated, change of air would, doubtless, be a wise prescription. As to the seaside, in nine cases out of ten, a change to the seaside would be beneficial. He added that Torquay was a very nice—a very balmy place. He certainly would look in soon, as a private friend, and see Miss Douglas, who

was a very dear creature in whom he felt deep interest.

In a word, Lady Octopa and the doctor, who were very fast friends, understood each other, and her ladyship felt that, if it rested with him, Esmè would find herself at Torquay before many days were past.

Sir Cavy called the next day at the Germistounes' house. Miss Douglas was at home; he *was* greatly struck by her appearance, and he *could* honestly say that the state of her health *did* absolutely require change of air and scene, and as early as possible a relief from mental distress.

"I am sorry to find we are looking so poorly, my dear Miss Douglas," said the doctor, making straight for her pulse; "tut! tut! what's all this about? Something wrong here; we are not in our usual vigour, by any means; very far from it. We must see to this." Then followed various queries, and the doctor said, presently, "We must get away out of this smoky town, for a breath of fresh air. How would a trip to the sea suit?"

"I don't care about it."

"You don't object?"

"No, I don't object."

"Supposing we were to try Torquay?"

"I have no preference for any place." This rather surprised the doctor.

"Any objection to Torquay?" he asked.

"No objection at all."

"Torquay is a very nice place; it is a very balmy place. I should be inclined to say Torquay. *Shall* we say Torquay?"

"If you please, Sir Cavy, but I have no voice in the matter."

"It will not be unpleasant to you if I recommend it to Lord Germistoun?"

"No ; but papa will not likely agree to go, or to let me go there."

"I am very sure papa will agree to anything I say is for your good, my dear lady."

Hereupon Esmè completed the doctor's diagnosis by bursting into tears ; and he, being a doctor, did not argue with the tears, or even remark on them ; but, patting her gently on the head, with a paternal hand, left her, and went to see her father.

Into that awful presence he glided with the suave confidence of an expert in the soothing system.

"How is my lord ? Servant tells me we've got a touch of the old enemy ?"

"My servant didn't presume to send for you, Sir Cavy ?"

"Not he ; I was idling about in the neighbourhood, and thought I would look in, and hear your news. This is not a fee visit, ha ! ha ! but I'll convert it into one, at once, if you wish, ha ! ha ! ha ! Let us have a look at the — tut ! tut !" — (as Lord Germistoun gave a yell) — "the limb."

"Don't touch my foot ; don't come near it. You must be aware, Sir Cavy, that I never consult you in a case of gout. You know nothing about gout. I treat myself, invariably."

"Well, it's not a bad plan—far from a bad plan—when the patient has got to know himself as thoroughly as you have done. What is your treatment ?"

Lord Germistoun described it, was complimented by the doctor on his system, and, there being no gouty paroxysms for a time, the conversation passed to general topics, upon which Sir Cavy was fluent and entertaining. Thus his lordship was manœuvred into a state of comparative equanimity, and then the doctor developed his attack.

"By the by, I am sorry to see Miss Douglas looking so poorly."

"You have seen her ?"

"I have been paying my respects in the drawing-room."

"There's nothing the matter with her."

"Nothing serious, I hope and trust ; but *something* is wrong—I can see that."

"Stuff !"

"Come, my lord, I can't let you depose my doctorial authority altogether. You're my superior in gout, we'll admit, but I must be allowed to have an opinion on general hygienics. There's a good deal of low fever going about just now."

Lord Germistoun's dread of fever amounted to a monomania, as the doctor very well knew. His lordship rose at once to the terrible idea—

"Good heavens, doctor ! you don't insinuate that she has got anything so horrible ?"

"One can never tell, from a superficial glance ; but I'm bound to say that she has a very suggestive look about the eyes—ve-ry suggestive !"

"For God's sake, my dear Sir Cavy, go up and examine her, at once !"

"Well, I *do* think it would be expedient," and up the doctor went.

"Just to have another *little* look at you, Miss Douglas, and to ask a few more questions."

This wholly superfluous visit was very soon got over, and the doctor returned to the den, looking grave and thoughtful.

"Not fever of any sort, doctor ? not fever ?" cried his lordship.

"No, no ; make your mind easy on *that* score ; but I'm bound to tell you that I find some other symptoms in my dear young friend which I don't like—far from it."

"What are they ?"

"She is suffering," said the doctor, in a sombre tone, "from nervous depression, in a very pronounced form."

"One of your new-fangled disorders!"

"No, Lord Germistoune; it may have changed its name a score of times, but it is as old as the human frame."

"But do you mean that it is serious?"

"It is my duty to say that the consequences *may* be as serious—as—as possible."

"Good heavens!" cried the old lord starting up, "what can have produced it?"

"Several causes may produce it; but acute mental distress is the commonest of all. I could not suppose that to be the cause in this instance, and I did not touch on the question of origin with Miss Douglas; but, if any circumstances of that sort have existed, or do exist, your lordship is probably acquainted with them, and may act accordingly. If she *is* suffering from mental distress, we must, if possible, get rid of that."

"Mental distress is beyond a doctor's skill."

"True; but it can often be reached by a father's love. All this, however, is probably beside the question; but, in any case, we must act at once."

"What would you propose?" said Lord Germistoune, now quite meek and subdued. A crust had been growing over the love which he had for Esmè, and it was broken up, now, by alarm, and perhaps, also (though he would have resented the imputation), by remorse.

"Immediate change of scene," replied Sir Cavy; "you must take her to the sea."

"I can't move."

"Send some one else with her, then."

"Is it so very urgent?"

"It is my duty to say that it could not well be more urgent. She should go to-morrow."

"Where to?"

"I should be inclined to say Torquay. It is a very nice place; it is a very balmy place."

"She shall go to Torquay to-morrow!"

"Good! very good! That relieves my mind. Dear, dear, how late it is! Good-bye, my lord."

What between Lord Germistoune's gout, and his alarm, and (shall we say?) his remorse, he soon worked himself into a wild state of excitement. He sent for Esmè, and kissed and petted her, in the intervals between the paroxysms, assuring her that she was on the brink of death, and that she must fly to Torquay, at once, as the only haven of refuge from the Destroyer.

Then, when she wept—for no particular reason except that her nerves were shattered—he took her tears to be protests against Torquay, and, in combating her supposed objections, he lashed himself into a fury, which was only quelled when she assured him that whatever the doctor thought necessary, she would cheerfully submit to.

The question then was, Who could be got to take her to Torquay, and to *chaperon* her till her father was able to join her? While this difficulty was under discussion, in came Lady Octopa, in rather a remarkably *apropos* way. "Well," she said, affecting ignorance of the medical episode just completed—"well; have you used your eyes? Do you see that the girl is ill? Will you send for a doctor?"

"Hush, cousin Octopa! This is no time for a boisterous tone. The dear child is at death's door."

"My turn now to say 'rubbish'!"

"Sir Cavy has been here. I presume you will submit your opinion to his, and I have given you his opinion. He has ordered her to Torquay; she goes to-morrow; but there is this difficulty;—for the life

of me I can't think who I am to get, to take her."

"I am sorry I can't volunteer. I am full of engagements, and several of them could not be broken without great inconvenience to other people; but surely some other friend might be able to go. What has become of your old German governess?"

"She is in Germany, with a family."

"No one else? Let me see; ah!—Torquay, you say?"

"Torquay."

"An idea has just occurred to me—so lucky!—my sister Adela has a house there, this winter, and I am sure she would be delighted to receive Esmè. I'll telegraph to her, at once, if you please, to offer.

She will be charmed to have her, I know, if she is at home; unfortunately, that's always doubtful with her. I'll telegraph, however, if you wish; shall I?"

"You are more than good, Lady Octopa. Pray do; a thousand thanks!"

As Lady Octopa had written, the day before, at great length to Lady Adela, explaining her purposes, and making the very proposal in question, her telegram only asked for a telegraphic reply as to whether Esmè could be received, on the following day; and the reply, "Charmed to see you to-morrow," was sent to Esmè herself.

So Esmè went to Torquay, and Lady Octopa thought she saw her way to success at last.

CHAPTER LXIV.

It was not Lady Octopa's object that Esmè should rapidly improve in health; and Esmè met her wishes by making no improvement, at Torquay. The mental distress was still there, so that the nervous depression continued. Her hostess was a weak edition of Lady Octopa, and believed in her astuter sister, to the extent of being her humble vassal at all times, and her willing instrument whenever her services were required. Inspired, then, by her sister, Lady Adela secured the services of an alarmist doctor, who was so devoted to his profession that, when he got a case, he made the most of it, and parted with it grudgingly. Esmè's case exactly suited him; for a case "on the nerves" is, from its nature, of an almost unlimited ductility, and may, in fact, be protracted according to the convenience of the doctor himself, whose dictum, that grave nervous depression exists, can hardly be controverted by lay opinion, or even by the personal assertion of the patient. After Esmè

had been for a week or two under the "anxious observation" of this professional enthusiast, it was suggested to him by Lady Adela, under Octopian inspiration, that a consultation might be a good thing. The doctor thought that it *might* be a very good thing—for a consultation gives a sort of fillip to a jog-trot case; and a consultation took place, with the sanction of Lord Germistoune, who was now quite prostrated from the effects of his attack, which had been unusually severe.

The results of the consultation were manipulated, in a gloomy sense, by Lady Adela; and, to the effect that the learned leeches considered the case critical, were transmitted to Lord Germistoune, who was greatly alarmed and distressed thereby. He sent for Sir Cavy and begged him to go down, at once, to Torquay, and make a most searching investigation of his daughter's malady. Sir Cavy went down promptly, returned, and came, in person, to make his report to the anxious father.

"Well, doctor, good news, I hope?" exclaimed his lordship, eagerly, when Sir Cavy presented himself.

The doctor shook his head, and sighed slightly.

"Speak out, man! don't keep me in suspense."

"I can see no improvement in my dear young friend," he said.

"Are they treating her properly?"

"Oh yes, very properly, v-ry much so, indeed; but the symptoms don't yield,—they develop. It is my duty to say this."

"Good God! what do you recommend?"

"To be frank with you, my dear lord, although the young lady has said *nothing* to me, it is my duty to say that I can see there is some brooding sorrow which is at the root of the mischief. Until we get rid of that brooding sorrow, the symptoms will continue to develop, and I cannot be answerable for the results. We may go on with the present treatment—I can recommend no other; but I am not sanguine of its efficacy—*not* sanguine." The doctor shook his head, again slightly sighed, and went on: "I think that, if your lordship were to deal frankly, as a parent may, with Miss Douglas, you would probably get a clue which might guide your action in some way; or, since you are now unable to move, you might get some lady friend of tact and experience to make the delicate investigation. Between ourselves, my dear lord, I should not say that Lady Adela is *quite* the person for such a commission,—charming, brilliant, amiable, but not *quite* the person."

"She is a born idiot."

"Tut! tut! my lord—sharp, that, v-ry sharp! Well, then, in your wide circle of friends there must be others who——"

"I'll think it over, doctor. You have made me very miserable, very

miserable;—why the d—l should I be made so miserable? Everything goes wrong; no man was ever so persecuted and beset by all kinds of accursed circumstances."

"Patience! patience! my dear lord; we shall come round yet. Let us discover this brooding sorrow and eliminate it, and——"

"Confound the brooding sorrow!"

"Precisely; let us do that, and all will be well."

"Don't play with my words, Sir Cavy. Go away. You fatigue and irritate me."

The miserable old man lay awake all that night, now stung by his conscience, now maddened by his pride, now softened by love and pity. At one moment the sweet pale face of his daughter came before him, and he thought of her as suffering, perhaps dying;—this dear child, who had been an angel in his home, all the days of her life, till these evil times had come. At the next moment the thought of the 'Glencairns' would flash up, casting every tender feeling into remote shadow, and setting ablaze all the fierce elements of the old man's nature.

Thus was his mind alternately worked upon, by good and evil, as the circle of his feverish thoughts went round, through the long hours of that sleepless night, and morning found him utterly prostrate.

He sent for Lady Octopa, who went to him on the instant.

"I have invited you to come here, cousin Octopa," he said, "because you are a woman of the world and not a humbug, and I wish to consult you. You have heard from Lady Adela?"

"Yes; and I have seen Sir Cavy this morning, in consequence."

"What did Sir Cavy say to you?" asked Lord Germistoune, eagerly.

"Do you wish to know his *very* words?"

"Of course, I do."

"The girl is dying because her heart is breaking.' That's what *he* says."

Lord Germistoun covered his face with his hands.

"I had no idea," Lady Octopa went on, "that this affair with the Master of Dunerlacht had been so very serious. It's not the way of young people nowadays, mercifully; but poor Esmè is an exception, it seems. I was coming to you, this morning, without being sent for, because, after what Adela and the doctor said, I could not take the responsibility of keeping you in ignorance of the real state of things. You'll have to make a choice between two evils, Germistoun; and you'll have to make up your mind at once; I can tell you *that*." She paused, but Lord Germistoun, with his teeth clenched, and his hands pressed tightly to his face, as if in a physical spasm of pain, made no remark, and she went on—

"You must decide between losing your daughter altogether, and allowing her to marry a man whom you hate."

Lord Germistoun gave a sort of muffled shout behind his hands. "Ah! you may roar, like a bull, but that's how it stands: and, of course, there's no question at all about the decision; a sensible man of the world, and an affectionate father, like you, can't hesitate. Of course, it's a horrible nuisance marrying your daughter to a man you detest,—I know that by experience —(I hated Harriet's husband the first moment I set eyes upon him, and I loathe the sight of him now), —and it's a trial to one's pride, and so on; but we can't murder our children to gratify our pride—*that's* clear."

At last Lord Germistoun spoke—

"Does Sir Cavy think that, if this—this accursed resource were sanctioned, she would recover?"

"Sir Cavy is very cautious in

expressing an opinion, but he says that, on the whole, he sees no reason to doubt that she would recover, if her happiness were restored; while, if you insist upon her being miserable, you will certainly sign her death-warrant."

"I almost made up my mind this morning, and now I *have* made it up. It's infernal torture and agony to me to do it; I don't know what I've done to deserve such agony; but I can't see my child die. It will kill me,—I know that, but my life is wretched now, so *that* doesn't greatly signify,—it will kill me to see her marry this—this *person*; but she must marry him."

"Of course she must, and equally of course, it won't kill you. In the name of common-sense, why should it? I hear but one opinion of the Master; he is a very good man, and he is full of promise. If there were no money it would be different, of course, for a fine moral nature won't pay the expenses of an establishment. Why do you hate him so?"

"I hate him—because—I hate him."

"Well, I admit that that is a very sound reason; but you'll get over it."

"Never! His father——"

"His father is not going to marry Esmè."

"Look here, Lady Octopa, my consent is extorted by a morbid freak of nature; but I'll make my conditions."

"Certainly."

"I must never see this Lord Dunerlacht."

"Of course not."

"And his son, only in a formal way."

"That's quite reasonable."

"And I must have a distinct understanding that the title is not to be dragged into commerce."

"I should think there will be no difficulty about that."

"That is a *sine quâ non*. And they must have Dunerlacht to live at, as *their own* house, and money enough to live in proper style."

"Quite fair. And now, you know, when you have made up your mind to do an unpleasant thing it's better to do it at once; and besides, moments are precious. Think of the dear child's condition."

"What steps *am* I to take?"

"Send for the Master at once, and settle the matter. I'll go myself and send him to you."

"I'm not equal to the abominable agitation."

"Nonsense; you'll be all the better for having the matter off your mind. Indecision is worse than anything. I'll go and send him."

Lord Germistoune said nothing, and she went.

She went straight to Cosmo's rooms and entered, with her usual *nonchalance*.

"It's all settled, Master," she said. "I told you I should bring it about; and now you may congratulate me—and yourself."

"Lady Octopa! can you—do you, mean that Lord Germistoune has consented?"

"Yes, he is now prepared to say, 'Curse ye, my children, be wretched!'"

"But *consented*! It is incredible!"

"Don't take my word for it, then. You are to go directly to him and receive his parental malediction. Go at once; don't stand sentimentalising, but go at once. He wishes to see you, and good resolutions sometimes evaporate. Mind you be very quiet with him; stand anything he says, and submit to all his conditions; they're not alarming. Go away, now." And she almost hustled the Master out of his rooms.

The interview between him and Lord Germistoune was as brief as it was strange. When Cosmo was announced, the old gentleman lay perfectly still in bed and kept his face covered with his hands, so as to defend himself from the obnoxious aspect of his visitor. He showed no symptom of taking the initiative, so Cosmo found it necessary to say—

"I understand, my lord, that you are good enough to desire an interview with me."

Then Lord Germistoune made answer, from behind his intrenchments—

"An interview extorted by the facts that your conduct has destroyed the peace of my family, and brought my daughter to the brink of death. I don't wish to argue, or talk about the matter at any length. Half-a-dozen words will suffice. You have wrecked my unhappy girl, in mind and body—you have destroyed her life; but I cannot take the responsibility of causing her actual death, which, it appears, might probably happen, were she to be longer thwarted in the morbid and disastrous affection which she has conceived for you; and my prohibition of the marriage is therefore withdrawn."

Cosmo thought it prudent to hold his peace, and Lord Germistoune went on—

"There are one or two conditions to my consent which you will note and consider essential—as follows:

I must never be brought into contact with your father.

My intercourse with you must be rare and formal.

The title which your father now possesses must not be employed as a trade advertisement. He must trade under a pseudonym. Dunerlacht Castle must be made over to you as a residence, and an income suitable to the style and dignity of the place must be secured to you.

Are you in a position to guarantee these conditions?"

"Yes, Lord Germistoun, I am; I know that my father will accede to them all. I trust, however, that time will alter the condition which affects the relations between you and me. I do trust that our intercourse may, at least, become friendly, if it cannot be affectionate."

"Our intercourse shall, as I have said, be rare and formal. That is definitive."

"I presume, my lord, that you will not make restrictions as to the date of the marriage?"

"Considering the grounds on which alone it is sanctioned, there can be no objection to its early accomplishment, but the contrary. You can settle the matter with my

daughter; I wash my hands of the whole deplorable transaction. I will not detain you, sir."

"My lord, you will give me your hand before I go? Pray remember that I am, at least, a gentleman."

"As a matter of form, I will do so."

A cold, sharp, aquiline claw just touched Cosmo's hand, and the meeting was at an end.

Within a couple of hours, Cosmo was on his way to Torquay, not having given himself time, in any way, to prepare Esmè, who was, of course, unconscious of the friendly plot of which she was the centre,—who had no suspicion of the strange process of evolution, by which it was designed that her joy should develop from her sorrow.

CHAPTER LXV.

"The Master of Dunerlacht!"

When the servant threw open the door of Lady Adela's drawing-room, and made this announcement, Esmè was sitting there alone. It was thoughtless and man-like of Cosmo to come on her, thus unawares. She heard the name; she beheld her lover; the joy in his face flashed into her mind the glad import of his presence there. But even the little fringe of light, which tells of a silver lining, had faded from the cloud which overshadowed her life, and the sudden blaze of happiness was more than she could bear; it overwhelmed and blinded her. Everything became dark, and she would have fallen, had not Cosmo caught her in his arms.

"Is it a dream?" were the first words she murmured, after an interval of half-unconsciousness.

"No, dearest; it is the end of dreams. The night is over, and winter is gone."

Often on the summit of some grand Highland mountain, we find ourselves wrapped in a sudden twilight of cloud and mist. We can see nothing but our dim prison-walls, and we dare not move, for we know that, around us, there are precipices and danger manifold. The vapour-masses mould themselves to peak and ledge, and cling about the rocks, with cruel immobility. We feel that we are lost, and our hearts fail us, for the day is far spent.

Then, suddenly comes a breath from heaven, which whispers the mandate of our release. In an instant we see the blue vault and the glorious sun; the walls of our environment are transformed to flying wreaths of light and beauty; below us is the sea, sapphire-like, smiling in its summer sleep; and, beyond it, sun-bright stretches of champagne, and billowy foliage of glad-some woods, and the pure purple of cloudless hills, glowing like gems in the horizon's golden zone.

CHAPTER LXVI.

Happiness is the best of remedies; and, on a bright summer morning, six weeks after Esmè's lover had found her drooping like a dying flower, an immense assemblage which thronged the church of St Peter's in Eaton Square, beheld in her a bride, the radiance of whose beauty and happiness seemed to express the spirit of the blithe and beauteous summer time.

There was a "movement" of admiration as she passed up the aisle supported by, or rather, as it seemed, supporting her father, who moved with tottering gait but head erect, and wearing on his grim old features an expression which would have done credit to Agamemnon, in the act of leading Iphigenia to the sacrifice. A few minutes earlier, the Master of Dunerlacht had entered, attended by Tom Wyedale, the latter radiant with triumph at having, by a series of masterly manœuvres, supplanted Phil Denwick in the post of "best man," for which Phil had been designed by the bridegroom.

Though the church was crowded the invited guests were few in number; but, among them, near the altar, were to be observed certain forms familiar to us as having played some part in the drama now drawing to a close.

Mrs Ravenhall wept aggressively in the foremost pew, where she had established herself next to the 15th Baron Dunerlacht. From his lordship's other side, his sister, Griselda, cast baleful glances on the happy scene, and confided to her brother, in a rusty whisper, that Viscount Germistouné satisfied her conceptions of a cockatrice. Lady Octopa was there, majestically content; her air seemed to say, "Behold my handiwork!" And Lady Adela was, of course, also there, to

whom Sir Cavy murmured slyly, that the air of Torquay was very balmy, and had really worked miracles for his dear young friend. A few others whom we have met, were within the charmed circle, and a few others whom we have not met; and, outside it, one or two not unknown to us—conspicuously, Lady Bugles, whose sombre head loomed darkling behind the splendid coruscations of the bridal party.

When the knot was tied, Cosmo and his bride moved down the aisle, under the inevitable thunder of the "Wedding March." The family romance was universally known, and the young couple were surveyed with breathless interest as they passed. People said that a nobler-looking pair had never met their eyes. If these admiring critics had known that their external gifts were poor, compared with their graces of mind and spirit, they would have considered them, still more, an exceptional couple.

The wedding breakfast was given at Lady Octopa's house, the abode of Lord Germistouné, in Hans Place, not being equal to the occasion. At first, it threatened to be a *triste* affair; for the well-known antagonism of the two old lords, who had to be separated at table by a wide zone of neutrality, cast a certain gloom over the proceedings. Tom Wyedale, however, exerted himself in the most manful way to counteract this; and, since no one else would make a speech, he spoke for everybody. He proposed toasts and responded to the same himself, and thus personated, in rapid succession, the bridesmaids, the bride's father, the bridegroom's father, Lady Octopa, and others, including Miss Griselda Douglas—who carried away the firm conviction that Tom was "The Man of

Sin")—with a power of reckless fun born of wit, goodwill, and dry champagne, which worked, at last, a complete success. In his oratorical dealings with Lord Germistoun, he employed all the subtle tact with which he had originally conquered that difficult personage, and at last succeeded in producing a smile on his iron features. Tom's genial nature always prompted him to make things pleasant, and he saw, at this critical banquet, the chance of making things pleasant for the young couple, in a permanent way. So he spared no pains, and, perhaps, his pains were not altogether wasted. It is certain that, ever after, he took immense credit to himself, as the author of happier relations between Lord Germistoun and his son-in-law; and explained that, if Phil Denwick had been placed in the prominent position of "best man," nothing of the sort could have occurred. It was, he said, with this view that he had supplanted Phil, who was "really quite an outsider where anything like *savoir faire* was concerned." When the hour of departure had arrived, Esmè went into a little ante-room to take a private farewell of her father. When the old man came to her, and saw her, thus about to leave him finally—saw, finally passing away from him that dear companionship which, ever since Esmè's birth, had preserved *some* tender feeling in his nature, he was at length overcome. There flowed into his mind a thousand touching recollections of her happy, innocent childhood, and her happy, loving, dutiful youth. His heart was moved; he took her gently in his arms; he could not speak, but he looked at her, fondly and sadly, through eyes dimmed with an unwonted moisture.

"Dear papa," said Esmè, at last, "your heart has come back to

me; promise that you will never take it away again."

Her father kissed her, and she went on, encouraged—

"You wish me to be *quite* happy, papa, do you not?" and again, in the same tender fashion, the old man signified his assent.

"But how can I be quite, *quite* happy, when there is enmity and coldness between those who are dearest to me? O papa! papa! you do know—because you said so yourself, even before you knew that he was a Douglas—you *do* know how good and chivalrous he is; and it is not his fault that we have lost Dunerlacht; and I know that he will respect all your wishes, because he feels your hardships so keenly—if you only, only knew how keenly! O papa! be kind to him, and he will love you as I love you, and we shall be together again, and you will not be lonely;—how can I ever be happy if you are lonely and desolate? You *wish* me to be happy, papa! *make* me happy by saying that you trust him and will be his friend. Say it, dear papa, say it; I will not leave you till you say it!"

She clung to him and poured forth her words with passionate utterance; and the heart of the old man was turned.

"You shall be happy, dear child," he said, at last, "if I can make you happy. Bring your husband."

Cosmo was soon there, and the old lord, by a supreme inspiration and effort of his Good Angel, spoke thus—

"You are the future head of our house, Master," he said, "and I cannot deny that you are an honourable man. It is a great thing to know *that*. It is a great thing to know that you will not discredit the name. We must try to be friends. You have taken away from me the Douglas lands and the old Douglas title, and you are

taking away from me this child, almost the last, and certainly the best, of my possessions. I grudge them all to you;—God help me! I am only a man. But I will try to like you, for her sake; I swear I will. Here is my hand.”

To which the Master replied—

“And for her sake, Lord Germistoun, I will swear, not only to like you, but to be your son, if you will allow me. The Douglas lands and honours are great and splendid, but she is above them all, and I would gladly have given them all, a thousand times, to win her own dear self.”

They clasped hands cordially, and the cup of Esmè's happiness was full.

Shortly after, volleys of rice and satin slippers darkened the Belgravian atmosphere, in which haze the lovers should now disappear from the pages of an orthodox novel. Let us have one little glimpse of them, however, after their return from the wedding trip, which, wherever else it took them, took them, we may be sure, to the Lake of Como.

When Tom made the genealogical discovery in Cosmo's rooms, it may be remembered that the spirit of prophecy fell upon him, and that he uttered certain predictions. All those bearing on the lawsuit had been literally fulfilled; and now the highly important one which foretold that Dunerlacht grouse should die by Tom's hand on the “Twelfth” of the following year, was verified. For Cosmo and Esmè returned to their Highland home a little before that anniversary, and Tom was the life of the party which came together there on the 11th. It had occurred to him that his amusement would be enhanced, if the Marquis (for whose society Tom had, what Lord Germistoun called, “a morbid inclination”) were also of the party; so of course he had managed that. The Mar-

quis *was* there, in all his mysterious panoply, wearing his *cor de chasse*, without molestation, and breathing forth threats against the *fauna* of Glenelacht, which, if carried into effect, must leave the district without fur or feather.

The managing partner of Glencairn & Co.—now on the highroad to recover its ancient prosperity and *prestige*—was also present. In him was to be recognised our friend Phil Denwick, whose energy and ability had nobly seconded Cosmo's efforts to procure for him the promotion he had lately obtained. The senior partner of his firm, who “traded under a pseudonym,” was not of the party. He was immersed in his old pursuits at Edlisfort; toiling to rebuild the edifice of his fortunes, which had been levelled by the reckless hands of the now secluded Hopper. Nor did the bride's father adorn the scene; but his daughter was at ease about him. In the agreeable company of his friend Sir Cavy he was enjoying the salubrious waters and distractions of Homburg, and wrote cheerfully, and in a spirit of peace and goodwill. The party at the castle was full of pleasant elements, and there were no regrettable blanks, even Mrs Ravenhall's absence not being specially remarked from that point of view.

A great bag was achieved on the “Twelfth.” In addition to what Davidson called “a tremendyus birds,” it displayed a few novel elements, and, conspicuously, a very fine sheep which had imprudently loitered within the sphere of the Marquis's operations. That he was dubbed of the *Toison d'or* by his friend “Torm” was a matter of course, and that “Le massacre d'un mouton” became a favourite sequel to Tom's narrative of “La bête fauve sans tête,” which, as developed by his daring fancy, had achieved a wide popularity.

It may be remembered that the next day was Esmè's birthday; and, it being her twenty-first birthday, at night, twenty-one rockets went up, from beside the bonfire on Dunerlacht, and the tenants' banquet and ball took place. In short, the occasion was commemorated with the old rejoicings, but with a relaxation of feudal observance which was much to the advantage of Mr and Mrs M'Haffie's nervous systems. As it was also a red-letter day in the calendar of their love, Cosmo did not go to the moor, but remained at home, and kept the doubly sacred anniversary with his wife.

In the afternoon they visited the ruins and the Fall, for the first time since their return,—for the first time, that is to say, since that spot had been the scene of their desolate farewells.

Once more they sat down, side by side, above the great abyas; and once more, amidst a hundred landmarks, traced their love's familiar story. Here it had trembled on the brink of a first utterance; here it had mingled the voice of its anguish with the lamentations of the mighty waters; here it had seen in the foam-bow's arch the symbol of a way across the storm and stress of adverse circumstance. Anguish, discord, lamentation, were silenced now,—drowned in the great music which filled their lives to overflowing. The foam-bow had been quenched, but quenched by the sovereign glory of the sun. Thus they sat, through the happy hours, gilding, with fond lovers' fancies, the refined gold of their peace and thankfulness and joy. It was not till the day was dying, that an interruption came to remind them of hungry guests awaiting them at home. It came in the

form of old Maggie; once again that inevitable apparition stood before them, and sang and said, in her old style:—

“ ‘Hey the bonny! ho the bonny!
Hey the bonny breast-knots!
Blythe and merry were we a’,
When we put on the breast knots!’ ”

Ye're welcome hame, my bonny leddy! and ye're welcome hame, my braw Maister! Eh, but ye *are* welcome hame!—‘tane and tither, baith thegither.’ Praise be blessed!”

“Thank you, Maggie, we're very, very glad to be home, and very glad to see you again,” said Esmè.

“And we've lost no time in paying you a visit, Maggie,” said Cosmo.

“Veesit *me*? Hoot awa', my bonny Maister! hoot awa'! Eh, Maister! I tellt ye I was nae spae-wife, but am I *no* a spae-wife? ‘Ye'll be a baron bauld,’ quo' I; and are ye *no* a baron bauld? I said ye wus sly; and eh, Maister! but ye *wus* sly. Ye've ta'en a' thing—gudes an' gear, house an' ha', mailen an' biggen—an' a lass that's the wale o' the warld, forbye. I'm a spae-wife noo, and aiblins ye'll cross auld Maggie's han' wi' siller, for the luck that's come and the gude that's comin'.”

Cosmo gave her a piece of gold, and wishing her good-night, he and Esmè turned, in haste, to go.

“What's yer hurry?” cried Maggie. “Bide a wee, till I sing ye ‘Huntingtower.’”

“Not to-night, Maggie; we're terribly late.”

“Ae verse, then?”

“Well, then, one, but only one.”

“I'll sing the last; it's the bonniest:—

‘Huntingtower is mine, lassie!
Huntingtower is mine, Jeanie!
Huntingtower an' a' Blairgower,
And a' that's MINE IS THINE, lassie!’ ”

NEW BOOKS.

Biography, though the most interesting of arts, is surely in many respects the saddest of all. It is the soul of literature, in which there is nothing so valuable to us, nothing so interesting, as the recital of other men's lives, whether in fact or in fiction. The glimpses we gain across the broad perspective of history, of here and there a great individual, lend even to that bigger canvas its chief attraction. But when we come from the imperial records, where it is possible to identify a man's work and see his influence upon his race, down to the limited pages of a private chronicle, how few are there which are anything else than embodiments of disappointment and failure, of baffled effort, and labour that has been in vain ! The most successful life must read more or less sadly, for it is almost impossible for human nature to look upon an ending without pain ; and the number of lives which are successful is few in proportion to those which are dominated throughout by the impossible, and which are little more than a record of struggle and combat from beginning to end. Perhaps in reality the struggle and combat are the happiest conditions under which man can exist ; for the continuance of the strife augurs always a certain amount, not only of fortitude, but of hope. Such reflections can scarcely fail to cross the mind of the reader to whom the two books now before us come together.* One of them is the record of a life full of toil, full of success, full of disappointment, and which

ended just when it had reached that period of long-wished-for leisure, in which the man hoped to perform the real work for which he considered himself created: the other is a tragic story of unfulfilled hope and life broken off in its beginning. To the younger man, indeed, who died at twenty-nine, the life of the older, who lived to fifty-three, would, no doubt, have seemed an existence full of everything that was most to be desired—work, and love, and praise—things for which, in his homely tragedy and unrevealed passion, he languished. But this only increases the effect of the many-toned yet unvarying disappointment which echoes from all the winds.

And that this aim, so eagerly envisaged, the object to which all these longings tended, was a high and noble one, seems to make no difference to the result—rather, indeed, adds to the certainty of unfulfilment. No more melancholy lesson could be taught us ; yet it is one which experience enforces at every new turning of the way. But the fact, equally unquestionable, that in face of such discouragements every new generation still buckles to its work with fresh hope, and every young life feels in its veins an obstinate contradiction to all precedent, and certainty of being itself the one exception, is more wonderful still, and more than a balance to all that is melancholy and hopeless in the concluded records of life. One day the man will be born who will do it, is, or seems, the sentiment

* Life and Letters of James Hinton. By Ellice Hopkins. London : C. Kegan Paul, & Co. 1878.

A Legacy : being the Life and Remains of John Martin. London : Hurst & Blackett. 1878.

of humanity. Nay, more than this: not only the hope that after a million failures, above all the hecatombs of the fallen, there will come a race, a hero, who will conquer fate; but more triumphant, more unreasonable, more pathetic still—that *we* shall do it, each in our own new persons, as we come fresh and glowing out of our Maker's hand. And so we shall, please God! but not, if the past is any guide, under these mortal skies.

The life of James Hinton, but for this non-fulfilment, is not a melancholy life. If he could have been content with an honourable profession, and such success in it as placed him at the head of his own branch, (and what, will many a struggling practitioner sigh, could man want more?) he would have been an unusually happy and successful man—happy in private life, prosperous in work, useful to his fellow-creatures, and earning all the rewards both of money and applause which a reasonable man could wish for. But there is no such tragical syllable in English as that *If*. He was not content. The successful comic actor who has set his heart on nothing less than the glories of tragedy, is more laughable than pathetic to most lookers-on; and it is hard to say why we should have more sympathy with the extremely successful aurist who would be satisfied with nothing less than philosophy. Yet the aspiration seems at least more dignified; and it is certain that whatever Hinton wanted, was intended to be in the interests of the world as much as, nay, much more than, in his own. There is perhaps for the general reader too much philosophy altogether in Miss Hopkins's memoir; but then her subject would not have been faithfully represented if every available corner had not been crammed with philosophy; and the pic-

ture of a man so good, so faulty, so able, so modest, yet sometimes so strangely arrogant, could not have been comprehensible without this heaping-up of the thinkings, which he believed to be his special mission and use in the world. So pitifully limited is human reputation, that, while Hinton himself believed devoutly in his own influence upon the mind of his time, and feared lest his followers should make themselves into a sect, and lest some one in years to come might, as he says, "*misuse* me, . . . and say he cannot listen to those other things, because I said so-and-so, and he must believe as I said"—there are perhaps a majority of readers to whom the very name of Hinton, save as that of an aurist, is absolutely unknown. But it is evident that he at least had no fear of any such failure in the matter of fame.

James Hinton was the son of a Dissenting minister, born in 1822, and possessing all the special characteristics of the class to which he belonged. It is scarcely possible to doubt that the Nonconformist communions impose a special character upon even the greater intellects they produce. A certain harder persistency of thinking, an indifference to external circumstances and conditions, would seem to belong to their offspring, giving them a certain resemblance, on one side at least, to the specially Scotch (we might say the conventionally Scotch) intelligence, which is so universally influenced by a Church without dignitaries or high emoluments, and destitute of ritual. Perhaps the outside of things can never be so completely indifferent to minds trained in the traditions of a more elaborate worship. The fundamental idea of an entirely spiritual devotion, requiring no aids from without—which can be practised anywhere, at any time or place, and requires little qualification

in its teachers, except the untestable one of spiritual life—must inevitably bring with it a greater independence of the external in common matters; though it is somewhat difficult to separate this effect from that of the natural bias of middle-class life, the instincts of that portion of society which, shut out by fortune from the lovelier surroundings of existence, makes to itself a religion of the homely and frugal. Between them, however, it is clear enough that the product must be remarkable, when an able mind and fine character get formed between the pressure of humble circumstances on one side, and Non-conformist influence on the other. Then we may look for a self-denial which is Spartan but unconscious, and scarcely aware that its bare and scant existence is not as beautiful as any; a self-respect which is founded on a real right to be respected, yet is sometimes disagreeable to others from that very deservedness; and a tendency to be ruthless in destruction of the flowers of life for all around, because they have never appeared necessary to its own being. A character like this is not incompatible with a deep vein of romance and tenderness, and may be dominated by high principles and purpose in a way which is beyond the comprehension of many, which seems cruel and terrible to those natures that have need of brightness; and it is easy to understand how its intellectual portion, especially when of high tone, encroaches upon everything else, and counts all as loss that is not appropriated to its own pursuits. This was eminently the character of Hinton. He was devotedly attached to his wife, yet consented to, nay desired, the postponement for long years of their marriage, because their religious views were not in accord; and after-

wards, when the marriage had taken place, and their children were rising round them, he threw off the shackles of his profession, and devoted himself to philosophy, his favourite pursuit, on the smallest possible pittance that could hold soul and body together, without thought apparently of the hardship to which he exposed her, or the misfortune to the children of such a contracted sphere, in order to cultivate his beloved science. This resolution was taken after the success of his first book, 'Man and his Dwelling-place,' concerning the production of which he writes exultingly to his wife:—

"Sarah [his sister] said to me, 'Make haste and write your book. I will pay for the printing of it.' I went to Dr Gull in the evening, having to speak to him, and mentioned it. 'Tell your sister I will divide it with her.' Thus encouraged I am setting to work in good earnest," he adds. "Is it not striking how there seems to be a sort of success immediately attending me in writing, while in practice I have nothing but continual failing? And my feeling respecting the two is so different. In philosophy I am in my element; I've no fear, and know what to do, and have an instinctive foresight of success. But in physic 'tis altogether different. I am a mere imitator and creeper, full of doubts and misgivings, dreading rather than desiring work."

He was then a struggling surgeon in London; not perhaps a life which had much that was delightful in it to give up, but yet not forbidding a certain amount of philosophy along with the few fees which must have been acceptable in their way. All these, however, he relinquished, and settled in a small house at Tottenham, where the family had but one servant and was obliged to have recourse to many shifts in order to keep itself comfortable on the £200 a-year "to which Mrs Hinton's care and economy had reduced their ex-

penditure." Happy man of science, whose wife had the use at once of her wits and her hands, and could thus make his rash experiment possible! He could not do without her even when she had the affairs of the household to superintend in the close and laborious way which such an income made necessary. "None of Mr Hinton's thoughts," says his biographer, "were perfect in his eyes till they had received her intelligent approval; and often he would plunge after her into the kitchen where she was patiently endeavouring to master some culinary mystery, and keep up such a distracting blaze of metaphysics and physics, epicycles and parabolas, noumena and phenomena, as threatened to make the light pudding or pastry at dinner-time, one of the heaviest problems to solve even of 'this unintelligible world.'"

We cannot refrain from quoting the letter in which this troublesome and impracticable husband persuaded his wife to consent to this resignation of all possibilities of professional success, and to make up her mind to live upon the trifle which he could manage to earn as a writer. To other correspondents he adopts more specious arguments, declaring that it was wrong to live in comfort when other people were starving; but with the chief sufferer he deals otherwise, adapting himself with a kind of lofty trust which is very imposing, yet with a touch of the pious cunning of the monomaniac, to the motives which would have most weight with her. It will be seen too, by this, that poor Mrs Hinton, though she had her troubles, had that sweetness of tender affection along with them which does so much to soften a woman's lot.

"Let us leave anxieties to God. Why need we bargain that our life

should be a success, still less that it should not be a success purchased by sacrifice and sufferings? Let us leave things to God. If He starves us and our children, in so leaving them, we can BE STARVED. Believe me, there's nothing so very terrible in it; 'tis by no means the worst thing that can happen to a person—not so bad as constant anxiety, and doubt, and trembling, and questioning: 'Am I doing the right thing now?' 'Will this answer or won't that?' &c., &c. Look at the people who suffer hunger: are they so very unhappy? It does not strike me so.

"I know what incipient starvation is, having once upon a time gravely conceived the plan of shortening my life by that means, and abstained from food for a few days accordingly. It may be endured with a good conscience and a loving heart. Let us *believe in God*, and rejoice in what *He* does, and if we don't like it, be ashamed of ourselves. That's what I am when I don't like the world. I think of old father Adam and say, 'If it hadn't been for you, I shouldn't have been under this ridiculous illusion!'

"Don't you think with me, love, that the course for us is one of Faith, trusting in God, and leaving things we cannot see or know? Cast off these fears, which may or may not be well founded. He's given you a work to do,—viz., right or wrong, wise or foolish, mistaken or unmistaken, to support me in all things, to fill me with confidence and joy and vigour; to make in truth the life of two persons flow through my single veins, so that my every word and action and endeavour should have a redoubled and glorified energy—should be felt by all as the work of two, and not of one, a more than twofold work, because instinct with love. That will SUCCEED. Meggie, I tell you, it will succeed: but whether it succeeds or not, is not the question; it is indeed no matter. It is God's will and work for us; it is the very type and image of Himself too.

"Only your own experience, and not even that, I think, can make you understand how I have missed you. I think of you all day, and I have come to the deliberate conclusion that

being in love 'is a fool' to being married."

A great deal of love and simplicity, and that mixture of obstinate determination to have his own way, with a robust belief that God would take care of him in the having of it: a large kind of not ignoble self-sufficiency, and a great and genuine contempt for the world,—qualities which are so evident in this letter,—run all through the book. Starvation did not ensue on this withdrawal from active life; but something rather like it appeared on the way, and the retreat did not last long. "After the first year," even the work which was to bring in that indispensable £200 a-year failed. "The remorseless activity of his intellect seemed to leave him no leisure for composition," his biographer euphemistically informs us. But his confidence did not forsake him. He "sympathises very heartily" with his wife's despondency, and allows it to be natural, but does not share it in the least. "In fact," he says, "I know something of myself; and I believe that exactly what I want is, to be driven to desperation!" Impracticable and exasperating person!—one cannot but feel that Mrs Hinton, even though softened by so many charming and loving compliments, must have been sometimes at her wits' end. And had the story ended thus, we might have had but a kind of high-minded and enlightened Micawber added to our acquaintances. But when the moment of desperation came, Hinton proved that there was something more than philosophy in him. He came back to his work, though with a grudge, and without any satisfaction in it. After trying to persuade his wife, in another very characteristic letter, that it is somewhat ignoble on her part to hesitate about putting a "Mrs

A."—described by Miss Hopkins as "a very poor and not very cleanly person"—in charge of her house, merely because of "that sensitiveness of your senses to dirt," he adds: "But to come to less important matters. . . . This Guy's matter seems to be really prospering well." The "Guy's matter" was his appointment to that hospital as aural surgeon, which was virtually opening the door of fame and fortune in his profession, but a less important business altogether than his Margaret's repugnance to the dirty poverty which he wanted to provide a shelter for!

Miss Hopkins, perhaps, feels more sympathy with the sacrifice made by her friend, and less with the satisfaction of his family when he stepped back from his country retreat into ordinary life again, and took upon him the yoke of a more natural necessity, than the reader will do. "Believing, as he naturally did, in his own powers, and believing that he possessed the key to some of our modern problems, to give it all up for the sake of making money for his family was to him a literal laying down of his life at the call of duty," she says; yet it is hard to see how much a man could have done for modern problems, "the remorseless activity" of whose intellect left him "no leisure for composition." Anyhow, Hinton made the sacrifice like an honest man, with still a heart in his bosom, and some sense to balance his remorselessly active intellect, and in a few years had attained a high position in his profession (though he did not love it), and was of use to many. Curiously enough, his mind does not seem to dwell with any satisfaction on this fact, though one would imagine that scarcely any other capability could afford a benevolent man such unmixed pleasure as the power of alleviating pain and helping to re-

store a blunted faculty. All this, however, seems as nothing to him in comparison with the delights of thinking. When he begins to take a little comfort, it is not because of this power of active service to his race, but because he feels that there is something to be gained for philosophy from more active contact with men. "You knew reasons, and you felt more than you knew," he writes to his wife, eight years later, "that made it your duty to accept that sacrifice from me, though I rendered it with so many agonies and so much despair—though it seemed the utter loss of all the best things, of the holiest duty God had given me. And here is the beauty, that though I could not see it—could not even have imagined it—that giving up was but the condition of my having a better thing,—a better thing even of the very kind I gave up—my having that insight into the practical life, which is more even than all I had before."

Curious perversity of man! Not a word about the poor wistful deaf folk to whom he could give sometimes hearing, often hope. That, evidently, was as nothing to him in comparison with the problems which he poured forth upon his devoted wife in the kitchen, till she put peppercorns in her cake instead of plums. And yet Hinton's favourite doctrine—the foundation of his philosophy—was what he and his biographer are pleased to call altruism,—a doctrine, it seems to us, as old as the days when "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself" was proclaimed among the Judean hills. Altruism, we cannot but think, would have been much more effectually carried out by the clearing of a damaged tympanum than by sheafs of philosophisings. But let us not breathe a reproach against the man, what-

ever may have been his intellectual cranks. It is men with intellectual cranks who get most credit for such intellect as they may possess. And Hinton, not liking his work, did return to it like a man, which, however he may talk of despairs and agonies, is a practical proof that he could do his duty whether he liked it or not, and by much the finest feature in his career.

In little more than ten years he had made his fortune—at least, as much as contented him, and gave him a right to indulge himself by giving up the profession he did not love for the science which he did. Some time before, as soon as he felt that this longed-for moment of freedom was approaching, he had opened the locked-up papers and memoranda which he had put aside on his return to London, and, with a sense of new life, had plunged back into his old studies. At the conclusion of his professional career, his anticipations of better and more desirable work to come are almost ecstatic. "I have been so happy often of late in looking forward to my life," he writes. ". . . I am fifty, and it seems to me that my life is just beginning. I have more time for work (probably) than all the time I have ever had before, and I am younger than ever I have been." When he was about starting to join his wife at the little property in St Michael's, which he had been tempted to buy some time before, his mind was still in the same exultant state. "It seemed impossible to associate the thought of death with that exuberant vitality—never had his intellect been more brilliant."

"Once or twice" (Miss Hopkins adds) "I urged him to work up some of his numerous MSS. for publication. 'Well, you see,' he would reply, 'the activity of my brain must die down. I shan't be able to go on producing

much longer, and then will be the time to work up old materials and get them into shape. There's immense longevity in my family. I shall probably live till I am eighty.'

"What!" I exclaimed; 'do you look forward to such an undesirable thing as living till you are eighty?'

"Oh, I think I can," was the characteristic answer."

Within a few months he was dead, with all his hopes over, and his work, so far as this world is concerned, left undone. What mockery of hope and confidence! what wild wail of mortal vanity is in those words! His good fortune forsook him the moment he turned his back upon the useful ways of practical life. The little property in the Azores proved loss instead of gain, and his last days were clouded with a sense that his retirement had been premature, and that all his desires were balked once more, and this time for ever—at least in this world. "It is by the failure of some that others succeed, and through my very foolishness perhaps there shall come a better success to others," he writes in the last sad note with which the record closes,—and all is said that can be said.

The other life to which we have referred was in many respects a great contrast to that of Hinton. It seems somewhat harsh and rash to speak of it as an entire failure—for there can be few greater spiritual wonders than that which brings out of depths of poverty and wretchedness such utterances as those of John Martin, the poor schoolmaster-poet, dead in early manhood, with little time to form his opinions and none to ripen them; yet thinking justly, feeling truly, and surely finding something sweeter and higher in life than if he had been a matter-of-fact and complacent representative of the ordinary certificated schoolmaster. It is the au-

thor of 'John Halifax' who draws the outline for us of his melancholy and brief existence. While very young—nineteen or twenty—he and his poems were introduced to Mrs Craik in order to be judged, encouraged, or discouraged, as she might think right, in the struggle towards literary utterance which the poor young fellow was making. The young man's circumstances were peculiar. "He had been discovered by some charitable person in the workhouse hospital and saved out of depths of want and misery—perhaps worse than misery, of which no record now remains." The mystery of this "worse than misery" is, we think, injudiciously kept up, though not by any fault of Mrs Craik's. It does not seem to have been either vice or crime on the part of the young man, the only things that could permanently sink any one in his circumstances; for "this period of his life is the grandest," the kind clergyman writes who was Martin's saviour. However, apart from this unnecessary concealment, there is much in the story to call forth the reader's closest sympathy. Martin brought to Mrs Craik some poems, which she did not think worthy of being called poems, or of being produced to the public, though he himself interested and pleased her. And she was brave enough and kind enough to tell him this, recommending him to do all he could to carry on his own education instead of writing verses, but undertaking to look at any other verses he might send to her in the future, and to continue to him her advice and help, if help should prove practicable. She liked his modest independent looks, his good-breeding, wonderful in the circumstances, and the manly way in which he accepted her criticism; but "such requests being so common to us workers in literature,"

did not think very much more of it, though she maintained an occasional correspondence with him for years, receiving similar communications, more and more bundles of verses, culminating in a full-blown drama in blank verse, in which Mrs Craik found "a great and visible improvement" upon his previous efforts. But still she did not advise him to publish. "One is apt," she says, "to be rather impatient of literary vanity—the bane of so many amateur authors, but which to all real authors seems so ridiculous and so small—the passion for 'seeing one's self in print,' appearing a very foolish thing to those who are used to it; and therein, perhaps, I misjudged and misapprehended this young man, whose literary ambitions must have been the very heart of his life."

We are not sure that we quite agree in Mrs Craik's confidence as to the absence of literary vanity in "real authors;" but poor Martin seems to have received her always kind but not encouraging criticisms with extraordinary sweetness and submission. He never rebelled, never asserted his own contrary opinion, but acquiesced in her verdict without a word of protest, in a way which evidently went to the heart of the critic when she discovered afterwards how terrible a deprivation this had been to him. She sent him newspapers and books with characteristic kindness, but never knew how his life was waning and his heart sinking, till all hope of further help was over. The poor young fellow's trust in his patroness must have been of a most unquestioning kind; for the next she heard of him was through another clergyman, the rector of his parish, who wrote to tell her of his dangerous illness, which he wished to be communicated to her "as an apology for

his long silence." Poor fellow! no doubt he was proud of the interest he had inspired, and clung to the skirts of the one personage known to him who inhabited that serene and lofty elevation of literature, which was heaven to his fond and wistful longing. Mrs Craik replied with instant proposals for a "seaside change," which should restore his strength, as soon as he was able to move; and she did more. She exerted herself to find easy employment for him in a warmer climate, as his disease was of the lungs; and did all that benevolence could suggest to renew hope in him. But this was not to be. At last application was made to her some time later for another kind of succour. The poor fellow was dying. "His one distress was the thought of his unpublished MSS.; that he had to die and make no sign, leave no record behind of what he felt was in him, and of which, had he lived long enough, he might have given proof to the world." The tender-hearted and remorseful critic, feeling with a sudden pang the responsibility she had in keeping these beloved manuscripts from the world, immediately wrote that she would "take charge of his papers and do my best with them;" and, with a presentiment in her mind, set off hurriedly five days before the time, at which, it had been settled, she was to pay the poor sufferer a visit, to see him. She came half an hour too late. "He had had all his MSS. placed on a chair beside his bed, had gone over them, and tried to write a letter to me (whether ever finished, I know not—I never got it); then he had piled all his papers in a heap, and lay looking at them for hours 'as a mother looks at her child.'" Thus he died, in Wapping (which perhaps does not matter so much), in the house of his sister, with as much of true affection and

kindness as life had granted him, around his bed, looking fondly at the unproduced works, the unprinted papers on which he had set his heart, and giving up this last and only desire, lingeringly, reluctantly, cherishing it to the end. No wonder that a compunction swelled the heart of the looker-on ; but what could she have done ? It was no fault of hers. The poems, if there is a gleam of reality in them, now and then raising them above the floods of washy verse which run freely enough over the country everywhere, had really no power in them, nor stress of genius demanding publication ; and the note-books and journals which form by far the greater part of poor Martin's "Legacy" were unknown to any one till after his death. One feels a pang of regret that he did not get his way, and have the gratification after all—the one poor flower of pleasure of which his forlorn life was capable—of "seeing himself in print;" but what if some savage reviewer had got hold of the poor little publication, as now and then, in entire unconsciousness of the individual harm done, a weary critic does, wreaking his exasperation with things in general upon the innocent person of some poor little gasping butterfly ? Then we might have had another chapter of the Keats tragedy, and denounced the reviewer—who, for his part, meant no more harm than usual—as the cause of the poet's death. So, perhaps, it was better for poor Martin that he did not force his way into print by means of the pity and loving-kindness of his patroness. Mrs Craik has made him great amends by the tender care she has taken of his papers and his memory now, could he but know it ; and who can say that he has not some inkling, if he still cares for it, of this soft radiance and illumination of human in-

terest that has come at last upon his humble tomb ?

That the reader may see something of how a man can think and feel who was born and died in Wapping, and whose highest end of life was that of a poor, a very poor schoolmaster, we add one extract from his journal—not that it is the best to be found there, but because it points out what were the aspirations upon which he fed his life. That life had been passed poorly enough, beginning as an errand-boy, progressing, after some terrible struggles of poverty, sickness, failure of occupation, and apparently family distress and disgrace of one kind or another, into schoolmastership of the most elementary kind in a mission-school. During his darkest moment he had been found by the clergy who devote themselves to the tremendous task of Christianising the east end of London,—a truly missionary work, demanding infinitely greater efforts of self-sacrifice than Africa or India,—by whom he was healed, educated, pushed kindly on into what seems a kind of heaven for such a delicate frame and spirit—the healthy quiet of a little country parish school. Here all alone, in his little house, the village silent around him, the flowers blooming, the calm of rural life enclosing his wistful, aspiring soul—this is how he muses with himself !

"Hard and stern has my struggle been, but I have not entered the real battle of life yet—that still lies before me, vague and huge ; but I know not what results will follow the fight. I have placed before my mental vision high performances of the Intellect, to which I hope in time to aspire. To assert my independence as a Man—one of God's creatures—not as a mere fellow and interloper, whose blood

'Has flowed through scoundrels ever since the flood.'

On me devolves no light task. I have no friends who know my real wants. In the whole world I cannot count more than two who would be ready to lend me a helping hand if I were starving to-morrow. Under my smooth exterior Enceladus burns—must burn—with passionate thoughts, with wearying plans for greatness never perhaps to be realised, with visions of green fields and happy days and friends of the soul—things which I have never had. So courage and decision! I have advanced wonderfully. It surely is no hard thing for me still to advance. But life is gone while we are planning what to do and what to be. If I could learn that sublime philosophy—that is, if I could throw forth into the actions of life the thoughts of compensation which my inner mind knows to be true, I should no longer be discontented. I am not discontented now, for I am happy in a second-hand way; but one cannot help yearning to commune with the good and high-souled and beautiful, whom we cannot even meet, simply because we have not a golden bridge to walk upon.”

Poor inexperienced lad! had he got to that paradise of polite society, those heavenly ranks of literature and learning, would he have been much the better? He thought so—but then he did not know. Perhaps a more terrible disappointment than that of not getting his poems published, was saved to him by the impossibility, in which he died, of ever being able to contrast his ideal of that society which he could only reach by “a golden bridge,” with the reality of the same. To a man who has been born in Wapping, no doubt it is difficult to realise how like Pall Mall is, under the surface, to that and every other place inhabited by mortal man.

We quote but two verses of the poetry, such as it is. They are taken from what he calls a Threnody, part of a poem called “The Dead Poet,” and have an interest beyond their poetical worth in their

adaptation to the circumstances of his own end:—

“Sweetly, sweetly
Lies he now in dread repose.
Where are all his foes?
Helpless, quiet, and dead,
Conquered all completely.
Death, death
Takes the poor breath,
Gives us e'en a sad success.
Crushed is earthly bitterness
In our dying bed.

Weary, weary
Grew he of this toilsome life,
Scarred and torn with strife;
Yet he proudly went
On his journey drear.
Brave, brave
As though the grave
Was not yawning beneath his feet.
Said he, ‘Tis a quiet retreat,
And no punishment.’”

The words we have put in italics are wonderfully pathetic and touching. Death has indeed “given him a sad success,” so far as those people go among whom he so longed to appear. And as we would not have satisfied the dreamer had he known us, but served him as a symbol of unattainable fame and happiness, being unknown, let us believe that all was not so bad after all. He is said by the excellent clergyman who was his constant friend, to have “left behind an influence which, wherever it extended, was too strong soon to pass away.” What could any man wish for more?

Since the days when competitive examination opened the ranks of the public services in India to a larger circle of the British public, there can be no doubt that the popular interest in India and Anglo-Indian life has increased. In former times there was less inducement to write about the social aspect of that strange little world of foreigners in a great subject continent; for the “Indian families,” to which the East was a

kind of official inheritance, knew all about it, and the rest of the universe remained indifferent. Now, however, when the days of such inheritance are over, and when it is possible or even likely in every family where sons abound, that one, at least, will "go in for" the Indian Civil Service, in one or other of its branches, not to speak of the more certain rotation of service therein for all soldiers, the general curiosity and desire to know has been greatly quickened; and in this much-producing age no kind of literary appetite is long left unsatisfied. In point of fact nothing can be more strange or exciting than the sudden entrance of an English boy, trained in all the traditions of his race, with the prejudices and habits of our insular northern life clinging to him, into the wonderful, gorgeous, tawdry, self-indulging, yet self-denying life of the East, where everything is in complete contradiction to the customs which he triumphantly carries with him in defiance of climate and possibility. To the fathers and mothers of former generations of the Company's servants there was nothing extraordinary, nothing that they did not know and understand, in the experiences of their sons and daughters, as each recommenced the familiar life to which they had been born. But to us, with no previous acquaintance with that world of the unknown, there is infinite interest and excitement in the account of the first steps of the fresh-faced English lad, among the strange swarthy figures who surround him with obsequious attendance, whose servile devotion half flatters, half amuses him, and among whom at first he moves with a mixture of suspicious defiance and impatience, regretting the franker service of his

countrymen, yet finding a certain charm in the sense of mastership and in the ministrations of some dozen supple knaves,—he who, perhaps, had but a third or fourth share in the attentions of the butler or footman at home. How he looks in his new abode, bungalow, or tent, or "kothi," with all those quaint surroundings; how he manages the vassal race that salaam to him; how in the midst of everything so strange he finds again an English society more English than that of the village in which he was born, and a little round of dissipation such as fills his sisters at home with envy,—all these strange facts are interesting to people who had no previous connection with India, and to whom every little detail is novel. We do not say that the old Indian himself may not find in them that still stronger interest which we all take in discussions about places and people well known to us; but the circle has widened greatly, and Anglo-Indian literature begins to grow in proportion. Not long ago we had occasion to consider the purely Indian society of 'The City of Sunshine,' with its glimpse of the comical hybrid, the educated Bengalee-Englishman, so novel and so amusing to the English reader. The book before us now,* has an interest warmer still, though it is not remarkable either for genius or imagination, and pretends to be nothing more than a record of personal experience on the sahib side of the question. But we promise all and sundry who may happen to regard India through the light of one young Competition Wallah, somewhere sweltering upon its plains, that in the modest volumes of this Bengal Civilian they will find something so like a reproduction of the letters (no doubt quite

* *Life in the Mofussil.* By a Bengal Civilian. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.

as worthy of publication) of their own particular Frank or Jack, as to make the book delightful to them. The Bengal Civilian ripens into such a man as, let us hope, our Jacks and Franks will come in time to be; and his picture widens, and acquires both value and grace as it goes on. But at his start he is typical, with his honest boyish matter-of-fact narration, his quite modest and simple egotism, his surprises and discoveries which never disturb his English composure, his eagerness to get on, and interest in his work, which is quite compatible with the most hearty appetite for play and sport of every kind. The vivacity of the picture is charming, and all the more that it is an entirely unconscious piece of self-revelation. If the fortune of the book is not made by this genuine portrait of those boys in India, in one of their most desirable and consoling aspects, it must be that fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, and especially the feminine members of families to which those heroes belong, have changed their nature. To all such people the interest of the Bengal Civilian's first volume will be almost personal, more amusing than wit, more interesting than story. It is like a mirror, scarcely magic, not at all mystical, but clear and bright and sunshiny, in which they may see walking and smiling, the very figure of the distant son, the young magistrate, engineer, official, even soldier—though the chief figures here belong to less warlike circles—who is their own.

After a story of an incipient love-affair in the long voyage (which, by the by, suggests to us the hope that our Bengal Civilian has not at least used the very names of the people he discusses so frankly, *real* though these names look), and an

amusing sketch of a "chummery" of four Competition Wallahs during their detention at Calcutta for the purpose of learning Hindustani, our young friend sets out to his ultimate destination. The chummery gave a dinner, in which soup which tasted of castor-oil, and a *plât-doux* which unfortunately was made with olives instead of green-gages, were notable features. Here are, however, some very sensible remarks, before we go further, on the opinions entertained by old Indians on the subject of "Competition Wallahs." They come with double force from a man evidently very well trained in all the physical exercises which (oddly enough) are at the present time the highest test of breeding in England and English society everywhere. An Etonian and Oxford graduate is certainly in no point of view to be considered inferior to the nominees of a former state of affairs. The writer has been commenting on "the strong prejudice there still existed against Competition Wallahs, as we were called"—a prejudice "which naturally made Wallahs a little shy on their arrival in Calcutta."

"It was not unnatural" (he says) "that members of old Indian families of either service should look upon us as intruders who had taken out of the mouths of their children the bread which was their legitimate due. But this prejudice led them to somewhat unreasonable conclusions. In their eyes, because a man had not been nominated by a Director and educated at Haileybury, it necessarily followed that he was of low birth and vulgar mind and manners; that he could not ride or shoot; in fact, that he was a mere bookworm devoid of all physical energy. Wallahs are now so numerous that they are quite able to hold their own; but this general idea still exists, though in a less pronounced form. From what I have heard of the Haileybury régime, it seems to me that the students there were decidedly not

likely to be entitled to the *sobriquet* of 'bookworms.' But yet I have never been able to understand why they should as a necessary consequence be able to ride and shoot so much better than those educated elsewhere, or why they should be so much more refined than the products of Eton and Harrow, Oxford and Cambridge."

This is a consideration which does not seem to have crossed the general mind, from which an unreasoning conservatism (altogether unconnected with politics—in respect to which Conservatism, need we say it? means salvation) so often takes away all discriminating power. To put it in the vulgarest way, the education of a youth for the competition is itself no light matter, but a costly business, as much out of the possibilities of the lowly, or probably more so than a nomination under the old *régime*—and what are Eton and Harrow if not certificates of gentlemanliness?—fallacious, no doubt, in many individual cases, but all-powerful with the vulgar mind when *not* conjoined with success in a difficult competition. A more unreasonable prejudice could scarcely be: which is not by any means to say that we are disposed to commit ourselves to the principle of examination as a test of real fitness for any work. We believe that nothing could be more delusive or unsatisfactory, if taken as proof of a man's power for government or jurisdiction; yet it is hard to understand, on the other side, how the power of passing a difficult examination should be anything but creditable. The Civilian adds, however, that—

"This was only an article of faith with them, and had no more effect upon their practice than articles of faith usually exercise. Though they thought of us thus as a class, they treated us well as individuals; and I received nothing but kindness from members of my own service. It is true that I

was often told, as doubtless the majority of my contemporaries have been told, that I was not like an ordinary Wallah; but this was by way of a compliment."

This is not an unusual way of getting over the difficulties raised by prejudice in many cases besides that of Wallahs; and fortunately not even the Anglo-Saxon, much less the Anglo-Indian, is expected to be logical,—that necessity belongs to another race.

Our Civilian, however, who "had the honour of occupying one end of the table at the Eton dinner given by Lord Canning at Government House on the 4th of June, as junior Etonian present," does not seem to have had anything to struggle with in the way of social prejudice. His description of his journey to his post,—“moved on” from one hospitable house to another, now by “trolley,” an original mode of travelling in use upon half-made railways, where the travellers, seated upon chairs or benches placed on a railway truck, are pushed along by coolies at the rate of six miles an hour; now by the horses or carriage or palanquin of the hitherto-unknown official, who receives him “like an intimate friend of the family,”—is highly characteristic. Wherever he goes he has a welcome, is detained as long as possible, yet speeded on his way when his departure is inevitable, with all imaginable solicitude. The ease with which these friendly relations are entered into; the clubbing together of the little colony of rulers wherever they are posted, a curious mixture of natural brotherhood and desire for mutual amusement, mutual protection—all that is implied in the word Society—along with the freemasonry of common work and of common superiority to all around,—puts before us most forcibly the position of these

scattered handfuls of stranger-masters, invulnerable in their own sense of natural kingship and authority. The half pity, half contempt they entertain for any one who has "never been home to England"—a pity which is entirely unaffected and genuine; their simple but complete elevation above the natives, whom they nevertheless manage with patience and care, taking pride in their progress, as a benevolent schoolmaster might be supposed to do in the working of a ragged school; their devotion, young and old, great and small, to the unsophisticated diversions which collect them together—croquet in the days of our Civilian, Badminton or lawn-tennis now,—make up an amusing but really attractive picture. Small gossip no doubt must flourish under such circumstances, and the routine of social meetings, innocent and unvaried, must be slightly wearisome. Certainly, in an English village, a daily reunion of notables for the practice of Badminton, now on one lawn, now on another, throughout the week, would soon, we fear, prove monotonous beyond measure; but perhaps the variety of breeding and character, the junction of soldiers and civilians, the magistrates, great and little, the active functionaries of the D. P. W., even the planters, who seem to hold their own among their official countrymen in a way we were scarcely prepared for—give more zest to these gatherings than can be had at home amid the mild familiar non-variety of parsons and squires; and there is something fine, even if a little commonplace, in this clinging together of each small band, in mutual defiance of loneliness, distance, and isolation, in the midst of the innumerable crowds whom they hold in such a slender yet powerful leash.

The young Civilian was settled

at Mozufferpore, a station in which about ten European families formed the society, and where he had to begin by learning his profession, his powers at first being very limited, as he was still in the lowest beginners' grade of the magistracy. Here is a first glimpse of the population outside the court-house, awaiting the arrival of the Judges:

"The crowd had increased by the time of our arrival, and the noise also, the whole interesting enough to an initiated observer. There were various groups, of which the centre figure was a respectably-dressed man, with a white turban and tolerably white garments, surrounded by individuals with scanty clothing and of unkempt appearance, who listened intently to all he said. These were the mookhtyars or criminal court attorneys, teaching the witnesses what to say in their respective cases, and suggesting answers to all possible questions, the whole thing having been previously rehearsed at the mookhtyar's house. In other places were seated the sellers of stamps, by means of whom the Government court fees were collected; in another were some twenty prisoners waiting trial, all squatting on their hams, and kept together by a string passed round them, the whole under the charge of the burkundazes, armed only with swords, which subsequent experience taught me could not be drawn from their scabbards under a quarter of an hour at least."

Having threaded through the various groups, thus learning their part in unblushing simplicity of fiction, the young magistrate takes his seat upon the bench for the first time, and has his first case put into his hands. He pauses to explain that it is a standing difficulty to administer an oath—not to say that it is quite inefficacious when administered—but that the form is held by, as furnishing means, when the lying has been more pronounced than usual, for a prosecution for perjury.

"On the present occasion one of the complainants was a woman rejoicing in the name of Lakshmee Telinee. She was a small shopkeeper in a neighbouring village, who sold oil and other things. It is not an unusual idea with complainants in petty cases, that they can take the Hakim by storm. Now I had seen this old lady sitting quietly outside with her mookhtyar ; but when her name was called out by my chuprassie (of whom, by the way, four had been allotted to me), she rushed in and threw herself on the ground, exclaiming with great volubility—'Justice, O lord of generosity ! Justice, O nourisher of the poor ! I am very poor ; I am dead altogether ; I am a widow. Ram Singh came to my house——'

Clerk (quite unmoved).—Stand up ; take the oath.

Complainant (standing up).—What ?

Cl.—Say, 'According to my religion.'

Com.—Justice, O lord !

Cl.—Listen : say what I say.

Com.—Well ?

Cl.—According to my religion.

Com.—According to my religion.

Cl.—In the presence of the Almighty.

Com.—In the presence of the Almighty—*(breaking away again)*—justice, O lord ! Ram Singh came to my shop——

Cl.—Will you take the oath ?

Com.—Justice, O lord ; I don't understand. I am a widow. Ram Singh came to my shop——

Cl. (getting angry).—Go to, base-born ; will you take the oath ?

Com.—Justice, O lord *(rather subdued)*.

Cl.—According to my religion, in the presence of the Almighty, whatever I shall say in this case shall be the truth——

Com.—In accordance with, &c. ; shall be the truth, &c.—*(breaks away again)*—of course I shall tell the truth. Have I come here to tell lies ? It's all true. Justice, O my father and mother *(mabap)*. Ram Singh came to my shop——

Cl. (utters some abuse, sotto voce, against the complainant's female relatives. Addresses the Mookhtyar).—Make her understand she must take the oath.

Mookhtyar (wishing to enlist sym-

pathy of young and inexperienced Hakim).—She is a poor woman.

Cl.—Listen, you Lakshmee ; if you won't take the oath, the Hakim cannot listen to you."

The oath being finally administered, the woman's story of an assault was told, which was contradicted by a very elaborate *alibi* on the part of the accused—the accusation and the defence both being, apparently, quite fictitious, the real quarrel having nothing to do with this double invention. The bewilderment into which an inexperienced Englishman may be thrown by such a tissue of circumstantial lies, and the trouble caused to the most experienced magistrate by them, recur again and again in the narrative, and open up to the reader a wealth of falsehood and invention, and straightforward lying, which, at this distance, is more amusing than terrible, the culprits being entirely destitute of any sense of guilt as they ply their lively imaginations against each other. Here is a sketch in this unsuspected branch of fiction, so much more brilliant and lifelike in its effects than anything our Northern wits can accomplish—as made by "an enlightened Hindoo landlord," a dignified and gentlemanly person called Kali Narain Rai, who was so far advanced in civilisation as to have "added to his house a building in the European style," in which English guests could be received. The walls of the drawing-room in this *annexe* were hung with engravings of English pictures, *two of each*, in comical conformity with, yet ignorance of, the rules of this kind of decoration. Our Civilian congratulated Kali Narain on having no cases in the criminal courts ; to which he replied that he had learned wisdom—that he used to fight in his youth, but now was old, and had profited by his experiences. "Be-

sides," he adds, "I am no longer at enmity with Davis Sahib." Davis Sahib was "the largest European landholder in that part of Bengal," and the natural opponent of the Hindoo potentate. The following narrative will show the kind of emulation which existed between them :—

"But I will open the whole of my heart to you. I once paid out Davis Sahib well. I was in Dacca, in my house there, when a man came in to inform me that one of my elephant-drivers had been standing up on the back of his elephant, to cut some branches of a fig-tree for him; that the elephant had moved on, and he had fallen on a heap of bricks lying below, had broken his leg, and bruised himself very severely.

"My Foujdari Mookhtyar (Criminal Court Attorney) was present, and heard this. 'Wait a little,' he said, 'and we will have a splendid case against Davis Sahib.'

"That evening the wounded man was brought in to me, and he told the following story :—

"Yesterday I was coming in from Bhowal to Dacca with Rs. 500 in money for the expenses of the house in Dacca. When I got near Toongee I met two of Davis Sahib's gomastahs (agents) and fifteen or sixteen men. They asked me where I was going.

"I said, 'To Dacca.'

"What for?"

"To take money for Baboo Kali Narain's expenses there.'

"Then the gomastahs gave the order to seize me. I called out, 'Duhai,' but they dragged me off my elephant, beat me as you see, broke my leg, and plundered the money. There were two or three villagers near who saw this; and my assistant driver, who ran away and escaped unhurt.'

"This complaint, which my mookhtyar had taught the man, was then brought in court, and so well supported that its truth could not be questioned. The medical evidence, also, was to the effect that the injuries might have been received in the manner described. The agents and some other ten servants of Davis Sahib

were in custody on the charge. The then magistrate, Mr Beauchamp (this was ten or twelve years ago), seemed to suspect something, for he himself went to Toongee to try and get independent evidence on the spot. But my mookhtyar had been beforehand with him, for he went there first, and instructed the neighbours what to say.

"Accordingly, when he arrived there, and made inquiries, they said: 'Yes, they had seen a man coming on an elephant on the day in question; and that a party of men had met him and dragged him off his elephant. They did not recognise who they were, though they thought they were some of Davis Sahib's servants, and they had not taken any further trouble in the matter.'

"What more could the Hakim do? He was bewildered.

"While the case was yet pending, Davis Sahib came to pay me a visit. After salutations he said, 'Kali Narain, I want to talk to you about this false case pending against my servants.'

"What false case?' I said. 'You have no right to say any case of mine is false.'

"Oh,' said Davis, 'you know it is false! and I have been to the jail and talked to my servants, and I know quite well it is all false. How can you do such a thing? We worship the same God, though we call him by a different name; and you must know he will be very angry with you for this.'

"God, doubtless, will be a little angry,' I said; 'but I must risk that, for I have got two of your agents and ten of your *employés* in prison, and it is too good a thing to be let slip.'

"You must compromise the case,' he said, 'and we will try and settle things amicably. Here is a Bible. I kiss it now, and I promise not to take any advantage of you; but you must let me tell Beauchamp to send for you, and you will throw some light upon the case.'

"I was at length persuaded, and I sent for my mookhtyar, and told him I thought I would consent to compromise the case.

"But,' said he, 'what is to become of Davis Sahib's false cases against us?'

"I did not know there were any false cases," said Davis; "but my mookhtyar is outside. Call him in and ask him."

"We did so, and the man said, 'Yes; there are three small cases. Baboo Kali Narain has such a heavy case against us that I was obliged to do something.'"

"Have them compromised at once," said Davis.

"We then finally settled that he should ask Beauchamp to send for me; and he did so.

"Kali Narain," he said, "you have something to tell me about this case."

"Yes," I said; "I fear it is not based upon truth."

"Why did you let it go on so long, then?"

"Oh, I have only just found out the details," I then told him the principal facts, and he allowed the case to be compromised. Davis Sahib and myself settled many matters without fighting after this."

What a droll yet hopeless *imbroglia* to be cleared up by an Englishman inexperienced in public lying, and fresh from a country in which fact rules supreme!

The young magistrate soon received an appointment to a subdivision where he found himself alone,—the one European in a considerable town—"the only English face," he says, "in a radius of thirteen or fourteen miles," an experience which comes sooner or later to all the emissaries of English rule. The dismalness of this exile after the dissipations of the cheery little station with its cluster of English families; the dark obsequious crowd around ascribing to his presence the "splendour of day," and entirely subject to his authority, not one of whom, however, could break bread with him without pollution; the heaviness of the Sunday in which rigid tradition forbade any work to be done; the delight of seeing a white face and speaking English when any wandering countryman turned up—are all very simply and graphically

set before us. But this curious isolation did not make the young representative of civilisation apathetic. His first glimpse at his town had shown him that it was extremely dirty and ill-kept, and this he at once resolved to remedy. Accordingly, after a short residence in the place, and by means of a clever native clerk, Jugdeo, who had skilfully agitated the matter among the people, a meeting of notables was called by very "flowery letters" concocted by this functionary, who with another native official "had long consultations as to the order of their sitting; for any mistake in the matter of precedence might have caused the thing to collapse at once." Hither came our English youth, full of the energy of the West, and actuated by the highest form of public spirit, that which labours for the common weal, without consideration of the fact, that only for a very short period is it likely to be of the least importance to the chief actor himself.

"For myself a chair and table had been placed at one end, and when they were all assembled, I entered the veranda. They all stood up to receive me, and did not sit until I sat down myself and asked them to do the same. On my right I observed two rich and rival merchants and bankers, named Bunwarree Lall and Nokee Lall. On the left was another man, who was on good terms with everybody, called Dabee Persad. Next to him was a Mohammedan, Wahid Ali Khan, an energetic pushing person, anxious to become of importance, but not rich. . . . I had prepared a little speech in the most high-flown Hindustani I could muster; but when I stood up to address the assembly, they all stood up too, which rather embarrassed me, and I had some difficulty in making them understand that I wished them to remain sitting. This done, I commenced by saying 'that I felt much gratification and support in seeing this assemblage of so many noble, so many wise, and so many rich men.' They

were not noble, for the nobility and gentry had not been asked to attend, as it would have involved a loss of 'izzat' to do so in company with the commercial classes. Neither were they wise nor all rich; but I could see that this exordium was pleasing. I then went on to dilate on the very dirty state of the town, and said it was not creditable and could not be pleasing to the members of such an assemblage to live in such a place, where there were no roads fit for a comfortable vehicle, and where no man could keep his shoes on in wet weather. . . . Then came the question of funds. The amount of surplus chowkedarree tax standing to the credit of the town was very small, but if properly supplemented by subscriptions, Government would no doubt aid us, and I therefore proposed to open a subscription list at once, and would ask each gentleman there to state what he was willing to give. Then out spoke Bunwarree Lall, and said he would give 100 rupees, upon which Nokee Lall said he would give 110 rupees, and Bunwarree Lall bid 150 rupees, and so it went on like an auction, each wishing to appear more liberal than the other, until they settled to give 350 rupees each. . . . On the whole, about 2000 rupees, or £200, was promised, which result I considered rather successful."

There are a great many incidents of a lighter character in the book: lively narratives of hunting parties, of tiger-shooting, even of horse-racing, in all of which the writer took a foremost part; and of the entertainments of the station, impromptu balls, amateur theatricals, into which the little communities threw themselves with an enthusiasm which contrasts agreeably with the apathy which we are in the habit of finding "at home" in respect to such matters. The old-fashioned amusement of dancing, for example, which our golden youth so often stands aloof from as a bore, and of which the young *illuminati* are equally ignorant and contemptuous, makes

the eyes of the young Sahibs shine with a pleasure only clouded by the fear that there will not be ladies enough to make such a delight possible. Even when there are but six ladies to twenty men, the Anglo-Indian enjoys his ball. Perhaps it is the difficulty that gives it a zest. Altogether, however, the life of these little societies is a life in common, and young men and women have their simple pleasures together, as, unfortunately, in England young men and women have very much forgot how to do. The labour and anxiety which are necessary to get a very small show of men at an English garden-party, the pain and grief of collecting enough for a dance, so deeply felt by the British matron, exist not in that sunnier land. A genuine cordial love of amusement seems in the air, overcoming native English stiffness and gravity. At one of the hill-stations a year or two ago, a Badminton or lawn-tennis party took place every day, in different houses, and was attended by the active community with unflinching zeal and cheerfulness. Heaven preserve us from such excess of pleasuring, we are disposed to say with insular churlishness! but not so our sons on the misty heights of the Punjab, nor those in the Mofussil, though less distant to judge by what the 'Bengal Civilian' says, we suppose some eighteen or twenty years earlier.

Here is another little book about India,* a pretty, if somewhat pretentious, little volume in which there are some pleasant pictures of the physical aspects of the East, and a good many pseudo-picturesque sketches of the people, which latter are not so successful. The studies of birds and beasts and atmospheric influences in the Indian garden, with

* My Indian Garden. By Phil Robinson. Sampson Low, & Co. 1878.

all its strange and novel features, so unlike our own, are, however, cleverly done. Some indulgent critics have declared them worthy of a place beside the rural descriptions of White of Selborne; but let no incautious reader be led away by this exaggerated praise. Mr Phil Robinson is not like White of Selborne; but when he is not too ambitious he can describe pleasantly, and now and then he gives us a gently humorous sketch of beast or bird, for which we may be grateful, as throwing a little light upon the outward seeming of the Indian landscape. "I should not know where to send an uninformed English reader for better hints of the out-of-door look and spirit of things in our Indian gardens," says Mr Edwin Arnold, who writes the preface; and there is an air of truth about the flutterings and twitterings, the croak of the frogs in the mud, the shouting of the peaboy under the branches: and in a few cases, of a finer insight still, as in the sketch of "the Syce's children," which has a tender touch of humanity in it. And the changes of the climate, or rather of the atmosphere, the blazing of the sun, the torrents of rain—transcending the feeble dribbling of our northern skies, as much as the heat and light transcend our brightest summer weather—are evidently recorded by a close observer, on whose mind the sudden storms, the sudden growth, everything so violent and extreme beyond all our experiences, have made a vivid impression. To be sure we are not unaccustomed, even in England, to floods which sweep away all the landmarks of a country, and turn a rich plain into a squalid lake; but the general discomfiture of everything that has life, everything but the frogs, whose impertinent complaisance fills the writer with indignation—the alarmed disappearance of the birds,

the falling in of banks, the crocodile seizing chance waifs and strays of cattle that have been swept off by the swirling all-powerful stream, are quite new and horrible exaggerations of a rainy season to our moderate imagination. That same crocodile, plunged to the jaws in the stream, *sub jove fervido*, while all nature lies prostrate, subdued into silence by the blaze of noon: the scorching walls of houses giving out heat like the fire-bricks of an oven: the very crows gaping for breath under the branches, roads lying white and blazing in the intense light, not a passenger treading their unshadowed length, form the other side of the picture; and it is difficult to tell which is the more trying to the unaccustomed. Here, however, is a violence and insult of Indian weather, which is worse than either the sun or the rain.

"But the hot day is passing. The sun is going down the hill, but yet not so fast as to explain the sudden gloom which relieves the sky. In the west has risen a brown cloud, and the far trees tell of a rising wind. It nears, swiftly driving before it a flock of birds. The wind must be high, for the kite cannot keep its balance, and attempts in vain to beat up against it. The crow yields to it without a struggle, and goes drifting eastward; the small birds shoot right and left for shelter. It is a dust storm. The brown cloud has now risen well above the trees, and already the garden is aware of its approach. You can hear the storm gathering up its skirts for a rush through the tree-tops. And on a sudden it sweeps up with a roar, embanked in fine clouds of dust, and strikes the house. At once every door bursts open, or shuts to, the servants shout, the horses in the stable neigh, and while the brief hurricane is passing, a pall lies upon the place. Out of windows, the sight is limited to a few yards, beyond which may be only mistily made out the forms of strong trees bowing before the fierce blast with their boughs all streaming in one

direction. . . . As suddenly as it came the storm has gone. The verandas are full of dead leaves, the stable-door has fallen, and a few tiles are lying on the ground. But the dust storm has passed on far ahead, and is already on the river. Out upon the Ganges the sudden rippling of the water, the brown haze beyond the bank, have warned the native steersman to make for the land. Over his head sweep and circle the anxious river-fowl, the keen-winged terns, and piping sand-birds, the egret, and the ibis; and as his skiff nears the shore, he sees a sudden hurrying on all the larger vessels' decks, hears the cries of the boatmen as they hasten to haul down the clumsy sails; and in another minute his own boat is hocking about and bumping among the others. The dust storm travels quickly. Between the banks is sweeping up the sand-laden wind, concealing from the huddled boats the temples and the ghat across the river, the bridge that spans it, and the sky itself. But only for a minute—for almost before the river has had time to ruffle into waves, the storm has passed, and the Ganges is flowing as quietly as ever."

There are few things more difficult than to form an estimate of contemporary poetry. A prophet has no honour, it is said, in his own country; but sometimes a poet has too much honour, and we must all have learned to smile, and sometimes blush, at the temporary enthusiasms which have carried away our sounder judgment in this particular. Nor are the dangers on the other side less great, as Jeffrey's famous "This will never do," which was to have crushed Wordsworth with jaunty ease and decisiveness, may bear witness. Lady Charlotte Elliot's * beautiful and modest little volume does not risk any such harsh judgment, but the very sweetness, grace, and refinement of it, confuse the critic's mind. These qualities

appear to many the natural garb of weakness, and their soft drapery does no doubt disguise the sterner qualities of strength, and puzzle us about the anatomy of the figure underneath—like Mr Leighton's pictures, in which, though his hand is strong and his eye keen as any of his compeers, an excessive sense of beauty has worked so daintily and with such ever-increasing softness of touch, that critics begin to cry out against the waxen, peachy bloom and texture which are too ethereal for flesh and blood. That many of these poems suggest this comparison is no shame to them. The book is full of the truest poetical sentiment, clothed in melodious expression; and many of the little lyrics are quite exquisite in tone and workmanship—delicate and perfect miniatures of art. But the more ambitious efforts are more doubtful in their success. Flying lights of the philosophies that are characteristic of our day, and broken shadows of that doubt which has more faith in it than half the creeds, could not be expected to be absent from the musings of a fine and thoughtful mind at this period of the world's history. These are the marks of the age, just as the point of an arch or the tracery of a window betrays a period in architecture, or a line of drapery shows an era in pictorial art. And when we find at the end of a sonnet upon "Faith in Doubt" the beautiful line—

"My soul in heavenly darkness lies at rest,"—

we feel that the better aspect of that religious uncertainty, which is combined with so much pious feeling, has been seized and embodied, in all its mingled wistfulness, relief, and perplexity—with that touch of self-consciousness beside, which is

* Medusa, and other Poems. By Lady Charlotte Elliot. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1878.

its unfailing accompaniment. We feel, however, more disposed to grumble at those other influences of the time, which have led Lady Charlotte Elliot into the world of classical fable for her subjects. Surely we have had enough of *Athenè* and the Fates. A young man, steeped to the lips in those university traditions which are all he knows, may have a more or less reasonable excuse for finding nothing so much worth singing over and over again as the strains to which all his life has been set; but surely there is so much advantage in individuality as to justify us in wishing to keep a woman's voice clear here and there in the poetical choir—a pure soprano note among the hum of the basses. What is *Medusa* to us or we to *Medusa* that we should weep for her? when there are as many tender and tragic scenes around us as ever were enacted in Greece, and all the passions that ever moved humanity are still in force in England? But this sin is not one for which the present singer is alone or chiefly to blame, and it is a more gracious task to indicate beauty than to fall into general fault-finding on a point on which many sincere and thoughtful minds are (we think) led away by one of the affectations of the age. Far more individual, far more real and sweet, are those breathings of tender feeling which belong to our own life. In these the strength of the singer lies. Here, for instance, is a delicious little song which sings itself, and yet has something in it more than mere melody:—

“Why doth the caged bird sing
In the dull city, where the gloomy hours
No gleam of sunshine bring?
How can he feel the rapture of the spring
So far from all its flowers?”

Though he be captive born,
Yet his free spirit seeks the forest-glade;
And in his home forlorn

He trills as if he saw the tender morn
Smile through the young leaves' shade.

A mate he never knew,
Yet hath he learnt the very note of love;
And softly seems to woo,
As if his gentle bride before him flew
To nestle in the grove.”

This charming soft suggestion of the unattained—the ideal life, which birds and men wistfully turn towards and unconsciously aspire to, is it not worth a hundred classical sketches? That which we have not, that which we know not, yet have a right to in our higher nature, and long for, however caged and pinioned, has seldom inspired a sweeter image. And here is another nightingale song, sadder but as sweet:—

“When darkness hides me, dearest,
And when this face, now ever in thy
sight,
Becomes a dream to haunt the silent
night,
And vanish when the busy noon is
clearest—

Then, dear, the love I gave thee,
Which ever for thy coming lay in wait,
Exactng often and importunate,
Shall be a memory to bless and save
thee.

Some little foolish saying
Will wander back unto thee from the
past,
Like a stray rose-branch o'er thy pathway
cast,
With flowers and thorns thy careless
steps waylaying.

June roses in December,
Dream-roses, yet their phantom thorns
give pain.
Somewhere, somehow, when we two meet
again,
How much must we forget, how much
remember!”

Once more this tender suggestion, carrying the mind away into a whole world of pensive thought, gives to the melody of these verses a higher soul.

We have scarcely space to do
more than indicate a most lively,

fresh, and interesting book of holiday travel* which has just reached us. There is no extraneous interest in it that can be detached from the pleasant thread of narrative, or scenes which will come separate in order to give the reader a taste of its quality; but it is extremely fresh, cheerful, and animated, a manly story, giving an impression of a thoroughly companionable and genial personage, young and energetic, and full of that indescribable quality—called (vulgarly, we admit) “go”—which carries man and book through the world better than almost any other possession. A man of scientific attainments and pursuits, whose delight in a dance is as *naïve* and honest as a girl’s; who has a keen eye for the pretty Hungarian damsels and their dances, as well as for scenery and minerals; who is handy enough to manage for himself and his horse in the most outlandish places, and refined enough to enjoy the scenery and note the individual features of both landscape and people wherever he goes,—is the very person to write a book of travels. And we promise the reader an interesting peep into a fresh and little explored country, and much sound and valuable infor-

mation as to its wealth, mineral and industrial, and all its capabilities, as well as an hour or two’s very entertaining reading, from Mr Crosse’s book. Hungary has not yet been invaded by the ordinary tourist, but we know enough of it from private sources,—its curious mixture of races, its wild gipsy wanderers, so weird and primitive, musicians by birth, though almost savage in condition, its ever-encroaching Wallachs, and proud Magyars,—to appreciate the truth of this picture. Justice compels us to add that the country is not tempting to the ordinary traveller, notwithstanding its beauty and freshness. Roads worse than any dreamed of by the English imagination; conveyances which are simply long carts, and adapt themselves to ruts “with a sinuous motion;” village cabarets, where the voyager has to groom his horse and forage for his own supper—require a courage beyond that of the many parties who have, no doubt, begun to plan their holiday wanderings. But on those who stay at home, Mr Crosse’s lively journey may reflect a vicarious pleasure, as a very amusing and cheerful mental ramble, without any fatigue at all.

* Round about the Carpathians. By A. F. Crosse, Fellow of the Chemical Society. W. Blackwood & Sons: 1878.

THE EPIC OF THE LION.

FAITHFULLY RENDERED FROM THE FRENCH OF M. VICTOR HUGO'S
'L'ART D'ÊTRE GRANDPÈRE.'

BY EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

I.

A LION in his jaws caught up a child—
Not harming it—and to the woodland, wild
With secret streams and lairs, bore off his prey;
The beast, as one might cull a flower in May,
Had plucked this bud, not thinking wrong or right,
Mumbling its stalk, too proud or kind to bite,—
A lion's way, roughly compassionate.
Yet truly dismal was the victim's fate ;
Thrust in a cave that rumbled with each roar,
His food wild herbs, his bed the earthy floor,
He lived, half-dead with daily frightening.
It was a rosy boy, son of a king ;
A ten-year lad with bright eyes shining wide,
And save this son his majesty beside
Had but one girl—two years of age—and so
The monarch suffered, being old, much woe,
His heir the monster's prey, while the whole land
In dread both of the beast and king did stand ;
Sore terrified were all :—

By came a Knight
That road, who halted, asking "What's the fright?"
They told him, and he spurred straight for the den:

Oh, such a place ! the sunlight entering in
Grew pale and crept, so grim a sight was shown
Where the gaunt Lion on the rock lay prone :
The wood, at this part thick of growth and wet,
Barred out the sky with black trunks closely set ;
Forest and forester matched wondrous well !
Great stones stood near, with ancient tales to tell—
Such as make moorlands weird in Brittany—
And at its edge a mountain you might see,
One of those iron walls which shut off heaven ;
The Lion's den was a deep cavern driven
Into the granite ridge, fenced round with oaks :
Cities and caverns are discordant folks,
They bear each other grudges ! this did wave
A leafy threat to trespasser,—“Hence, knave !
Or meet my Lion !”

In the champion went.

The den had all the sombre sentiment
 Which palaces display—deaths—murderings—
 Terrors—you felt “here lives one of the kings :”
 Bones strewn around showed that this mighty lord
 Denied himself nought which his woods afford.
 A rock-rift pierced by stroke of lightning gave
 Such misty glimmer as a den need have :
 What eagles might think dawn and owls the dusk
 Makes day enough for kings of claw and tusk.
 All else was regal, though ! you understood
 Why the majestic brute slept, as he should,
 On leaves, with no lace curtains to his bed ;
 And how his wine was blood—nay, or instead,
 Spring-water lapped *sans* napkin, spoon, or cup,
 Or lackeys :—

Being from spur to crest mailed up,
 The champion enters.

In the den he spies

Truly a Mighty One ! Crowned to the eyes
 With shaggy golden fell—the Beast !—it muses
 With look infallible ; for, if he chooses,
 The master of a wood may play at Pope,
 And this one had such claws, there was small hope
 To argue with him on a point of creed !
 The Knight approached—yet not too fast, indeed ;
 His footfall clanged, flaunted his rose-red feather,
 None the more notice took the beast of either,
 Still in his own reflections plunged profound ;
 Theseus a-marching upon that black ground
 Of Sisyphus, Ixion, and dire hell,
 Saw such a scene, murk and implacable :
 But duty whispered “Forward !” so the Knight
 Drew out his sword : the Lion at that sight
 Lifted his head in slow wise, grim to see ;

The Knight said : “Greeting ! monstrous brute ! to thee ;
 In this foul hole thou hast a child in keeping,—
 I search its noisome nooks with glances sweeping
 But spy him not. That child I must reclaim,
 Friends are we if thou renderest up the same ;
 If not—I too am lion, thou wilt find ;
 The king his lost son in his arms shall bind ;
 While here thy wicked blood runs, smoking-hot,
 Before another dawn.”

"I fancy not,"

Pensive the Lion said.

The Knight strode near,
Brandished his blade and cried : "Sire ! have a care !"
The Beast was seen to smile—ominous sight !—
Never make lions smile ! Then joined they fight,
The man and monster, in most desperate duel
Like warring giants, angry, huge, and cruel ;
Like tigers crimsoning an Indian wood,
The man with steel, the beast with claws as good ;
Fang against falchion, hide to mail, that lord
Hurled himself foaming on the flashing sword :
Stout though the Knight, the Lion stronger was,
And tore that brave breast under its cuirass,
And striking blow on blow with ponderous paw,
Forced plate and rivet off, until you saw
Through all the armour's cracks the bright blood spirt,
As when clenched fingers make a mulberry squirt ;
And piece by piece he stripped the iron sheath,
Helm, armlets, greaves—gnawed bare the bones beneath,
Scrunching that hero, till he sprawled—alas !
Beneath his shield, all blood, and mud, and mess :
Whereat the Lion feasted :—then it went
Back to its rocky couch and slept content.

II.

Next came a hermit :

He found out the cave ;
With girdle, gown, and cross—trembling and grave—
He entered. There that Knight lay, out of shape,
Mere pulp : the Lion waking up did gape,
Opened his yellow orbs, heard some one grope,
And—seeing the woollen coat bound with a rope,
A black peaked cowl, and inside that a man—
He finished yawning and to growl began :
Then, with a voice like prison-gates which creak,
Roared, "What would'st thou?"

"My King"

"King?"

"May I speak?"

"Of whom?"

"The Prince."

"Is that what makes a King?"

The monk bowed reverence, "Majesty ! I bring
A message—wherefore keep this child?"

“For that
Whene’er it rains I’ve some one here to chat.”
“Return him.”

“Not so.”

“What then wilt thou do?
Would’st eat him?”

“Ay—if I have naught to chew!”

“Sire! think upon His Majesty in woe!”

“They killed my dam,” the Beast said, “long ago.”

“Bethink thee, sire, a king implores a king.”

“Nonsense—he talks—he’s man! when my notes ring
A Lion’s heard!”

“His only boy!”

“Well, well!

He hath a daughter.”

“She’s no heir.”

“I dwell

Alone in this my home, mid wood and rock,
Thunder my music, and the lightning-shock
My lamp;—let his content him.”

“Ah! show pity.”

“What means that word? is’t current in your city?”

“Lion, thou’dst wish to go to heaven—see here!

I offer thee indulgence, and, writ clear,

God’s passport to His paradise!”

“Get forth,

Thou holy rogue,” thundered the Beast in wrath:

The hermit disappeared.

III.

Thereat left free,

Full of a lion’s vast serenity

He slept again, leaving still night to pass:

The moon rose, starting spectres on the grass,

Shrouding the marsh with mist, blotting the ways,

And melting the black woodland to grey maze;

No stir was seen below, above no motion

Save of the white stars trooping to the ocean:

And while the mole and cricket in the brake

Kept watch, the Lion’s measured breath did make

Slow symphony that kept all creatures calm.

Sudden—loud cries and clamours! striking qualm

Into the heart of the quiet, horn and shout

Causing the solemn wood to reel with rout,

And all the nymphs to tremble in their trees.
The uproars of a midnight chase are these
Which shakes the shades, the marsh, mountain and stream,
And breaks the silence of their sombre dream.
The thicket flashed with many a lurid spark
Of torches borne 'mid wild cries through the dark ;
Hounds, nose to earth, ran yelping through the wood,
And armed groups, gathering in the alleys, stood.
Terrific was the noise that rolled before ;
It seemed a squadron ; nay, 'twas something more—
A whole battalion, sent by that sad king
With force of arms his little Prince to bring,
Together with the Lion's bleeding hide.

Which here was right or wrong ? who can decide ?
Have beasts or men most claim to live ? God wots !
He is the unit, we the cypher-dots.

Well warmed with meat and drink those soldiers were,
Good hearts they bore—and many a bow and spear ;
Their number large, and by a captain led
Valiant, whilst some in foreign wars had bled,
And all were men approved and firm in fight ;
The Lion heard their cries, affronting night,
For by this time his awful lids were lifted ;
But from the rock his chin he never shifted,
And only his great tail wagged to and fro.

Meantime, outside the cavern, startled so,
Came close the uproar of this shouting crowd.
As round a web flies buzzing in a cloud,
Or hive-bees swarming o'er a bear ensnared,
This hunter's legion buzzed, and swarmed, and flared.
In battle order all their ranks were set :
'Twas understood the Beast they came to get,
Fierce as a tiger's cunning—strong to seize—
Could munch up heroes as an ape cracks fleas,
Could with one glance make Jove's own bird look down ;
Wherefore they laid him siege as to a town.
The pioneers with axes cleared the way,
The spearmen followed in a close array,
The archers held their arrows on the string ;
Silence was bid, lest any chattering
Should mask the Lion's footstep in the wood ;
The dogs—who know the moment when 'tis good

To hold their peace—went first, nose to the ground,
Giving no tongue ; the torches all around
Hither and thither flickered, their long beams
Through sighing foliage sending ruddy gleams ;—
Such is the order a great hunt should have :
And soon between the trunks they spy the cave,
A black, dim-outlined hole, deep in the gloom,
Gaping, but blank and silent as the tomb,
Wide open to the night, as though it feared
As little all that clamour as it heard.
There's smoke where fire smoulders, and a town,
When men lay siege, rings tocsin up and down ;
Nothing so here ! therefore with vague dismay
Each stood, and grasp on bow or blade did lay,
Watching the sombre stillness of that chasm :
The dogs among themselves whimpered : a spasm
From the horror lurking in all voiceless places—
Worse than the rage of tempests—blanched all faces :
Yet they were there to find and fight this Thing,
So they advance, each bush examining,
Dreading full sore the very prey they sought ;
The pioneers held high the lamps they brought :
“ There ! that is it ! the very mouth of the den ! ”
The trees all round it muttered, warning men :
Still they kept step and neared it—look you now,
Company's pleasant, and there were a thou——

Good Lord ! all in a moment, there's its face !
Frightful !—they saw the Lion ! Not one pace
Further stirred any man ; the very trees
Grew blacker with his presence, and the breeze
Blew shudders into all hearts present there :
Yet, whether 'twas from valour or wild fear,
The archers drew—and arrow, bolt, and dart
Made target of the Beast. He, on his part—
As calm as Pelion in the rain or hail—
Bristled majestic from the nose to tail,
And shook full fifty missiles from his hide ;
Yet any meaner brute had found beside
Enough still sticking fast to make him yell
Or fly ; the blood was trickling down his fell,
But no heed took he, glaring steadfastly ;
And all those men of war, amazed to be
Thus met by so stupendous might and pride,
Thought him no beast, but some god brutified.

The hounds, tail down, slunk back behind the spears ;
And then the Lion, 'mid the silence, rears
His awful face, and over wood and marsh
Roared a vast roar, hoarse, vibrant, vengeful, harsh,—
A rolling, raging peal of wrath, which spread
From the quaking earth to the echoing vault o'erhead,
Making the half-awakened thunder cry
“ Who thunders there ? ” from its black bed of sky.

This ended all !—sheer horror cleared the coast :
As fogs are driven by wind, that valorous host
Melted, dispersed to all the quarters four,
Clean panic-stricken by that monstrous roar ;
Each with one impulse—leaders, rank and file,
Deeming it haunted ground, where Earth somehow
Is wont to breed marvels of lawless might—
They scampered, mad, blind, reckless, wild with fright.
Then quoth the Lion, “ Woods and mountains ! see,
A thousand men enslaved fear one Beast free ! ”

As lava to volcanoes, so a roar
Is to these creatures ; and, the eruption o'er
In heaven-shaking wrath, they mostly calm.
The gods themselves to lions yield the palm
For magnanimity. When Jove was king,
Hereules said, “ Let's finish off the thing,
Not the Nemæan merely ; every one
We'll strangle—all the lions.” Whereupon
The lions yawned a “ much obliged ! ” his way.

But this Beast, being whelped by night, not day—
Offspring of glooms—was sterner ; one of those
Who go down slowly when their storm's at close ;
His anger had a savage ground-swell in it :
He loved to take his naps, too, to the minute,
And to be roused up thus with horn and hound,—
To find an ambush sprung—to be hemmed round—
Targetted—'twas an insult to his grove !
He paced towards the hill, climbed high above,
Lifted his voice, and, as the sowers sow
The seeds down wind, thus did that Lion throw
His message far enough the town to reach.

“ King ! your behaviour really passes speech !

Thus far no harm I've wrought to him your son ;
But now I give you notice—when night's done
I will make entry at your city-gate,
Bringing the Prince alive ; and those who wait
To see him in my jaws—your lackey-crew—
Shall see me eat him in your palace too ! ”

Quiet the night passed, while the streamlets bubbled,
And the clouds sailed across the vault untroubled.

Next morning this is what was viewed in town :

Dawn coming—people going—some adown
Praying, some crying ; pallid cheeks, swift feet,
And a huge Lion stalking through the street.

IV.

The quaking townsmen in the cellars hid ;
How make resistance ? briefly, no one did ;
The soldiers left their posts, the gates stood wide ;
'Twas felt the Lion had upon his side
A majesty so godlike, such an air—
That den, too, was so dark and grim a lair—
It seemed scarce short of rash impiety
To cross its path as the fierce Beast went by.
So to the palace and its gilded dome
With stately steps unchallenged did he roam,
In many a spot with those vile darts scarred still,
As you may note an oak scored with the bill,
Yet nothing recks that giant-trunk ; so here
Paced this proud wounded Lion, free of fear,
While all the people held aloof in dread,
Seeing the scarlet jaws of that great head
Hold up the princely boy—aswoon.

Is't true

Princes are flesh and blood ? Ah, yes ! and you
Had wept with sacred pity, seeing him
Swing in the Lion's mouth, body and limb :
The tender captive gripped by those grim fangs,
On either side the jowl helplessly hangs,
Deathlike, albeit he bore no wound of tooth.
And for the brute thus gagged it was, in sooth,
A grievous thing to wish to roar, yet be
Muzzled and dumb, so he walked savagely,

His pent heart blazing through his burning eyes,
While not one bow is stretched, no arrow flies ;
They dreaded, peradventure, lest some shaft
Shot with a trembling hand and faltering craft
Might miss the Beast and pierce the Prince :

So, still

As he had promised, roaring from his hill,
This Lion, scorning town and townsfolk sick
To view such terror, goes on straight and quick
To the King's house, hoping to meet there one
Who dares to speak with him :—outside is none !
The door's ajar, and flaps with every blast ;
He enters it—within those walls at last !—
No man !

For, certes, though he raged and wept,
His Majesty, like all, close shelter kept,
Solicitous to live, holding his breath
Specially precious to the realm : now death
Is not thus viewed by honest beasts of prey,
And when the Lion found *him* fled away,
Ashamed to be so grand, man being so base,
He muttered to himself in that dark place
Where lions keep their thoughts : “ This wretched King !
'Tis well, I'll eat his boy ! ” Then, wandering,
Lordly he traversed courts and corridors,
Paced beneath vaults of gold on shining floors,
Glanced at the throne deserted, stalked from hall
To hall—green, yellow, crimson—empty all !
Rich couches void, soft seats unoccupied !
And as he walked he looked from side to side
To find some pleasant nook for his repast,
Since appetite was come to munch at last
The princely morsel :—Ah ! what sight astounds
That grisly loungeur ?

In the palace-grounds

An alcove on a garden gives, and there
A tiny thing—forgot in the general fear,
Lulled in the flower-sweet dreams of infancy,
Bathed with soft sunlight falling brokenly
Through leaf and lattice—was that moment waking ;
A little lovely maid, most dear and taking,
The Prince's sister ; all alone—undressed—
She sate up singing : children sing so best.

A voice of joy, than silver lute-string softer !

A mouth all rose-bud, blossoming in laughter !
 A baby-angel hard at play ! a dream
 Of Bethlehem's cradle, or what nests would seem
 If girls were hatched !—all these ! Eyes, too, so blue
 That sea and sky might own their sapphire new !
 Neck bare, arms bare, pink legs and stomach bare !
 Nought hid the roseate satin skin, save where
 A little white-laced shift was fastened free ;
 She looked as fresh, singing thus peacefully,
 As stars at twilight or as April's heaven ;
 A floweret—you had said—divinely given,
 To show on earth how God's own lilies grow ;
 Such was this beauteous baby-maid ; and so
 The Beast caught sight of her and stopped—

And then

Entered :—the floor creaked as he stalked straight in.

Above the playthings by the little bed
 The Lion put his shaggy massive head,
 Dreadful with savage might and lordly scorn,
 More dreadful with that princely prey so borne ;
 Which she, quick spying, " Brother ! brother !" cried,
 " Oh ! my own brother !" and, untterrified—
 Looking a living rose that made the place
 Brighter and warmer with its fearless grace—
 She gazed upon that monster of the wood,
 Whose yellow balls not Typhon had withstood.
 And—well ! who knows what thoughts these small heads hold ?
 She rose up in her cot—full height, and bold,
 And shook her pink fist angrily at him.

Whereon—close to the little bed's white rim,
 All dainty silk and laces—this huge Brute
 Set down her brother gently at her foot,
 Just as a mother might, and said to her—
 " *Don't be put out, now ! there he is, Dear !—there !*"

JOHN CALDIGATE.—PART III.

CHAPTER IX.—NOBBLE.

DURING the two days which Dick and Caldigate spent together in Melbourne, Mrs Smith's name was not mentioned between them. They were particularly civil each to the other, and went to work together, making arrangements at a bank as to their money, taking their places, despatching their luggage, and sorting their belongings as though there had been no such woman as Mrs Smith on board the Goldfinder. Dick, though he had been inclined to grumble when his mystery had been taken out of his hands,—who had, of course, been jealous when he saw that the lady had discarded her old hat and put on new ribbons, not for him, but for another,—was too conscious of the desolation to which he would be subjected by quarrelling with his friend. He felt himself unable to go alone, and was therefore willing that the by-gones of the ship should be by-gones. Caldigate, on the other hand, acknowledged to himself that he owed some reparation to his companion. Of course he had not bound himself to any special mode of life ;—but had he, in his present condition, allied himself more closely to Mrs Smith, he would, to some extent, have thrown Dick over. And then, as soon as he was on shore, he did feel somewhat ashamed of himself in regard to Mrs Smith. Was it not manifest that any closer alliance, let the alliance be what it might, must be ruinous to him? As it was, had he not made an absolute fool of himself with Mrs Smith? Had he not got himself already into a mess from which there was no escape? Of course he must write to her when the month was over. The

very weight of his thoughts on this matter made him tamer with Dick and more observant than he would otherwise have been.

They were during those two days frequently about the town, looking at the various streets and buildings, at the banks and churches and gardens,—as is usual with young men when they visit a new town ; but, during it all, Caldigate's mind was more intent on Mrs Smith than he was on the sights of the place. Melbourne is not so big but that she might easily have thrown herself in his way had she pleased. Strangers residing in such a town are almost sure to see each other before twenty-four hours are gone. But Mrs Smith was not seen. Two or three times he went up and down Collins Street alone, without his friend, not wishing to see her,—aware that he had better not see her,—but made restless by a nervous feeling that he ought to wish to see her,—that he should, at any rate, not keep out of her way. But Mrs Smith did not show herself. Whatever might be her future views, she did not now take steps to present herself to him. "I shall be so much the more bound to present myself to her," he said to himself. "But perhaps she knows all that," he added in the same soliloquy.

On the Wednesday morning they left Melbourne by the 6 A.M. train for Albury, which latter place they reached the same day, about 2 P.M., having then crossed the Murray river and passed into the colony of New South Wales. Here they stayed but a few hours, and then went on by coach on their journey to Nobbles. From one

wretched vehicle they were handed on to another, never stopping anywhere long enough to go to bed,—three hours at one wretched place and five at another,—travelling at the rate of six miles an hour, bumping through the mud and slush of the bush roads, and still going on for three days and three nights. This was roughing it indeed. Even Dick complained, and said that, of all the torments prepared for wicked mortals on earth, this Australian coaching was the worst. They went through Wagga - Wagga and Murrumburra, and other places with similar names, till at last they were told that they had reached Nobble. Nobble they thought was the foulest place which they had ever seen. It was a gold-digging town, as such places are called, and had been built with great rapidity to supply the necessities of adjacent miners. It was constructed altogether of wood, but no two houses had been constructed alike. They generally had gable ends opening on to the street, but were so different in breadth, altitude, and form, that it was easy to see that each enterprising proprietor had been his own architect. But they were all alike in having enormous advertisement-boards, some high, some broad, some sloping, on which were declared the merits of the tradesmen who administered within to the wants of mining humanity. And they had generally assumed most singular names for themselves: "The Old-stick-in-the-Mud Soft Goods Store," "The Polyeuka Stout Depot," "Number Nine Flour Mills," and so on,—all of which were very unintelligible to our friends, till they learned that these were the names belonging to certain gold-mining claims which had been opened in the neighbourhood of Nobble. The street itself was almost more perilous to vehicles

than the slush of the forest-tracks, so deep were the holes and so uncertain the surface. When Caldigate informed the driver that they wanted to be taken as far as Henniker's hotel, the man said that he had given up going so far as that for the last two months, the journey being too perilous. So they shouldered their portmanteaus and struggled forth down the street. Here and there a short bit of wooden causeway, perhaps for the length of three houses, would assist them; and then, again, they would have to descend into the roadway and plunge along through the mud.

"It is not quite as nice walking as the old Quad at Trinity," said Caldigate.

"It is the beastliest hole I ever put my foot in since I was born," said Dick, who had just stumbled and nearly came to the ground with his burden. "They told us that Nobble was a fine town."

Henniker's hotel was a long, low wooden shanty, divided into various very small partitions by thin planks, in most of which two or more dirty-looking beds had been packed very closely. But between these little compartments there was a long chamber containing a long and very dirty table, and two long benches. Here were sitting a crowd of miners drinking, when our friends were ushered in through the bar or counter which faced to the street. At the bar they were received by a dirty old woman who said that she was Mrs Henniker. Then they were told, while the convivial crowd were looking on and listening, that they could have the use of one of the partitions and their "grub" for 7s. 6d. a-day each. When they asked for a partition apiece, they were told that if they didn't like what was offered to them they might go elsewhere. Upon that they agreed to

Mrs Henniker's terms, and sitting down on one of the benches looked desolately into each others' faces.

Yes;—it was different from Trinity College, different from Babington, very different even from the less luxurious comfort of the house at Pollington. The deck, even the second-class cabin, of the Goldfinder had been better than this. And then they had no friend, not even an acquaintance, within some hundred miles. The men around them were not uncivil. Australian miners never are so. But they were inquisitive, familiar, and with their half-drunken good-humour, almost repulsive. It was about noon when our friends reached Henniker's, and they were told that there would be dinner at one. There was always "grub" at one, and "grub" at seven, and "grub" at eight in the morning. So one of the men informed them. The same gentleman hoped that the strangers were not very particular, as the "grub," though plentiful, was apt to be rough of its kind.

"You'll have it a deal worse before you've done if you're going on to Ahalala," said another. Then Caldgate said that they did intend to go on to Ahalala. "We're going to have a spell at gold-digging," said he. What was the use of making any secret of the matter? "We knowed that ready enough," said one of the men. "Chaps like you don't come much to Nobble for nothing else. Have you got any money to start with?"

"A few half-crowns," said Dick, cautiously.

"Half-crowns don't go very far here, my mate. If you can spend four or five pounds a-week each for the next month, so as to get help till you know where you are, it may be you'll turn up gold at Ahalala;—but if not, you'd better go elsewhere. You needn't be

afraid. We aint a-going to rob you of nothing."

"Nor yet we don't want nothing to drink," said another.

"Speak for yourself, Jack," said a third. "But come;—as these are regular new chums, I don't care if I shout for the lot myself." Then the dirty old woman was summoned, and everybody had whisky all round. When that was done, another generous man came to the front, and there was more whisky, till Caldgate was frightened as to the result.

Evil might have come from it, had not the old woman opportunely brought the "grub" into the room. This she chucked down on the table in such a way that the grease out of the dish splattered itself all around. There was no tablecloth, nor had any preparation been made; but in the middle of the table there was a heap of dirty knives and forks, with which the men at once armed themselves; and each took a plate out of a heap that had been placed on a shelf against the wall. Caldgate and Shand, when they saw how the matter was to be arranged, did as the other men. The "grub" consisted of an enormous lump of boiled beef, and a bowl of potatoes, which was moderate enough in size considering that there were in all about a dozen men to be fed. But there was meat enough for double the number, and bread in plenty, but so ill-made as to be rejected by most of the men. The potatoes were evidently the luxury; and, guided by that feeling, the man who had told the strangers that they need not be afraid of being robbed, at once selected six out of the bowl, and deposited three each before Dick and Caldgate. He helped the others all round to one each, and then was left without any for himself. "I don't care a damn for that sort of tucker," he said, as

though he despised potatoes from the bottom of his heart. Of all the crew he was the dirtiest, and was certainly half drunk. Another man holloaed to "Mother Henniker" for pickles; but Mother Henniker, without leaving her seat at the bar, told them to "pickle themselves." Whereupon one of the party, making some allusion to Jack Brien's swag,—Jack Brien being absent at the moment,—rose from his seat and undid a great roll lying in one of the corners. Every miner has his swag,—consisting of a large blanket which is rolled up, and contains all his personal luggage. Out of Jack Brien's swag were extracted two large square bottles of pickles. These were straightway divided among the men, care being taken that Dick and Caldigate should have ample shares. Then every man helped himself to beef, as much as he would, passing the dish round from one to the other. When the meal was half finished, Mrs Henniker brought in an enormous jorum of tea, which she served out to all the guests in tin pannikins, giving to every man a fixed and ample allowance of brown sugar, without at all consulting his taste. Milk there was none. In the midst of this Jack Brien came in, and with a clamour of mirth the empty pickle jars were shown him. Jack, who was a silent man, and somewhat melancholy, merely shook his head and ate his beef. It may be presumed that he was fond of pickles, having taken so much trouble to provide them; but he said not a word of the injury to which he had been subjected.

"Them's a-going to Ahalala, Jack," said the distributor of the potatoes, nodding his head to indicate the two new adventurers.

"Then they're a-going to the most infernal, mean, —, — break-heartedest place as God Al-

mighty ever put on this 'arth for the perplexment of poor unfortunate — — miners." This was Jack Brien's eloquence, and his description of Ahalala. Before this he had not spoken a word, nor did he speak again till he had consumed three or four pounds of beef, and had swallowed two pannikins of tea. Then he repeated his speech: "There isn't so — — an infernal, mean, break-hearted a place as Ahalala,—not nowhere; no, not nowhere. And so them chums 'll find for themselves if they go there." Then his neighbour whispered into Caldigate's ear that Jack had gone to Ahalala with fifty sovereigns in his pocket, and that he wasn't now worth a red cent.

"But there is gold there?" asked Caldigate.

"It's my belief there's gold pretty much everywhere, and you may find it, or you mayn't. That's where it is;—and the mayn'ts are a deal oftener turning up than the may's."

"A man can get work for wages," suggested Dick.

"Wages! What's the use of that? A man as knows mining can earn wages. But Ahalala aint a place for wages. If you want wages go to one of the old-fashioned places,—Bendigo, or the like of that. I've worked for wages, but what comes of it? A man goes to Ahalala because he wants to run his chance, and get a big haul. It's every one on his own bottom pretty much at Ahalala."

"Wages be —!" said Jack Brien, rising from the seat and hitching up his trousers as he left the room. It was very evident that Jack Brien was a gambler.

After dinner there was a smoke, and after the smoke Dick Shand "shouted" for the company. Dick had quite learned by this time the

mystery of shouting. When one man "stands" drink all round, he shouts; and then it is no more than reciprocal that another man should do the same. And, in this way, when the reciprocal feeling is spread over a good many drinkers, a good deal of liquor is consumed.

While Dick Shand's "shout" was being consumed, Caldigate asked one of his new friends where Mr Crinkett lived. Was Mr Crinkett known in Nobble? It seemed that Mr Crinkett was very well known in Nobble indeed. If anybody had done well at Nobble, Mr Crinkett had done well. He was the "swell" of the place. This informant did not think that Mr Crinkett had himself gone very deep at Ahalala. Mr Crinkett had risen high enough in his profession to be able to achieve more certainty than could be found at such a place as Ahalala. By this time they were on the road to Mr Crinkett's house, this new friend having undertaken to show them the way.

"He can put you up to a thing or two, if he likes," said the new friend. "Perhaps he's a pal of yours?"

Caldigate explained that he had never seen Mr Crinkett, but that he had come to Nobble armed with a letter from a gentleman in England who had once been concerned in gold-digging.

"He's a civil enough gent, is Crinkett," said the miner;—"but he do like making money. They say of him there's nothing he wouldn't sell,—not even his grandmother's bones. I like trade, myself," added the miner; "but some of 'em's too sharp. That's where Crinkett lives. He's a swell; aint he?"

They had walked about half a mile from the town, turning down

a lane at the back of the house, and had made their way through yawning pit-holes and heaps of dirt and pools of yellow water,—where everything was disorderly and apparently deserted,—till they came to a cluster of heaps so large as to look like little hills; and here there were signs of mining vitality. On their way they had not come across a single shred of vegetation, though here and there stood the bare trunks of a few dead and headless trees, the ghosts of the forest which had occupied the place six or seven years previously. On the tops of these artificial hills there were sundry rickety-looking erections, and around them were troughs and sheds and rude water-works. These, as the miner explained, were the outward and visible signs of the world-famous "Old Stick-in-the-Mud" claim, which was now giving two ounces of gold to the ton of quartz, and which was at present the exclusive property of Mr Crinkett, who had bought out the tribute shareholders and was working the thing altogether on his own bottom. As they ascended one of those mounds of upcast stones and rubble, they could see on the other side the crushing-mills, and the engine-house, and could hear the thud, thud, thud of the great iron hammers as they fell on the quartz,—and then, close beyond, but still among the hillocks, and surrounded on all sides by the dirt and filth of the mining operations, was Mr Crinkett's mansion. "And there's his very self a-standing at the gate a-counting how many times the hammer falls a minute, and how much gold is a-coming from every blow as it falls." With this little observation as to Mr Crinkett's personal character, the miner made his way back to his companions.

CHAPTER X.—POLYEUKA HALL.

The house which they saw certainly surprised them much, and seemed to justify the assertion just before made to them that Mr Crinkett was a swell. It was marvellous that any man should have contemplated the building of such a mansion in a place so little attractive, with so many houses within view. The house and little attempted garden, together with the stables and appurtenances, may have occupied half an acre. All around it were those hideous signs of mining operations which make a country rich in metals look as though the devil had walked over it, dragging behind him an enormous rake. There was not a blade of grass to be seen. As far as the eye could reach there stood those ghost-like skeletons of trees in all spots where the soil had not been turned up; but on none of them was there a leaf left, or even a branch. Everywhere the ground was thrown about in hideous uncovered hillocks, all of which seemed to have been deserted except those in the immediate neighbourhood of Mr Crinkett's house. But close around him one could see wheels turning and long ropes moving, and water running in little wooden conduits, all of which were signs of the activity going on under ground. And then there was the never-ceasing thud, thud, thud of the crushing-mill, which from twelve o'clock on Sunday-night to twelve o'clock on Saturday night, never paused for a moment, having the effect, on that vacant day, of creating a painful strain of silence upon the ears of those who were compelled to remain on the spot during the unoccupied time. It was said that in Mr Crinkett's mansion every sleeper would wake from his sleep as soon

as the engine was stopped, disturbed by the unwonted quiescence.

But the house which had been built in this unpromising spot was quite entitled to be called a mansion. It was of red brick, three storeys high, with white stone facings to all the windows and all the corners, which glittered uncomfortably in the hot sun. There was a sweep up to it, the road having been made from the debris of the stone out of which the gold had been crushed; but though there was the sweep up to the door carefully made for the length of a few dozen yards, there was nothing that could be called a road outside, though there were tracks here and there through the hillocks, along which the waggons employed about the place struggled through the mud. The house itself was built with a large hall in the middle, and three large windows on each side. On the floor there were four large rooms, with kitchens opening out behind, and above there were, of course, chambers in proportion; and in the little garden there was a pond and a big bath-house, and there were coach-houses and stables;—so that it was quite a mansion. It was called Polyeuca Hall, because while it was being built Mr Crinkett was drawing large gains from the Poly-euka mine, about three miles distant on the other side of Nobble. For the building of his mansion on this special site, no one could imagine any other reason than that love which a brave man has of overcoming difficulties. To endeavour to create a paradise in such a Pandemonium required all the energies of a Crinkett. Whether or not he had been successful depended of course on his own idiosyncrasies. He had a wife who, it is to be

hoped, liked her residence. They had no children, and he spent the greater part of his time away in other mining districts in which he had ventures. When thus absent, he would live as Jack Brien and his friends were living at Mrs Henniker's, and was supposed to enjoy the ease of his inn more thoroughly than he did the constraint of his grand establishment.

At the present moment he was at home, and was standing at the gate of his domain all alone, with a pipe in his mouth,—perhaps listening, as the men had said, to the noise of his own crushing-machine. He was dressed in black, with a chimney-pot on his head,—and certainly did not look like a miner, though he looked as little like a gentleman. Our friends were in what they conceived to be proper miners' costume, but Mr Crinkett knew at a glance that there was something uncommon about them. As they approached he did not attempt to open the gate, but awaited them, looking over the top of it from the inside. "Well, my mates, what can I do for you?" he said, still remaining on his side, and apparently intending that they should remain on theirs. Then Caldigate brought forth his letter, and handed it to the owner of the place across the top of the gate. "I think Mr Jones wrote to you about us before," said Caldigate.

Crinkett read the letter very deliberately. Perhaps he required time to meditate what his conduct should be. Perhaps he was not quick at reading written letters. But at last he got to the end of the very few words which the note contained. "Jones!" he said,—
"Jones wasn't much account when he was out here."

"We don't know a great deal about him," said Dick.

"But when he heard that we

were coming, he offered us a letter to you," said Caldigate. "I believe him to be an honest man."

"Honest! Well, yes; I daresay he's honest enough. He never robbed me of nothing. And shall I tell you why? Because I know how to take care that he don't, nor yet nobody else." As he said this, he looked at them as though he intended that they were included among the numbers against whom he was perfectly on his guard.

"That's the way to live," said Dick.

"That's the way I live, my friend. He did write before. I remember saying to myself what a pair of simpletons you must be if you was thinking of going to Ahalala."

"We do think of going there," said Caldigate.

"The road's open to you. Nobody won't prevent you. You can get beef and mutton there, and damper, and tea no doubt, and what they call brandy, as long as you've got the money to pay for it. One won't say anything about what price they'll charge you. Have you got any money?" Then Caldigate made a lengthened speech, in which he explained so much of their circumstances as seemed necessary. He did not name the exact sum which had been left at the bank in Melbourne, but he did make Mr Crinkett understand that they were not paupers. They were anxious to do something in the way of mining, and particularly anxious to make money. But they did not quite know how to begin. Could he give them a hint? They meant to work with their own hands, but perhaps it might be well for them at first to hire the services of some one to set them agoing.

Crinkett listened very patiently, still maintaining his position on his own side of the gate. Then he spoke words of such wisdom as was

in him. "Ahalala is just the place to ease you of a little money. Mind I tell you. Gold! of course there's been gold to be got there. But what's been the cost of it? What's been the return? If sixteen hundred men, among 'em, can sell fifteen hundred pounds' worth of gold a-week, how is each man to have twenty shillings on Saturday night? That's about what it is at Ahalala. Of course there's gold. And where there's gold chucked about in that way, just on the surface, one gets it and ten don't. Who is to say you mayn't be the one? As to hiring a man to show you the way,—you can hire a dozen. As long as you'll pay 'em ten shillings a-day to loaf about, you may have men enough. But whether they'll show you the way to anything except the liquor-store, that's another thing. Now, shall I tell you what you two gents had better do?" Dick declared that the two gents would be very much obliged to him if he would take that trouble. "Of course you've heard of the 'Old Stick-in-the-Mud'?" Dick told him that they had heard of that very successful mining enterprise since their arrival at Nobbie. "You ask on the veranda at Melbourne, or at Ballarat, or at Sydney. If they don't tell you about it, my name's not Crinkett. You put your money, what you've got, into ten-shilling shares. I'll accommodate you, as you're friends of Jones, with any reasonable number. We're getting two ounces to the ton. The books'll show you that."

"We thought you'd purchased out all the shareholders," said Caldigate.

"So I did, and now I'm redividing it. I'd rather have a company; it's pleasanter. If you can put in a couple of thousand pounds or so between you, you can travel about and see the country, and your

money'll be working for you all the time. Did you ever see a gold-mine?"

They owned that they never yet had been a yard below ground. Then he opened his gate preparatory to taking them down the Old Stick-in-the-Mud, and brought them with him into one of the front rooms. It was a large parlour, only half furnished, not yet papered, without a carpet, in which it appeared that Mr Crinkett kept his own belongings. Here he divested himself of his black clothes and put on a suit of miner's garments,—real miner's garments, very dirty, with a slouch hat, on the top of which there was a lump of mud in which to stick a candle-end. Any one learned in the matter would immediately have known the real miner. "Now if you like to see a mine we will go down, and then you can do as you like about your money."

They started forth, Crinkett leading the way, and entered the engine-house. As they went he said not a word, being aware that gold, gold that they could see with their eyes in its raw condition, would tempt them more surely than all his eloquence. In the engine-house the three of them got into a box or truck that was suspended over the mouth of a deep shaft, and soon found themselves descending though the bowels of the earth. They went down about four hundred feet, and as they were reaching the bottom Crinkett remarked that it was "a goodish deep hole all to belong to one man." "Yes," he added as Caldigate extricated himself from the truck, "and there's a precious lot more gold to come out of it yet, I can tell you."

In all the sights to be seen about the world there is no sight in which there is less to be seen than in a gold-mine. The two young men were made to follow their conductor

along a very dirty underground gallery for about a quarter of a mile, and then they came to four men working with picks in a rough sort of chamber, and four others driving holes in the walls. They were simply picking down the rock, in doing which they were assisted by gunpowder. With keen eyes Crinkett searched along the roof and sides, and at last showed to his companion one or two little specks which he pronounced to be gold. "When it shows itself like that all about, you may guess whether it's a paying concern! Two ounces to the ton, my boy!" As Dick and Caldigate hitherto knew nothing about ounces and tons in reference to gold, and as they had heard of nuggets, and lumps of gold nearly as big as their fist, they were not much exalted by what they saw down the Old Stick-in-the-Mud. Nor did they like the darkness, and dampness, and dirt, and dreariness of the place. They had both resolved to work, as they had often said, with their own hands;—but in thinking over it their imagination had not pictured to them so uncomfortable a workshop as this. When they had returned to the light, the owner of the place took them through the crushing-mill attached, showed them the stone or mulloch, as it was thrust into the jaws of the devouring animal, and then brought them in triumph round to the place where the gold was eliminated from the debris of mud and water. The gold did not seem to them to be very much; but still there it was. "Two ounces to the ton, my boys!" said Crinkett, as he brought them back to his house. "You'll find that a 10s. share'll give you about 6d. a-month. That's about 60 per cent, I guess. You can have your money monthly. What comes out of that there mine in a March, you can have in a April, and so on.

There aint nothing like it anywhere else,—not as I knows on. And instead of working your hearts out, you can be just amusing yourselves about the country. Don't go to Ahalala;—unless it is for dropping your money. If that's what you want, I won't say but Ahalala is as good a place as you'll find in the colony." Then he brought a bottle of whisky out of a cupboard, and treated them to a glass of grog apiece. Beyond that his hospitality did not go.

Dick looked as though he liked the idea of having a venture in the Old Stick-in-the-Mud. Caldigate, without actually disbelieving all that had been said to him, did not relish the proposal. It was not the kind of thing which they had intended. After they had learned their trade as miners it might be very well for them to have shares in some established concern;—but in that case he would wish to be one of the managers himself, and not to trust everything to any Crinkett, however honest. That suggestion of travelling about and amusing themselves, did not commend itself to him. New South Wales might, he thought, be a good country for work, but did not seem to offer much amusement beyond sheer idleness, and brandy-and-water.

"I rather think we should like to do a little in the rough first," he said.

"A very little'll go a long way with you, I'm thinking."

"I don't see that at all," said Dick, stoutly.

"You go down there and take one of them picks in your hand for a week,—eight hours at a time, with five minutes' spell allowed for a smoke, and see how you'll feel at the end of the week."

"We'll try it on, if you'll give us 10s. a-day for the week," said Caldigate, rubbing his hands together.

"I wouldn't give you half-a-crown for the whole time between you, and you wouldn't earn it. Ten shillings a-day! I suppose you think a man has only just to say the word and become a miner out of hand. You've a deal to learn before you'll be worth half the money. I never knew chaps like you come to any good at working. If you've got a little money, you know, I've shown you what you can do with it. But perhaps you haven't."

The conversation was ended by a declaration on the part of Caldigate that they would take a week to think over Mr Crinkett's kind proposition, and that they might as well occupy the time by taking a look at Ahalala. A place that had been so much praised and so much abused must be worth seeing. "Whose been a-praising it," asked Crinkett, angrily, "unless it's that fool Jones? And as for waiting, I don't say that you'll have the shares at that price next week." In this way he waxed angry; but, nevertheless, he condescended to recommend a man to them, when Caldigate declared that they would like to hire some practical miner to accompany them. "There's Mick Maggott," said he, "knows mining a'most as well as anybody. You'll hear of him, maybe, up at Henniker's. He's honest; and if you can keep him off the drink he'll do as well as anybody. But neither Mick nor nobody else can do you no good at Ahalala." With that he led them out of the gate, and nodding his head at them by way of farewell, left them to go back to Mrs Henniker's.

To Mrs Henniker's they went, and there, stretched out at length on the wooden veranda before the house, they found the hero of the potatoes,—the man who had taken them down to Crinkett's house.

He seemed to be fast asleep, but as they came up on the boards, he turned himself on his elbow, and looked at them. "Well, mates," he said, "what do you think of Tom Crinkett now you've seen him?"

"He doesn't seem to approve of Ahalala," said Dick.

"In course he don't. When a new rush is opened like that, and takes away half the hands a man has about him, and raises the wages of them who remain, in course he don't like it. You see the difference. The Old Stick-in-the-Mud is an established kind of thing."

"It's a paying concern, I suppose?" said Caldigate.

"It has paid;—not a doubt about it. Whether it's played out or not, I'm not so sure. But Ahalala is a working-man's diggings, not a master's, such as Crinkett's is now. Of course Crinkett has a down on Ahalala."

"Your friend Jack Brien didn't seem to think much of the place," said Dick.

"Poor Jack is one of them who never has a stroke of luck. He's a sort of chum who, when he has a bottle of pickles, somebody else is sure to eat 'em. Ahalala isn't so bad. It's one of them chancy places, of course. You may and you mayn't, as I was a-saying before. When the great rush was on, I did uncommon well at Ahalala. I never was the man I was then."

"What became of it?" asked Caldigate, with a smile.

"Mother Henniker can tell you that, or any other publican round the country. It never will stick to me. I don't know why, but it never will. I've had my luck, too. Oh, laws! I might have had my house, just as grand as Polly Hooker this moment, only I never could stick to it like Tom Crinkett. I've drank cham—paign out of buckets;—I have."

"I'd rather have a pot of beer out of the pewter," said Caldigate.

"Very like. One doesn't drink cham—paign because it's better nor anything else. A nobbler of brandy's worth ten of it. It's the glory of out-facing the swells at their own game. There was a chap over in the other colony shod his horse with gold,—and he had to go shepherding afterwards for thirty pounds a-year and his grub. But it's something for him to have ridden a horse with gold shoes. You've never seen a bucketful of cham—paign in the old country?"

When both Dick and Caldigate had owned that they had never encountered luxury so superabundant, and had discussed the matter in various shapes,—asking whether the bucket had been emptied, and other questions of the same nature,—Caldigate inquired of his friend whether he knew Mick Maggott?

"Mick Maggott!" said the man,

jumping up to his feet. "Who wants Mick Maggott?" Then Caldigate explained the recommendation which Mr Crinkett had made. "Well;—I'm darned;—Mick Maggott? I'm Mick Maggott, myself."

Before the evening was over an arrangement had been made between the parties, and had even been written on paper and signed by all the three. Mick on the morrow was to proceed to Ahalala with his new comrades, and was to remain with them for a month, assisting them in all their views; and for this he was to receive ten shillings a-day. But, in the event of his getting drunk, he was to be liable to dismissal at once. Mick pleaded hard for one bout of drinking during the month;—but when Dick explained that one bout might last for the entire time, he acknowledged that the objection was reasonable and assented to the terms proposed.

CHAPTER XI.—AHALALA.

It was all settled that night, and some necessary purchases made. Ahalala was twenty-three miles from Nobble, and a coach had been established through the bush for the benefit of miners going to the diggings;—but Mick was of opinion that miners ought to walk, with their swag on their backs, when the distance was not more than forty miles. "You look so foolish getting out of one of them rattle-trap coaches," he said, "and everybody axing whether you're going to pick for yourself or buy a share in a claim. I'm all for walking,—if it aint beneath you." They declared themselves quite ready to walk, and under Mick's guidance they went out and bought two large red blankets and two pannikins. Mick declared that if they went without

swags on their backs and pannikins attached to their swags, they would be regarded with evil eyes by all who saw them. There were some words about the portmanteaus. Mick proposed that they should be left for the entire month in the charge of Mrs Henniker, and when this was pronounced impossible, he was for a while disposed to be off the bargain. Caldigate declared that, with all his ambition to be a miner, he must have a change of shirts. Then Mick pointed to the swag. Couldn't he put another shirt into the swag? It was at last settled that one portmanteau should be sent by the coach, and one left in the charge of Mrs Henniker. "Them sort of traps aint never any good, in my mind," said Mick. "It's unmanly, having all them

togs. I like a wash as well as any man,—trousers, jersey, drawers, and all. I'm always at 'em when I get a place for a rinse by the side of a creek. But when my things are so gone that they won't hang on comfortable any longer, I chucks 'em away and buys more. Two jerseys is good, and two drawers is good, because of wet. Boots is awkward, and I allays does with one pair. Some have two, and ties 'em on with the pannikin. But it aint ship-shape. Them's my ideas, and I've been at it these nine years. You'll come to the same."

The three started the next morning at six, duly invested with their swags. Before they went they found Mrs Henniker up, with hot tea, boiled beef, and damper. "Just one drop at starting,—for the good of the house," said Mick, apologetically. Whereupon the whisky was brought, and Mick insisted on "shouting" for it out of his own pocket.

They had hardly gone a mile out of Nobble before Maggott started a little difficulty,—merely for the purpose of solving it with a master's hand. "There aint to be no misters among us, you know."

"Certainly not," said Caldigate.

"My name's Mick. This chap's name's Dick. I didn't exactly catch yourn. I suppose you've been kursened."

"Yes;—they christened me John."

"Aint it never been Jack with you?"

"I don't think it ever was."

"John! It do sound lackadaisical. What I call womanish. But perhaps it's for the better. We have such a lot of Jacks. There's dirty Jack, and Jack the nigger, and Jack Misery,—that's poor Jack Brien;—and a lot more. Perhaps you wouldn't like not another name of that sort."

"Well, no,—unless it's necessary."

"There aint another John about the place, as I know. I never knew a John down a mine—never. We'll try it, anyhow."

And so that was settled. As it happened, though Dick Shand had always been Dick to his friend, Caldigate had never, as yet, been either John or Jack to Dick Shand. There are men who fall into the way of being called by their Christian names, and others who never hear them except from their own family. But before the day was out, Caldigate had become John to both his companions. "It don't sound as it ought to do;—not yet," said Mick, after he had tried it about a dozen times in five minutes.

Before the day was over it was clear that Mick Maggott had assumed the mastery. When three men start on an enterprise together, one man must be "boss." Let the republic be as few as it may, one man must be president. And as Mick knew what he was about, he assumed the situation easily. The fact that he was to receive wages from the others had no bearing on the subject at all. Before they got to Ahalala Caldigate had begun to appreciate all this, and to understand in part what they would have to do during this month, and how they would have to live. It was proposed that they should at once fix on a spot,—“peg out a claim,” on some occupied piece of ground, buy for themselves a small tent,—of which they were assured that they would find many for sale,—and then begin to sink a hole. When they entered Ahalala, Caldigate was surprised to find that Mick was the most tired of the three. It is always so. The man who has laboured from his youth upwards can endure with his arms. It is he who has had leisure to shoot, to play cricket, to climb up mountains, and to handle a racket, that can walk. “Darned if you

aint better stuff than I took you for," said Mick, as the three let the swags down from their backs on the veranda of Ridley's hotel at Ahalala.

Ahalala was a very different place from Nobble,—made Nobble seem to be almost a compact and prosperous city. At Nobble there was at any rate a street. But at Ahalala everything was straggling. The houses, such as they were, stood here and there about the place, while a great part of the population lived under canvas. And then Ahalala was decidedly in the forest. The trees around had not yet been altogether killed, nor had they been cut down in sufficient numbers to divest the place of its forest appearance. Ahalala was leafy, and therefore though much less regular, also less hideous, than Nobble. When Dick first made tender inquiry as to the comforts of an hotel, he was assured that there were at any rate a couple of dozen. But the place was bewildering. There seemed to be no beginning to it and no end. There were many tracks about here and there,—but nothing which could be called a road. The number of holes was infinite,—each hole covered by a rough windlass used for taking out the dirt, which was thrown loosely anywhere round the aperture. Here and there were to be seen little red flags stuck upon the end of poles. These indicated, as Mick informed them, those fortunate adventures in which gold had been found. At those very much more numerous hillocks which showed no red flag, the labourers were hitherto labouring in vain. There was a little tent generally near to each hillock in which the miners slept, packed nearly as close as sheep in a fold. As our party made its way through the midst of this new world to Ridley's hotel, our friend observed many a

miner sitting at his evening meal. Each generally had a frying-pan between his legs, out of which he was helping himself to meat which he had cooked on the ashes just behind him. Sometimes two or three were sharing their provisions out of the same frying-pan; but as a rule each miner had his own, and each had it between his legs.

Before they had been at Ahalala twenty-four hours they also had their tent and their frying-pan and their fire, and had pegged out their claim, and were ready to commence operations on the morrow. It was soon manifest to Caldgate and Dick Shand that they would have been very much astray without a "boss" to direct them. Three or four hours had been passed in forming a judgment as to the spot on which they should commence to dig. And in making his choice Mick had been guided by many matters as to which our two adventurers were altogether ignorant. It might be that Mick was equally so; but he at any rate assumed some knowledge. He looked to the fall of the ground, the line in which the red flags were to be traced,—if any such line could be found,—and was possessed of a considerable amount of jargon as to topographical mining secrets. At last they found a spot, near a creek, surrounded by forest-trees, perhaps three hundred yards from the nearest adjacent claim, and, as Mick declared, in a direct line with three red flags. Here they determined to commence their operations. "I don't suppose we shall do any good," said Caldgate to Dick, "but we must make a beginning, if only for the sake of hardening our hands. We shall be learning something at the time even though we only shovel up so much mud."

For a fortnight they shovelled up the soil continuously without any golden effects, and, so far, without

any feeling of disappointment. Mick had told them that if they found a speck at the end of three weeks they would be very fortunate. They had their windlass, and they worked in relays, one man at the bottom, one man at the wheel, and one man idle. In this way they kept up their work during eighteen hours of the day. Each man in this way worked twelve hours, and had twelve for sleeping, and cooking, and eating. Other occupation they had none. During the fortnight neither of them went any further distance from their claim than to the neighbouring shop. Mick often expressed his admiration at their continued industry, not understanding the spirit which will induce such young men as them to work, even when the work is agonising. And they were equally charmed with Mick's sobriety and loyalty. Not a word had been said as to hours of work,—and yet he was as constant to their long hours as though the venture was his own,—as though there was no question of wages.

"We aint had a drop o' drink yet," said Mick one night. "Aint we a holding off like Britons?" There was great triumph in his voice as he said this;—very great triumph, but, also, as Caldigate thought, a sound of longing also. They were now in their third week, and the word whisky had never been pronounced between them. At this moment, when Mick's triumphant ejaculation was uttered, they were all lying—in bed. It shall be called bed by way of compliment. They had bought a truss of straw, which Mick had declared to be altogether unnecessary and womanish, and over that was laid a white india-rubber sheet which Caldigate had brought with him from England. This, too, had roused the miner's wrath. Nevertheless he

condescended to lie upon it. This was their bed; and here they lay, each wrapped up in his blanket, Mick in the middle, with our two friends at the sides. Now it was not only on Mick's account, but quite as much in reference to Dick Shand, that Caldigate deprecated any reference to drink. The abstention hitherto had been marvellous. He himself would have gone daily to the store for a bottle of beer, but that he recognised the expedience of keeping them away from the place. He had heard that it was a peculiarity of the country that all labour was done without drink, even when it was done by determined drunkards. The drunkard would work for a month, and then drink for a month,—and then, after a time, would die. The drink almost always consisted of spirits of the worst description. It seemed to be recognised by the men that work and drink must be kept separate. But Mick's mind travelled away on this occasion from the little tent to the delights of Ridley's bar. "We haven't had a drop of drink yet," he said.

"We'll push through the month without it;—eh, old boy?" said Caldigate.

"What wouldn't I give for a pint of bitter beer?" said Shand.

"Or a bottle of Battleaxe between the three of us!" said Mick;—Battleaxe being the name of a certain brand for brandy.

"Not a drop till the month is over," said Caldigate, turning himself round in his blanket. Then there were whisperings between the other two men, of which he could only hear the hum.

On the next morning at six Caldigate and Dick Shand were at the hole together. It was Caldigate's turn to work till noon, whereas Dick went off at nine, and Mick would come on from nine till three. At nine Mick did not make his

appearance, and Dick declared his purpose of looking after him. Caldigate also threw down his tools, as he could not work alone, and went in search. The upshot of it was, that he did not see either of his companions again till he found them both very drunk at a drinking-shop about two miles away from their claim, just before dusk!

This was terrible. He did at last succeed in bringing back his own friend to the tent, having, however, a sad task in doing so. But Mick Maggott would not be moved. He had his wits about him enough to swear that he cared for nothing. He was going to have a spree. Nobody had ever known him to be talked out of it when he had once set his mind upon it. He had set his mind upon it now, and he meant to have his whack. This was what he said of himself: "It aint no good, John. It aint no good at all, John. Don't you trouble yourself, John. I'm going to have it out, John, so I tell you." This he said, nodding his head about in a maudlin sort of way, and refusing to allow himself to be moved.

On the next day Dick Shand was sick, repentant, and idle. On the third, he returned to his work,—working, however, with difficulty. After that, he fairly recovered himself, and the two Cambridge men went on resolutely at their hole. They soon found how hard it was not to go astray without their instructed mate. The sides of the shaft became crooked and uneven, and the windlass sometimes could not be made to work. But still they persevered, and went on by themselves for an entire week without a sign of gold. During this time various fruitless expeditions were made by both the men in search of Maggott. He was still at the same drinking-shop, but could

not be induced to leave it. At last they found him with the incipient horrors of delirium tremens, and yet they could not get him away. The man who kept the place was quite used to delirium tremens, and thought nothing about it. When Caldigate tried a high moral tone everybody around him laughed at him.

They had been digging for a month, and still without a speck of gold, when, one morning early, Mick appeared in front of the tent. It was then about eight, and our friends had stopped their work to eat their breakfast. The poor man, without saying a word, came and crouched down before them;—not in shame,—not at all that; but apparently in an agony of sickness,—“I’ve had my bout,” he said.

“I don’t suppose you’re much the better for it,” replied Caldigate.

“No; I aint none the better. I thought it was all up with me yesterday. Oh, laws! I’ve had it heavy this time.”

“Why are you such a fool?”

“Well;—you see, John, some of us is born fools. I’m one of ’em. You needn’t tell me, ’cause I know all about it without any sermoning. Nobody don’t know it so well as I do! How should they? If you had my inside now,—and my head! Oh, laws!”

“Give it up, man.”

“That’s easy said;—as if I wouldn’t if I could. I haven’t got a blessed coin left to buy a bite of bread with,—and I couldn’t touch a morsel if I had ever so much. I’ll take my blanket and be off as soon as I can move.” All this time he had been crouching, but now he threw himself at length upon the ground.

Of course they did what they could for the poor wretch. They got him into the tent, and they made him swallow some tea. Then

he slept; and in the course of the afternoon he had so far recovered as to be able to eat a bit of meat. Then, when his companions were at their work, he carefully packed up his swag, and fastening it on to his back, appeared by the side of the hole. "I'm come to bid you good-bye," he said.

"Where are you going, Mick?" asked Caldigate, climbing up out of the hole by the rope.

"I'm blessed if I know, but I'm off. You are getting that hole tarnation crooked."

The man was going without any allusion to the wages he had earned, or to the work that he had done. But then, in truth, he had not earned his wages, as he had broken his contract. He made no complaint, however, and no apology, but was prepared to start.

"That's all nonsense," said Dick, catching hold of him.

"You put your swag down," said Caldigate, also catching hold of the other shoulder.

"What am I to put my swag down for? I'm a going back to Nobble. Crinkett'll give me work."

"You're not going to leave us in that way," said Dick.

"Stop and make the shaft straight," said Caldigate. The man looked irresolute. "Friends are not to part like that."

"Friends!" said the poor fellow. "Who'll be friends to such a beast as I be? But I'll stay out the month if you'll find me my grub."

"You shall have your grub and your money too. Do you think we've forgotten the potatoes?"

"— the potatoes," said the man, bursting into tears. Then he chucked away his swag, and threw himself under the tent upon the straw. The next day he was mak-

ing things as straight as he could down the shaft.

When they had been at work about five weeks there was a pole stuck into their heap of dirt, and on the top of the pole there was a little red flag flying. At about thirty feet from the surface, when they had already been obliged to insert transverse logs in the shaft to prevent the sides from falling in, they had come upon a kind of soil altogether different from the ordinary clay through which they had been working. There was a stratum of loose shingle or gravelly earth, running apparently in a sloping direction, taking the decline of the very slight hill on which their claim was situated. Mick, as soon as this was brought to light, became an altered man. The first bucket of this stuff that was pulled up was deposited by him separately, and he at once sat down to wash it. This he did in an open tin pan. Handful after handful he washed, shifting and teasing it about in the pan, and then he cast it out, always leaving some very small residuum. He was intent upon his business to a degree that Caldigate would have thought to be beyond the man's nature. With extreme patience he went on washing handful after handful all the day, while the other two pulled up fresh buckets of the same stuff. He would not pause to eat, or hardly to talk. At last there came a loud exclamation. "By —, we've got it!" Then Dick and Caldigate, stooping down, were shown four or five little specks in the angle of the pan's bottom. Before the sun had set they had stuck up their little red flag, and a crowd of neighbours was standing round them asking questions as to their success.

CHAPTER XII.—MADEMOISELLE CETTINI.

After three days of successful washing, when it became apparent that a shed must be built, and that, if possible, some further labour must be hired, Mick said that he must go. "I aint earned nothing," he said, "because of that bout, and I aint going to ask for nothing, but I can't stand this any longer. I hope you'll make your fortins." Then came the explanation. It was not possible, he said, that a regular miner, such as he was, should be a party to such a grand success without owning a share in it. He was quite aware that nothing belonged to him. He was working for wages and he had forfeited them. But he couldn't see the gold coming out under his hands in pailfuls and feel that none of it belonged to him. Then it was agreed that there should be no more talk of wages, and that each should have a third share in the concern. Very much was said on the matter of drink, in all of which Caldigate was clever enough to impose on his friend Dick the heavy responsibility of a mentor. A man who has once been induced to preach to another against a fault will feel himself somewhat constrained by his own sermons. Mick would make no promises; but declared his intention of trying very hard. "If anybody 'd knock me down as soon as I goes a yard off the claim, that 'd be best." And so they renewed their work, and at the end of six weeks from the commencement of their operations sold nine ounces of gold to the manager of the little branch bank which had already established itself at Ahalala. These were hardly "pailfuls;" but gold is an article which adds fervour to the imagination and almost creates a power for romance.

Other matters, however, were not

running smoothly with John Caldigate at this eventful time. To have found gold so soon after their arrival was no doubt a great triumph, and justified him in writing a long letter to his father, in which he explained what he had done, and declared that he looked forward to success with confidence. But still he was far from being at ease. He could not suffer himself to remain hidden at Ahalala without saying something of his whereabouts to Mrs Smith. After what had happened between them he would be odious to himself if he omitted to keep the promise which he had made to her. And yet he would so fain have forgotten her,—or rather have wiped away from the reality of his past life that one episode, had it been possible. A month's separation had taught him to see how very silly he had been in regard to this woman,—and had also detracted much from those charms which had delighted him on board ship. She was pretty, she was clever, she had the knack of being a pleasant companion. But how much more than all these was wanted in a wife? And then he knew nothing about her. She might be, or have been, all that was disreputable. If he could not shake himself free from her, she would be a millstone round his neck. He was aware of all that, and as he thought of it he would think also of the face of Hester Bolton, and remember her form as she sat silent in the big house at Chesterton. But nevertheless it was necessary that he should write to Mrs Smith. He had promised that he would do so, and he must keep his word.

The name of the woman had not been mentioned between him and Dick Shand since they left the ship.

Dick had been curious, but had been afraid to inquire, and had in his heart applauded the courage of the man who had thus been able to shake off at once a woman with whom he had amused himself. Caldgate himself was continually meditating as he worked with the windlass in his hand, or with his pick at the bottom of the hole, whether in conformity with the usages of the world he could not simply—drop her. Then he remembered the words which had passed between them on the subject, and he could not do it. He was as yet too young to be at the same time so wise and so hard. "I shall hold you as engaged to me," he had said, "and myself as engaged to you." And he remembered the tones of her voice as, with her last words, she had said to him, "My love, my love!" They had been very pleasant to him then, but now they were most unfortunate. They were unfortunate because there had been a power in them from which he was now unable to extricate himself.

Therefore, during one of those leisure periods in which Mick and Dick were at work, he wrote his letter, with the paper on his knees, squatting down just within his tent on a deal case which had contained boxes of sardines, bottles of pickles, and cans of jam. For now, in their prosperity, they had advanced somewhat beyond the simple plenty of the frying-pan. It was a difficult letter to write. Should it be ecstatic and loving,—or cold and severe,—or light, and therefore false? "My own one, here I am. I have struck gold. Come to me and share it." That would have been ecstatic and loving. "'Tis a hard life this, and not fit for a woman's weakness. But it must be my life,—and therefore let there be an end of all between us." That would have been cold and severe. "How are you, and what are you doing? Dick and I are shov-

ing along. It isn't half as nice as on board ship. Hope to see you before long, and am yours,—just the same as ever." That would have been light and false,—keeping the word of promise to the ear, but breaking it to the heart. He could not write either of these. He began by describing what they had done, and had completed two pages before he had said a word of their peculiar circumstances in regard to each other. He felt that his letter was running into mere gossip, and was not such as she would have a right to expect. If any letter were sent at all, there must be something more in it than all this. And so, after much thinking of it, he at last rushed, as it were, into hot words, and ended it as follows: "I have put off to the last what I have really got to say. Let me know what you are doing, and what you wish,—and whether you love me. I have not as yet the power of offering you a home, but I trust that the time may come." These last words were false. He knew that they were false. But the falseness was not of a nature to cause him to be ashamed. It shames no man to swear that he loves a woman when he has ceased to love her;—but it does shame him to drop off from the love which he has promised. He balanced the matter in his mind for a while before he would send his letter. Then, getting up quickly, he rushed forth, and dropped it into the post-office box.

The very next day chance brought to Ahalala one who had been a passenger on board the Goldfinder; and the man, hearing of the success of Shand and Caldgate, came to see them. "Of course you know," said the man, "what your fellow-passenger is doing down at Sydney?" Dick Shand, who was present, replied that they had heard nothing of any fellow-passenger. Caldgate understood at once to

whom the allusion was made, and was silent. "Look here," said the man, bringing a newspaper out of his pocket, and pointing to a special advertisement. "Who do you think that is?" The advertisement declared that Mademoiselle Cettini would, on such and such a night, sing a certain number of songs, and dance a certain number of dances, and perform a certain number of tableaux, at a certain theatre in Sydney. "That's your Mrs Smith," said the man, turning to Caldigate.

"I am very glad she has got employment," said Caldigate; "but she is not my Mrs Smith."

"We all thought that you and she were very thick."

"All the same I beg you to understand that she is not my Mrs Smith," repeated Caldigate, endeavouring to appear unconcerned, but hardly able to conceal his anger.

Dancing dances, singing songs, and acting tableaux;—and all under the name of Mademoiselle Cettini! Nothing could be worse,—unless, indeed, it might be of service to him to know that she was earning her bread, and therefore not in distress, and earning it after a fashion of which he would be at liberty to express his disapproval. Nothing more was said at the time about Mrs Smith, and the man went his way.

Ten days afterwards Caldigate, in the presence both of Mick and Dick, declared his purpose of going down to Sydney. "Our luggage must be looked after," said he;—"and I have a friend whom I want to see," he added, not choosing to lie. At this time all was going successfully with them. Mick Maggott lived in such a manner that no one near him would have thought that he knew what whisky meant. His self-respect had returned to him, and he was manifestly "boss." There had come to be necessity for complicated woodwork below the surface, and he had shown himself to

be a skilled miner. And it had come to pass that our two friends were as well assured of his honesty as of their own. He had been a veritable godsend to them,—and would remain so, could he be kept away from the drinking-shops.

"If you go away, don't you think he'll break out?" Dick asked, when they were alone together.

"I hope not. He seems to have been steadied by success. At any rate I must go."

"Is it to see—Mrs Smith?" Dick as he asked the question put on his most serious face. He did not utter the name as though he were finding fault. The time that had passed had been sufficient to quench the unpleasantness of their difference on board ship. He was justified in asking his friend such a question, and Caldigate felt that it was so.

"It is."

"Don't you think, upon the whole, —. I don't like to interfere, but upon my word the thing is so important."

"You think I had better not see her?"

"I do."

"And lie to her?"

"All is fair in love and war."

"That means that no faith is due to a woman. I cannot live by such a doctrine. I do not mind owning to you that I wish I could do as you bid me. I can't. I cannot be so false. I must go, old fellow; but I know all that you would say to me, and I will endeavour to escape honestly from this trouble." And so he went.

Yes;—to escape honestly from that trouble! But how? It is just that trouble from which there is no honest escape,—unless a man may honestly break his word. He had engaged himself to her. After that, simply to ignore her would be cowardly as well as false. There was but one thing that he could do, but one step that he could take, by

which his security and his self-respect might both be maintained. He would tell her the exact truth, and put it to her whether, looking at their joint circumstances, it would not be better that they should—part. Reflecting on this during his three days' journey down to Sydney, it was thus that he resolved,—forgetting altogether in his meditations the renewed force of the woman's charms upon himself.

As he went from the railway station at Sydney to the third-class inn at which he located himself, he saw the hoardings on all sides placarded with the name of *Mademoiselle Cettini*. And there was a picture on some of these placards of a wonderful female, without much clothes, which was supposed to represent some tragic figure in a tableau. There was the woman whom he was to make his wife. He had travelled all night, and had intended to seek Mrs Smith immediately after his breakfast. But so unhappy was he, so much disgusted by the tragic figure in the picture, that he postponed his visit and went after his luggage. His luggage was all right in the warehouse, and he arranged that it should be sent down to Nobble. Waggon with stores did make their way to Nobble from the nearest railway station, and hopes were held out that the packages might be there in six weeks' time. He would have been willing to postpone their arrival for twelve months, for twenty-four months, could he, as compensation, have been enabled to postpone, with honour, his visit to Mrs Smith for the same time.

Soon after noon, however, his time was vacant, and he rushed to his fate. She had sent him her address, and he found her living in very decent lodgings overlooking the public park. He was at once shown up to her room, where he found her at breakfast. "So you

have come," she said. Then, when the door was shut, she flung herself into his arms.

He was dressed as a miner might be dressed who was off work and out for a holiday;—clean, rough, and arranged with a studied intention to look as little like a gentleman as possible. The main figure and manner were so completely those of a gentleman, that the disguise was not perfect;—but yet he was rough. She was dressed with all the pretty care which a woman can use when she expects her lover to see her in morning costume. Anything more unlike the Mrs Smith of the ship could not be imagined. If she had been attractive then, what was she now? If her woman's charms sufficed to overcome his prudence while they were so clouded, what effect would they have upon him now? And she was in his arms! Here there was no quartermaster to look after the proprieties;—no Mrs Crompton, no Mrs Callander, no Miss Green to watch with a hundred eyes for the exchange of a chance kiss in some moment of bliss. "So you have come! Oh, my darling; oh, my love!" No doubt it was all just as it should be. If a lady may not call the man to whom she is engaged her love and her darling, what proper use can there be for such words? And into whose arms is she to jump, if not into his? As he pressed her to his heart, and pressed his lips to hers, he told himself that he ought to have arranged it all by letter.

"Why Cettini?" he asked. But he smiled as he put the question. It was intended to be serious, but still he could not be hard upon her all at once.

"Why fifty thousand fools?"

"I don't understand."

"Supposing there to be fifty thousand people in Sydney,—as to which I know nothing. Or why ever so many million fools in Lon-

don? If I called myself Mrs Smith nobody would come and see me. If I called myself Madame Cettini, not nearly so many would come. You have got to inculcate into the minds of the people an idea that a pure young girl is going to jump about for their diversion. They know it isn't so. But there must be a flavour of the idea. It isn't nice, but one has to live."

"Were you ever Cettini before?"

"Yes,—when I was on the stage as a girl." Then he thought he remembered that she had once told him some particular in regard to her early life, which was incompatible with this,—unless, indeed, she had gone under more than one name before she was married. "I used as a child to dance and sing under that name."

"Was it your father's name?"

She smiled as she answered, "You want to discover all the little mean secrets of my life at once, and do not reflect that, in so far as they were mean, they are disagreeable as subjects of conversation. I was not mean myself."

"I am sure of that."

"If you are sure of it, is not that enough? Of course I have been among low people. If not, why should I have been a singer on the stage at so early an age, why a dancer, why should I have married such a one as Mr Smith?"

"I do not know of what sort he was," said Caldigate.

"This is not the time to ask, when you have just come to see me;—when I am so delighted to see you! Oh, it is such a pleasure! I have not had a nice word spoken to me since I left the Goldfinder. Come and take a walk in the gardens? Nobody knows me off the stage yet, and nobody knows you. So we can do just as we like. Come and tell me about the gold."

He did go, and did tell her about

the gold, and before he had been with her an hour, sitting about on the benches in that loveliest of all places, the public gardens at Sydney, he was almost happy with her. It was now late in the autumn, in May; but the end of the autumn in Sydney is the most charming time of the year. He spent the whole day with her, dining with her in her lodgings at five in order that he might take her to the theatre at seven. She had said a great deal to him about her performances, declaring that he would find them to be neither vulgar nor disagreeable. She told him that she had no friend in Sydney, but that she had been able to get an engagement for a fortnight at Melbourne, and had been very shortly afterwards pressed to come on to Sydney. She listened not only with patience, but apparently with the greatest pleasure, to all that he could tell her of Dick Shand, and Mr Crinkett, and Mick Maggott, arousing herself quite to enthusiasm when he came to the finding of the gold. But there was not a word said the whole day as to their future combined prospects. Nor was there any more outspoken allusion to loves and darlings, or any repetition of that throwing herself into his arms. For once it was natural. If she were wanted thus again, the action must be his,—not hers. She was clever enough to know that.

"What do you think of it?" she said, when he waited to take her home.

"It is the only good dancing I ever saw in my life. But——"

"Well!"

"I will tell you to-morrow."

"Tell me whatever you think and you will see that I will attend to you. Come about eleven;—not sooner, as I shall not be dressed. Now good-night."

FOREIGN OPINION ON ENGLAND IN THE EAST.

THE attitude of some distinguished Englishmen, in the critical state of our relations with Russia, would be more phenomenal than it is, were it not for the teaching of history. But history abounds in surprises for those who would believe in the wisdom of statesmen. When parties are warmly contesting a point, one of them must necessarily be in the wrong; and it is an accident whether a government or its censors are in the right. Blunder follows upon blunder, great opportunities are neglected, interests apparently the most obvious are perversely misunderstood or ignored, while passion or faction, short-sightedness, spite, or self-interest, launches the able men we must presume to have been patriots on a policy that drifts towards disaster, or is pregnant with the germs of troubles. Time and the course of events supply a significant commentary; and the most commonplace students in future generations can clearly realise the bearings of a situation which baffled some of the shrewdest brains of the day. A *régime* of free speech and thought like our own has its very obvious disadvantages; but seldom, perhaps, have these received more alarming illustration than in the anxious times through which we are passing. It is much, no doubt, that in a free country we are little at the mercy of that haphazard element which is a standing peril in absolute monarchies. Absolute monarchies, we may say, must always be in latent crisis. Everything may depend on the character of an individual, who must almost necessarily have had a vicious training. He has been flattered, courted, and more or less spoiled as

heir-apparent. When he succeeds to power, he either gives himself over to the guidance of counsellors, who must study his foibles and pander to them, while forwarding their personal views, or else he acts for good or evil on his own initiative. Of the two, the strong-minded or self-willed despot is likely perhaps to be the more mischievous. If he does not believe in his own infallibility, at all events he comes to distrust or despise the sycophants about him, who are compelled to be sycophants in spite of themselves, if they hope to bask in the sunshine of court favour. An autocrat like the late Emperor Nicholas prides himself above everything on decision of character. He may be humoured and led, but he is hardly to be reasoned with; and patriotic advisers, who would influence him for his good, must be the more scrupulously sensitive in considering his susceptibilities. It was eminently characteristic of the condition of Russia in the hands of Nicholas, that when experts differed as to the line of the projected railway from St Petersburg to Moscow, he settled the question off-hand, by drawing a line between the cities with a ruler. It runs through wastes for great part of the way, avoiding the towns it ought to have benefited; and consequently it remains a burden on the State and a monument of the absolute autocrat's wrong-headedness. So with his conduct before the Crimean war. We might never have entered on it with the French alliance; possibly we should never have entered upon it at all, had Nicholas been prudently civil to Louis Napoleon. But though the progress of his empire

was at stake, and — what was far dearer to his pride—his most cherished schemes of ambition, he could not restrain himself from offensively exhibiting his contempt for the *parvenu* who was seated in the place of the Bourbons. An indifferent dinner, a corked bottle of wine, a touch of indigestion, or a disordered liver, may inspire the tenor of an insulting despatch which is to plunge half Europe into the horrors of war.

But even a Czar of the Russias, in his reasonable moments, listens to the whispers of prudence and takes account of the obstacles which oppose him. It was most unfortunate for Nicholas that his old acquaintance Lord Aberdeen had not something more of his obstinacy or resolution; and the Czar was but too willing to be misled by the misrepresentations of our "peace party" as to the actual state of feeling in England. Unlike his son, Nicholas never felt or expressed any great dislike to war; but he would have shrunk from the chance of such defeats as actually killed him. Alexander is supposed to be passionately attached to peace for its own sake. The emancipation of the serfs, although it needed considerable courage, was emphatically a peaceful triumph, and has been regarded as the great glory of his reign. He laboured to deserve the gratitude of his subjects, and is believed to have their interests warmly at heart. It is known that it was only after painful hesitation that he consented to declare war against the Turks, and profess himself the redresser of the wrongs of the Christians. Since then he has had bitter personal reasons to regret the step. He has been shocked by the atrocities of the war in Bulgaria, and has seen his soldiers sent to hopeless slaughter before the impregnable trenches of Plevna.

Among all the victims of that deplorable campaign probably few suffered more acutely when the chances of victory seemed trembling in the balance. He had to stoop his pride to call up the Roumanians, and it must have been with mingled feelings that he gave thanks for the deliverance which he owed to the success of those despised allies. The terror of assassination has made him a miserable man: but he never aged so quickly as in the course of last autumn; and his successes since the sudden turning of the tide have been scarcely of a nature to bring him substantial relief. They forced him into a false position, which it has seemed daily more difficult to maintain, but from which it was still more difficult to withdraw. Although he may be pacific by tastes and temperament, Alexander has inherited the pride and vanity of his house and great position. He has to reckon with the warlike spirit of soldiers who have been flushed with the victories that followed humiliation, and the exultation that succeeded to despondency; with the patriotism and fanaticism of an ignorant people, who have been agitated by the secret committees and their agents. And he is morbidly susceptible to the influence of his *entourage* and familiars, many of whom have been advocating war at any price. Yet we have known that the man who has more at stake than any other, has been hesitating more than ever, and with far better reason than before. We have never doubted that he would gladly consent to an arrangement, could he satisfy his own notions of honour; and that he would submit to what would have seemed intolerable sacrifices some weeks ago, could he be assured of a guarantee against the risks which have been growing daily more formidable.

Apparently the first counsels that

recalled the Czar to moderation came from Lord Beaconsfield and the English Cabinet. The fact is undeniable, whatever else may be in dispute, that the evidences of a more conciliatory disposition at St Petersburg coincided with the first visible signs of determined action on the part of the English Government. It was only natural that it should be so. So long as England was to be bribed or bullied into acquiescence, the Russian game seemed clear and safe. When England firmly set down her foot, the whole aspect of things changed entirely. Even the Russian advisers who had been urging a policy of adventure must have begun to feel nervous as to how it might personally affect them. The most recklessly confident could hardly be assured that victory over England was a foregone conclusion; and if a second war were to forfeit the fruits of the first, the consequences would recoil upon them in the first instance. Nothing could be more significant than the sudden change in the utterances of the official Russian press, except possibly, if we knew all, the altered tone of the despatches from their Foreign Chancellery.

At the same time, such grave mischief had been done already, that it became a question whether it was not too late to repair it. The clashing of substantial interests had actually become a secondary consideration, so dangerously overstrained were the relations between two nations who must necessarily feel themselves in rivalry. We are far from saying that all the faults were on the side of the Russians, nor can we hold our Government altogether guiltless. They deferred the action they subsequently took, when each day of delay made the circumstances more critical. But their mistakes, if mistakes they were, ought to expose

the uncandid malignancy of those who accuse them of manœuvring to draw England into a war. If they erred, it was in their over-anxiety to keep the peace. They trusted too much to the moderation of the Czar—too much, perhaps, to the fighting qualities and tenacity of the Turks—although they never concealed their intense anxiety. Lord Beaconsfield, in his rare utterances, which have been so bitterly denounced, showed a clear prescience of probable dangers; and Mr Hardy, in arguing for the vote of the £6,000,000, intimated that, were it refused, there were conceivable contingencies where a hundred times the money might barely suffice. Russia, after prolonging the irritating mystification which is so characteristic of her sharp-dealing diplomacy, showed her hand in the Treaty of San Stefano. Ignatieff, with his attorney-like acuteness, could hardly have drawn a more telling brief for the advocates of the general interests of Europe. The remarkable map that accompanied it brought the points home at a glance to those who might not have had the patience to examine the document. Its purpose was plain. Russia had been unable to resist the temptation of making the grand stroke she had been dreaming of for generations. The Treaty of San Stefano disposed of the Treaty of Paris as peremptorily as of English and European interests. We cannot say whether M. Onou, the Russian dragoman at the Constantinople embassy, was really rash enough to express himself in words which have never been contradicted. But whether the speech imputed to him were true or an invention, nothing could have more precisely defined the effects of "the preliminary treaty." "Turkey remains in Europe, but in the military sense she becomes a mere spectre; and at a more convenient season Russia

may, by a single word or threat, without having recourse to arms, compel the Porte to grant all the demands which inevitably arise in the future."

The ministerial reply to the challenge of that treaty was the sound and spirited Circular of Lord Salisbury. He went straight to the very root of the matter when he maintained that its provisions must be regarded as a whole, and that it was worse than idle discussing them separately. Special pleading might find much to urge for any one distinct stipulation; but the arrangement was nothing less than the subversion of the balance of power in the East. So radical a revolution surely concerned Europe, while undoubtedly it threatened those English interests which we had always asserted we meant to defend. Argument on the points in dispute might be difficult, but it was evident that, according to the language attributed to M. Onou, this one-sided settlement at the dictation of Russia bequeathed Europe a legacy of war and trouble. Taking their fresh departure from that memorable State paper, the conduct of our Government has been proved to be as politically wise as it was morally unimpeachable. We are not in the secrets of the supposed alliance of the three Emperors, nor do we know the mind and wishes of the Emperor William and Prince Bismarck, of Francis Joseph and Count Andrassy. But in the face of the unanimous approval of the independent European press, it is absurd to aver that England remains isolated; while the manly tone of Lord Salisbury's public-spirited Circular, contrasted with the dealings of Russia in Roumania and elsewhere, has gone far to re-establish our ascendancy among the conflicting races in the East.

War at one time seemed all but

certain. Since then, the first faint glimmering hopes of peace have at times brightened out, although clouds are perpetually coming across them. But the prospects of peace would have been more encouraging had some of the most influential or voluble members of the Opposition shown themselves as amenable as Ministers to the signs of the times and the logic of events. When England is face to face with an emergency, partisans should be willing to forgive and forget; and if the tardy disclosure of the San Stefano terms had induced Mr Gladstone and Mr Bright to confess they had been deceived in Russia, we should have been quite content to let by-gones be by-gones. Or if they honestly believed, in spite of all, that the Government was intriguing for an unjustifiable war, we should admit that they were bound to protest, even if protesting precipitated the crime; although, at the same time, the responsibility in the latter case would be so terrible, that few patriots of our common "flesh and blood" could summon up the heroic courage to accept it. But it is hard indeed to understand how, after studying this Treaty of San Stefano by the light of the last century of Russian history, any candid Englishman can persist in maintaining that there is nothing in it prejudicial to the future of England, or that the spirit of ambition which it breathes in each paragraph can in no case give a reason for armed resistance.

The position of the advocates of peace at any price is so far intelligible, although we doubt if they would agitate for their ideas so enthusiastically if they believed they were likely to make many converts. It would be a changed world for the philanthropical capitalists of Lancashire and the Mid-

lands, if the commerce and trade of the country were at the mercy of the men of blood and iron who levy their milliards in the way of war indemnity, or of Christians militant like the Grand Duke Nicholas and Ignatieff. Certainly, when we had no property left to insure, we could afford to dispense with war insurances. But, on the other hand, when it comes to be a question how far Russian moderation may be trusted, or whether our imperial interests are actually endangered, we see little reason to rely on emotional guides like Mr Gladstone. Already we can estimate their sagacity, under the excitement of the Bulgarian atrocities. The Bulgarian horrors were revolting to humanity. Lord Derby denounced them emphatically, in the name of the Cabinet, when he said that they would cost the Ottomans more dearly than many a lost battle. They were an excellent argument for maintaining European concert—for urging reforms on the Porte that should be at once radical and practical. But they came likewise as a timely and unmistakable warning of the miseries that must inevitably result from rash and selfish interference. That, in fact, had always been the strength of the Turkish position, in opposing passive resistance to the pressure applied from the embassies. "Push us too hard," the Pashas said or insinuated, "and we shall open the Eastern Question in the last resort." "Europe will have to fight it out over the wreck of the Ottoman Power, and if we Mohammedans are to lose our supremacy, the Christians must run their chance." It may be charitably assumed that it was well-grounded apprehensions of the kind which kept the Liberal Governments Mr Gladstone directed, from openly expostulating against the Turkish abuses.

That lamentable episode of the massacres actually changed nothing. It was notorious that the Turks, with a deal of good-natured tolerance toward the alien races they governed, had always retained much of their original barbarism with the indifference of Asiatics for human life and suffering. They were a military people who held their own by the sword. Their irregulars, when hounded on in a panic, showed lustful brutality as well as blood-thirstiness in stamping out a revolt: but, after all, our philanthropists might have remembered the scenes in Spanish cities taken by storm in the beginning of the century; the doings of the Russians in Poland and the Tartar Khanates—of the French in Algeria—and, we fear we must add, of British soldiers in the Indian Mutiny. Had they paused to collect evidence and examine it, they would have found that there was much to say in extenuation. It pleased them to assume that the Turks had invented a conspiracy, something in the fashion of the police of the French Empire. In point of fact, the danger was very real. For once the Turks felt that it must be promptly dealt with, and they acted precipitately, under the influence of fear and by the insidious instigations of their bitter enemies. More civilised nations have cast humanity to the winds under circumstances of slighter provocation. The one point that was exceptionally shocking was the brutalities of lust in which the Bashibazouks and Circassians indulged. These semi-savages acted after their kind, and the Porte made a fatal mistake in employing them without submitting them to effectual control. But if one thing is proved conclusively, even by the testimony of Russophil witnesses, it is that the Porte employed them by the advice of Russians who had

foreseen and counted upon what was to happen. It was the Pan-Slavonic societies, with the Russian ambassador at Constantinople, who originated and promoted the revolt which was deliberately destined to failure, that it might be extinguished in blood amid the indignation of Europe. It was Ignatieff who urged sending those undisciplined irregulars into the disaffected districts.

By way of confirming the circumstantial evidence to that effect, we may refer to a remarkable pamphlet, published anonymously in Paris, in 1876, under the title of '*Les Responsabilités.*' It professes to publish a series of letters, exchanged among the Slavonic conspirators who had been intriguing to excite the Turkish Christians. Among the writers who figure under very flimsy disguises, we recognise the heir to the Russian crown, the Prince of Montenegro, General Ignatieff, M. Novakoff, the ambassador at Vienna, with many of the Russian consular agents in Turkey. They speak of revolutionary agents in the pay of the secret societies—of money expended in bribing the Greek clergy—of arms smuggled into the Christian villages,—at the very time when General Ignatieff was professing himself the friendly adviser of the Sultan. It is possible, of course, that the letters may be forgeries; but they show the strongest internal evidence of being genuine,—and the most convincing proof of it is the extraordinary dulness of the text by which they are connected and commented upon. It is difficult to believe that so stupid a writer, who fails so signally in his attempts at being sarcastic, should have invented a correspondence so admirably *vraisemblable*, and so discriminat-ingly characteristic of the men to whom he attributes it.

The plot had proved successful

beyond all expectation. Russia had the pretext for interference that she desired; and she enlisted the services of those active and influential partisans in England, who at one time seemed in a fair way to help her to the full accomplishment of her programme. Half England lost its head in an outburst of generous indignation. That was natural enough, and creditable. The ordinary supporter of these great indignation meetings was as ignorant of history as of political geography and ethnology. It seemed to him that the "bag-and-baggage" suggestion would be a prompt and practical solution of a simple question. But Mr Gladstone might have been expected to have known better. In spite of his nervously emotional temperament, and the quickness with which he can convert himself from his most earnest convictions, there was surely much to make him pause and reflect. He was a student of history, and had been bred a statesman. He had had the supreme direction of English affairs, and should have known something of the responsibilities of that position. In talking so lightly of knocking out the keystone that had supported the fabric of Eastern politics, he must have been aware that the ruins would have to be reconstructed somehow. There was a presumption, at least, in favour of the policy which had been pursued by successive Foreign Ministers under Administrations of many shades. It was no liking for the Turks, no admiration for their practices of government, that had induced us to uphold them. At no time had we taken our stand on the integrity of the Ottoman empire. Witness the language of Pitt and the Duke of Wellington; witness the constitution of the Greek kingdom, and the erection of Servia and the Principalities into States that were prac-

tically independent. We had done much from time to time for the elevation and emancipation of the Christian races; and we should have done much more had it not been for the jealousy of Powers who were casting covetous eyes at Constantinople. We supported the Ottoman empire as a stop-gap that was more satisfactory than anything which could be easily substituted for it. Guaranteed partly by treaty, partly by the jealousies of dangerous neighbours, the Porte was just sufficiently strong to keep the keys of the military positions that ought to be left in neutral hands.

Nor could there be a doubt as to the traditional ambition of Russia. Mr Gladstone, at least, by his avowal in the House of Commons, is not one of those who believe in the disinterestedness of her sacrifices or the honesty of her agents. Even believing that she had half persuaded herself of her sincerity in going to war solely for her Christian co-religionists, it was not in human nature that she should refrain from turning her victories to her personal advantage. Lord Beaconsfield's statesmanlike foresight, as we said, has been amply justified. But Mr Gladstone and his friends have consistently insisted on having their share in the responsibility of Russian action. They did their utmost to persuade the Czar that, in rearranging the East as he pleased, he had the sympathies of the English nation. The terms of San Stefano opened the eyes of all who were not wilfully blind. It became clear that we must either be ridden over roughshod, or make an effort for peace by preparing for war. Government, with the hearty approval of the nation, preferred the latter alternative; and everything that has happened since has justified the wisdom of that decision. The natural outbreak of bluster in

Russia and the camps, was answered by the dignified energy of our military preparations. And Russia has gradually calmed down and grown more conciliatory, as she was reminded of the magnitude of our resources, and assured of our resolution to employ them to the uttermost.

It is facts like these that make it so difficult to understand the persistence of the self-styled peace party in the line of argument they were pleased to adopt, when circumstances were certainly somewhat different. They never professed to admit the propriety and moderation of all the Russian proposals; they merely urged that the objections to them were not worth a war without having previously tried the experiment of a Congress. But now it becomes daily more evident that, alike as a peace-loving people and as patriots, we have hit upon the practical course in dealing firmly with the Russian pretensions; and that, if we consented to enter a Congress without coming to an understanding as to its decisions, we should only enter it to offer unavailing protests. It would appear that there can be no rational doubt as to the effect of suspending those preparations which have argued far more eloquently than Mr Gladstone in favour of peace. Yet Mr Gladstone and his friends are indefatigable as ever in their efforts at hardening the heart of the Czar, and weakening the hands of the English Ministry.

Possibly they may be in the right, and we may be in the wrong. It may be that we should act more wisely in disarming and assuring peace by absolute submission; that Europe would enter on an era of tranquillity, and Russia never abuse her advantages, if we consented to register the Treaty of San Stefano, and leave the guardians of Constan-

tinople the vassals and puppets of the Czar. It seems so far significant that all the ablest and most independent journals of Europe have expressed cordial approval of the conduct of our Ministers since they came to Parliament for the credit of the £6,000,000. It may be said, however, that it is obviously the interest of foreigners to see England pull the chestnuts out of the fire for them, and to flatter them into championing the interests of Europe against the common enemy. But the broad features of that troublesome Eastern Question remain much as they were before England and France went to war with Nicholas about it. And, as it happens, the two new volumes of the late Mr Nassau Senior's most interesting conversations, now approaching publication, give us the ideas of some eminent foreign statesmen on the subject. The conversations made a strong impression when circulated in manuscript many years ago among intimate friends of the writer, and they are now to be given to the public very opportunely. They embrace the six eventful years from 1852 to 1858, during which Mr Senior paid prolonged visits to Paris, and conversed on the most confidential terms with some of the shrewdest men of the time. They set forth the opinions of those who had the best means of informing themselves on Russian objects and English interests. They abound, besides, in most interesting details as to the personal character of the Emperor Nicholas and his successor; as to the relations of Russia and Austria; as to the social condition and resources of the two empires; as to the considerations that govern their policy, and their respective capabilities as fighting Powers. No doubt there have been many changes since then. Prussia has been merged in the German Empire; Austria

has parted with her Italian provinces; France is a republic, whose dominating idea in the meantime is to repair the losses of the war by husbanding her expanding resources. Still these obvious considerations scarcely affect the value of the extracts we are to make, while they in no degree detract from their remarkable interest.

In the spring of 1852, Mr Senior paid one of his frequent visits to Paris. The Empire was then in the flush of its prosperity; but the Czar had provoked the resentment of the Emperor; the English alliance had been arranged, and war was looming in the distance. Mr Senior dined with Thiers, and the conversation turned to the East.

"At last some other people came in, and one of them, a M. de Beuve, a member of the old Liberal party, began questioning me on English politics. The general superiority of the Cabinet was admitted, but doubts were expressed whether its foreign policy were as bold and as wise as its home administration. This led to the Eastern Question. 'It is evident,' said Madame —, 'that the English Government refused to join in the demonstration in defence of Turkey, because it could not trust our master.' 'Of course,' said M. de Beuve and several others, 'that was her motive, and she was right. If she made common cause with one so reckless and so faithless, she had nothing to expect but to be abandoned at his next caprice, and probably to see France join Russia against her.'

" 'This is the way,' said Thiers, 'with all you Legitimists and Orleanists and Liberals. You are so delighted to see him get a slap on the face that you do not care at what expense it is given. The expense this time is the independence of Turkey, perhaps the independence of Europe.'

" 'Your Cabinet,' he said, turning to me, 'trusts to the good faith of Nicholas, and to his assurances that he will not enter Constantinople. Nicholas, without doubt, is an honest man, and as far as that is possible, an honest

statesman; but the promises of no statesman are to be trusted for one instant after they interfere with the interests or the wishes of his country. Such motives are irresistible. They sweep away like chaff understandings and engagements, and even treaties. In this instance, however, I believe Nicholas; I believe that he has no intention, and, what is more, no wish, to place a Russian garrison in Constantinople. He has no desire to possess it physically if he can hold it morally, and that he will do. Mentschikoff, the protector of the Greek populations, will be master in Constantinople as Reprim sixty years ago was in Warsaw. He will gradually prepare the minds of the Turks to submission or retreat.

"I know Mentschikoff well. His family are among my most intimate friends. He is an old general covered with wounds, with all the courage of a soldier, and all the arrogance and *finesse* of a Russian. In him Nicholas sends his most able and his most confidential agent. Nothing will be softer than his manner or more overbearing than his pretensions. As soon as I heard of his mission, I saw that without the interference of England and France, Turkey must fall. You have refused to interfere; you have let Nicholas twist himself round the buffalo. In a few years he will have broken all his bones; and then, and not till then, he will begin actually to swallow it. . . .

"My prophecy now is, that Turkey will be gradually prepared by Russia for dismemberment; that during even our lives the time will come when the great Christian Powers will hold a congress of partition. Russia, of course, will take Constantinople. You will be offered Egypt. It will be a mischievous present to you.

"Bonaparte and Kleber, the two highest authorities on the subject, each estimated that to hold Egypt against the Fellahs and the Arabs would require 30,000 French troops. It would require 40,000 English, for in that climate you would have two men in the hospitals for one of ours. And 40,000 men you cannot spare. You will be unwilling to accept it, but you will do so, rather than submit

to have no morsel at the great feast of the Turkish partition. And dearly you will pay for it when Russia is mistress of the Black Sea as well as the Baltic. France and England will then sink into second-rate Powers. She will have an army twice as large as ours, and a fleet equal to yours. Sweden and Norway are already her vassals.

"When I was in the Foreign Office I had plenty of proof that the house of Bernadotte are as ready to betray their new country as they were to betray their old one."

"What part," I said, "will France take in the partition?"

"She will take none," he answered; "nothing that could be given to her would pay her for what she would have to acquiesce in. If she is in weak hands she will grumble, protest, and stand aloof. If she is in strong hands she will make a war *dans laquelle elle saccagera l'Europe*. The chances probably will be one hundred to seventy-five against her: but if she falls she will fall in a good cause, fighting for European civilisation; if she succeeds, she will come out of it greater and stronger than she ever was.

"I have sacrificed," he continued, "my whole life to the English alliance. I always believed, and I believe now, that the civilisation of Europe depends on it. If it had existed in 1848 the Continent would not have endured one year of anarchy to be succeeded by many of despotism. Sometimes it has been destroyed by you, sometimes by us. It was our fault in 1836; it was yours in 1840: it was ours in 1847; now again it is yours."

"It will never," I answered, "be restored while this tyranny lasts. The mixture of fear and hate and contempt with which we look on him must prevent any *entente cordiale*."

"The expense this time," said Thiers, "is the independence of Turkey, perhaps the independence of Europe." He had devoted a lifetime to the study of Continental politics; and it will be observed that he at least cherished no illusions as to the motives and intentions of Russia. He took more for

granted than everybody might be willing to concede, in admitting the honesty of Nicholas as a man and a statesman. But he touched the point of the present situation, in taking it as an axiom, that the promises of no statesman are to be trusted after they interfere with the interests and the wishes of his country. We would lay great stress on the word "wishes." The Emperor Alexander may have spoken his real mind in the famous conversation with our ambassador at Livadia; but since then the Pan-slavonic agitation among his subjects has been stimulated by the brilliant successes of his troops: and if England had stood aloof from the redistribution of the East, dynastic as well as popular reasons would have induced him to reconsider his original professions, and approve the provisions of San Stefano. By these he would have possessed Constantinople, "physically" if not "morally." We may note, also, that remark of the veteran French statesman on the qualifications that recommend the Russian agents. "Mentschikoff unites the courage of a soldier with the arrogance and *finesse* of a Russian. . . . Nothing will be softer than his manner or more overbearing than his pretensions." In this case, however, and in the choice of Ignatieff, it would appear that the Czar overshot the mark. Prince Mentschikoff had his own ideas of honour; but General Ignatieff has so repeatedly convicted himself of misrepresentation, that it is incredible that any Government but the Russian would have continued to avail itself of his most ambiguous services. And now that we seem for a second time to have definitely rejected that policy of partition, which was the favourite solution of Nicholas, which would have equally served the objects of his son, and

which, it is understood, had the hearty approval of Berlin, what Thiers says of French views on the subject is important. Nothing could pay France for what she would have to acquiesce in; and the same consideration ought to apply to Austria, and still more forcibly to Italy. Russia and England would inevitably divide the lion's share of the prey; and England would be drawn into a most immoral understanding, which would awaken the just susceptibilities of her neighbours. Germany, who means to keep Alsace and Lorraine, might gain nothing territorially. But none the less would she attain a valuable consideration in the permanent alienation of France from England. And Thiers was undoubtedly right in believing that the civilisation and security of Europe depend on an Anglo-French alliance. France, as she fully realises her riches, is being rapidly converted from Chauvinism. The two most prosperous nations in Europe would understand that their increasing prosperity depended on peace. They would prevent aggression on the part of the Eastern empires by the certainty of their having the power and the will to forbid it; while Italy, from her geographical position, would be compelled to join the league. Finally, there is Thiers's prediction of what would happen if Russia were to be mistress of the Baltic and the Black Sea. He, at all events, would have been of opinion that English interests were affected by the Treaty of San Stefano. "Dearly you would pay for it. France and England would sink into second-rate Powers, and Sweden and Norway would be more than ever the vassals of Russia."

Victor Cousin was of a very different school of politics from Thiers, and he thought the Crimean war a

fatal blunder so far as France was concerned. But he could understand that England had good reason for withstanding Russia, altogether independent of any sympathy for the Turks; and he saw that Russia was not fighting for the Holy Places or the Christians, or, in short, for anything except "to increase her influence in Constantinople." He believed that her assuming the protectorate of the Greeks would be the prelude to the annexation of the Principalities of Bulgaria and Roumelia.

"At last," he said, "Thiers and Palmerston have succeeded. We are at war, and heaven knows whether you or I shall live to enjoy peace. Of all follies that a rational Government ever committed, our war with Russia is the most astounding. I can understand *your* motive. You wish to crush the rising Russian fleet. You wish to support the Caucasian tribes as a barrier between Russia and India. You are resolved that Russia shall not command the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, and thus turn the Black Sea into one vast Russian lake. You wish to keep your commerce with Turkey and the Danubian provinces, and to be masters on the Mediterranean. But what had we to do with this? *We* do not want to see the Russian navy destroyed. We wish to cherish it, as we wish to cherish all the secondary maritime Powers, to be a check on yours. *We* do not wish to see the Mediterranean an English lake. *We* do not wish to have you always hanging over the coast of Africa in irresistible force, ready to imprison and then seize our army in Algeria, as you did our army in Egypt. *We* have no India to protect, no commerce with Turkey that we care about; we do not even inquire who rules in the Black Sea. Thiers's Russophobia drives him mad. It is true that she was making a step in the direction in which she has made many before. She wished to increase her influence in Constantinople. Why need we object to her doing so? We did not object when you seized Aden, turned it into a Gibraltar, and became masters of the

Red Sea. You allowed us to establish ourselves in Africa. Why should we quarrel with Russia for imitating our example? You say that her protectorate of the Greeks would be the prelude to her annexation of Moldavia, Wallachia, Bulgaria, and Roumelia. I have no doubt that it would, and that such an augmentation of Russia would press heavily on Austria and disturb *you*. But what harm would it do to *us*? Austria is our enemy; *you* are very suspicious friends. We are not called upon to take up your cause or your quarrels, and I seek in vain for any French interest that would suffer from the extension of Russia from the Pruth to the Mediterranean."

Guizot differed from Cousin, though he did not go so far as Thiers. He assumed the "obstinate policy of aggrandisement," in which certain English politicians disbelieve; and if he said it must sooner or later be forcibly opposed, surely he would have thought that the time had come for a resolute protest, when he glanced his eye over the map of San Stefano.

"Are not you," I said, "as much interested in checking the growth of Russia as we are?"

"I will not deny," he answered, "that we are interested in checking her growth, as we are in checking the growth of every Power that threatens to predominate, but we are not impelled to do so by motives so powerful or so immediate as you are. Her absorption of Turkey would not affect our commerce or endanger our distant dependencies. Nor will I deny that her obstinate policy of aggrandisement must at last have been opposed by force. A war with Russia was probably inevitable. But it has come too soon. It is not a war to be undertaken in a famine by a nation divided into hostile factions and governed by a usurper, who by suppressing public opinion has deprived himself of the assistance of public enthusiasm; whose councils no statesman of high character will enter, and whose armies our best soldiers refuse to command. His is not the head that ought to direct our efforts in such a struggle."

Thiers and Cousin had met at dinner. Cousin had expatiated again on the folly of the French in going to war with Russia. This excited Thiers, and he reverted to all that Russia would gain were she permitted to make herself mistress of the Black Sea.

“ ‘You Royalists,’ he said, ‘have been so accustomed to look to Russia for support that you forgot France. You are all *émigrés* like your master. The interests of France and of England are identical. No one can look at a map of Asia and think that Russia can march to Hindostan, or at a chart of the Mediterranean, surrounded by so many maritime nations, and suppose that England thinks of domineering in it. But let Russia once possess the Dardanelles, with the inaccessible Black Sea for her exercising-ground and the hardy Greek population for her crews, and you will find Russia a more formidable rival there than England. I hope,’ he continued, ‘that we are not too late, but we have let Russia acquire a strength which fills me with alarm. With Austria on our side we can control her; with Austria merely neutral it is an awful contest.’ ”

The peculiar position of Austria, “the slave of Russia,” as Thiers

contemptuously styled her, fills a large space in those portions of the conversations which refer to the East. Then, as now, she was an important factor on which it was impossible to calculate, but on which everybody was eagerly speculating. Mr Senior gave a breakfast-party, the object of which, he says, “was to enable Manin to learn from Mohl the feeling of Germany; so, after breakfast, we put Mohl in the witness-box and examined him.” Mohl was the brother of the orientalist—the man who had filled the post of Minister of the Interior in the Germanic Empire of 1848.

“ ‘Is there any national feeling,’ I said, ‘in the Rhenish provinces of Prussia?’ ”

“ ‘There is some,’ said Mohl, ‘or at least what does instead,—a feeling that they cannot stand alone, and a determination not to be French. If they had a tolerable sovereign, they would be loyal. In the German provinces of Austria there is not only nationality, but loyalty.* All classes love their young Emperor. In the Slavonic provinces, and even among the Magyars, the peasantry are loyal. They

* “ ‘C’est un grand erreur, ce me semble, que de parler d’un peuple autrichien. Il est évident que cela n’existe point, à moins qu’on ne veuille donner ce nom aux populations peu nombreuses et politiquement peu importantes qui habitent les états héréditaires allemands de cet empire. On connaît la thèse du Prince Metternich, qui a dit que le mot Italie n’est qu’un mot géographique. Eh, bien; le mot Autriche n’est pas même cela. L’Autriche, c’est la maison de Hapsbourg et l’armée. Parler d’un peuple autrichien, de ses tendances universelles et de ses dispositions, c’est substituer des notions étrangères d’unité à ce qui ne saurait être compris que connu agglomération d’éléments les plus opposés les uns aux autres.

“Jusqu’en 1806, la maison Hapsbourg a gouverné ces différents éléments principalement par l’autorité que lui donnait la dignité impériale allemande. Du moment où elle déposa cette couronne de l’empire on pouvait prédire, et on a prédit, que les difficultés intérieures surgiraient. Voilà pourquoi le dernier mot de toutes les tendances autrichiennes c’est la récupération de la couronne perdue. Discuter la question si elle réussira ou non, ce serait se perdre dans les régions des spéculations politiques. Mais ce qu’on ne saurait contester c’est que cette tendance très positive lui donne le grand avantage d’avoir une politique clairement tracé. C’est cet avantage, uni à celui du pouvoir d’une vieille tradition, qui assuré à cette maison aujourd’hui même, malgré son catholicisme et malgré les crimes qu’elle a toujours commis contre la civilisation allemande, un ascendant incontestable sur la Prusse. Et si l’on comptait les voix dans l’Allemagne proprement dit dont les populations apparemment aux petites principautés sentent le besoin d’appartenir à une plus grande unité, je ne doute point que la majorité sera en faveur de l’Autriche contre la Russie. Et même les souverains de ces petits états, s’il y avait nécessité

love the central Government for its revolutionary contempt of the vested rights of the nobles and landlords. The higher classes are disaffected.'

"'Would volunteers from Vienna,' I asked, 'now march into Italy to crush a Venetian insurrection?'

"'I will not answer,' he said, 'for volunteers, but I am sure that the Austrian army would. The Austrian army will do whatever the Emperor orders it to do.'"

The *mot*, "*L'Autriche, c'est la maison de Hapsbourg et l'armée*," may still explain much of the vacillation which provokes intelligible though somewhat unreasonable indignation. Austria has more cause than any of her neighbours to dread Russian domination on the Danube, in the Black Sea, and in the *Ægean*. Critical as any decision must be, it would seem that the bolder policy would be the safer, when she can find allies to support and possibly to subsidise her. A military demonstration on the Roumanian frontier, with English fleets in the Black Sea, would suffice to make Russia retire from her conquests and re-form a defensive line of battle behind the Danube or the Pruth. But there can be no unanimity of patriotism among the agglomeration of conflicting races who compose the empire. Some of them would re-

gard any possible territorial gains to be obtained by war as a misfortune and an injury. The army is disciplined into obedience, although General Chrzanowski set it down in 1855 as disaffected and unreliable; but it can only be replenished from the ranks of the people, and the people have been in the habit of thinking for themselves, and many of them would detest the war, and dread victory as much as defeat. That is more true at present than twenty years ago,—now that the dual kingdom has been created, that the Greeks and Slavs are jealous of the Magyars, and that the Magyars are seriously alarmed by the progress of Pan Slavonism and its propaganda. In 1855 Mr Senior was discussing the point with General Chrzanowski, who had seen much service in his time, with the Russians and elsewhere, who had commanded the Piedmontese in the campaign of 1849, and whose strong views on military questions are always supported by knowledge and argument.

"When the provinces are loyal, the recalled old soldiers and the new recruits are also loyal. Now that the violent abolition of all the ancient local institutions has rendered almost all the Austrian provinces disaffected,

de se soumettre, se soumettraient plus aisément à la domination de l'Autriche impériale qu'à celle de la Russie.

"Mais à tout cela il faut ajouter que l'Autriche doit cette prépondérance bien moins à l'avantage mentionnée ci-dessus, et bien moins à son propre mérite, qu'à la circonstance déplorable que la Prusse, placée depuis 1840 dans une position bien supérieure à celle de l'Autriche, est sous la domination d'un souverain qui ne sait qu'en faire.

"La vérité sur les tendances proprement allemandes me paraît être que le peuple, pris en masse, pour sortir de l'état de faiblesse en d'infériorité si péniblement senti, bon droit être ni autrichien ni prussien, mais allemand; fût ce sous un empereur allemand ou sous un gouvernement fédératif. Mais tous les esprits sérieux savent que pour le moment ce ne sont que des rêves qu'il faut compter avec les deux grandes puissances établies, et qu'en dépit des velleités unitaires l'esprit des particularités de race en Allemagne y est toujours encore d'une force intense.

"Du reste, je ne réponds point du tout des suites que pourrait avoir une invasion française en Allemagne, qui aurait lieu après une campagne glorieusement terminée contre la Russie, et qui serait précédée d'une proclamation révolutionnaire. La leçon d'histoire la plus positive, c'est que l'histoire ne donne pas de leçons ni aux souverains ni aux peuples."

the army, except the portion of it which has acquired an *esprit de corps* by three or four years of an uninterrupted service, is equally disaffected. Men are such fools, that if Russia were to attack Austria with revolutionary weapons—if she were to come forward as she did in 1813, as the restorer of constitutional freedom—she would be believed as she was then; all the Magyars, the Croats, the Servians, the Dalmatians, and the Italians would join her.

"The old vivaciousness of Austria depended on the loyalty of the different nations who form her empire, and supplied her with fresh armies after every defeat. Now she depends on a single army. An army is a very fragile machine. It takes years to form it, but it can be broken to pieces in a day, as that of Russia was at Jena. And if this existing army of Austria is destroyed, where can she find a new one? If Russia were to enter Hungary a month hence, she would overrun it before France could send any assistance. Austria thinks that if she has got the Principalities by finessing, she has made friends of the whole world. She is mistaken; the whole world has found her out. You hate her, France hates her, the rest of Germany hates her; all her subjects with few exceptions hate her, and Russia hates her more bitterly than anybody else does."

In a subsequent conversation, Chrzanowski made a forecast of what would probably happen in the event of war between Russia and Austria, added some important observations on the internal weakness of both countries, and gave the opinion of the Emperor Nicholas that he had formed from personal acquaintance. If Chrzanowski was right, the character of the father exercised as great an influence in moulding that of his son as on the immediate future of the empire. It may explain the tenacity with which Alexander is said to cling to the stipulation in his treaty with the Turks for the retrocession of Roumanian Bessarabia—a tenacity

which has done more than anything else to injure him in European opinion, which has changed the goodwill of serviceable allies into hostility it will be very difficult to appease, and which has forced him to weaken his hold upon Turkey, since he must occupy Roumania as if it were an enemy's country.

"Russia at this instant is weaker than she has been since the death of Peter III. No enemies have done her so much harm as her late and her present Emperor.

"Senior. The general opinion is, that Alexander is improving the country by wise reforms.

"Chrzanowski. I am not sure that what he is undertaking will turn out to be a reform; but I am sure that he has not managed it wisely. He is endeavouring to carry out on an enormous scale—that is, in a country containing sixty-four millions of persons—a measure which has always been found dangerous, even on a small scale, the general abolition of serfdom. He has begun by, in fact, abdicating his power by calling on the governors and notables of the sixty provinces into which the empire is divided, for their advice and assistance.

"Senior. What do you know of this Emperor?

"Chrzanowski. I knew him about twenty-eight years ago, when he was eleven or twelve years old. He was a fine, intelligent, spirited youth. But twenty-five years under the rule of Nicholas would *embête* any one. I hear the most contradictory accounts of him: that he is intelligent, well-informed, courageous, and well-disposed; and that he is a stupid, ignorant, timid idiot, who ought to be shut up. I cannot venture on an opinion. His father was ignorant and stupid; but he was presumptuous and rash, with intervals, in cases of failure or even of difficulty, of depression almost amounting to helplessness. I had opportunities of studying his character, for, as aide-de-camp to General Diebitsch, I lived under the same tent with him for six weeks. His manage-

ment of the late war may be taken as a test of his powers. When he began, he had, besides the armies in the Caucasus, in Finland, and in Siberia, a disposable army of 450,000 men. He immediately doubled it—that is, for every regiment consisting of four battalions of 1000 men each, he raised four more battalions of equal strength. The men, of course, were mere recruits; the officers were proportionately still worse, since it takes much more time to make an officer than a soldier. Besides these 900,000 men, he raised about 200,000 more during the course of the war. At the peace, not more than 200,000 out of the 1,100,000 men remained. They perished from forced marches, bad food, bad clothing, and hardships of every kind—a very large number, perhaps the greater part, before they had been actually embodied in any army. I know of regiments which marched from Odessa to the Baltic, and back from the Baltic to Perekop, starting 4000 strong, and wasted at the end to 1500, without having seen an enemy. His only generalship was to overwhelm the allies by number; but as he made no adequate provision for their maintenance or for their hospitals, their numbers were formidable only to themselves. The 450,000 good troops with which he started were soon used up, and at last his army became a mere rabble.

“*Senior*. I am told that we never encountered the best Russian troops; the army of Poland, for instance, and the Imperial Guard.

“*Chrzanowski*. You did not encounter the Guard, but it was only 40,000 men. As for the army of Poland, it was reduced during the war from 200,000 men to 25,000; principally, I believe, by marches, but certainly a large portion of it died in the Crimea. The scenes that took place at Nicholas's death have been described to me. For the first day scarcely any one ventured to mention it; they seemed to be in awe of his spirit. At last the corpse was shown, and there was a burst of joy. A load was taken off every man's breast. They could breathe freely.

“*Senior*. You say that in a war between Russia and Austria each could

ruin the other. How could Russia ruin Austria?

“*Chrzanowski*. By promising to restore the old constitutions which Francis Joseph abolished when he introduced centralisation and despotism in 1851. The Austrian empire is so heterogeneous, its component parts have so little sympathy, so few interests in common, and in many cases such mutual hatred, that there is scarcely a province that would not be delighted to regain the independence which it lost when conquest, or inheritance, or marriage made the house of Hapsburg its sovereign, though in almost every case its constitutional sovereign. But to obtain this result the war must be a serious one. Those who desert the Austrian cause must not have to fear that they will be disavowed or abandoned when peace is made.

“*Senior*. And what is the weapon of Austria against Russia?

“*Chrzanowski*. To promise to the serfs the freedom and the land which she has already given to those of Galicia. The Russian army is a new one, recruited by force, hating the service, and quite ready to disband, if it could do so with safety. The desire of freedom would raise the peasantry against the Government, and the army would join them, or rather disperse among them. But this, again, could be done only by making what I call a serious war; a war not to end in peace as soon as the honour of each party has been satisfied, like a duel for the first blood, but a *duel à mort*; a war like one of Napoleon's wars, in which the enemy is to be ruined.

“*Senior*. You are speaking of wars in which each nation would be a principal; but if Austria were attacked by France, could not Russia, without much danger, join France as an auxiliary?

“*Chrzanowski*. She could, and perhaps hatred and revenge might lead her to do so; but she will not, if there is any prudence in her councils. What would she gain by strengthening France and bringing her almost in contact with herself? I believe that she will take little part in European politics during the next ten years. Her own internal affairs are quite enough to employ her. But if she does take

part in any European war, I think that it will be against France. She fears France politically and militarily. France must soon become a constitutional monarchy or a republic, both of them forms of government distasteful to Russia. Her literature is the only literature of the Russian higher classes. Her habits of thought are imitated. If a revolution breaks out in Russia, the impulse will probably come from France. I believe that she would willingly join in crushing France, even though it might profit Austria.

"Senior. What is the present state of the Russian army?"

"Chrzanowski. Bad, and getting worse. An army is never stationary; it is always improving or deteriorating. The Russian army has been deteriorating ever since Suwarrow. It has neither generals nor officers; it is ill armed. I had a rifle made for me at Liège. The manufacturer showed me one which was the model after which he was to make fifty thousand for Russia. It was a barbarous weapon, weighing thirteen pounds, and in every respect ill constructed. 'Are you not ashamed,' I said to the gunsmith, 'to turn out such a machine?' 'I am not consulted,' he answered, 'and I am well paid—fifty francs per gun; but I give a receipt for one hundred francs.' Thus in one transaction the State is robbed of a hundred thousand francs, and the infantry of a whole *corps d'armée* will be almost defenceless against really well-armed troops. This is a sample of Russian administration."

Perhaps General Chrzanowski showed no extraordinary acuteness in predicting that the French would speedily revert from the Empire to constitutional monarchy or the republic. Of course both these forms of government must be intensely antipathetical to the Russian autocracy, which dreaded nothing more than the inbreak of those Liberal ideas from the West, which are at this moment in full ferment in the country districts as in the cities. It confirms the

General's mean opinion of Nicholas's political ability, that the Czar did not make sure of Louis Napoleon when it would have only cost him some civil words and a little judicious flattery. And it becomes clear that the Emperor Alexander realised but imperfectly the dangers of his undertaking when he decreed the emancipation of the serfs among his other Liberal reforms, and Europe is suffering indirectly from the consequences. The serfs must have been liberated sooner or later, but Alexander was hardly the man to do it. It needed no ordinary strength of mind, with the finest instincts of the highest order of statesmanship, to turn Russia from a despotism into something like a constitutional State. Blind forces were set in motion, whose strength and tendencies it was difficult to estimate and impossible to control. But one thing should surely have been self-evident: it was beyond the range of mortal adroitness to emancipate minds and tyrannise over bodies; to give considerable encouragement to education, and to maintain such a barbarous system of police administration as was disclosed at the trial of Vera Sassulitch. Her acquittal is a sign of the times that has come home to the Czar and his counsellors. It is impossible for them to ignore the popular feeling in any decision they may come to on the issues of peace and war. And popular feeling is just in that embryo stage of glimmering enlightenment when it is most alive to sensational dreams and appeals, and most stupidly incapable of calculating consequences. The Czar may have been brought to understand the terrible danger of war with England. But it is no wonder that his people are still in the frame of mind which prevailed in the Court and the best society when every-

body was exultant over the Treaty of San Stefano. They know nothing of the significance of the changed attitude of England: but they have been told that they are being insulted and defied by a nation they are taught to detest; and when the better-informed of them gather from their national journals that England is only bragging after all—that her late Prime Minister is working with heart and soul to “save her from the sin of war” under any circumstances, and believes he can carry his country along with him,—no wonder the Russians put pressure on their Court. The Czar must see, in the first instance, to his dynasty and his personal safety, and we pity him sincerely in his painful dilemma. If he fights he is pretty sure to be beaten, and the recoil of an unsuccessful war that must half ruin his empire would shake his throne to the foundations; while if the country be disappointed by “ignominious” concessions, an immense impulse will be given to the smouldering conflagration which undermines the whole surface of society, and which is fanned by growing indignation against the traditional abuses of the Government.

As for Chrzanowski's capital story of the rifle, we know that it might find its counterpart nowadays in every department of Russian army-supply. Were the world to remain at peace, we could afford to be philanthropical, and to wish that the Russian crusaders from the highest to the lowest had been in the habit of laying to heart the teachings of their religion, and behaving with common honesty. But if, most unhappily, we should be driven to fight, it is reassuring to know that her inveterate corruption must overstrain her feeble sinews of war. Reform in her financial administration must be an affair of time, and of money as well. It

would be cheaper in the end if she were to pay her officials sufficiently, and hang some of her commissary-generals and contractors, to begin with—*pour encourager les autres*. But revised scales of pay and salaries would disagreeably modify the budget, in which British bondholders are interested.

Chrzanowski's sweeping condemnation of the Roumanians has been in some measure contradicted by their recent behaviour. At the same time, those who fancied they knew them best would have most entirely agreed with him, and even their rare admirers must have been agreeably disappointed in their behaviour.

“As we rose from the table Chrzanowski joined us. He and Manin talked of the Principalities.

“*Senior* (to Chrzanowski). What say you,—ought they to be united or separate?

“*Chrzanowski*. It is utterly unimportant. I would not cross the room to produce either event. To talk of their being a bulwark against Russia is nonsense—a bulwark of four millions of servile peasants or shopkeepers, debased by centuries of oppression and intrigues, without an aristocracy, or a reigning family, or a history, or a nationality. United or separate, they will be under the influence of Russia.”

So they might have been, although the Roumanians have no liking for the Slavs, had Russian diplomatists been as clever as they have been credited with being, or had the Czar been a constitutional monarch and Russia governed by a national Parliament. As it is, Alexander, from filial caprice, has chosen to discard a winning card, which Austria may even now pick up if she pleases. Although the upper classes have an unenviable notoriety for immorality, and have rather prided themselves than otherwise on the looseness of their principles, Roumania had been making marvellous national progress before

the war interrupted it. She enjoys good credit on the European bourses; she has invested the money she borrowed to good advantage; and her soldiers have shown that they know how to fight. But 5,000,000 of an alien race can never hope to stand alone between two overgrown empires. Their countrymen in Hungary and in Russian Bessarabia are beyond their reach. Acquisition of alien territory can only tend to weaken them, by making them reproduce on a smaller scale the disunion of the Austrian empire. They are altogether beyond the influence of effective European guarantees. They must cast in their lot either with Austria or Russia; and if Austria were forced into a Russian war, their annexation to her might be one of the prizes of victory.

It is curious to observe how often Russian policy, directed by some wayward impulse of the Czar, has interfered with the dearest objects of its ambition. Alexander, by insisting on robbing them of Bessarabia, out of respect for his father's memory, has made possible enemies of the Roumanians, when he might very easily have bound them to him. And Nicholas, when he marched his armies into Hungary because he was alarmed by any appearance of national vitality, effectually alienated the Magyars, while giving Austria occasion for being ungrateful. Even after all that had come and gone, the disposition of the Hungarians in 1858 excited general uneasiness in Western Europe; and it was not a day too soon that Vienna attached them by those immense concessions which have provoked so much irritation among their fellow-subjects. This is what Prosper Mérimée had to say on the subject, *apropos* to the Italian war; and at that time he was living in the inner circle at the Tuileries, and received at Compiègne as friend of the family.

"Senior. Will he (the Emperor) be satisfied with a victory over Austria?"

"Mérimée. I believe that there is only one person who knows anything as to his intentions, the Empress, and I doubt whether she knows much; she looks with fear at the chance of the war extending beyond Italy. I said to her the day before yesterday that I only feared the Emperor's having too many allies; allies not only in Italy but Hungary. 'That,' said the Empress, 'is what I fear.' I should be exceedingly alarmed by a Hungarian insurrection, which, by giving Hungary to Russia, might make her our neighbour and a Mediterranean Power.' In fact, the danger is great. Austria, with her usual stupidity and brutality, has made enemies not only of the Magyars, but of the Croats, who rendered her such services in the late insurrection. Most of them belong to the Greek Church, and she has been fool enough to trouble them about their religion. The Russians too, when they entered Hungary, behaved with the utmost moderation; paid liberally for all that they wanted; and when they had beaten the Hungarians, protected them against the Austrians. I hear that Klapka has already gone to Hungary, and that Kossuth is going. If a Russian army were to enter Hungary, the people would be on their knees before it."

If that were true, it only shows what Russia might have gained had she acted differently. We believe Mérimée exaggerated, for we know how deep was the Hungarian resentment when Nicholas had snatched victory from their grasp; but Austria retrieved them when she restored them their kingdom, and tardily granted almost all they had fought for. Since then, having nothing to gain from Russia, they have only remembered their injuries and wrongs. And the result has been their benevolent sympathy for Turkey, and that unremitting pressure on their countryman, Count Andrassy, which supports him against the Slavs and the Court party, who, for any reasonable

compensation, would gladly let Russia have her way.

Going back a few years to the time of the Crimean war, we find M. de Viel-Castel expressing an opinion that bears very directly on the points presently in dispute between London and St Petersburg:—

"Monday, May 8. — I spent the evening at the Duc de Broglie's, and met there Rémusat, Dumon, Viel-Castel, and the D'Haussonvilles. I found the opinion that Austria will join us prevalent, but not the expectation that it will produce an early peace. Viel-Castel, whose long diplomatic experience entitles him to attention, believes that nothing short of long-continued successive defeats will induce Russia to become party to a stipulation excluding her from separate negotiation with Turkey; such a stipulation would be an abandonment of her policy for the last century. Yet it is the least security that we can require."

We may bring those remarkable extracts to a conclusion with an interesting conversation which Mr Senior had with Chrzanowski on the various European armies. It is true that it took place four-and-twenty years ago; but the soldier-like qualities of the men, at least—of the Turks especially—remain as they were.

"What is your estimate," I said, "of the Austrian army?"

"The officers," he answered, "are excellent; perhaps the best in Europe. Like yours, they are gentlemen. They have the spirit and the influence which belong to gentlemen. And they know their duties, which *yours do not*. The men are strong and well trained, but they hate the service. They are not volunteers, like yours—or conscripts, like the French. Each commune has to furnish a certain number of men. The Government officers select them arbitrarily. Those who are chosen feel oppressed, and never have the good will of the volunteer, who has taken to the army as a profession—or of a conscript, who is paying his debt to his country. The generals are good.

Hesse is fit to command 200,000 men, and I know of no one else in Europe who is so.

"This is the great want," he continued, "of the French. They think that Africa has given them a supply of generals. It has not. It has given them good partisans—men who can scatter irregular skirmishers; but they do not know what it is to fight a European enemy. They do not even know whether they shall preserve their presence of mind under artillery. Not one man in a hundred does so. I do not speak of those who run, but of those who stand. Some men get excited and wild; some—and that is the majority—are stupefied; their eyes are dazzled, their faces get pale and long, their knees tremble, they scarcely know where they are. This does not prevent men from standing and firing and executing orders; but it totally unfits them for command. For that, perfect coolness under grape-shot, shells, and balls is necessary. Lamoricière and Changarnier may find that they possess it; but they have not yet been tried."

"Have the Russians," I said, "any good generals?"

"None," he said, "on a great scale. Luters are their best. I would trust him with 30,000 or 40,000 men, but with no more. Their regimental officers are ignorant and bad; the men are good—the best, perhaps, in the world after the English and the Turks."

"Do you put the Turks so high?" I asked.

"I put them," he answered, "at the very top. Not the officers, still less the generals, but the privates have every soldierly quality. The Turk is strong, he is docile, he is sober, he is intelligent, he has a contempt for life which is both fatalist and fanatic, and he can live on nothing. If you could train and officer them as you did the Portuguese, you would make them the best troops in Europe; as good as your own, perhaps better. When their military organisation was good, two centuries ago, no European armies could stand before them."

"To return," I said, "to this war. What chance have the Turks, with only naval assistance, against the Russians?"

“None whatever,” he answered. “They must in time be overwhelmed by numbers and by greater strategical skill.”

And there is a noteworthy passage where Chrzanowski talks of the mental attitude of Nicholas, before the outbreak of the war, which applies at least as forcibly now. He begins by remarking that he knew Nicholas well; that he had seen much of him in the campaigns of 1828 and 1829: when living in tents, divided only by a curtain, he could actually overhear his conversation. “He was timid, irresolute, and without resources.” And Chrzanowski goes on: “I have no doubt that in this business he would have yielded over and over if he had not felt that receding was more dangerous than advancing. When once the Russian pride was roused, he could not mortify it and hope to live.” It would be well if the Englishmen who have been doing their best to persuade Alexander that his safety lies rather in obstinacy than in concessions, would lay that pregnant passage to heart. We cannot think that we have cause to be altogether satisfied with the conduct of Lord Granville. The man who has guided our foreign policy, who would doubtless guide it again were his party to return to power, has a grave responsibility of which he cannot relieve himself. Possibly we have no right to take exception to anything he has said himself, either in the House of Lords or elsewhere. But if he differed from Mr Gladstone and Mr Gladstone’s followers—and we can hardly doubt that he differs most widely from them—their intemperance made it all the more incumbent upon him to express himself very explicitly. We gratefully acknowledge the seasonable candour of such distinguished Whig noblemen as Lords Fitz-William, Fortescue, and Love-

lace, who have set patriotism far before considerations of party. But neither at home, nor with foreigners, can their words have the weight that would attach to the expressions of a Liberal Secretary for Foreign Affairs and the leader of the Opposition in the Lords. And what are we to say of Mr Gladstone, whose violence so far has culminated at Hawarden, after he had seen that the course of events was demonstrating the folly of his counsels? When he admits that he is opposed by two large and impregnable majorities; when he confesses that “a large proportion of what are called the educated” are against him and his friends from the manufacturing districts,—ought that to have no sort of effect in inducing him to reconsider his personal opinions? Those clubs in Pall Mall and St James’s Street that he sneers at, take their tone of thought, after all, from the most cultivated intellect of England—from the men who have leisure and opportunity to study intricate questions, who hold the heaviest stakes in the country, and who for the most part are singularly free from any selfish or special interests. Can Mr Gladstone, of all men, honestly despise intellect and cultivation? One of the greatest obstacles to a peaceful understanding is the belief that has been industriously encouraged in Russia that our Ministers are obstinately bent on war. The late Premier of England assures the Russians, or any one else who may read his speeches, that that is most undoubtedly the fact. We know that Lord Beaconsfield is Mr Gladstone’s *bête noire*; but has he lost all faith in the honour and integrity of English statesmen that he invites us to disbelieve their solemn assurances? His language would be considered intolerable in private life and in the society of gentlemen; and hitherto the common courtesies of private

life have been carried into the broader fields of politics. We may trust that in this instance his violence has defeated itself, and that the sense of the country and of intelligent foreign envoys may still float us over the crisis. But the precedent of coercing the Foreign Office by the yells of the crowd, and of pandering to the self-interests of certain classes whose trade may be temporarily affected by a war, however patriotic, is one of the most dangerous we can possibly conceive.

Happily our position is strong, and it is daily growing relatively stronger. Unpatriotic agitation is really impotent at home, although it may still do serious harm abroad. Should the worst come to the worst, it seems morally certain that we can hold our own in the most protracted conflict that can possibly be forced on us. The calling in of the Indian armies as auxiliaries against a European campaign, was a master-stroke of practical policy. The confidence it showed in our native subjects and the enthusiasm it has excited among them, effectually disposed of the Russian menaces of invasion across the Asiatic deserts and the mountain barriers beyond them. If the Indian troops behave as well as the best judges expect, we may make ourselves a great military Power in the event of a struggle for existence or for empire. We may employ financial resources that are really inexhaustible in recruiting from a field that is practically unlimited. We say nothing of drilling and organising the Turks, and turning these splendid soldiers into sepoy corps, well fed, regularly paid, and commanded by British officers. But as to what might be done in that respect, we may relate a circumstance for which we are indebted to a friend who gives it on the authority of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe. We had our Turkish contingent

during the Crimean war, which had few opportunities of winning glory, and received very moderate pay. Yet on the news of the Indian Mutiny, numbers of these disbanded soldiers, as well as many of their acquaintances, besieged the doors of our Embassy, eager to be enrolled again under our colours, although it involved their serving against their co-religionists.

Meanwhile Russia is in a very different position from that she occupied when she annihilated Napoleon's grand army, or even when she entered upon the Crimean war. In mortgaging her means and her expectations as she has done, she has given pledges to peace and prudence. Should she be driven to repudiation, sorely against her will, it will cost her more than any conceivable fruits she may gain by most improbable victory. But the more formidable our position for defence or attack—the more assured we are in the calm consciousness of our strength,—the more strongly is the duty of being moderate enforced upon us. We can afford to consider the just susceptibilities of Russia without any danger to the *prestige* we have already vindicated. We can appreciate the feelings of her gallant troops, who already have their hands on the prizes of the war; and it is only politic to see that they are gratified, so far as we honourably can. We do not believe for a moment that the Government will stand too nicely on technicalities: we remember, but a few months ago, how very generally they were abused for their readiness to yield everything. And if they use their consciousness of strength in a conciliatory spirit, we may hope that, in spite of all factious opposition, they will conduct most delicate negotiations to a pacific and satisfactory result.

COMPANIONS ON THE ROAD.

LIFE'S milestones, marking year on year,
Pass ever swifter as we near
The final goal, the silent end
To which our fated footsteps tend.
A year once seemed a century,
Now like a day it hurries by,
And doubts and fears our hearts oppress,
And all the way is weariness.

Ah me! how glad and gay we were,
Youth's sap in all our veins astir,
When long ago with spirits high,
A happy careless company,
We started forth, when everything
Wore the green glory of the spring,
And all the fair wide world was ours,
To gather as we would its flowers!

Then, Life almost eternal seemed,
And Death a dream so vaguely dreamed,
That in the distance scarce it threw
A cloud-shade on the mountains blue,
That rose before us soft and fair,
Clothed in ideal hues of air,
To which we meant in after-time,
Strong in our manhood's strength, to climb.

How all has changed! Years have gone by,
And of that joyous company
With whom our youth first journeyed on,
Who—who are left? Alas, not one!
Love earliest loitered on the way,
Then turned his face and slipped away;
And after him with footsteps light
The fickle Graces took their flight,
And all the careless joys that lent
Their revelry and merriment
Grew silenter, and, ere we knew,
Had smiled their last and said "adieu."

Hope faltering then with doubtful mind,
Began to turn and look behind,
And we, half questioning, were fain
To follow with her back again;
But Fate still urged us on our way
And would not let us pause or stay.
Then to our side with plaintive eye,
In place of Hope came Memory,

And murmured of the Past, and told
Dear stories of the days of old,¹
Until its very dross seemed gold,
And Friendship took the place of Love,
And strove in vain to us to prove
That Love was light and insincere—
Not worth a man's regretful tear.

Ah! all in vain—grant 'twas a cheat,
Yet no voice ever was so sweet—
No presence like to Love's, who threw
Enchantment over all we knew;
And still we listen with a sigh,
And back, with fond tears in the eye,
We gaze to catch a glimpse again
Of that dear place—but all in vain.

Preach not, O stern Philosophy!
Nought we can have, and nought we see,
Will ever be so pure, so glad,
So beautiful, as what we had.

Our steps are sad—our steps are slow—
Nothing is like the long ago.
Gone is the keen, intense delight—
The perfume faint and exquisite—
The glory and the effluence
That haloed the enraptured sense,
When Faith and Love were at our side,
And common Life was deified.

Our shadows that we used to throw
Behind us, now before us grow;
For once we walked towards the sun,
But now, Life's full meridian done,
They change, and in their chill we move,
Further away from Faith and Love.
A chill is in the air—no more
Our thoughts with joyous impulse soar,
But creep along the level way,
Waiting the closing of the day.
The Future holds no wondrous prize
This side Death's awful mysteries;
Beyond, what waits for us, who knows?
New Life, or infinite repose?

W. W. S.

TANTALUS.

I AT the banquet of the Gods have sate
Above the clouds that shroud these earthly plains,
Their nectar quaffed, and their ambrosia ate,
And felt the Olympian ichor in my veins.

Apollo, like a glory in a gloom,
Jove's thund'rous brow, and Juno's face serene,
Chaste Dian's grace—the auroral blush and bloom
That Venus owns—these mortal eyes have seen.

Mad with desire I strove the charm to seize
That should again renew to sense and soul
On earth below those heavenly ecstasies—
And I their nectar and ambrosia stole.

But who against the Gods shall e'er prevail?
The bliss of heaven on earth we may not own,
Stale tastes the nectar here, the ambrosia stale,
The ethereal flavour lost, the aroma flown.

And so the Gods condemn me here to stand
Thirsting within the stream that from me flees—
Hungering 'mid fruits ambrosial that my hand
For ever vainly reaches out to seize.

My sense the music of Apollo haunts,
But dim and distant and beyond my reach;
I hear afar the Gods' grand utterance,
But cannot shape it into mortal speech.

In silence still I feel as in a dream
Their dim mysterious whisperings everywhere,—
On the lone hills—in forest, reed, and stream—
In night's low breathings, in the sea's despair.

So taunting ever with half-confidence
That wins the listening ear, but will not speak,
Pleasing and puzzling all the soul and sense,
The Gods for ever mock us mortals weak.

O Poets, in whatever realm or clime,
Pity me—Tantalus—for you must feel
How nature lures us on with dreams sublime,
And hints the secret she will ne'er reveal.

W. W. S.

HAVE MINISTERS BEEN CONSISTENT?

THERE never was a season when the ingenuity of Opposition was so severely taxed to maintain its footing as a Parliamentary power. Time after time it has taken up a position as a hostile critic of the Government, only to find that Ministers had already been beforehand with it, and that the ground was already occupied. Each fresh attack has only brought out in the most striking manner the contrast between the firmness and resolution of the Ministry and its own vacillation and weakness. Expedients that happily have been unheard of in our political history have been tried, and have failed, to bring the advisers of the Crown into discredit with the people. And the issue of all the sinister imputations on the honour of the Sovereign's advisers, of the attempts to force the hands of Ministers, of the abuse inside the House and the agitation out of it, has simply been to knit the country and the Cabinet more closely together by the bond of a patriotic policy, the common object of both.

It has been one of the greatest disadvantages of the Government throughout the Eastern crisis that it has had no definite or responsible Opposition to contend with. When the policy of the Liberal party ceased to have a semblance of caring for the interests of the country, and resolved itself simply into an expression of hostility to Government, all hopes of benefiting from its patriotic criticism came to an end. It has had no head to regulate its course; or rather, it has had as many heads as the Hydra, each determined to be *the* directing influence. It is of little profit that Lord Hartington recognises the obligations of British interests as opposed to

party politics, if he has no power to make his party as a whole give effect to his views, and if he is compelled to make way for every demagogue who has some criminative suggestions to put forward against the Government. There have been repeated junctures throughout the Eastern crisis, when sound constitutional criticism would have been of immense service to Ministers, and when it was a serious misfortune for them that they could not frankly submit their views to Parliament, with the assurance that these would be fairly and honestly canvassed in the interests of the country. But the conduct of the Opposition, or rather of its irrepressible and irresponsible sections, compelled the Government to adopt a reserve that was entirely alien to its disposition. Of this reserve, and of the privacy necessary to insure the success of delicate diplomatic negotiations, we know how unworthily these sections have taken advantage. Without waiting until the proper time came for explanations, and rejecting all assurances of the Government as to the tenor of its policy, Mr Gladstone and his friends at once put the most sinister constructions upon the reticence of Ministers, which had been due so largely to his own indiscreetness, and set afloat the most malignant reports of warlike intentions and of a desire for aggression on the part of the Cabinet—reports to which, in his multitudinous speeches, pamphlets, and essays, he has never been able to assign any better foundation than his personal enmity to particular Ministers, and his party jealousy of a Conservative Cabinet.

It would, however, be exaggerating Mr Gladstone's influence, and

overestimating the efforts of the agitators, if we were to say that any real harm has resulted from their misrepresentations. They have thoroughly discredited themselves with the country; but we will not pretend to regard that as a misfortune. They have led Russia from bad to worse, from mobilisation to the Conference, from the Conference to the Treaty of San Stefano, and from the Treaty of San Stefano to the brink of a war which she is not in a position to wage successfully, and from which she cannot draw back without difficulty and even loss of *prestige*. As for the Government, its popularity and credit have risen in exact proportion as these have been assailed. It has not, it is true, been very profuse in its own defence, but facts have vindicated its conduct in a way that words could not have done. "War, with the Ministry, was a foregone conclusion," cry Mr Gladstone and his friends; and scarcely was the accusation put forth, when the strenuous efforts of the Cabinet to secure the peace of Europe were made manifest. "England is isolated by the action of the Premier," is the next clamour, raised at the very moment when England was not only in the closest unison with the other Powers, but was actually leading the European concert in vindication of the provisions of the Treaty of Paris, as she still continues to do. And now that one after another of the charges of the Opposition has fallen through—now that the firm policy of the Government has been crowned by the approbation of the country and by the sympathy and respect of the European Courts,—there is yet another attempt being made by a section of the Liberals to shake the credit of the Cabinet by a cry of inconsistency.

This is a somewhat ridiculous ground to be taken up by a party that has been consistent in nothing

throughout the Eastern discussions, except in its attempts to incriminate Ministers. Consistency on their part would imply a definite policy and fixed views, which the Liberals have been, and are, unhappily, without on this question. Moreover, the substitution of a charge of inconsistency for an arraignment of policy, is in itself an admission of the success of the Government's course of action, and an acknowledgment that its consequences meet with the satisfaction of the critics. Viewed in this light, the subject of the consistency or inconsistency of the Eastern policy of the Government may very fairly be discussed; and Ministers have no reason to shirk the issue. It must, however, be taken into account, that to preserve even the appearance of consistency amid the ever-varying turns of affairs in the East, and in the face of the successive changes of front among the Opposition, has taxed the statesmanship of the Cabinet. We must remember that a policy originally laid down in good faith of the sincerity of Russia's professions of disinterestedness, had to be reviewed in the light of the territorial aggrandisement which Russia, in the hour of victory, at once proposed to herself. We must note how difficult an antagonist in diplomacy we have had to match in Russia; how reckless she has been in the observance of her obligations; how adroit in raising difficulties, how unscrupulous by what means she wriggled out of them. Above all, we must keep in mind how actively Russia's efforts to elude an honest understanding have been aided by the English Opposition; and, with these facts before us, we shall have little difficulty in conceiving how hard it has been for Government not merely to be consistent, but to hold fast by any particular line of policy.

Now that the question, "Have

Ministers been consistent?" has been raised by those who are ever seeking to see "a new departure" in the policy of Government, we cannot do better than consider the answer which the numerous Blue-books issued on the Eastern Question during the past two years return, and trace the various landmarks in the course of our diplomatic negotiations with both Russia and Turkey, since the peace of Europe became imperilled. And in doing so, we shall be careful to quote chapter and verse for our authorities, that we may not be suspected of answering the Opposition in its own reckless and unfounded style of argument.

If we wish to take a comprehensive view of the question, it is essential to remember that we must not frame our judgment by a simple reference to matters as they now stand at the end of May 1878. We must go back to the beginning of the troubles in 1876, and consider whether the policy pursued by the Cabinet has been a knotted or an even thread. From the unexpected changes which have come over Russia's professions, we may, of course, expect to meet with corresponding amplifications and developments of our own policy; but it is sufficient for the nation to satisfy itself that there has been no fundamental change of idea, or even any deviation from the course originally laid down, that has not been absolutely necessitated by the irresistible logic of facts.

From a careful study of the Eastern Blue-books, from a comparison of despatch with despatch and of speech with speech—a course of study that the Liberal leaders might with profit adopt—we draw four inferences which we think will not lightly be controverted: (1) That it has been the sincere desire of the Conservative Government, ever since the question cropped up, to promote a

peaceful reformation in Turkish administration; (2) That it has firmly refused to entertain the idea of coercing the Porte by the application of material force; (3) That it has with equal firmness withheld from the Porte all encouragement to expect from England any material support; and (4) That from the outset it has steadily sought the co-operation of the other European Powers in the settlement of the Eastern Question, reserving to itself only the right of forming an independent judgment on each separate point that might arise during the course of the negotiations, according as it bore upon the honour and interests of the nation, and the future welfare of the European States.

Bearing these four points carefully in mind, we shall rapidly summarise the chief phases in England's foreign policy from the time when the Andrassy Note first revealed the critical aspect which Eastern affairs were tending to assume. The English Government, it will be remembered, supported the Note, but with a good deal of hesitation, as there was some danger of their seeming to violate the second canon of their creed—abstention from the coercion of Turkey. And when they did support it, it was because Turkey and the other Powers requested England to do so, and because it seemed that an opportunity of promoting peaceful reforms in Turkey, as well as of securing conjoint action, was opened up by the Note. That that was the case is quite clear from the Turkish Blue-book (No. 2 of 1876, p. 87). We moreover find, on page 91 of the same Blue-book, that on the 22d January 1876, Austria had declared that if the Bosnian and Herzegovinan insurgents did not accept the Note, Turkey would be left to deal with them single-handed; whilst in the contrary case, the Powers would not

dissuade the insurgents from continuing armed resistance. And again, in page 97 of the same book, we find that Lord Derby, on 25th January, having by this time chosen his line of policy, pressed strongly upon Turkey the importance of loyalty and thoroughly carrying out the necessary administrative reforms. Thus, with regard to the Andrassy Note, the Government had already formed the policy to which it has since adhered.

We next come to the rejection of the Berlin Memorandum, which has been so frequently cast in the teeth of the Government. It is plain that at the very time of its rejection—viz., May 19, 1876—the British Government was remonstrating with the Porte for its apathy in carrying out the promised reforms, and was urging upon it the necessity for greater activity in the matter.

“Her Majesty’s Government,” Lord Derby writes (Turkey, No. 3, 1876, p. 174), “cannot conceal from themselves that the gravity of the situation has arisen in a great measure from the weakness and apathy of the Porte in dealing with the insurrection in its earlier stages, and from the want of confidence in Turkish statesmanship and powers of government, shown by the state of financial, military, and administrative collapse into which the country has been allowed to fall. The responsibility of this condition of affairs must rest with the Sultan and his Government, and all that can be done by the Government of her Majesty is to give such friendly counsel as circumstances may require. They cannot control events to which the neglect of ordinary principles of good government may expose the Turkish empire.”

Again, on the 23d May and 6th June (*ibid.*, pp. 212, 229) Government cautioned Turkey against rejecting *en bloc* the propositions of the Memorandum, and recommended the Porte to consider its proposals in a careful and conciliatory spirit, and to confine its opposition to the Memorandum to such of its separ-

ate propositions as might be considered objectionable. This counsel was followed, on the 13th June, immediately after Sultan Murad’s accession, and within a month of the rejection of the Berlin Memorandum, by a strong though friendly representation from the Foreign Office (*ibid.*, p. 253), urging on Turkey the immediate necessity of reform as the only means of averting calamity, and of forestalling the enemies of the Ottoman empire.

It is worth while to refer back for a moment to the earlier debates in Parliament on the Andrassy Note and the Berlin Memorandum, and to see how the facts, as far as they were then known, presented themselves to the leaders of the Opposition. In the debate on the Address in February 1876, Lord Derby pointed out that there were four courses open to the Government with reference to the Andrassy Note: first, abstention pure and simple, which, he argued, would have been unsatisfactory, as depriving England of her future right to claim a voice in the settlement of Turkish affairs; secondly, to have advised the Porte to reject the Note, a measure which would have imposed on this country a responsibility for the future better government of Turkey that England was not at that moment prepared to incur; thirdly, the submission of an alternative scheme by England, which would practically have been the substitution of a Derby for an Andrassy Note; and lastly, there was the qualified acceptance of the Note, the course actually adopted by her Majesty’s Government. Very little reflection suffices to show that this was the only safe and satisfactory course that could have been followed, as well as the only course that would have been consistent with the characteristics of our policy already referred to. We had no cut-and-

dry scheme of reform to propose, nor would the three Northern Powers have been willing to accept one from us in lieu of the project that they had elaborated. There only remained the qualified acceptance of the Note, which met at the time with the approbation of the Opposition, the chief apprehension of its leaders being that Government would exceed our treaty rights in the extent of its interference with the Porte.

Lord Granville went even further length in the debate of June 26, 1876, on the Berlin Memorandum. He considered that the Government had done right in rejecting the Memorandum, though he was in ignorance as to its contents; and he repeated the same opinion a month later, on the 31st July. Moreover, his lordship distinctly approved the action of Ministers in taking up an attitude of conditional neutrality, and in abstaining from any steps that were calculated to accelerate the downfall of the Ottoman empire. "If all Europe," he said, "were agreed, it would not be an easy task to settle the problem of what should take its [the Ottoman empire's] place." And though Lord Granville was severe in his criticisms of what he affected to regard as the too absolute rejection of the Berlin Memorandum by her Majesty's Government, he at the same time admitted that Ministers were not bound to bring forward any counter-propositions of their own. Mr Gladstone at the same date expressed himself in favour of the maintenance of the integrity of Turkish territory; and Lord Hartington held that the objects which the Government professed to have in view were sound in the main, though the manner in which Ministers had sought to attain them did not meet with his entire approval. "I think," Lord Hartington said, "that in the main the policy which they

[her Majesty's Ministers] have adopted is right, although I may have had objections to the means they have taken to carry out that policy and to enforce their views."

It would obviously be impossible, within the limits of this article, to quote *seriatim* the opinions of the majority of even the front rank of politicians; but we do not think that up to the conclusion of the session of 1876 any prominent member on the other side expressed himself in a sense materially different from the views of Lords Granville and Hartington, or showed more than a general disinclination to condemn (to put it mildly) the ends arrived at by Ministers, tempered by a wish to criticise more or less severely the means which had been employed in securing these. Considering, then, the normal condition of political strife in this country, it is not an unreasonable assumption that Ministers may have felt that if the Opposition could only condemn details instead of the principles of their policy, they were presumably *en rapport* with the general feeling of Britain. The mixture of firmness and caution which had characterised our conduct on the Eastern Question was intelligible both to ourselves and to our neighbours, and there were good hopes through it of a peaceful and satisfactory solution of the difficulty being arrived at.

The summer of 1876 was marked by the outbreak of the "atrocities" agitation, which it was very soon sought to convert into a means of attack against the Government. We have no wish to speak in any way that could be supposed to condone or make light of the excesses in Bulgaria, or to sneer at the burst of feeling which these evoked. But we really fail to see what legitimate ground the "atrocities" afforded for raising an outcry against the Ministry, who had

neither countenanced nor encouraged lawlessness and violence, and who at the very time were urging on the Turkish Government, with all the influence that they possessed, to take steps to prevent such crimes. However, the gist of all the Liberal speeches and letters made public during the autumn was to censure the Ministry, but rather for sins of omission than of commission; and the gravamen of the charge was, that they minimised Turkish atrocities, and were indifferent to the condition of the Christian subjects of the Porte. Our present object, however, is not to inquire into the concern or indifference with which Ministers regarded the Bulgarian cruelties, but to ask whether their course of action in regard to these was consistent with the cardinal points of their policy laid down at the outset. The first of these was their wish to promote Turkish reform by peaceful means; the second, a determination not to coerce Turkey by material force—that is, by the employment of English blood or treasure. In both these respects we are convinced that the Ministry and the country were in unison. The application of heroic remedies has never been viewed with favour by a majority of the people; and though they may have been carried away by their feelings, or wrought up by declamation, no serious proposal to flog Turkey into reform would have been deliberately accepted by England. But what the Ministry could do consistently with their principles they did, and even a cursory glance over the Blue-books shows that they deserve more credit for their action at this juncture than they ever yet have received. It is generally admitted that such despatches as those that went out from our Foreign Office to the Porte during the summer of 1876 have very few parallels in the annals of modern diplomacy. It was not until up to the very out-

break of the war that the Government relaxed in the least degree its efforts to secure better administration for the disturbed provinces. On the 22d September 1876 (Turkey, No. 1, 1877, p. 295), Lord Derby informs the Porte that England “had never failed to intimate that an effective reform of the administration of the disturbed provinces, with securities for its proper execution, was a condition on which the mediating Powers must insist as necessary to a full and satisfactory pacification.” And it is remarkable that in this same despatch Lord Derby asserted the right of the guaranteeing Powers to claim a voice in the negotiation of Turkish national affairs. This fact is worthy of note, as it was at one time widely asserted that this was a new doctrine enunciated by Lord Salisbury at the Constantinople Conference. In the same Blue-book (p. 555) there is a long despatch from Lord Derby, dated 30th October 1876, recapitulating all the efforts made by the British Government up to that date to secure by peaceful means an administrative autonomy for the insurgent provinces. This despatch must convince any one that the Government had not been indifferent to Turkish misrule, or remiss in its efforts to ameliorate it. Another despatch in the same Blue-book (p. 577) shows that England was foremost in promoting the Constantinople Conference—that last effort to bring about a peaceful solution of the Eastern Question. The objections raised by the Porte were sufficiently discussed at the time; but to show the loyal desire of the British Government that the Conference should not be a sham, we have only to point to the despatch of November 11 (Turkey, No 1, 1877, p. 620), in which the Porte is told that the Powers had a right to discuss the internal affairs of Turkey with a view to their improvement,

and that a Conference was the only peaceful way of securing this object. The Porte had no want of warnings from England that it would not be allowed to shirk the issues in dispute; and the instructions given to Lord Salisbury on 20th November (Turkey, No. 2, 1877, p. 3), expressly state that her Majesty's Government declines to consider mere promises by Turkey of reform as sufficient. And even when the Conference had resulted in failure, the Government did not cease to urge upon the Porte the acceptance of its demands in substance, on the ground that these could still be conceded by the Sultan's Government without loss of dignity. This is apparent from the Blue-books (Turkey, No. 15, 1877, pp. 78, 79); and this advice was again renewed by Lord Derby on Feb. 18, 1877 (p. 104), with all the impressiveness that the critical circumstances of the time could afford. At the same time, the Government was exercising its utmost influence to get Turkey to call to account the authors of the Bulgarian atrocities (*ibid.*, p. 125); and we can find no shadow of any encouragement to Turkey to put off the remaining chances of peace, or of hope held out that she would be able to escape the consequences that her obstinacy must entail. As a last effort, Lord Derby, on the 8th April (*ibid.*, p. 339), strongly urged the Porte to send a special envoy to St Petersburg to endeavour to avert war; and when on the 25th of that month the Porte consented to take this step, it was at the solicitation of our Foreign Office (Turkey, No. 25, 1877, p. 161). But the Russian Government declared that the appeal came too late; and the long and earnest efforts of the British Government to use its good offices in behalf of the peace of Europe finally fell through.

Thus, through the long and troublesome course of negotiations,

the policy of Government underwent no change, but was characterised by a consistency and uniformity that seem quite amazing when we consider with what conflicting interests it had been brought into collision in the course of the negotiations. We shall now see how little liable it has been to any charge of wavering, even when an element of danger to ourselves was infused into the situation. Even after the outbreak of the war, the British Government took an early opportunity on May 16th (*ibid.*, p. 270) to warn the Porte that it did not intend to abandon the cause of the Christians, and it pressed the Sultan's Government to grant an amnesty to those concerned in the Bulgarian insurrection. And the interest thus evinced in Turkish administration was steady and active. There are scores of pages in Blue-books (Turkey, No. 26, of 1877, and No. 1, 1878) that afford ample corroborative evidence of the promptness of the Government to make representations on the subject of any excesses committed by Turkish troops; and if Ministers were more reticent regarding the atrocities than the agitators, it was not because they were more indifferent. In keeping with these general features of our policy have been our attempts to restrict the area of the war. The Government has materially contributed to keep Greece quiet by undertaking (Turkey, No. 19, 1878, p. 4) to be ready to use its best influence, at the proper time, to secure for the Greek population in the Turkish provinces any administrative reforms or advantages which may be conferred on the Christian population of any other race. To go, however, at length into the Greek correspondence, would be a digression the less necessary because the policy adopted by her Majesty's Government towards Greece has excited approval in quarters where all

other features of its policy have met with steady hostility.

We have said enough to show that England's wish to promote the peaceful improvement of Turkish affairs has been loyally and consistently carried out by Ministers. If more were wanted, we have only to refer to Lord Salisbury's Circular of the 1st April last, with its categorical declarations as to the amelioration desired by her Majesty's Government in the condition of the Christian races in the South-east of Europe. We will not delay long in considering whether Ministers have been consistent in their determination not to coerce the Porte by material force; for no serious charge, so far as we are aware, has been brought against the Government on this ground. A very few references will suffice to show in what spirit the Government has adhered to this resolution. The rejection of the Berlin Memorandum was mainly based on the ground of the ulterior measures with which it threatened Turkey, as may be gathered from a Foreign Office despatch to Lord Odo Russell (Turkey, No. 3, 1876, p. 171); and on p. 260 of the same Blue-book Lord Derby tells the Russian Government, on the 14th June 1876, that though England had no desire to isolate herself, she was not prepared to join in coercive measures. Later on, 26th September (Turkey, No. 1, 1877, p. 318), the Russian Government were told that England objected to the proposal for a joint Anglo-Austro-Russian coercion of the Porte, as she considered matters capable of a peaceful solution. Nor was Great Britain alone in her objections to such a policy; for Austria, France, Italy, and even Germany to a somewhat lesser extent, expressed themselves as opposed to a military policy of coercive reform.

Nothing could be clearer than

our own statement on going into the Constantinople Conference, that we did not contemplate the employment of material force in giving effect to the decisions at which the plenipotentiaries might arrive; but our despatches to Russia, to Germany, and to Italy (No. 2, 1877, pp. 41, 69), distinctly intimated that England would do anything in her power, *short of coercion*, to induce Turkey to conform to the advice of Europe.

It seems unnecessary to cite further facts on this point, and we shall now pass on to the third issue which we have raised—viz., that the repeated warnings given by Ministers to Turkey that she must not look to England for material support, have formed a consistent feature in their policy. Let us see how far facts bear out the allegation, not unfrequently made, that the Porte was encouraged by the tone of the Government to expect material aid from this country. It would be superfluous to recapitulate in detail all the despatches of her Majesty's Government on the subject of the Bulgarian atrocities, and the warnings to the Porte that by its conduct it was forfeiting all claim to assistance from civilised Powers. Nothing could be more emphatic in condemnation, more devoid of encouragement, than the language used by our Foreign Office to the Porte, or more distinct in assurance that we would take no share of the consequences of its infatuation. In the instructions given to Lord Salisbury on 20th November 1876 (No. 2, 1877, p. 9), Lord Derby again laid down the determination of her Majesty's Government not to sanction Turkish misrule, and to throw the responsibility of its consequences upon Turkey herself. On the 21st December, in accordance with a promise made to Russia, Lord Derby cautioned the Porte

(No. 2, 1877, pp. 55, 56, 69) that no assistance was to be expected from England if the terms of the Conference were rejected. On 4th January (*ibid.*, p. 138) Odian Effendi was informed that England could not abandon the course she had agreed upon in concert with the other Powers—a warning which was reiterated by Lord Salisbury (*ibid.*, p. 198) on January 12, 1877. His lordship, on that occasion, reminded the Turkish Government that Turkey stood absolutely alone—a caution reiterated with much force by Lord Beaconsfield himself the very next day to Odian Effendi (*ibid.*, p. 259). The Turks, on their part, could not fail to see how few sympathisers they possessed; and we find an admission from Midhat Pasha to Sir Henry Elliot on the 30th December, of his full consciousness of Turkey's isolated position. If the Porte, fully warned as it was of the danger it was incurring, chose to hazard its integrity rather than bow to the monitions of Europe, it was certainly owing to no encouragement, either public or private, from the Cabinet of this country, but rather in the face of repeated inducements to yield to the demand of the Powers for its own sake, and for the sake of the peace of Europe. On the 30th January, Musurus Pasha was informed that England would not protect Turkey from the consequences that might ensue (No. 15, 1877, p. 25) if she refused to accept the terms proposed by the Conference. Again, on the 5th April (*ibid.*, p. 321) Lord Derby urged Turkey not to reject the London Protocol; and again warned her on the 9th (*ibid.*, p. 340) that war might probably involve the total destruction of the Ottoman empire. On the 17th of the same month, just before the war broke out, Government informed the Porte that they could do nothing to secure Rouman-

ian neutrality (No. 25, 1877, p. 29); and on the 29th April (p. 165) Turkey received a final solemn warning that she had nothing to hope for from English assistance. "I held the same language to them" (the Turkish Ministers), says Mr Layard, "that I had held to the Grand Vizier and Safvet Pasha. I warned them that they must be under no delusion as to public opinion in England, and that Turkey could not look forward to any help from her." This resolution of the British Cabinet has been repeated again and again during the past twelve months to our ambassador in Constantinople and to the Turkish representative in London, so that the consistency of our policy on this point will admit of no questioning. On the contrary, Ministers have been censured on both sides for adhering too rigidly to their original determination. The *imbroglio* at Constantinople, it has been held, is the offspring of this obstinacy; and opinions have been expressed in several quarters that the British fleet should have been sent to coast the Bosphorus as soon as the Russian troops had penetrated to Adrianople. Without entering into the merits of this question, it is sufficient to point to the allegation as supplying the strongest possible proof of the consistency of Ministers in not allowing Turkey to delude herself with the hope of English aid.

We need not dispute the fact that a considerable number of Turkish politicians, even Turkish Ministers, have cherished hopes of England's ultimate interference, notwithstanding all our declarations to the contrary. The avowed sympathy of the great mass of Englishmen with them in their hour of trouble, afforded a colourable excuse for some such anticipation. Men of all shades of political feeling, including members of the Ministry, gave open expression to their

admiration of the gallant bearing and resistance of the Turkish soldiers. And there is a national feeling among Englishmen that prompts a wish to espouse the side of the weaker combatant in a quarrel between two nations. It was very probable, therefore, that the Turks may have thought that Government cherished *au fond* some dark design of assisting Turkey, especially as the Opposition was constantly insisting that such was the case, and may have imagined that there could not be so much smoke without some fire. The most minute research in the Blue-books, however, fails to establish that Ministers have, at any time, encouraged the Porte to believe that England was prepared to intervene actively in defence of any Turkish interest.

The last question remaining to be considered is the alleged isolation of England. It is advisable to consider this point with special minuteness, since it has long been the stock accusation against Ministers that they have thrown every impediment in the way of European concert, and have put England beyond the possibility of united action with the Powers. And it should be noted that there has recently been an attempt in certain quarters to draw a distinction between England's past and present policy in this respect. It is pretended that Lord Salisbury's Circular Despatch of the 1st April last is a new starting-point in English diplomacy; that the Government has substituted a broad and enlightened policy for the narrow and selfish course that it had previously pursued. In short, a large section of the Opposition are seeking to make Lord Salisbury's despatch—the "new departure," as its phrase goes—an excuse for according that measure of support to Ministers which the country, as we may judge from the South Northumberland and County

Down elections, as well as the enormous majority at Oxford—the best sign that we have yet met with of the strong feeling of the constituencies—now requires to be bestowed on them on this particular question of foreign policy; whilst endeavouring to prove to their consciences, or their constituencies, that Ministers have come over to them—not they to Ministers.

Let us consider whether it can fairly be said that England has at any time been isolated during the Eastern complications. The Berlin Memorandum is generally put forward as a proof that she had put herself outside the European concert: but any isolation that may have taken place after its rejection can hardly have been very complete or of very long duration, since it is shown by the Blue-book (Turkey, No. 3, 1876, pp. 243, 244) that on the 10th June 1876, a few days after the rejection of the Memorandum, England was consulted by Germany and Austria on the advisability of holding a Conference; and Italy, on the 3d June (*ibid.*, p. 245), had already expressed an opinion that the new Sultan's accession might obviate the necessity of interference in Turkish affairs. As a matter of fact, Germany, Austria, and France were all of accord with us (*ibid.*, pp. 230, 251) that the change in the Turkish Sultanat was a sufficient reason why the Berlin Memorandum should not be presented. Furthermore, on the 22d June (*ibid.*, p. 317) Austria requested England's co-operation to secure an armistice, asking at the same time whether the country intended to isolate itself or not. Lord Derby replied that the British Government had no such intention, and that although immediate action was regarded as useless, the Government intended to act as soon as the minute appeared propitious. On the 27th of the same

month, Austria signified her concurrence in this view (*ibid.*, p. 330), and agreed that the moment was not favourable to action.

A further testimony to our co-operation with the other Powers is to be found in our attempts to reconcile the Porte with its rebellious vassals. On the 28th June, Lord Derby, in a communication to the Russian Government, declared (*ibid.*, p. 337) that every effort had been used by this country to reconcile the Porte with Montenegro; that though England could not counsel the Porte to make territorial cessions, under threat of war, to Servia, yet she would not be opposed to her doing so if Servia disarmed; and that she was anxious to co-operate with the other European Powers in any practicable project for the amelioration of Bosnian or Herzegovinan administration.

As early as 1st July 1876, the Government laid down the principle of "conditional neutrality" as the basis of its policy; and on the 6th of that month (No. 3, 1876, p. 357) the Austrian Government expressed a hope that England would not lay so much stress on the fact of our course being one of non-intervention as to preclude the adoption of active measures under possible contingencies. And equal testimony to the desire of the Powers to have England go with them is found in the fact that when the question of the Servian armistice became pressing in August 1876 (*ibid.*, p. 81), the other great Powers tendered their thanks to Britain for the efforts which she had made single-handed to secure favourable terms for Servia. To those who are still disposed to believe in England's isolation we recommend a perusal of the sentiments of Germany, Austria, and Italy on this subject, as they are to be found expressed in the Blue-book (*ibid.*, pp. 220, 249, 304, 315).

A little later we find Great Britain leading the other Powers in an attempt put forth on 22d September to secure unanimity of action among them (*ibid.*, p. 294); and it was Austria and not England that insisted on this occasion upon a strict definition of "local autonomy" as a prelude to negotiations (*ibid.*, p. 307).

There can be little doubt that it would have been agreeable to the Turks to have seen England detach herself from the counsels of the other Powers, and take up an independent line of action. We find, however, her Majesty's Government refusing, on 29th Sept. 1876 (*ibid.*, p. 327), to accede to the desire of the Turkish Government to substitute any other course for that of the joint action resolved on by the great Powers. But it was no easy position for England to maintain this unity. The same Blue-book, for example (p. 329), shows a communication from the Government of Italy, calling attention to the divergence of views between Austria and Russia as to the meaning of the formula "local autonomy." Nor were these Powers much more in accord on the question of coercing Turkey; for on 4th October (*ibid.*, p. 389), Austria declared that she would only agree to a naval and not to a military demonstration against the Porte. Again, on 5th October (*ibid.*, p. 390), Government undertook, at the request of Russia, to propose a Conference; and we were even prepared to withdraw Sir Henry Elliot from Constantinople (*ibid.*, p. 391) if Turkey did not concede an armistice. In fact it is fully apparent all through the negotiations that the British Government was the influencing spirit among the great Powers, reconciling their divergences of opinion, removing difficulties in the way of unanimity, and paving the road in all cases for pacificatory negotiations, but all the while steadily

adhering to the hard-and-fast line of policy that it had laid down for its guidance at the commencement of the difficulty.

England's assent to a scheme so distasteful to Turkey as the Preliminary Conference idea—an assent apparently given to meet the views of Russia and France, expressed on 12th and 30th October 1876 (*ibid.*, pp. 457, 555)—certainly appears to indicate a strong desire to keep in harmony with the rest of Europe, even at the expense of some sacrifices that could hardly escape being irksome. The same inference may be drawn from her acquiescence in the change of the duration of the armistice from six months to six weeks enforced by Russia upon Turkey (*ibid.*, p. 560). For it should be remembered that England had obtained the consent of the other Powers to the longer period, and her concession to the change demanded by Russia could hardly fail to involve a considerable sacrifice of *amour propre*.

The Opposition appears to have been possessed of an idea that the language and conduct of Ministers were calculated to keep Russia from joining in the concert of the Powers, and to leave no alternative but war open to her. The facts, however, present a very different significance. We all remember the "golden bridge," and how anxious we were to build it for Russia's retreat from her difficulties. Much has been made of Lord Beaconsfield's Guildhall speech as sowing the seeds of ill-feeling between the two countries; but a reference to the language held by the Czar at Yalta on 2d November (*ibid.*, p. 575), and to the English reply of 3d November (p. 577), couched in the most friendly terms, makes it absurd to suppose that Lord Beaconsfield's utterances, spoken only six days later, were intended as a threat to Russia, especially as on 11th November (*ibid.*, p. 620) the Porte was

again informed that her Majesty's Government considered concert among the European Powers to be imperative. Besides, Russia's general satisfaction with the line taken by England at this time is set forth in Prince Gortschakoff's Circular Despatch of 7th November (*ibid.*, p. 721). At the commencement of December (No. 2, 1877, pp. 17, 18), Austria and Italy both expressed a substantial concurrence in the line of policy adopted by the British Government towards Russia; and at the sitting of the Conference on 15th January 1877, Lord Salisbury was able to report that none of the Powers spoke of enforcing the decisions of the Conference by coercive action towards the Porte. Until the time came when it was fully apparent that coercive measures were contemplated, Russia had no cause to complain of any want of sympathy or assistance on the part of England. We delayed replying to Prince Gortschakoff's Circular of January 19th at Russia's own request (No. 8, 1877, p. 3); and the English example was followed by Italy, France, Germany, and Austria, for reasons similar to our own. It would be tedious to recite the many evidences of the complete unanimity of England in all the plans of the Powers that did not run counter to the lines of policy that we have so often referred to, or of the successive efforts which Ministers have made to effect a peaceful rearrangement of Turkish administration to the satisfaction of Russia and the other signatories of the Treaty of Paris. A glance *passim* at the Blue-books which we have quoted will serve to convince any impartial judge that Britain never was isolated, but that, on the contrary, her influence has been duly valued and constantly invoked by all the other States interested in bringing about a peaceful settlement of Eastern affairs.

Throughout the Conference, Britain never ceased to urge moderation on Russia and compliance on Turkey—so much so that Lord Salisbury did not escape the reproach of having played into the hands of the Russian plenipotentiaries, although it was not until the policy of Government became more clearly understood that the public could appreciate how much in harmony was the part which he then played with the general policy of his Government. The Conference, however, proved the turning-point of Russia's policy, and consistent diplomacy was severely taxed in keeping within a uniform course. On the 11th and 18th February, at Russia's request, Lord Derby urged upon the Porte the substantial acceptance of the proposals made at the Conference (No. 8, 1877, pp. 79, 104); nor did Russia's declaration of February 19th (*ibid.*, p. 107), that she intended if necessary to take vigorous single-handed action, prevent Government from continuing its efforts for concert with her during the negotiations which terminated in the Protocol of March 31st. During the progress of these negotiations Great Britain had, at Russia's request, on 17th March (*ibid.*, 208-251), urged the Porte to show a more conciliatory disposition towards Montenegro. Ultimately, on 31st March, England signed the Protocol, again at Russia's solicitation; and it should be remembered that the idea of signing it under reservation came from Russia, not England (*ibid.*, pp. 255, 296). On 2d, and again on 4th, April (*ibid.*, pp. 300, 316) her Majesty's Government urged the acceptance of the Protocol on the Porte, telling Austria, at the same time (p. 317), that our representatives at Constantinople and Cettigne had been instructed to support any representations made by their Austrian and Russian colleagues tend-

ing to effect a reconciliation between Turkey and Montenegro. On 6th April, Russia declared (*ibid.*, p. 347) that if the Protocol were not accepted she would declare war; whereupon, still at Russia's request (pp. 339, 340), the British Government urged the Porte to send a special envoy to St Petersburg, as has been already stated, as a last means of preserving peace. But on the same day the Porte rejected the Protocol, and war became inevitable.

And here the paths of England and Russia necessarily diverged, and concert became impossible. Russia's defence or explanation of her action in declaring war, was the refusal of the Porte "to show deference to the wishes and counsels of Europe," and "to give any guarantee for the application of the reforms suggested for the improvement of the condition of the Christian population" (No. 18, 1877, p. 2). It was thus, by making herself the executor of a Conference that had steadily negatived coercive measures, that Russia withdrew from the European concert. It was quite evident that she felt her isolated position, and that strong efforts were necessary to justify herself in the eyes of the Powers; for in her reply to Lord Derby's "British Interests" despatch of May 6th (Russia, No. 2, 1877, p. 2), she again pleaded, in justification of her action, "the absolute necessity of putting an end to the deplorable condition of the Christians under Turkish rule, and to the chronic state of disturbance provoked by it." But even after the declaration of war, our Government made a last effort, on 19th April, in behalf of peace (Turkey, No. 25, 1877, p. 47), by asking whether there were any means acceptable to Russia by which war could be avoided. The reply was, *that it was too late* (*ibid.*, pp. 56, 104), *both to the English despatch and to a similar inquiry*

from Austria; and this, though at that moment, 25th April, the Porte, thanks mainly to Mr Layard's exertions, was declaring itself willing to appeal to and accept the mediation of the guaranteeing Powers under Article VIII. of the Treaty of Paris—an appeal to which England, Austria, Germany, France, and Italy, were ready to accede. On 27th April, Austria recommended that the Powers should desist from mediation, her own attempts having failed (*ibid.*, p. 93), in case further efforts should give rise to differences among the Powers themselves, which might prevent the localisation of the war; and as there could be no doubt of the soundness of this advice, England at once agreed to stand aside until a fitting opportunity presented itself of again exercising her good offices in behalf of peace.

So long as hostilities continued, no complaint, so far as we are aware, was made of the manner in which England discharged the duties of a neutral towards the belligerent Powers. We had grave reason to complain of the language used of this country and its Government by the Russian official press, and of discourtesy shown to such of our countrymen as fell in the way of the Russian forces. But the fact that similar reproaches came from the Turkish side showed how impartial our position had been, and how scrupulously our neutrality had been preserved. It was not until, under cover of an armistice, and while negotiations for peace were in progress, Russia stole a march in a direction where she had been warned that "British interests" were concerned, that the Government took any action that could be construed as leaning either to the one side or the other. And all the while that the necessary precautions were being taken for guarding our rights in the East, the Government was steadily doing its best

to bring the Eastern Question once more within the possibility of a peaceful solution by the united Powers.

The negotiations since the commencement of the present year are of such recent date, and still so much before the public, that it is unnecessary to quote chapter and verse as strictly as in the case of the despatches of 1876 and 1877. The most cursory perusal of Blue-book, Turkey, No. 24, 1878, will show that the British Cabinet was most anxious to enter into a Conference or Congress at Vienna, Baden-Baden, or Berlin, on condition that the whole Treaty of San Stefano was submitted to the Congress for consideration. This was obviously the only condition on which the Powers could again meet Russia after she had withdrawn herself from them. The bond of union among them was the Treaty of Paris; and only by taking a firm stand on this, could they hope to see the Eastern problem satisfactorily solved. To have departed from the Treaty, and to have accepted a Congress, which must certainly have proved as fruitless as the Constantinople Conference had been, if it had met on the terms to which Russia was willing to subscribe, would have fully justified the Opposition in charging Ministers with inconsistency, and would have broken up the European concert that rests on the obligations of the Treaty of Paris. So far from being a proof of isolation, it has rather been a testimony to the unity of its action with the Continental Powers, that Government has insisted on the submission of the Treaty of San Stefano to Congress; and the response which Lord Salisbury's Circular has called forth from the European Courts is as ample evidence as can be desired that the influence of England is still unimpaired, and is still exercising a beneficial effect in the great councils of Europe.

We have, we think, given sufficient citations to show that the charge of isolation against her Majesty's Government can be disproved by facts, and that if the Opposition had sought for information in the official despatches rather than in journalistic conjectures and in the *ex parte* statements of agitation pamphlets, it would have been more guarded in its assertions. All throughout the present crisis the Ministry have been greatly at a disadvantage, that they have had to deal less with the criticism of facts than of assumptions, with actual charges less than with imputed motives. But if they have been unfortunate in this respect, they may well congratulate themselves that their policy has all along exercised so beneficial an effect not merely on the interests of England, but on the peace of Europe. Its own course of action has thoroughly overthrown all the separate charges to which Ministers have been subjected. We have seen that, so far from being animated by a warlike spirit, the Cabinet's best efforts have been put forth for the preservation of peace. So far from encouraging Turkey to take the field, it has persistently endeavoured to induce her peaceful compliance with the demands of Europe, and has sternly warned her to expect no material help from Britain. The Government was charged with thwarting the beneficial intentions of Russia towards the Christian subjects of Turkey, when, as the Blue-books testify, it was strenuously endeavouring to aid her in accomplishing her aims. And now, when we are told that England had isolated herself, we find a unanimous acknowledgment from Europe that her voice must have a prime share in any settlement of the Eastern Question. If there was any of the Powers that signed the Treaty of Paris really isolated in

the Eastern Question, it was Russia, who is apparently now seeking to re-enter the concert from which she had withdrawn. Whether or not the means by which she is seeking to rehabilitate herself are the most direct that she could adopt, we must wait the issue of Count Schouvaloff's journey to determine. But whatever may be the mission with which that diplomatist was charged, or whether he had any mission beyond the self-imposed task of extricating his Government from its troubles, the present position of England is a tribute to the wisdom and sagacity of its Ministers, and to the policy to which they have adhered with such undeviating firmness and consistency. The present ostensible movements of the Russian Government are a practical testimony to this fact, whatever its ultimate ends may prove to be.

If we have succeeded in showing, as fully as the limits of this article permit, that Ministers have been both beneficent and consistent in their Eastern policy, and that there is no point where a charge of vacillation will lie against them, may we not ask, Why should they not be equally consistent in the second act of the great Eastern drama? Let the Opposition watch carefully whatever fresh complements of their policy the new phase of the question may compel Ministers to announce, and signify its approval or the reverse, as the case may require; but do not let it again be in a hurry to listen, without a careful previous examination, to the fashionable cry of Ministerial vacillation. And if there is aught more that we could desiderate in its conduct, it would be to secure some shadow of uniformity in its own action before it attempts to take its stand on an accusation of inconsistency on the part of the Ministers of the Crown.

POLITICAL SUSPENSE.

NOTHING has occurred during the past month materially to alter the position of affairs. Russia and Great Britain stand opposite to each other, each armed to the teeth, prepared, if needs must, for a deadly trial of strength. The question at issue is, whether the Treaty of San Stefano shall be executed as it stands, or whether it shall be modified to suit the interests and the rights of Europe in general, and of England in particular. Europe continues to applaud the line of policy laid down by Great Britain, but evidently prefers that this country, which is so vitally interested in the arrangements to be made, should bear the brunt of the impending struggle. Austria alone betrays considerable uneasiness. There does not seem to be anything at present in the nature of an alliance, or even of united action, between this country and Austria. While each denounces the Treaty, and regards it as hostile to its interests, and while each has apparently entered into separate explanations with Russia as to the concessions and alterations which it deems necessary, the determination is firm to treat this matter as one which Russia has to settle with Europe, or at least with the Powers which signed the Treaty of Paris, and not with any one or more of them apart from the rest. Neither Power could conclude any arrangement with the aggressor, to the prejudice of the others, or without the sanction of the signatory Powers, without breaking up the European concert, and without helping to place the whole subject-matter in dispute at the mercy of the strongest, freed from all restraints of treaty law and international rights.

It is, however, in the nature of

things that Austro-Hungary should find the situation far more critical and harassing than we do. The anarchy and misery which have followed this unprincipled and singularly lawless aggression lie close to her borders; and the military situation is a constant source of anxiety. The tone and temper of her powerful neighbour towards her are said to vary considerably, as the chances of a rupture or an agreement with this country are thought to alternate. But probably such variations are more apparent than real. Russia knows that the alternative before her is either to bring her Treaty into Congress, or stand such consequences as may continue to unfold themselves. England and Austria are well convinced that by far the best solution of the difficulty is that which alone can be effected legally, and without violation of international duty—viz., an arrangement decreed by Europe in Congress. Both countries know very well that, if Russia feels herself strong enough to set Europe and its treaty law at defiance, she will do so without a shadow of hesitation or compunction. The circumstances call for patience as well as resolution; and there is abundant reason, we think, to compliment both countries for their display of either virtue. The debate in the Hungarian Diet showed that the dominant policy in Austro-Hungary is one which seeks to modify the Treaty of San Stefano and secure international right. It abjures isolated action, such as the occupation of any Turkish province against the will of the other Powers, or of any of them. It abjures a policy of compensation. The Minister President reiterated the determination of the Government to defend the

interests of the monarchy by peaceful means, if possible, but, nevertheless, to do so in any circumstances, and with all the means at its disposal. It clings to the European concert; but it nevertheless declares that several points in the Treaty of San Stefano are irreconcilable with Austro-Hungarian interests, and that those interests will, in any event, be defended. If all chance of preserving the concert of Europe, and with it the ascendancy of treaty law, disappears, Austro-Hungary will be ready to go hand in hand with those Powers which have the same aims—that is, aims which refer to the East as a whole, and which are not limited to a part, contented, if that part is satisfactorily settled, to allow things to take their course in other directions. For the present and immediate future the only action spoken of is the taking measures of precaution on the frontiers, so as to guard against surprise. For the rest there is no intention to acquiesce in withdrawing the question from the jurisdiction of a European Congress, and to settle it by co-operation with any one Power to the exclusion of the others.

In reference to this vital point there seems to be no sign of vacillation upon the part of Austro-Hungary; and there most certainly is none on the part of Great Britain, its sovereign, its Ministry, or its people. Go where you will, Liberals and Conservatives alike approve the attitude of the Government, and invariably declare that in such a crisis as this the Government must be supported. Mr Gladstone no doubt denounces it; but he has ceased to represent any influential party in the State, and his immediate supporters have been so hopelessly wrong upon this question from first to last, that they fail to influence the public mind. The recent election of Lord Castle-

reagh, and the enormous majority at Oxford, were powerful demonstrations in support of the policy which is being pursued; and though no doubt the elections at Tamworth and Reading were unsatisfactory, it does not appear that they were in any way directed against the foreign policy of the country. The general tone of Parliament, the press, and the constituencies is firm and decided. There is a conviction that the demand for Russia to bring her Treaty into Congress absolutely and unreservedly is an essential preliminary to a settlement by any means other than those of undisguised force and violence. To recede from that demand is absolutely impossible. For any one Power to agree with Russia, however indirectly, that the business or any part of it should be withdrawn from the jurisdiction of the signatory Powers, is, *pro tanto* and in regard to the excepted part, to sanction past violence or to concur in submitting to the arbitrament of force. No doubt *all* the Powers can agree beforehand that any given transaction, say the retrocession of Bessarabia, shall be excepted from the jurisdiction and treated as a *fait accompli*, which they will register with or without protest. But in some shape or other, European consent is the only basis on which a legal arrangement can be made. The Powers no doubt will make all due allowance for the altered state of circumstances which has supervened, and also for the causes which have led to it, and the conduct which has occasioned it. But the only guarantee which the signatory Powers have that their interests and voices will be attended to, lies in their invincible determination to make them respected.

In that point of view, the principal event of late has been the movement of Indian troops, the military enthusiasm which has been

excited in India, and the disclosure of a vast recruiting field whence this country can, if need be, derive an abundant supply of trained and experienced troops. No more decisive step could have been taken; and if this was the occasion of Lord Derby's resignation, we can only say that, in our humble judgment, to have retained Lord Derby at the sacrifice of this measure would have cost the country dear. Russia knows perfectly well that, in dealing with this country, she need not reckon on the supply of money falling short. Whatever the sinews of war can do for us, is at our service. But here, in addition to the force which our militia and volunteer armies set free for active service, from the very quarter where alarmists declare we are vulnerable and may expect attack, is disclosed to the astonished gaze of the Czar and Europe a formidable auxiliary. It is far more practicable for England to invade Russia with armies drawn from the East and from the West, than it is for Russia to attack our Indian empire. And in a war for objects which are chiefly Asiatic, African, and imperial, the cry that we are introducing Mohammedans, Hindoos, Asiatics, and what not, to fight with Christians, is as groundless as the cry that the Constitution is in danger because Indian troops are moved to Malta. No doubt there is nothing about Indian soldiers in Magna Charta or the Bill of Rights! There is a large standing army in India not governed by the Mutiny Act. But the common-sense of the country tells it that, whether precedent has been strictly followed or not, a great crisis has occurred, and a new element of British strength and resources has been suddenly brought to light. If any Englishman really fears that Indian troops might be brought to England to overawe Parliament and

subvert our liberties, all we can say to comfort him is, *naviget Anticyram*. The hellebore of that famous island alone can cure the malady from which he suffers. If he is a stickler for precedent, and is disturbed lest all due formalities have not been observed, let him read the speeches of Lords Selborne and Cairns. And here, in passing, we may express our wonder how many of all who will admire and applaud that learned legal duel will have read one tithe of their remarks. When the House of Lords had not even a condemnatory or critical resolution suggested to it—when Lord Hartington expressly refused to question the policy of the measure, and, with his hand evidently forced by sundry impetuous followers, confined himself to mere legal and pedantic criticism,—the public may be excused if it puts the whole discussion on one side, as one which has no relation whatever to practical politics. What we want at such a crisis as this is a man at the head of affairs who knows the empire and its resources, who shows that he is ready to wield its utmost power, who does not shrink from responsibility, but who stands firm on the ground which he has selected with wisdom and discretion. That man we have got, and if he strains the constitution of the country in his courageous and resolute endeavour to serve the public against enemies abroad and wrong-headed politicians within, let him have an Act of Indemnity forthwith. The Opposition does no more than its duty in severely and closely criticising the transaction; but both in the one House and in the other the conduct of the responsible leaders is consistent with leaving the Minister free to uphold the honour and interests of the country by all the means in his power, and, as such, redounds very much to their credit.

The discussion may, in some respects, have been inopportune; but the Ministry cannot be supposed to be weakened when the House of Lords refuses to challenge its conduct, and the Commons reject by a majority of 121 a resolution which was dictated from below the gangway, but which evaded all arraignment of policy.

The constitutional question, however important, is not the one which presses. Parliament has discharged its duty, and the nation will let the subject drop. If Lord Granville really declined a division because he feared to be in a minority, he laid himself open to a charge of having failed in a great public duty, and of wanting the nerve and force necessary to a party leader or a responsible statesman. But no doubt he was actuated by a desire, common to every Englishman of every rank, not to weaken the hands of the Ministry during this protracted crisis. Only seven thousand men have up to the present time arrived, but it is an earnest of what may and will be done if Great Britain is forced into a conflict. It is also, we trust, a signal that this country will not allow a dispute which has now engrossed its attention for nearly three years, to be patched up and put out of sight without due provision for the future, and without taking the necessary steps to provide for the security of our empire and its communications in the impending fall of Turkish power. Let us be rid of this Eastern Question once and for ever,—or at all events take care that for the future the existence of our empire may cease to be remotely involved in it. If Russia has created such a state of things that the power of the Sultan henceforth is a name and not a reality, all those interests which rested for their security on the Ottoman throne ought now to

receive some other and effective guarantee. It will be hard upon this country if, after all the political anxiety, the commercial stagnation, the harass and expenditure of the last two or three years, it should eventually have to put up with, in lieu of the Treaty of Paris, an arrangement which permanently endangered and menaced its rights.

Undoubtedly, at present, concession seems the order of the day at St Petersburg, and no wonder. Concession really means a certain modification of a scheme of plunder and conquest. We must beware how we applaud the spirit of concession too strongly. We do not want to prevent the good government of the Christians, or to intercept Turkish responsibility for the past. Nor do we want to see Russia punished for its policy of spoliation, its intrigues, and its conquests. What we want is, that the rights of this country, secured by the Treaty of Paris, should be substantially preserved and protected. The aggressor is exhausted and bleeding at every pore. Our strength, be it great or small, is unbroken and fresh. Now is our time to insist that a great European settlement shall be made in regard to the state of things created by the success of Russian arms, which shall be durable and worth preserving. The greatest foes to English prosperity are those who insist upon her giving way and declining to enforce her just rights, at the very moment when they are being weighed in the balance. We can never hope to approach the subject under more favourable conditions than at present. The Government is taking a manly and determined course, and the duty of every Englishman is manfully to support them.

The great Cabinet Council, announced at St Petersburg at the beginning of the month, followed by the visit (or mission as it is

sometimes called) of Count Schouvaloff, was generally accepted as an indication of pacific tendencies which there is nothing in the present position of affairs to contradict. The enormous expenditure which is daily going on, the weakness of the military position, the growing strength and resolution of the Turks, the determined attitude of this country and its preparations, actual and threatened, must sooner or later increase the influence of the peace party at St Petersburg. Not a single European Government has come forward to say a word in defence of the Treaty of San Stefano. The English people, on the other hand, with rare patience and unanimity, have decided that it shall not be recognised except so far as it is sanctioned by Europe. The Opposition leaders are practically in accord with the Government. Mr Gladstone and Mr Bright, with their immediate allies, are unable to suggest any alternative course. They eloquently denounce war and all its miseries, they inveigh against the Government on the supposition (which no sensible men adopt) that it is eager for war for its own sake, and with no regard for reason or policy. They have never denounced the war party or war measures in Russia: on the contrary, Mr Gladstone has stimulated and applauded them. Language of that kind, which fills column after column of their letters and speeches, necessarily passes away without influencing a reasonable community. For the questions at issue are seen to be of immense importance, and the Government is tenaciously, and thus far, after nearly three years of excitement and provocation, peacefully vindicating the interests and duties of England. What is to become of the whole Turkish empire? what is to become of the Christian populations? what is to become of the general secur-

ity of the British Empire and its communications in this most vital and vulnerable point? are the questions for discussion, and which must be worked out with patience, resolution, and courage. Speech after speech is made upon past and irrelevant topics, and the sooner they are all consigned to oblivion the better. The whole interest of these questions lies in the immediate future. What is to be the decision of the Czar consequent on the visit of Count Schouvaloff? Until that is known, there is nothing to change or modify the decision of the English people.

We must confess that all our sympathies are with the peace party in St Petersburg, and not with that in England. It is the more honest party of the two, for its policy is governed by a single-minded view to the interests of its country, and not by any blatant humanitarianism, or by an ill-concealed eagerness for the military successes of its country's foes. We gladly note every circumstance which may encourage the ascendancy of that party or demonstrate its triumph.

As regards encouragement, we have no doubt that the preparations made by this country, and the spirit of determination which has laid hold of the people, have been duly impressed upon the Czar by Count Schouvaloff. We trust that these may be duly appreciated, and that the peace party in St Petersburg may thrive and prosper upon the numerous considerations which enforce a policy of prudence and concession. If Russian statesmen cast their eyes southward, they can scarcely find cause for exultation or satisfaction. The military judgment which is responsible for the Treaty of San Stefano, is also responsible for a position round Constantinople which is apparently of grave and increasing anxiety to the Cabinet of the Czar. Not a moment

too soon have they replaced the Grand Duke, whose stores, it is said, were accumulated right under the guns of the British fleet, by General Todleben. Hostile fortresses still frown on a long and dreary line of communications across a mountainous range and a perilous river. The defences in front of them are daily being strengthened; sickness amongst them is said to have increased to an alarming extent. The British fleet is in the near neighbourhood, and the only method of coping with English naval supremacy in case of war with us is by issuing inflammatory appeals for subscriptions, in order to fit out corsairs in defiance of neutrality laws. The financial position of Russia has been rendered desperate by the enterprise which she has so rashly undertaken. Taxation had previously strained the capacity of the people, who were ill fitted to meet an additional burden of 120 millions, with no immediate prospect of relief from an expenditure of nearly two millions a-week. Yet, until some arrangement is come to which Europe will sanction, it requires that expenditure to maintain a grasp of the conquered country in the face of troublesome insurrections from within, passive hostility from the Sultan, and demonstrations of angry disapproval from more than one of the Powers of Europe. If the lines before Constantinople and the shores of the Bosphorus have been rendered impregnable, to advance will be impossible; while to retreat is difficult, and too closely resembles a disastrous defeat. We have already forgotten the illusory negotiations for the retirement of the British fleet as the price of a retreat which prudence dictated, and which would only have consolidated and strengthened the Russian position. Russia has undertaken a task which is utterly beyond her power. Not merely the

Mohammedans, but the greater part of the Christian or even the Slavic races, deprecate the establishment of Russian supremacy. The longer the state of things for which Russia is responsible continues, the greater will be the necessity for Europe to come to the rescue, not merely to aid the vanquished and down-trodden races of Turkey, but to save the victor from the consequence of his victories. The military enthusiasm which furnished us with this wonderful Treaty and gave Russia the beatitude of possession, has involved the statesmen of St Petersburg in a maze of difficulties, from which they will need all the help of Europe to extricate them. They had far better early than late recall to their memory the imperial word of honour pledged at Livadia, and the avowed purposes of the war, and reconcile themselves to its only practical consequence—viz., that the power of the Sultan is broken, and Europe is free to devise, without let or hindrance, the resettlement of the provinces. Whenever Russia abandons her scheme of aggrandisement, the work of resettlement can proceed, and she herself can be relieved from a position which is too onerous, costly, and disadvantageous to be borne for any considerable length of time.

When that time comes, we have no doubt that the legitimate claims of Great Britain and Austria will be attended to, the Suez Canal and its approaches protected, the freedom of the Straits secured, and the commercial road from Trebizond excepted from cession. But the position of Bessarabia is one which deeply interests the English people as well as Europe. It is quite true, as Mr Bright says, that Roumania has not "paid for" it. But it was ceded by Russia at the close of the Crimean war, and Lord Palmerston attached the greatest importance to that clause of the Treaty which par-

ticularly excluded Russia from any claim to dominate over the mouth of the Danube. Roumania does not come well before the European public in this business. She needlessly went into this war; needlessly declared her independence, and attacked her suzerain. She pays a bitter penalty. But Bessarabia was ceded to her for European purposes, and to secure the neutralisation of the Danube. Roumania, moreover, is one of the principalities of the future, and in many respects deserves to be favourably considered. The case was well stated some weeks ago by Mr J. Trevor Barkley in a letter to the 'Times' (April 25). He drew attention to the extraordinary progress which the Roumanians had made since the Treaty of Paris relieved them of Russian protection. By the union of the principalities, followed by the election of a prince, and the establishment of Bucharest as the seat of Government, with a responsible Ministry, free press, reformed courts of justice, abolition of serfdom,—a nation was made. Roads, railways, bridges were constructed, education was diffused, more land was cultivated, and by other methods the finances were economically administered, and an export trade developed. All this was due to its administration being conducted upon principles of freedom, to which Russia is inflexibly opposed; and although Mr Gladstone may say ('Times,' April 19) that "the local and provincial system in Russia has, under the present Emperor, been made extremely popular, and more popular than even in England," yet the Roumanians may be excused for preferring to retain their own. This is the country which, in spite of the services rendered to the Czar at the crisis of his fortunes, is occupied by the Russians: in Bessarabia regular possession has been taken by them of every town and village.

All this, with various obstacles to the navigation of the Danube and the Pruth, is done under a convention with Turkey, concluded over the heads of the Roumanians, and without their consent. Russia would recognise their independence when she had alliance, assistance, and a military road to gain from them. When those objects have served their turn, she abandons them, and concludes with their lawful suzerain an arrangement which they all repudiate as disastrous and unjust.

Roumania, however, chose war, and cannot complain if she has to abide by its fortunes. Still European interests are at stake, not merely as regards the Danube, but as regards the duty of emancipating and developing the Christian races and countries of Turkey. While few of us would wish to see a European war, which the retrocession of Bessarabia would avoid, we must still regard any settlement by the Congress as in one important respect unsatisfactory which ratified the high-handed and treacherous act by which the Czar despoiled his ally. We must trust the British Ministry to do its best; and while we, in common with all classes of Englishmen, earnestly desire a pacific adjustment of these disputes, we recognise the stern necessity for war rather than allow the empire to be permanently endangered, or ratify any arrangement which will only sow the seeds of future disturbance, by which Russia may profit at some moment when she has recovered her strength. Since the Treaty of San Stefano the Ministry has received more powerful support than any Ministry of recent times; the spirit of the country is high, and its resources greater than they have ever been before; and we trust that these advantages will be fairly turned to account in the settlement of this question.

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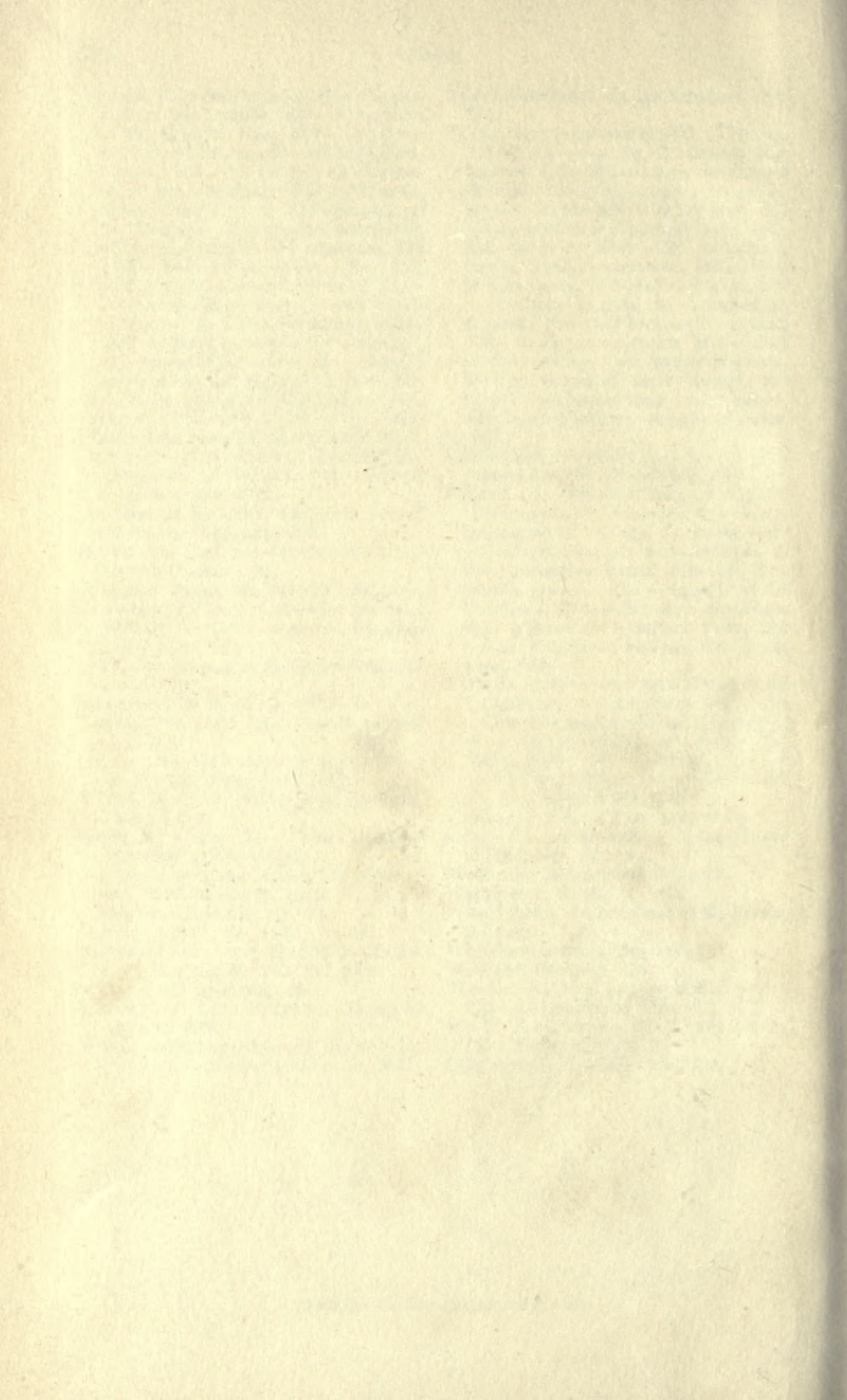
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